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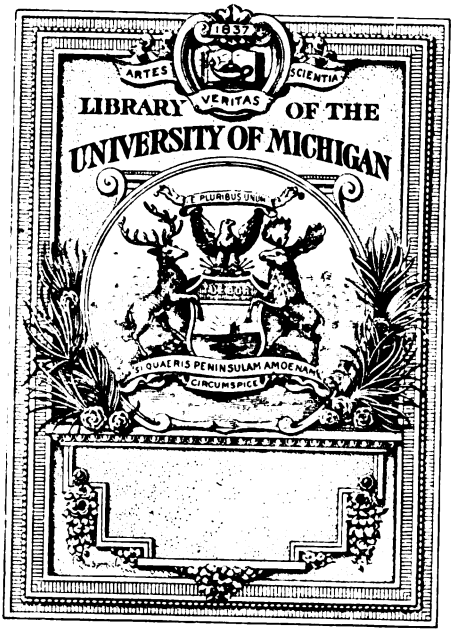

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PUBLISHED MONTHLY
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BONAPARTE.

FROM A MINIATURE BY FRÉDÉRIC MILLET. PRESENTED BY NAPOLEON TO MARSHAL SOULT.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. II. JULY, 1887. No. 1.

THE PHYSICAL PROPORTIONS OF THE TYPICAL MAN.

By D. A. Sargent, M.D.

AT no time in the history of our country has more attention been given to the subject of physical training than is given to it at the present day.

Schools, colleges, and Christian associations are building costly gymnasia, while athletic organizations, ball-clubs, boat-clubs, tennis-clubs, etc., are forming in many of our towns and cities.

Fifteen thousand dollars is expended annually to bring the Yale and Harvard boat-crews together at New London, and it is estimated that fifty thousand dollars does not meet the yearly expenses of the athletic organizations of these two universities. Add to this sum the cost of athletic sports to the smaller colleges and city clubs and the total would foot up in the millions.

The object of this outlay is to vanquish some rival club, to win a championship, to beat the record, or to furnish recreation and amusement to those who are willing to pay for it. With the representatives of our institutions of learning, and with a portion of the intelligent public, the object of the encouragement given to athletics is to counteract the enervating tendency of the times, and to improve the health, strength, and vigor of our youth.

This being the fact, the questions at once arise, how large a proportion of young men in the land systematically practise athletics?

Probably less than one per cent.

How large a proportion of those who are members of athletic organizations take an active part in the sports fostered and patronized by their respective clubs?

Probably less than ten per cent.

In the opinion of the writer the cause for so little active interest in athletics is an increasing tendency with us, as a people, to pursue sport as an end in itself rather than as a means to an end.

In making excellence in the achievement, the primary object of athletic exercises, we rob them of half their value in various ways:

(I.) *By increasing the expense of training.* The money expended at the present day on an athletic team is greatly in excess of the amount spent upon the same number of men a few years ago. This increased expenditure may be attributed to the improved facilities demanded for practice, to the establishment of training-tables, the employment of "coaches," or trainers, and special attendants—the latter to anoint and rub the athletes, look after the boats, ground, running-tracks, etc.—to the purchase of uniforms, the expenses of travelling, etc. A long purse is fully as essential to success in athletics as in war or politics.

(II.) *By increasing the time devoted to practice.* In former years it was deemed advisable to practise no sport out of season. At the present time it is found necessary to skate in the summer and to

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row and play ball in the winter months in order to maintain the high standard of excellence demanded of those who would win prizes in these events. In fact, any athlete, to stand above mediocrity in his chosen sport, must keep in practice the greater portion of the year. So severe a tax is this upon the time and energies of those who are engaged in other occupations that it is quite impossible for them to attend to business; consequently the attempt to make a business of sport is the first step in the direction of professionalism. It is a question, indeed, if many of our so-called amateurs, who devote so much of their time to the practice of athletics, do not belong to the professional class. In either case the effect they have upon the practice of athletics is detrimental.

(III.) *By reducing the number of active competitors.* A characteristic trait of human nature is the desire to excel. Excellence in one thing often presupposes excellence in another, though none know better than the specialist in athletics how weak he is outside of his favorite sport. A man who gains the reputation of being a champion oarsman or tennis-player will in all probability confine his athletic efforts to his specialty, thinking it unwise to risk a well-earned reputation as an expert in one sport by dawdling with another. Moreover, so strong is this desire to become a skilful exponent of an art or sport which one has adopted as a pastime, that as soon as circumstances debar a man from the required amount of practice necessary to maintain a high degree of excellence, he is likely to withdraw from all active participation in the game. In this way the number of competitors in every sport is gradually reduced, until the actual practice is left largely in the hands of a class of experts.

(IV.) *By relying upon natural resources rather than upon cultivated material.* As athletics approaches a higher standard the time required for development is necessarily lengthened. For this reason those who are naturally strong and vigorous, or who have inherited or acquired the qualifications requisite to success in a given sport, are in great demand. The college clubs look to the academies, the academies to the schools, the schools to homes and firesides to furnish candidates for athletic honors, while many of the city clubs are eager to absorb members from any source that is capable of supplying them with good athletic material.

(V.) *By depriving the non-athletic class of every incentive to physical exertion.* So long as accomplishing a feat, winning a prize, and breaking a record are the only objects of systematic physical training, a man who lacks the requisite qualifications of a successful athlete is likely to despair at the outset. Ask the members of any athletic organization why they do not take an active interest in the sports their club is supposed to foster, and you will be told that the standard is too high for them, that they cannot spare the time for practice, or that they are too light or too heavy and would not be a credit to the club.

In our colleges few men practise running, rowing, ball-playing, etc., systematically without a hope of becoming members of the "crew," "nine," or "eleven." "No chance for the prize" is considered a laudable excuse for neglecting many admirable exercises, such as sparring, fencing, and jumping.

In consequence of this erroneous idea as to the ultimate object for which all sports are encouraged, a small portion of the community are overdoing the practice of these valuable adjuncts to health and education, while the vast majority are not availing themselves of their advantages. In fact, the importance of winning an athletic victory is becoming so exaggerated in the minds of many young men that some of them have already resorted to unscrupulous methods as a means to the much-desired end.

Many men fail to realize that the real value of athletics is in the preparatory training, not in the contest or in the prize. Long before the day of trial unseen forces are at work building up a structure fit to stand the test and to make a noble effort for the victory. Whether the coveted prize be won or lost is of little importance compared to the prize in shape of an improved physique already in possession of those who have undergone a faithful course of training.

(VI.) *By arousing the spirit of antagonism and fostering viciousness and brutality.* In all competitive sports that bring individuals into personal contact, such as sparring, wrestling, foot-ball, lacrosse, polo, etc., there is a constant tendency to roughness and brutality. The object being to "win at all hazards," the reason for the roughness is apparent. These sports without doubt furnish the best kind of general exercise for the body, and develop courage, manliness, and self-control. How to retain the good features and to hold the evil ones in check are the problems that are ever present to those who are interested in the preservation of these invigorating pastimes. They are worth perpetuating and ought not to fall into disrepute for the want of a few friends to throw a protecting influence around them. Certain it is that as soon as brutality gains the ascendency gentlemen will cease to compete, and the sport will fall into decline. It is a question now in the minds of many whether some of these sports have not already reached a stage of deterioration in which, in the colleges at least, their future existence is threatened.

(VII.) *By depriving them of their efficacy as a means to health.* An individual having this aim (excellence in the achievement) in view, and having decided upon a specialty in athletics, at once proceeds to strengthen those muscles most used in his chosen sport. The runner or jumper develops his legs, the oarsman his legs and back, and the gymnast his arms, chest, and shoulders. The runner argues that the heavier his body is above the hips so much more of a burden is there for him to carry; the gymnast reasons in a similar way with regard to the weight of his body below the hips.

There is a constant tendency on the part of specialists to over-develop a few sets of muscles, and to undervalue the importance of keeping the muscles all in a healthy condition. Consequently, through incompleteness of structure and a want of harmony in function, some local weakness is produced which sooner or later not only incapacitates the individual for any great mental or physical effort, but also renders him liable to disease.

What is true of athletics to-day was equally true of gymnastics some fifteen or twenty years ago. Many of our college and city gymnasia were in the hands of a class of experts and specialists, who selected the apparatus as a means of exhibiting their strength and prowess rather than a means of physical culture and self-improvement. The weaker members, finding few forms of apparatus that were suited to their capacity, would stand idle, content with admiring the exploits of their more vigorous companions. In fact, a man was made to feel that the gymnasium was no place for him unless he at least

Fig. 1.—Method of Testing the Strength of Back and Legs.

could turn a backward somersault, do the giant's swing, or hang by his toes.

It would be foreign to my purpose to carry this discussion any further at the present time. My object has been merely to show that all sports, exercises, and pastimes, pursued as ends in themselves, are necessarily limited to a very small class, and constantly tend to degenerate.

What, then, can be done to make physical exercise more attractive to the masses, and to relieve our popular

sports of some of the evils that tend to degrade them? I know of no better way of accomplishing this desirable end than by repeatedly reminding the individual of the ultimate aim of every kind of physical exercise. Do not the harmonious development of the physique, and the building up and broadening out of the highest types of manhood and womanhood, offer an inducement to work for?

Fig. 2.—Method of Testing the Strength of the Chest and Triceps.

This has been the theme of the philosophers and sages of all times. Every writer on education, from Plato to Herbert Spencer, has advocated physical activity as a means of attaining that full-orbed and harmonious development of all parts of the human economy so essential to robust, vigorous health.

We have had no end of treatises on the sports, games, and gymnastic exercises that are reputed to give strength and symmetry to the body; but unfortunately the wise and good men of old have left us no standards by which to judge of symmetry or strength. The ancient masterpieces are models of symmetry and beauty, but they were made largely from ideal standards, certainly not from actual measurements; while the miraculous exhibitions of strength attributed to some of the Grecian athletes must, in the light of the present day, be regarded as a trifle mythical. Is this love of symmetry in form a myth, or has it a deep moral significance? I hold that it has not only a moral significance, but also a physiological significance, and that the size, shape, and structure of the body have a direct dynamic relation to all the vital organs, and appreciably influence the functions of the brain and nervous system.

Aside from the investigations of the Provost-Marshal-General's Bureau, of the Sanitary Commission, on recruits during the late war, and of the Anthropometric Committee of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, but little systematic effort has been made to obtain reliable information by means of physical measurements. As to the actual size or proportions of the body at various ages and among different nationalities there are absolutely no data to which we can turn for assistance in shaping the course of growth and development. True, there is an abundance of data on the height, weight, and chest-girth of persons of different ages and nationalities, and the dimensions of other parts of the body have been taken at various times by artist anatomists, military surgeons, and gymnasiarchs, yet no one system of measurements has ever been adopted by any two examiners; on the contrary, each observer has taken measurements for a specific purpose, according to a system peculiar to himself, so that we look in vain for anything like harmony or congruity in the results obtained.

Fig. 3.—Method of Testing the Strength of the Forearms and Hands.

In some cases the subjects are measured or weighed without clothing, and in others partly or completely clothed. In one class of measurements the height is taken with the boots on, in another class with the boots off, while by another observer the girth measurements are taken with the muscles contracted at one part of the body.

What is most needed at the present day is a uniform system of measurements and a common understanding among observers as to what points and under what conditions the various parts of the body are to be measured; a great step will then be taken toward securing valuable anthropometric data.

Having resolved some years ago to make physical training my profession, and believing that all teaching should be preceded by inquiries into the "nature, capabilities, and requirements of the being to be taught," I began a system of independent investigation with regard to the growth and development of the body under the various conditions of life.

I was moved to this undertaking by the conviction that whatever might be the nature of the physical training pursued the ultimate object should be the improvement of the individual. "The indispensable part of the experimental observation of physical facts," says a distinguished philosopher, "is the measurement of quantities."

I resolved, therefore, to widen the range of observations, believing that on the simple factors—weight, height, and chest-girth—could not be based a true estimate of one's physical condition. I had seen weight obtained at the expense of structure, height at the expense of circumference, and the girth of the chest increased as the girth of the lower limbs diminished. I had found that increase of stature might be largely due to great length of neck and legs with a comparatively short body, and that these proportions, which would indicate weakness rather than strength, could not be brought out by taking only the stature. Realizing how much depends upon the proportions of the different parts of the body, the comparative size of body and limbs, the difference between bone and muscle measurements, etc., I began my observations by an extended series of measurements.

My next aim was to test the strength of the most important parts so far as this was practicable. As a general rule the girth of the upper arm may be said to represent the potential strength of the biceps and triceps muscles. So, too, the girth of the forearm, thigh, leg, or chest is usually indicative of the latent power of the muscles in that particular region. These facts are familiar to any

Figure A.

school-boy who has learned from his daily experiences to associate size with strength. There are many exceptions to this rule, however, and the record of the tape-measure often needs to be confirmed by an actual strength test. In order to make these trials I had recourse to three spring-dynamometers, a spirometer, manometer, a pair of suspended rings, and a set of parallel bars. With these appliances it is possible to test the strength of nearly every part of the body. I limited these tests to the back, legs, chest, upper arm, and forearm.

The strength of the back and legs was tested by a dynamometer (see Fig. 1). The strength of chest, triceps, and back was determined by the number of times that the subject could raise his weight between the parallel bars while supporting himself on his hands. The number of times a person while holding on to the suspended rings could raise his own weight by contracting the arms was the manner of testing the biceps, chest, and upper back. The strength of the chest and triceps of all who were unable to lift their own weight was tested by means of a dynamometer constructed for the purpose (see Fig. 2). The strength of the forearms and hands was tested by a hand-dynamometer (see Fig. 3). The capacity of the lungs was determined by the number of cubic inches of air the individual could blow into a spirometer. The manometer was used to test the strength of lung-tissue and the force of the expiratory muscles.

Figure B.

In order to form some idea of the general strength of the individual the results of the several tests were summed up. The amount represented the total strength so far as determined. I should add that, before summing up the result of the arm or chest tests, the number of times that a person had lifted himself either way was multiplied into a tenth of his weight, the object being to credit each person with the number of foot-pounds lifted, rather than to reckon the number of times the body was raised without regard to its weight. A tenth of the weight was decided upon in order to reduce the number of figures that would result from the multiplication.

Figure C.

To add interest to the work, the girths of the head, chest (natural and inflated), waist, thighs, upper and forearms—these being the parts tested —were summed up. The difference between this amount, which was taken to represent the potential strength, and the amount found to represent the actual strength was termed the *condition.*

In tabulating the first thousand measurements the sum of the figures representing the potential strength and the sum of the figures representing the actual strength were found to correspond very closely in healthy persons who had received no preparatory training. This fact, though really an accidental discovery, was made by construction a relative standard to work by. If the actual strength exceeded the potential strength, the condition was marked plus the amount of the excess. If the actual strength fell short of the potential strength, the condition was marked minus the amount of the deficiency.

In order to ascertain the influence of the various conditions of life upon the growth and development of the individual, answers to the following questions were solicited:

Name or number,
Class and department, or occupation,
Age, yrs. ms. Birthplace,
Nationality of father, mother,
" " his father, her father,
" " his mother, her mother,
Occupation of father,
If father is dead, of what did he die ?
If mother is dead, of what did she die ?
Which of your parents do you most resemble ?
What hereditary disease, if any, is there in your family ?
Is your general health good ?
Have you always had good health ?
Check (✓) such of the following diseases as you may have had:
Asthma, Dizziness, Gout, Pleurisy, Palpitation of the heart, Pneumonia, Habitual constipation, Bronchitis, Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Shortness of breath, Headache, Varicose veins, Spitting of blood, Chronic diarrhœa, Dysentery, Neuralgia, Jaundice, Piles, Liver complaint, Paralysis.
What injuries have you received ?
What surgical operation have you undergone ?

It frequently happened that answers to these questions would account for some peculiarity of development or some deficiency in the size of body or limbs, or for extreme muscular weakness, that could not otherwise be explained. Immediately before and after the strength tests the heart and lungs were examined by auscultation and percussions, and any peculiarities noted. The information obtained from the physical examination just described, in connection with the history of the individual and the many facts brought out by personal observation, served as a basis for advice.

At the time the system I am now discussing was inaugurated, the gymnasium was wholly inadequate to meet the demands of at least two-thirds of the pupils who came under my observation. Most of them had discovered this fact for themselves, and had let the gymnasium and its apparatus severely alone. The tendency to specialism already alluded to had served to make the gymnasium distasteful to many who wished to use it, but who had neither the ability nor inclination to perform the feats usually practised on the old style apparatus. In order to make the gymnasium serviceable to a larger portion of the community, and especially to those most needing its advantages, it seemed necessary that a new system of apparatus should be introduced, and a new spirit infused into the institution. With this aim in view, I devised a system of appliances designed to develop the different parts of the body, and to be adjusted

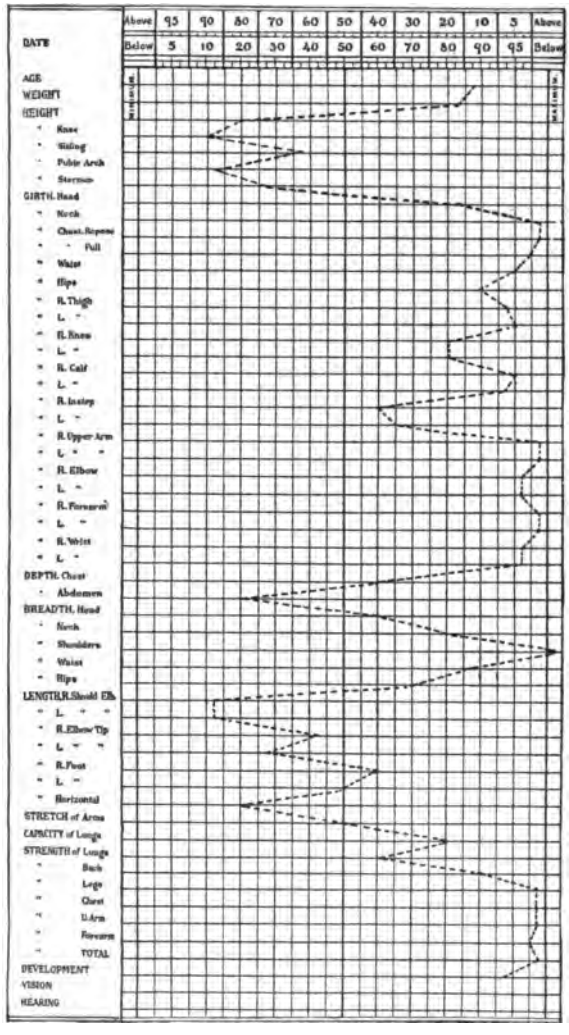

Chart I., plotted from the original of Figs. A and B.

to the strength of the strong or the weakness of the weak.

In introducing these mechanical devices into the gymnasium, I made a radical departure from one of the traditions that had governed physical education in the past. The idea had become thoroughly established in the community that in order to be beneficial physical exercise must be interesting. Physiologists and writers on education have given the weight of their testimony to this opinion, and it is quite difficult to convince many persons at the present day that the value of exercise is not solely dependent upon its being made pleasing and attractive in itself.

If a walk, run, game of ball, or system of gymnastic training does not accord

Figure D.

with our inclinations, we are likely to enter into it with less spirit, and consequently to reap less benefit. But let it be understood that exercise itself is beneficial, however disagreeable or distasteful. If the effort is made, the physiological effects of exercise are realized. Old tissue is broken down and new tissue demanded to take its place, and in answer to this demand the vital functions are increased. All physical exercises, however pleasant at first, tend to become irksome and distasteful when pursued systematically day after day; but the very energy that one is obliged to put forth in overcoming this distaste is a wholesome discipline. Having recognized the fact that physical exercise is necessary, and that the exercise is best which best meets one's individual needs, a man should pursue it with all the energy and vigor that he is capable of throwing into any other duty or line of conduct. By so doing, the training of the will is added to the training of the body, and the lesson learned in abnegation and self-mastery contributes the most important elements to the formation of character. Add to these attainments a correct method of working and a healthy habit of living, and the young man will have had the best kind of preparatory training for the business of life.

The undergoing of present hardship for the sake of future gain is one of the most encouraging features connected with athletic sports and games. That the participants may be in the best physical condition at the day of the contest, they are obliged to undergo a long and arduous course of training, denying themselves luxuries, foregoing pleasures, and holding themselves down to a rigid system of mechanical exercises for an ultimate object—the winning of a foot-race, boat-race, or a ball-game. If one man in a hundred will practise self-denial, and undergo hardship in order to win a prize in a fleeting pastime, is it not an insult to the remaining ninety-nine to assume that they have not sufficient morale to make a similar effort in preparing to win the higher prize of life?

After obtaining the measurements of a thousand individuals ranging from sixteen to thirty years of age, I tabulated them according to age and sought to obtain the average height, weight, chest-girth, etc., as indicated in the list previously described. The averages thus obtained have been used as a working basis up to the present time. Immediately after the examination of the individual he was furnished with a book or

card in which his measurements at the parts specified were compared with those of the average man of the same age. If a measurement fell below the average, the fact would be indicated by the minus sign following it; if the measurement exceeded that of the average, it would be shown by the plus sign.

The interest manifested in physical examinations by the public at large during the last few years, and the adoption of my methods and standards of measurement in several institutions of learning, have enabled me to collect sufficient data to form a more reliable basis for deductions concerning the human figure, male and female, and to offer a more attractive form of expressing these deductions.

Everyone who has attempted to draw any conclusion from the measurements of the body must have realized the need of some guide that would show at a glance, not only the relative standing of one individual as compared with another, but also the relation of every part of the individual to every other part. Unless these facts are known, all estimates of the physical ability or capacity of a man are simply matters of opinion. One person may be above another in height and below him in weight. The significance of the fact lies in the degree of the difference. Then, again, the same man may be above the normal in one measurement and below the normal in another. The extent of the variation is the desirable thing to know. In one instance this variation might not exceed the physiological limits; in another instance it might result in a deformity. These differences are but vaguely suggested when expressed in figures, yet it is futile to tell a person that he is above or below the average without indicating the degree or informing him of its significance.

The object of the chart (see Charts I., II., III.) is to meet this difficulty, and to furnish the youth of both sexes with a laudable incentive to systematic and judicious physical training by showing them, at a glance, their relation in *size*, *strength*, *symmetry*, and *development* to the normal standard, as deduced from the measurements of ten thousand individuals ranging from seventeen to thirty years of age.

The reference-tables, of which this chart is a reduced skeleton, are the

Figure E.

result of seventeen years' observation. The deductions have been drawn from measurements taken largely from the student class of the community.

The tables for females have been made up from measurements taken by trained assistants at the principal female colleges.

The parts at which the observations were made are indicated by the list at the left side of the chart.

The perpendicular lines divide into classes all of the measurements for each part that were surpassed or unsurpassed by given percentages of the persons examined, as shown by the figures at the top of the chart. The upper number at the top of a perpendicular line shows the per cent. that at each part surpassed the class indicated by that line. The lower number shows the per cent. that at each part failed to surpass that class. The small per cent. that exactly represented that class at any part—varying as it did with the per cent. of that class

at every other part and with the per cent. of every other class at every part—is not separately taken into account.

The reference-tables from which this chart is made give all the figures representing the measurements of the fifty-one classes for either sex. These figures are placed where the perpendicular lines intersect the lines leading from the parts measured.

The perpendicular line in the centre of the chart is the normal or typical line—*i.e.*, the line that was represented at each part by a larger per cent. of the

Figure F.

persons examined than was any other line at any other part.

The class marked "minimum" and the class marked "maximum" were each represented at every part by about one-twentieth of one per cent. of all the persons examined.

After a few moments' study it will readily be seen that the uses of the chart are numerous, showing the relation of the individual to the normal standard, the relation which every part of the individual bears to every other part, and suggesting many other comparisons of interest.

That the unit of measurement should be as small as possible, owing to the tendency of many observers to record a measurement at the nearest whole number, the metric system was adopted.

In computing the normal height, weight, and chest-girth, I used, simply for comparison with and in verification of my own deductions, data compiled from various sources representing over a million measurements of each of these parts.

The directions for the use of the chart are very simple: To find the standing of an individual in relation to the total number examined, ascertain which one of the perpendicular lines, at its junction with the horizontal line, is intersected by the dotted line indicating his standing. For instance, if his line, at its junction with the horizontal line leading from the weight, intersect the perpendicular line immediately under the figure 20, it would indicate that 80 per cent. of all those examined surpassed him in weight, while the complement of this, or 20 per cent., failed to surpass him.

If, however, his line, where it intersects the line of measurement, fall on the line at the right or left of one of the numbered perpendicular lines, add or subtract 2½ per cent. unless it fall outside of either the figure 10 or 90, in which case but 1¼ per cent. should be reckoned.

As a rule, all the measurements of a *small* person fall to the left, and all the measurements of a *large* person fall to the right, of the normal line.

If strong for his age, weight, height, or development, the part of his line that indicates the *strength* will be on the right of the part that indicates the age, weight, or measurement.

Symmetry will be determined by the degree to which his line approaches the perpendicular.

Asymmetry, by the extent to which his line departs from the perpendicular.

To ascertain his *development* as compared with others, observe the intersection of his line with the lines of muscle measurements.

His development, as compared with his *capacity* for development, will be shown by the difference between the muscle measurements and the bone

measurements for corresponding parts; as the knee, elbow, wrist, etc.

Figs. A, B, represent a young man of English descent, twenty-three years of age, weight 149 pounds, and height 5 feet 6 inches.

Upon referring to Chart I.,* where his measurements have been plotted, the relative standing of the young man as compared with the total number examined is readily observed, as well as the relation which every part of the individual bears to every other part.

His line, at its juncture with the horizontal line leading from the age, falls to the right of the perpendicular line immediately under the figure 85. This indicates that $12\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. of all those examined surpassed him in years, while the complement of this, or $87\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., failed to surpass him.

The weight falls in the $82\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. and the height in the 20 per cent. class. The height of knee and pubic arch falls to the left, and the sitting height and height of sternum fall to the right of the line indicating the full stature. This discrepancy indicates that his diminutive stature is due to the shortness of the lower extremities, and that the upper part of the legs is too short for the lower part.

The girth of head is above the 85 per cent. line, and the girth of the neck and chest above the $97\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. line.

The measurements of the waist and hips fall off a little proportionally from those of the chest, but it will be observed that all of the girths are unusually large for the height, indicating a fine muscular development.

The depth of chest and abdomen, and the breadth of the head, neck, waist, and hips, are relatively small, but the breadth of the shoulders approaches very near to the maximum.

The length of the upper arm is a

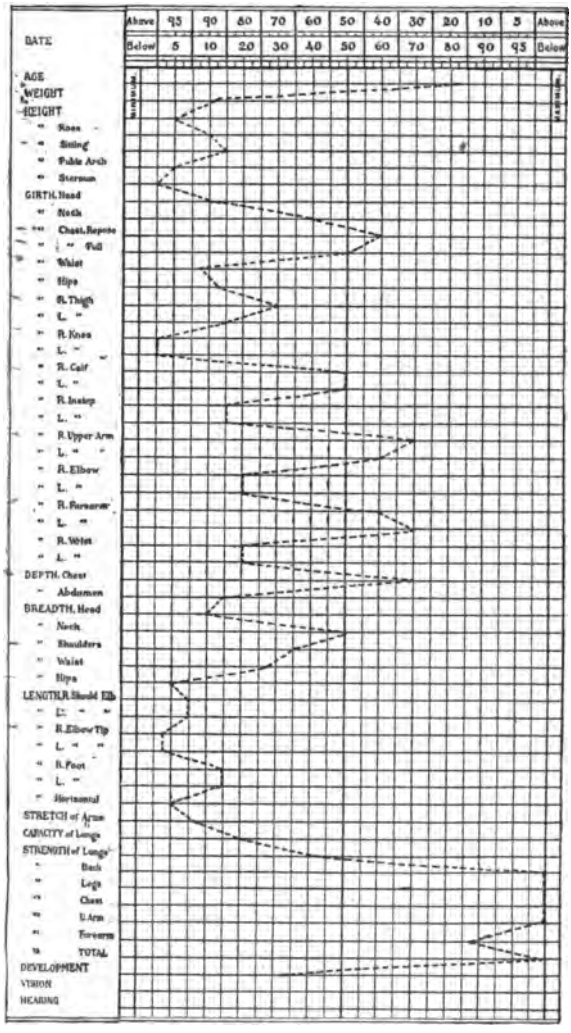

Chart II., plotted from Figs. C, D, and E.

trifle short, as shown by the measurements from the shoulder to the elbow. The forearm and hand are also below the normal in length, but slightly longer in proportion than the upper arm. The left forearm and hand are half a centimetre shorter than the right. This difference is made apparent by the variation in the points denoting the

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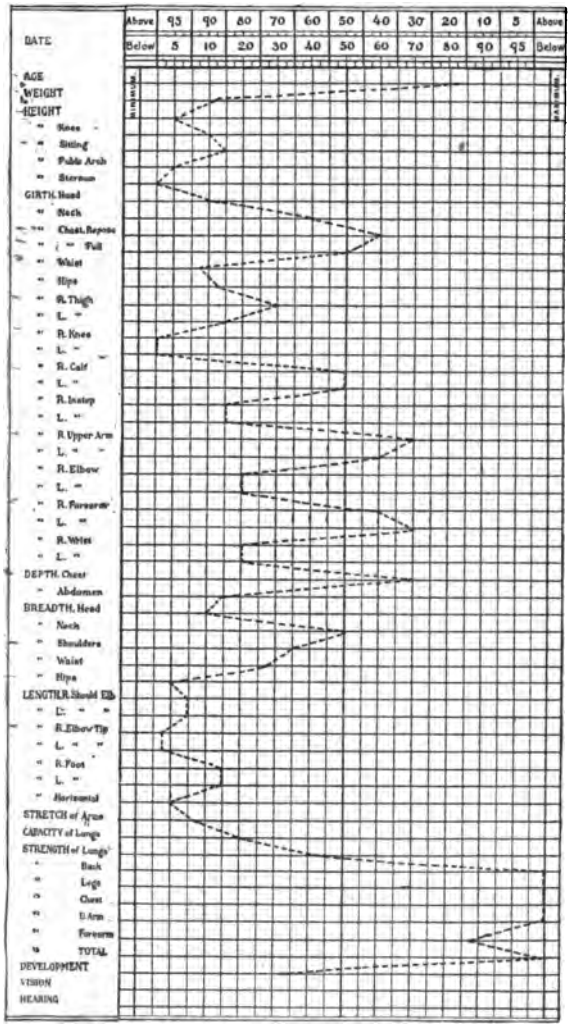

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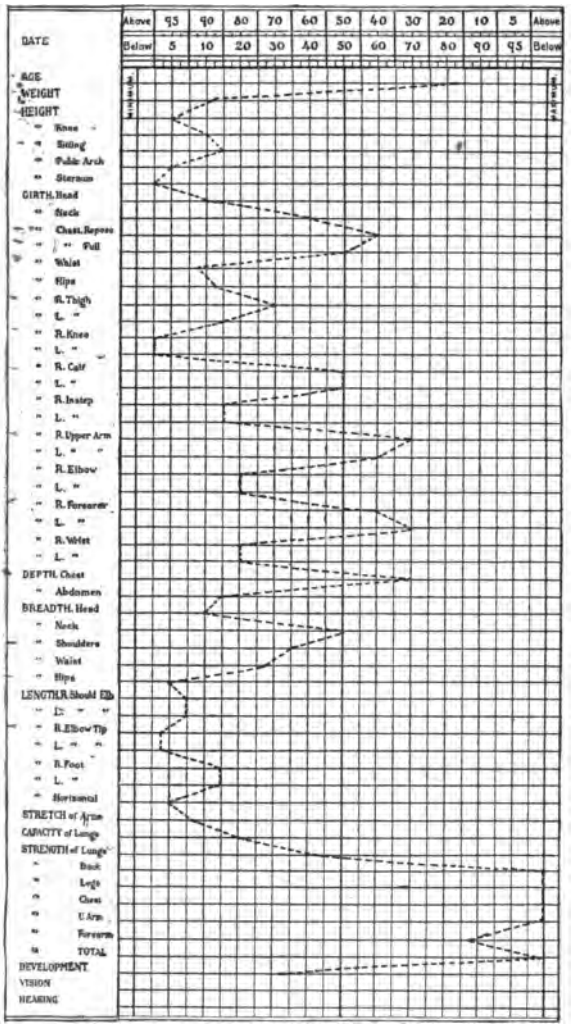

Chart II., plotted from Figs. C, D, and E.

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right and left elbow-tips. There is also a discrepancy in the length of the feet.

His horizontal length is about the same as the height, while the stretch of arms is appreciably greater, reaching, as it does, to the 50 per cent. line. This may seem slightly paradoxical, as the length of the forearm and upper arm is below the average, but the increased extension of the arms, when measured horizontally from finger-tip to finger-tip, is due to the great breadth of the shoulders.

The capacity and strength of lungs,

Figure G.

though fairly good, are not what might be expected from the prominence of the chest measurements. Referring to the accompanying illustrations, however (Figs. A, and B, back and side views), we find that the large chest-girth is undoubtedly due to the development of the chest-muscles, and to those of the upper back, while the region below the nipples is somewhat narrow and contracted. It will also be observed that the girth of the chest (full) is proportionately below that of the chest in repose. This indicates that the power of inflation is less than it ought to be.

The strength of the back accords with the measurements of the waist, and that of the arms and chest with the measurements of these parts; but the strength of the legs is somewhat greater than we should have reason to look for from the development presented at the thighs and knees.

Upon the whole, the strength is in excess of the development, and the condition is favorable.

The weak points are the waist, loins, and abdomen.

Figs. C, D, E, as shown in Chart II., represent a young man of a different type. He is of Irish descent, aged twenty-two years six months, 5 feet 4 inches in height, and weighs 117 pounds.

In this case the weight and height are more nearly in accord, and the weight is a little more uniformly distributed.

The striking peculiarity in his case is the difference between the bone measurements and the muscle measurements for corresponding parts—as at the knee, elbow, wrist, etc. Are the bones proportionately very small or the muscles proportionately very large? From a comparison of the weight and height it will be seen that a large per cent. of the bone measurements are in advance of those of the same class on the tables to which this young man evidently belongs. We must conclude, therefore, that the muscular development is in excess of that warranted by the bony framework, and that the size of the bones in the arms and legs has been increased to meet the demands put upon them.

When we compare the total strength as shown by the chart with that of the total development, we find the former greatly in excess. The sum of the measurements would merely entitle the young man to a place in the 30 per cent. class, while the total strength test would entitle him to a place in the 97 per cent. class. The falling off in the strength of the forearm is accounted for by an impairment of the muscles of the hand, due to an injury.

In summing up the condition of this individual we are warranted in saying that he has made the best of himself

in point of development. Under more favorable circumstances he might have attained greater stature and weight, but his ancestry and nurture prescribed the limit, and no amount of physical training at this late date can make up the deficiency. By physical exercise under good conditions the development of the muscles has been lifted above that of the average or typical man, and the strength made greatly to exceed it. A few months' special training might bring the measurement of the thighs to the normal standard, and add a little to the development of other parts, but it would add nothing to the health, permanent strength, or longevity of the individual.

Figs. F, G, H, and Chart III. represent an individual of another type—of American ancestry.

His age is thirty-three years, weight 161 pounds, and height 5 feet 9.7 inches.

Upon referring to the chart it will be noticed that the most remarkable characteristic of this figure is its approach to perfect symmetry in some parts and its marked divergence from it in others. The weight, which is a trifle heavy for the height, is very uniformly distributed, the only excess being in the region of the chest, hips, and arms.

The relative proportion of the different heights of the body is very nearly true. The only divergence is a slight falling off in the sitting height, which is probably due to the shortness of the neck. The neck and chest are large in circumference.

The excess in the chest-girth may be accounted for by the prominence of the shoulder-blades, for the girth of the waist is consistent with other measurements. The girth of the hips, thighs, and knees indicates the nearest approach to perfect symmetry that it is possible to attain.

The calves are a trifle small, and the insteps somewhat flat; but for these slight deficiencies, and the fact that the upper and lower leg are a few centimetres short, the lower extremities of this individual would be perfect in form.

The upper and fore arms are too large for the body and limbs, and a trifle inconsistent in themselves, the wrist being relatively greater in circumference than the elbows.

Figure H.

The falling off in the depth of the chest is very marked, dropping, as it does, from the 80 per cent. to the 5 per cent. class.

This is decidedly the weak point in this individual. It is not apparent in the illustrations, nor would it be detected readily in the individual.

It is attributable to an inward or antero-posterior curve of the spine, between the shoulder-blades, and a depression of the lower part of the sternum, or breast-bone.

There has been considerable compensation, as evidenced by the size of the chest and the lateral prominence of the ribs, but it will be observed that the breathing capacity, although higher than we would expect from the depth of the chest, is still lower than it should be.

The depth of the abdomen falls in the 80 per cent. class, as do nearly all the breadths and lengths, the only exception being the trifling deficiency in the breadth of head and the slight excess in the breadth of hips.

In most persons the horizontal length is about one-half of an inch greater than the height. This is undoubtedly due to

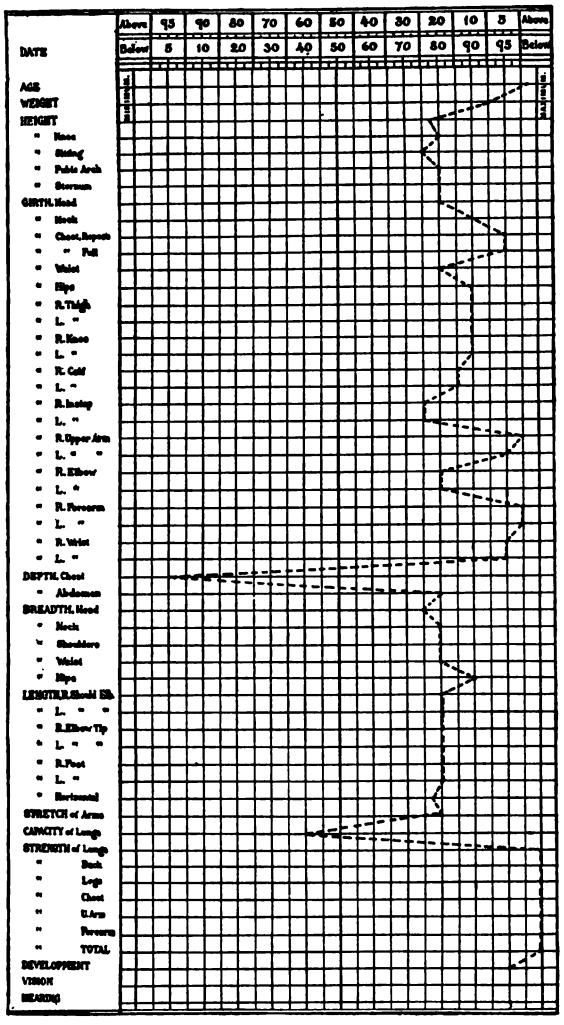


Chart III., plotted from Figs. F, G, and H.

the straightening of the spine and the relaxing of the cartilages while in the horizontal position. In this case the spine is comparatively straight, so that little difference is shown between the standing and horizontal length.

The strength tests in this case, as in the others, approach near to the maximum class.

Upon glancing over the chart as a whole it will be readily seen that the normal position of this individual is in the 80 per cent. class. Nearly all of the bone measurements which are not readily changed in adults fall on the 80 per cent. line, while those of the soft parts which are more easily affected fall above this line. To bring the depth of the chest up to this standard by natural processes, although impossible now, would have been a simple matter in early youth. With this exception, the individual just considered could so develop himself by a judicious course of exercise as to approach very near to perfect symmetry.

In this case the dotted line on the chart, indicating the actual and relative standing of the individual at all the parts considered, would be perpendicular. This is the grand object to be attained. The straight line is the physical sign of health and longevity, of perfect structure and harmony of function, and a symmetrical development of the whole body.

The weight must not be too great, or the stature too short or tall; the limbs too massive for the body, or the body too heavy for the limbs; the head too large or too small, or the neck too short or too long and slender. A small, well-made engine, with all parts adjusted, will do more work than a larger one with parts loosely constructed and a great disproportion between the important members. So a small man, compactly built, with symmetrical proportions and a well-balanced organism, can accomplish more than a larger man less solidly made, with all parts wanting in symmetry and shapeliness. This law of adaptation and harmonious adjustment of parts prevails throughout the greater portion of the animal kingdom.

Among the civilized portion of the human race it is controverted by social laws that tend to foster an inharmonious development. The division of labor, for instance, has made it possible for a man to earn a livelihood and to maintain a footing in the world by the use of very few

muscles and faculties. Under such circumstances the large head and massive shoulders and chest are not necessarily accompanied by a broad, substantial waist and pelvis and well-developed lower extremities. It is true that the waist and legs would have to bear the burden of the weight above if the individual engaged in any kind of physical activity in an upright position; but a person with his weight so unequally distributed would find it very irksome to walk or run, and would naturally avail himself of all the modern conveniences for locomotion. In choosing his life's work, the chances are that he would gravitate into some sedentary occupation in which he could render an equivalent service to any who were willing to do his back and leg work for him. Had he been advised to enter a gymnasium or join an athletic club for the purpose of improving his physical condition, he would probably have selected that exercise from which he could derive the greatest amount of pleasure with the least amount of effort. This would be something to call into play the muscles that were already strong. The result of this inharmonious development would be a further modification of structure which would eventually throw the remaining organisms out of gear, and constitute a greater or less tendency to disease.

"Cultivate both mind and body along the line of the least resistance."

"Study yourselves; and most of all note well wherein kind nature meant you to excel."

These are the sentiments that are shaping the tendencies of the age and moulding our systems of mental and physical education. In neither case are we looking for improvement in blood and tissue, or for the promotion of organic perfection. The leading object is to achieve immediate success in social aims and distinctions, and a false method is taken of attaining even this. In the effort the welfare of both body and mind is frequently jeopardized and the foundation for vigorous health undermined.

Nowhere are these tendencies to degeneration more apparent than in the radical changes that take place in the physique through impaired nutrition. These changes can readily be observed by comparing the measurements of those in feeble condition with the typical or normal standard as shown by the chart. This comparison need not be limited to individuals, for it is fully as applicable to schools, clubs, classes, or communities.

While the primary object of the chart is to offer the youth of the land an incentive to proper physical training, and to place in the hands of instructors a key to the strong and weak points of their pupils, the author hopes, as the data from different sources accumulate, to show the anthropologist, the naturalist, the physician, the surgeon, the artist, and the sculptor the importance of the tables in the pursuit of their respective professions.

To parents in guiding the growth and development of their children, to teachers in watching the effects of study and local conditions upon the health of their pupils, to superintendents of shops, mills, and factories, and to those who have charge of prisons, asylums, and penitentiaries, a knowledge of the typical proportions of the body are indispensable to the proper performance of their duties. To the sociologist and statesman in tracing the influence of occupation and of town and city life upon the health and strength of a people; to the civil-service examiner in selecting those best qualified to serve in certain capacities; to the life-insurance examiner in deciding what risks to accept, etc., a thorough acquaintance with the physical signs of health and approaching disease is of the greatest importance.

In one or two subsequent papers I hope to show the influence of systematic training upon the growth and development of the young, to point out by means of the chart the physical characteristics of distinguished athletes, to show the influence of the higher education upon the physical development of women, and to compare the proportions of the human figure, according to the canons of art, with those determined by anthropometry.

A COLLECTION OF

UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF THACKERAY.

IV.

[Written to Mrs. Fanshawe and Mrs. Brookfield.]

HÔTEL BRISTOL, PLACE VENDÔME.
Tuesday, March 5th. 1850

MY DEAR LADIES:

I am arrived just this minute safe and sound under the most beautiful blue sky, after a fair passage and a good night's rest at Boulogne, where I found, what do you think?—a letter from a dear friend of mine, dated September 13th, which somehow gave me as much pleasure as if it had been a fresh letter almost, and for which I am very much obliged to you. I travelled to Paris with a character for a book, Lord Howden, the ex-beau Caradoc or Cradock, a man for whom more women have gone distracted than you have any idea of. So delightful a middle-aged dandy! Well, he will make a page in some book some day. In the meantime I want to know why there is no letter to tell me that madame is getting on well. I should like to hear so much. It seems a shame to have come away yesterday without going to ask. It was the suddenest freak, done, packed and gone in half an hour, hadn't time even to breakfast. . . . And as I really wanted a little change and fresh air for my lungs, I think I did well to escape. . . . . .

I send this by the Morning Chronicle's packet. Don't be paying letters to me, but write & write away, and never mind the expense, Mrs. Fanshawe.

W. M. T.

HÔTEL BRISTOL, PLACE VENDÔME.
[1850]

MADAME:

One is arrived, one is at his ancient lodging of the Hôtel Bristol, one has heard the familiar clarions sound at nine hours and a half under the Column, the place is whipped by the rain actually, and only rare umbrellas make themselves to see here and there; London is grey and brumous, but scarcely more sorrowful than this. For so love I these places, it is with the eyes that the sun makes itself on the first day at Paris; one has suffered, one has been disabused, but one is not blaséd to this point that nothing more excites, nothing amuses. The first day of Paris amuses always. Isn't this a perfectly odious and affected style of writing? Wouldn't you be disgusted to have a letter written all like that? Many people are scarcely less affected, though, in composing letters, and translate their thoughts into a pompous unfamiliar language, as necessary and proper for the circumstances of letter-writing. In the midst of this sentiment Jeames comes in, having been employed to buy pens in the neighbourhood, and having paid he said three frances for twenty.—I go out in a rage to the shop, thinking to confound the woman who had cheated him; I place him outside the shop and entering myself ask the price of a score of pens; one franc says the woman; I call in Jeames to confront him with the tradeswoman; she says, I sold monsieur a box of pens, he gave me a five-franc piece, I returned him two 2-franc pieces, and so it was; only Jeames never having before seen a two-franc piece, thought that she had given back two franc pieces; and so nobody is cheated, and I had my walk in the rain for nothing.

But as this had brought me close to the Palais Royal, where there is the exhibition of pictures, I went to see it, wondering whether I could turn an honest penny by criticising the same. But I find I have nothing to say about pictures. A pretty landscape or two pleased me; no statues did; some great big historical pictures bored me. This is a poor account of a Paris exhibition, isn't it? looking for half a minute at a work which had taken a man all his might and main for a year; on which he had

Dieppe
Hotel Morgan

You see I have a sense of being in France dear Lady, for I can write you a line on a Saturday night & know that it will travel through Sunday and reach you some time the next day. As yet the journey has'nt done me any good. on the Contrary shivered up my internal viscera and made me ill - I was in bed the greater part of yesterday & to day and when I went to look at the towers and sea we are very fruitfully early dawdlers with such bilious eyes as a man deserves who dines. At every day of his life. Why didn't I accept your invitation on Wednesday instead of Wednesday? - it seems to me about 2 years since Wednesday - I thought I'd been to see you in the day. Well - I'm always made heartily welcome I find & no business to come, and so instead went to the Piazza Francis, where instead of spending I had exactly 4 sous as much wine as was good for me and took tick and ile and have been ill & sick ever since - more billes. Please the fuge - for I took a delightful drive into the Country, & saw a beautiful old Church and a charming burnt cafe and an ancient castle wh interested me only a very little (You may pass over the rest of this sentence and page if you please for I write you that my indulgence is to encourager you a surprise on the other side of the page and all this is the following is as I have to do with my blocks in Pendennis tomorrow) with I hired a gig and horse to drive me & who do you think they drive?

Clive drawn it shockingly she thought I took the gold pen - but there was my Coachwoman a very lovely lively girl whose name was Georgina Hewerdine and who told me she was heiress of fifteen horses and six carriages w^h her Papa kept. As we were driving the cheques we met one of the carriages and Georgina cried out Voilà Papa - and I thought Papa looked a little queer at seeing his daughter driving a gentleman of forty. Ward she amused me with her artless prattle - and Papa did not know that I was suffering from something not at all unlike Cholera

Wh. made some of my presences to Angelina ghastly to look at. However the drive did me good & the beautiful air and scene. and Angelina if you like. There came to see me ol. lady before Angelina's arrival you must know I found an elderly female waiting in the Hotel passage. who I instantly knew to be the wife of the Scotch clergyman of the place & an honest brandy and water divine whom I recognised at once (excellent hearing ever seen before) and whose acquaintance I made at the pastor. I shall go to his Church tomorrow & and if he is free to dine out of a Sunday, will take his old Stein with strong drink.

The continental parson is a sort you don't know. eh. Mum! how very different to the white chokers of St James a Saint. Mary Ogrets a Saint Monkgomerys! what a deal that woman has had to suffer what insults from butchers and lodging house keepers whom her poor ever crushed pay. what hats have gone round for heirs - what struggles to be respectable She has kept up since the day twenty years ago when that croaking old woman here in shelly forth yearning last! - don't you see there is gallons like a book? and am I not going to be able to write historically even to you a deep dear lady? Since I have been here I have read through 3 plays those of Beaumarchais the Figaro cycle, and 2 novels one in 6 volumes very impudent and amusing by Alex andre Dumas fils - and I have had letters from Mr James, a

Comfortless as elegant as you could wish a bit reverential, and who forget us my fortunate dear just the things we I told him to put there.

And now Chaarm I don't like to ask you to write to me because I don't think I shall stop here very long, may come back by next Monday: packet but that would perhaps hurt the feelings of my old folks at Paris who might like to see me — And will you make me a birthday present please. and it shall be a dinner as the 18 th see you off with you well, and there — fare away at Pendennis.

Coming here won't do - very moderate houses let at 50 £ for the season - then to go & come with my family is 20 £ more. - whereas we may go to Boulogne back for 6 £ and get rooms for 25 £. And so god bless you dear friend - and God bless all yours prays your affectionate brother Makepeace.

There was a little girl of 10 in the Railroad going to Eastbourne who was so beautiful. that I had nearly gone after her., for I wanted very little to decide me one way or other, and only came hither because I saw by Bradshaw in the morning that the boat started on that day. And I think and hope I shall be better for the little change. There's a play here tomorrow night Sunday, will you come?

employed all his talents, and set all his hopes and ambition; about which he had lain awake at night very probably, and pinched himself of a dinner that he might buy colours or pay models,—I say it seems very unkind to look at such a thing with a yawn and turn away indifferent; and it seemed to me as if the cold, marble statues looked after me reproachfully and said, "Come back, you sir! don't neglect me in this rude way. I am very beautiful, I am indeed. I have many hidden charms and qualities which you don't know yet, and which you would know and love if you would but examine a little." But I didn't come back, the world didn't care for the hidden charms of the statue, but passed

on and yawned over the next article in the Catalogue. There is a moral to this fable, I think; and that is all I got out of the exhibition of the Palais Royal.

Then I went to beat up the old haunts, and look about for lodgings which are awfully scarce and dear in this quarter. Here they can only take me in for a day or two, and I am occupying at present two rooms in a gorgeous suite of apartments big enough and splendid enough for the Lord Chief Baron * and all his family. Oh! but first, I forgot, I went to breakfast with Bear Ellice, who told me Lady Sandwich had a grand ball, and promised to take me to a soirée at Monsieur Duchâtel's. I went there after dining at home. Splendid hotel in the Faubourg Saint Germain; magnificent drawing room; vulgar people, I thought; the walls were splendidly painted; "C'est du Louis Quinze ou du commencement de Louis XVI," the host said. *Blagueur!* the painting is about ten years old, and is of the highly ornamental Café school. It is a Louis Phillippist house, and everybody was in mourning —for the dear Queen of the Belgians, I suppose. The men as they arrived went up and made their bows to the lady of the house, who sat by the fire talking to other two ladies, and this bow over, the gentlemen talked, standing, to each other. It was uncommonly stupid. Then we went off to Lady Sandwich's ball. I had wrote a note to her ladyship in the morning, and received a Kyind invitation. Everybody was there, Thiers, Molé, and the French Sosoiatee, and lots of English; the Castlereaghs, very kind and hearty, my lady looking very pretty, and Cas—(mark the easy grace of Cas)—well, and clear-sighted; Lord Normanby and wife, exceeding gracious;—Lady Waldegrave; —all sorts of world, and if I want the reign of pleasure, it is here, it is here. Gudin the painter asked me to dine today and meet Dumas, which will be amusing I hope.

And I forgot to say that Mr. Thomas Fraser says, that Mr. Inspector Brookfield is the most delightful fellow he ever met. I went to see my aunt besides all this, and the evening and the morning was the first day.

Sunday morning. I passed the morning yesterday writing the scene of a play, so witty and diabolical that I shall be curious to know if it is good; and went to the pictures again, and afterwards to Lady Castlereagh and other polite persons, finishing the afternoon dutifully at home, and with my aunt and cousins, whom you would like. At dinner at Gudin's there was a great stupid company, and I sat between one of the stupidest and handsomest women I ever saw in my life, and a lady to whom I made three observations which she answered with Oui, Monsieur, and non, monsieur, and then commenced a conversation over my back with my handsome neighbour. If this is French manners, says I, Civility be hanged, and so I ate my dinner; and did not say one word more to that woman.

But there were some pleasant people in spite of her: a painter (portrait) with a leonine mane, Mr. Gigoux, that I took a liking to; an old general, jolly and gentlemanlike; a humorous Prince, agreeable and easy: and a wonderful old buck, who was my pleasure. The party disported themselves until pretty late, and we went up into a tower fitted up in the Arabian fashion and there smoked, which did not diminish the pleasure of the evening. Mrs. L. the engineer's wife, brought me home in her brougham, the great engineer sitting bodkin and his wife scolding me amiably, about Laura and Pendennis. A handsome woman this Mrs L. must have been when her engineer married her, but not quite up to her present aggrandized fortune. . . . . .

My old folks were happy in their quarter, and good old G. P. bears the bore of the children constantly in his room, with great good humour. But ah, somehow it is a dismal end to a career. A famous beauty and a soldier who has been in twenty battles and led a half dozen of storming parties! Here comes Jeames to say that the letters must this instant go; and so God bless you and your husband and little maiden, and write soon, my dear kind lady, to

W. M. T.

* The late Lord Chief Baron was the father of thirty-two children.

[*Paris*, 1850]

I send this scrap by a newspaper correspondent, just to say I am very well and so awfully hard at business I have no time for more.

Wednesday.

MADAM AND DEAR LADY:

If I have no better news to send you than this, pray don't mind, but keep the enclosures safe for me against I come back, which won't be many days now, please God. I had thought of setting off tomorrow, but as I have got into working trim, I think I had best stop here and do a great bit of my number, before I unsettle myself by another journey. I have been to no gaieties, for I have been laid up with a violent cold and cough, which kept me in my rooms, too stupid even to write. But these ills have cleared away pretty well now, and I am bent upon going out to dinner *au cabaret*, and to some fun afterwards, I don't know where, nor scarce what I write, I am so tired. I wonder what will happen with Pendennis and Fanny Bolton; writing it and sending it to you, somehow it seems as if it were true. I shall know more about them tomorrow; but mind, mind and keep the manuscript; you see it is five pages, fifteen pounds, by the immortal Gods!

I am asked to a marriage tomorrow, a young Foker, of twenty-two, with a lady here, a widow, and once a runaway.

The pen drops out of my hand, it's so tired, but as the ambassador's bag goes for nothing, I like to say how do you do, and remember me to Miss Brookfield, and shake hands with William. God bless you all.

This note which was to have gone away yesterday, was too late for the bag, and I was at work too late today to write a word for anything but *Pendennis:* I hope I shall bring a great part of it home with me at the end of the week, in the meantime don't put you to the trouble of the manuscript, which you see I was only sending because I had no news and no other signs of life to give. I have been out to the play tonight, and laughed very pleasantly at nonsense until now, when I am come home very tired and sleepy, and write just one word to say good-night. . . . .

They say there is to be another revolution here very soon, but I shall be across the water before that event, and my old folks will be here instead. You must please to tell Mrs. Fanshawe that I am over head and ears in work, and that I beg you to kiss the tips of her gloves for me. There is another letter for you begun somewhere, about the premises, but it was written in so gloomy and egotistical a strain, that it was best burnt. I burnt another yesterday, written to Lady Ashburton, because it was too pert, and like Major Pendennis, talking only about lords and great people, in an easy off hand way. I think I only write naturally to one person now, and make points and compose sentences to others. That is why you must be patient please, and let me go on twaddling and boring you.

[*Paris*, 1850.]

MY DEAR LADY:

Do you see how mad everybody is in the world? or is it not my own insanity? Yesterday when it became time to shut up my letter, I was going to tell you about my elders, who have got hold of a mad old Indian woman, who calls herself Aline Gultave d'origine Mogole, who is stark staring mad, and sees visions, works miracles, *que sais-je?* The old fool is mad of sheer vanity, and yet fool as she is, my people actually believe in her, and I believe the old gentleman goes to her every day. To-day I went to see D'Orsay, who has made a bust of Lamartine, who, too, is mad with vanity. He has written some verses on his bust, and asks, Who is this? Is it a warrior? Is it a hero? Is it a priest? Is it a sage? Is it a tribune of the people? Is it an Adonis? meaning that he is all these things,—verses so fatuous and crazy I never saw. Well, D'Orsay says they are the finest verses that ever were written, and imparts to me a translation which Miss Power has made of them; and D'Orsay believes in his mad rubbish of a statue, which he didn't make; believes in it in the mad way that madmen do,—that it is divine, and that he made it; only as you look in his eyes, you see that he doesn't quite believe, and when pressed hesitates, and turns away with a howl of rage. D'Orsay has fitted him-

self up a charming *atelier* with arms and trophies, pictures and looking-glasses, the tomb of Blessington, the sword and star of Napoleon, and a crucifix over his bed; and here he dwells without any doubts or remorses, admiring himself in the most horrible pictures which he has painted, and the statues which he gets done for him. I had been at work till two, all day before going to see him; and thence went to Lady Normanby, who was very pleasant and talkative; and then tramping upon a half dozen of visits of duty. I had refused proffered banquets in order to dine at home, but when I got home at the dinner hour, everybody was away, the *bonne* was ill and obliged to go to the country, and parents and children were away to dine with a Mrs. . . . a good woman who writes books, keeps a select boarding-house for young ladies who wish to see Parisian society, and whom I like, but cannot bear, because she has the organ of admiration too strongly. Papa was king, mamma was queen, in this company, I a sort of foreign emperor with the princesses my daughters. By Jove, it was intolerably painful; and I must go to her soirée to-morrow night too, and drag about in this confounded little Pedlington. Yesterday night,—I am afraid it was the first day of the week,—I dined with Morton, and met no less than four tables of English I knew, and went to the play. There was a little girl acting, who made one's heart ache; —the joke of the piece is, the child, who looks about three, is taken by the servants to a casino, is carried off for an hour by some dragoons, and comes back, having learned to smoke, to dance slang dances, and sing slang songs. Poor little rogue, she sung one of her songs, from an actor's arms; a wicked song, in a sweet little innocent voice. She will be bought and sold within three years from this time, and won't be playing at wickedness any more. I shall shut up my desk and say God bless all the little girls that you and I love, and their parents. God bless you, dear lady.

I have got a very amusing book, the *Tatler* newspaper of 1709; and that shall be my soporific I hope. I have been advancing in Blue Beard, but must give it up, it is too dreadfully cynical and wicked. It is in blank verse and all a diabolical sneer. Depend upon it, Helps is right.

Wednesday. If I didn't write yesterday it was because I was wickedly employed. I was gambling until two o'clock this morning, playing a game called *lansquenet* which is very good gambling; and I left off, as I had begun, very thankful not to carry away any body's money or leave behind any of my own; but it was curious to watch the tempers of the various players, the meanness of one, the flurry and excitement of another, the difference of the same man winning and losing; all which I got, besides a good dinner and a headache this morning. Annie and Minnie and my mother, came to see me yesterday. I don't think they will be so very eager for Paris after three weeks here; the simple habits of our old people will hardly suit the little women. Even in my absence in America, I don't quite like leaving them altogether here; I wonder if an amiable family, as is very kind to me, will give them hospitality for a month? I was writing Blue Beard all day; very sardonic and amusing to do, but I doubt whether it will be pleasant to read or hear, or even whether it is right to go on with this wicked vein; and also, I must tell you that a story is biling up in my interior, in which there shall appear some very good, lofty and generous people; perhaps a story without any villains in it would be good, wouldn't it?

Thursday.—Thanks for your letter madame. If I tell you my plans and my small gossip, I don't bore you do I? You listen to them so kindly at home, that I've got the habit, you see. Why don't you write a little handwriting, and send me yours? This place begins to be as bad as London in the season; there are dinners and routs for every day and night. Last night I went to dine at home, with *bouilli boeuf* and *ordinaire*, and bad ordinaire too; but the dinner was just as good as a better one, and afterwards I went with my mother to a *soirée*, where I had to face fifty people of whom I didn't know one; and being there, was introduced to other *soirée* givers, be hanged to them. And there I left my ma, and went off to Madame Gudin's the painter's wife, where really

there was a beautiful ball; and all the world, all the English world that is; and to-night it is the President's ball, if you please, and tomorrow, and the next day, and the next, more gaieties. It was queer to see poor old Castlereagh in a dark room, keeping aloof from the dancing and the gaiety, and having his thoughts fixed on kingdom come, and Bennett confessor and martyr; while Lady Castlereagh, who led him into his devotional state, was enjoying the music and the gay company, as cheerfully as the most mundane person present. The French people all talk to me about *Ponche*, when I am introduced to them, which wounds my vanity, which is wholesome very likely. Among the notabilities was Vicomte D'Arlincourt, a mad old romance writer, on whom I amused myself by pouring the most tremendous compliments I could invent. He said, *j'ai vu l'Écosse; mais Valter Scott n'y était plus, hélas!* I said, *vous y étiez, Vicomte, c'etait bien assez d'un*—on which the old boy said I possessed French admirably, and knew to speak the prettiest things in the prettiest manner. I wish you could see him, I wish you could see the world here. I wish you and Mr. were coming to the play with me tonight, to a regular melodrama, far away on the Boulevard, and a quiet little snug dinner *au Banquet d'Anacréon*. The *Banquet d'Anacréon* is a dingy little restaurant on the boulevard where all the plays are acted, and they tell great things of a piece called *Paillasse* in which Le Maître performs; *nous verrons*, Madame, *nous verrons*. But with all this racket and gaiety, do you understand that a gentleman feels very lonely? I swear I had sooner have a pipe and a gin and water soirée with somebody, than the best President's *orgeat*. I go to my cousins for half an hour almost every day; you'd like them better than poor Mary whom you won't be able to stand, at least if she talk to you about her bodily state as she talks to me. What else shall I say in this stupid letter? I've not seen any children as pretty as Magdalene, that's all. I have told Annie to write to you and I am glad Mrs. Fan is going to stay; and I hear that several papers have reproduced the thunder and small beer articles;*

* Thackeray's reply to a criticism in the *Times*.

and I thank you for your letter; and pray the best prayers I am worth for you, and your husband, and child, my dear lady. W. M. T.

Tuesday [23*rd April* 1850]

Your Sunday's letter only came in this morning, I am sorry to see my dear lady writes *tristely*, but I would rather you would write sorrowfully if you feel so than sham gaiety or lightheartedness. What's the good of a brother to you, if you can't tell him things? If I am dismal don't I give you the benefit of the dumps? Ah! I should like to be with you for an hour or two and see if you are changed and oldened, in this immense time that you have been away. But business and pleasure keep me here nailed. I have an awful week of festivities before me; today Shakespeare's birthday at the Garrick Club, dinner and speech. Lunch, Madame Lionel Rothschild's; ball, Lady Waldegrave's; she gives the finest balls in London, and I have never seen one yet. Tomorrow, of five invitations to dinner, the first is Mr. Marshall, the Duke of Devonshire's evening party, Lady Emily Dundas' ditto. Thursday, Sir Anthony Rothschild. Friday, the domestic affections. Saturday, Sir Robert Peel. Sunday, Lord Lansdowne's. Isn't it curious to think—it was striking my great mind yesterday, as Annie was sorting the cards in the chimney-glass,—that there are people who would give their ears, or half their income to go to these fine places? I was riding with an Old Bailey barrister, yesterday in the Park, and his pretty wife (*on les aiment jolies, Madame*). He apologised for knowing people who lived in Brunswick Square, and thought to prove his gentility by calling it that *demned* place.

The good dinner on Friday was very pleasant and quiet with old acquaintances, the ladies, M. P.'s wives, took me aside and asked confidentially about the fashionable world in which it is supposed, I believe, that I live entirely now; and the wonder is that people don't hate me more than they do. I tried to explain that I was still a man, and that among the ladies of fashion, a lady could but be a lady, and no better nor no worser. Are

there any better ladies than you and Pincushion? Annie has found out that quality in the two of you, with her generous instincts. I had a delightful morning with her on Sunday, when she read me the *Deserted Village*, and we talked about it. I couldn't have talked with her so, with anybody else, except perhaps you, in the room. Saturday! what did I do? I went to Punch and afterwards to a play, to see a piece of the *Lady of Lyons* performed, by a Mr. Anderson. Before that to the Water-Colour Society, which was choke-full of bishops and other big-wigs, and among them Sir Robert Peel elaborately gracious,—conversation with Lady Peel, about 2000 people looking on. Bows, grins, grimaces on both sides, followed by an invitation to dinner next Saturday. The next person I shook hands with after Sir Robert Peel, was—who do you think? Mrs. Rhodes of the Back Kitchen; I thought of you that very instant, and to think of you, dear lady, is to bless you.

. . . . . .

After, in going home from the Berrys, where was a great assembly of polite persons, Lady Morley, whom you love, (we laughed and cracked away so that it would have made you angry) my dear Elliot, and Perry, Lord Lansdowne, Carlyle, ever so many more. Oh! stop, at the Water Colours on Saturday, Mr. Hallam asked me to dinner. He and Lord Mohun and Miss Julia went and admired a picture, O! such a spoony picture. Sunday I went to Hampstead with the infants, and dined at the Crowes'; I went to Higgins', a very pleasant little party; sorry his reverence could not come. And then, which is I believe Monday, I was alarmed at not getting my manuscript back; I drew wood blocks all day, rode in the Park for three hours without calling or visiting anywhere; came home to dinner, went to the Berrys's and am back again at twelve, to say G. B. Y.

[1850]

CAMBRIDGE.

MADAM:

I have only had one opportunity of saying how do you do to-day, on the envelope of a letter which you will have received from another, and even more intimate friend W. H. B. This is to inform you that I am so utterly and dreadfully miserable now he has just gone off at one o'clock to Norwich by the horrid mail, that I think I can't bear this place beyond tomorrow and must come back again.

We had a very pleasant breakfast at Dr. Henry Maine's and two well-bred young gents of the University, and broiled fowls and mushrooms, just as we remember them 200 years ago. . . .

I have had the meanness not to take a private room and write in consequence in the Coffee Apartment in a great state of disquiet. Young under-graduates are eating supper, chattering is going on incessantly. I wonder whether William is safe in the train, or will he come back in two minutes, too late for the conveyance. Yes, here he comes actually—no, it is only the waiter with a fresh supply of bitter beer for the young gents. Well, we brexfested with Mr. and Mrs. Maine, and I thought him a most kind, gentle, and lovable sort of man, so to speak, and liked her artlessness and simplicity, (Note that this is the same horrid ink of last night, which will blot.) and then we went to fetch walks over the ground, forgotten, and yet somehow well remembered. William says he is going to bring you down here, and you will like it and be very happy. . . .

Just now William, I was going to write *Villiam*, but I knew you wouldn't like it, says, "She is dining at Lady Monteagles, so I said "Let us drink her health, and we did, in a mixture of ale and soda water, very good. There was a bagman asleep in the room, and we drank your health, and both of us said, "God bless her," I think this is the chief part of my transactions during the day. . . . I think I said we walked about in haunts once familiar. We went to the Union where we read the papers, then drove to the river where we saw the young fellows in the boats, then amidst the College groves and cetera, and peeped into various courts and halls, and were not unamused, but bitterly melancholious, though I must say William complimented me on my healthy appearance, and he for his part, looked uncommonly well.

I went then to see my relations, old Dr. Thackeray 75 years of age, perfectly healthy, handsome, stupid and happy, and he isn't a bit changed in twenty years, nor is his wife, strange to say. I told him he looked like my grandfather, his uncle, on which he said, "Your grandfather was by no means the handsomest of the Thackerays," and so I suppose he prides himself on his personal beauty. At four, we went to dine with Don Thompson in Hall, where the thing to me most striking was the —— if you please, the smell of the dinner, exactly like what I remember afore-time. Savoury odours of youth borne across I don't know what streams and deserts, struggles, passions, poverties, hopes, hopeless loves and useless loves of twenty years! There is a sentiment suddenly worked out of a number of veal and mutton joints, which surprises me just as much as it astonishes you, but the best or worst of being used to the pen is, that one chatters with it as with the tongue to certain persons, and all things blurt out for good or for bad. You know how to take the good parts generously and to forget the bad, dear kind lady. .

Then we went to Jenny Lind's concert, for which a gentleman here gave us tickets, and at the end of the first act we agreed to come away. It struck me as atrociously stupid. I was thinking of something else the whole time she was jugulating away, and O! I was so glad to get to the end and have a cigar, and I wanted so to go away with Mr. Williams, for I feel entirely out of place in this town. This seems to me to be spoken all in a breath, and has been written without a full stop. Does it not strike you as entirely frantic and queer? Well, I wish I were back. . .

I am going out to breakfast to see some of the gallant young blades of the University, and tonight, if I last until then, to the Union to hear a debate. What a queer thing it is. I think William is a little disappointed that I have not been made enough a lion of, whereas my timid nature trembles before such honours, and my vanity would be to go through life as a gentleman—as a Major Pendennis—you have hit it. I believe I never do think about my public character, and certainly didn't see the gyps, waiters and under-graduates whispering in hall, as your William did, or thought he did. He was quite happy in some dreary rooms in College, where I should have perished of *ennui*,—thus are we constituted. An old hook-nosed clergyman has just come into the Coffee-room, and is looking over my shoulder I think, and has put a stop to the sentence beginning "thus are we constituted &c.

Jenny Lind made £400 by her concert last night and has given £100 to the hospital. This seems rather pompous sort of piety, it would be better to charge people less than 31/6 for tickets, and omit the charity to the poor. But you see people are never satisfied (the hook-nosed clergyman has just addressed a remark) only I pitied my cousins the Miss Thackerays last night, who were longing to go and couldn't, because tickets for four or five of them in the second rows, would have cost as many guineas, and their father could not afford any such sum. . . . Present my best compliments to Mrs. Fanshawe. If you see Mrs. Elliot remember me to her most kindly, and now to breakfast.

Written to us, when we were at Cambridge. [1850.]

Wednesday, Midnight.

I have made an awful smash at the Literary Fund and have tumbled into 'Evins knows where;—It was a tremendous exhibition of imbecility. Good night. I hope you 2 are sound asleep. Why isn't there somebody that I could go and smoke a pipe to?

Bon Soir

But O! what a smash I have made!

I am talking quite loud out to myself at the Garrick sentences I intended to have uttered: but they wouldn't come in time.

After the fatal night of the Literary Fund disaster, when I came home to bed (breaking out into exclamations in the cab, and letting off madly, parts of the speech which wouldn't explode at the proper time) I found the house lighted up, and the poor old mother waiting to hear the result of the day.—So I told her that I was utterly beaten and had made a fool of myself, upon

which with a sort of cry she said "No you didn't, old man,"—and it appears that she had been behind a pillar in the gallery all the time and heard the speeches; and as for mine she thinks it was beautiful. So you see, if there's no pleasing everybody, yet some people are easily enough satisfied. The children came down in the morning and told me about my beautiful speech which Granny had heard. She got up early and told them the story about it, you may be sure; *her* story, which is not the true one, but like what women's stories are.

I have a faint glimmering notion of Sir Charles Hedges having made his appearance somewhere in the middle of the speech, but of what was said I haven't the smallest idea. The discomfiture will make a good chapter for Pen. It is thus we make *flèche de tout bois;* and I, I suppose every single circumstance which occurs to pain or please me henceforth, will go into print somehow or the other, so take care, if you please, to be very well behaved and kind to me or else you may come in for a savage chapter in the very next number.

As soon as I rallied from the abominable headache which the Free Masons tavern always gives, I went out to see ladies who are quite like sisters to me, they are so kind, lively and cheerful. Old Lady Morley was there and we had a jolly lunch, and afterwards one of these ladies told me by whom she sat at Lansdowne House, and what they talked about and how pleased, she, my friend was. She is a kind generous soul and I love her sincerely.

After the luncheon (for this is wrote on Saturday, for all yesterday I was so busy from nine till five, when my horse was brought and I took a ride and it was too late for the post) I went to see ——, that friend of my youth whom I used to think 20 years ago the most fascinating, accomplished, witty and delightful of men. I found an old man in a room smelling of brandy and water at 5 o'clock at ——, quite the same man that I remember, only grown coarser and stale somehow, like a piece of goods that has been hanging up in a shop window. He has had 15 years of a vulgar wife, much solitude, very much brandy and water I should think, and a depressing profession; for what can be more depressing than a long course of hypocrisy to a man of no small sense of humour? It was a painful meeting. We tried to talk unreservedly, and as I looked at his face I remembered the fellow I was so fond of.—He asked me if I still consorted with any Cambridge men; and so I mentioned Kinglake and one Brookfield of whom I saw a good deal. He was surprised at this, as he heard Brookfield was so violent a Puseyite as to be just on the point of going to Rome. He can't walk, having paralysis in his legs, but he preaches every Sunday, he says, being hoisted into his pulpit before service and waiting there whilst his curate reads down below.

I think he has very likely repented: he spoke of his preaching seriously and without affectation: perhaps he has got to be sincere at last after a long dark lonely life. He showed me his daughter of 15, a pretty girl with a shrewish face and bad manners. The wife did not show. He must have been glad too when I went away and I dare say is more scornful about me than I about him. I used to worship him for about 6 months; and now he points a moral and adorns a tale such as it is in Pendennis. He lives in the Duke of —— park at —— and wanted me to come down and see him, and go to the Abbey he said, where the Duke would be so glad to have me.—But I declined this treat—O fie for shame! How proud we get! Poor old Harry ——! and this battered vulgar man was my idol of youth! My dear old Fitzgerald is always right about men, and said from the first that this was a bad one and a sham. You see, some folks have a knack of setting up for themselves idols to worship.

Don't be flying off in one of your fits of passion, I don't mean you.

Then I went to dine at ——'s, where were his wife and sister. I don't think so much of the wife, though she is pretty and clever—but Becky-fied somehow, and too much of a *petite maîtresse.* I suppose a deal of flattery has been poured into her ears, and numberless men have dangled round that pretty light little creature. The sister with her bright eyes was very nice though, and I passed

an evening in great delectation till midnight drawing nonsense pictures for these ladies, who have both plenty of relish for nonsense. Yesterday, after working all day, and then going to the London Library to audit accounts—doesn't that sound grand?—and taking a ride, I came home to dinner, fell asleep as usual afterwards, slept for 12 hours, and am now going to attack Monsieur Pendennis. Here is the journal. Now Ma'm have you been amused? Is King's very fine? is Trinity better? did you have a nice T at Mrs. Maine's? When are you coming back? Lord and Lady Castlereagh came here yesterday, and I want you to come back, so that I may give them an entertainment;—for I told my lady that I wanted to show her that other lady mentioned in the Punch article as mending her husband's chest of drawers—but I said waistcoat.—Sir Bulwer Lytton called yesterday.

To-night I am going to the bar dinner, and shall probably make another speech.—I don't mind about failing there, so I shall do pretty well. I rode by Portman Street on Thursday. Please to write and let me know whether you'll dine on the 28th or the 30th, or can you give me both those days to choose from. And so God bless both on you.

(Signed 3 hands clasped.)

Fragment of a letter

About 1850

I could not come yesterday evening to ring at the door; for I did not return until 8 o'clock from the visit to the emigrant ship at Gravesend, and then I had to work until 12, and polish off Pendennis. There are always four or five hours work when it is over, and four or five more would do it all the good in the world, and a second, or third reading.

That emigrant business was very solemn and affecting; it was with difficulty I could keep my spectacles dry—amongst the people taking leave, the families of grave-looking parents and unconscious children, and the bustle and incidents of departure. The cabins in one of the ships had only just been fitted up, and no sooner done than a child was that instant born in one of them, on the very edge of the old world as it were, which it leaves for quite a new country, home, empire. You shake hands with one or two of these people and pat the yellow heads of the children (there was a Newcastle woman with eight of them, who interested me a good deal) and say "God bless you, shake hands, you and I shall never meet again in this world, go and do your work across the four months of ocean, and God prosper it." The ship drops down the river, it gives us three great cheers as we come away in the steamer with heavy hearts rather. In three hours more Mr. W. M. T. is hard at work at Punch office; Mr. Parson Quikette has got to his night school at St. George's in the East; that beautiful gracious princess of a Mrs. Herbert is dressing herself up in diamonds and rubies very likely, to go out into the world, or is she up stairs in the nursery, reading a good book over the child's cradle? Oh! enormous, various, changing, wonderful, solemn world? Admirable providence of God that creates such an infinitude of men, it makes one very grave, and full of love and awe. I was thinking about this yesterday morning before six, when I was writing the last paragraph of Pendennis in bed, and the sun walked into the room and supplied the last paragraph with an allusion about you, and which I think means a benediction upon William, and your child, and my dear lady. God keep you.

As I am waiting to see Mrs. Bullar, I find an old review with an advertisement in it, containing a great part of an article I wrote about Fielding, in 1840 in the *Times*. Perhaps Madame will like to see it, and Mr. Williams. My wife was just sickening at that moment; I wrote it at Margate, where I had taken her, and used to walk out three miles to a little bowling-green, and write there in an arbour—coming home and wondering what was the melancholy oppressing the poor little woman. The *Times* gave me five guineas for the article. I recollect I thought it rather shabby pay, and twelve days after it appeared in the paper, my poor little wife's malady showed itself.

How queer it is to be carried back all of a sudden to that time, and all that belonged to it, and read this article over; doesn't the apology for Fielding read like an apology for somebody else too? God help us, what a deal of cares, and pleasures, and struggles, and happiness I have had since that day in the little sunshiny arbour, where, with scarcely any money in my pocket, and two little children, (Minnie was a baby two months old) I was writing this notice about Fielding. Grief, Love, Fame, if you like.—I have had no little of all since then (I don't mean to take the fame for more than it's worth, or brag about it with any peculiar elation.)

My dear Madam: On calling on our mutual friend Mrs. Procter, yesterday, she was polite enough to offer me a seat in her box at Drury Lane theatre this evening, when Her *Majesty* honours the play-house with a visit for the benefit of Mr. Macready. Shakespeare is always amusing, and I am told the aspect of the beef-eaters at the royal box is very *imposing*. I mentioned to Mrs. Procter that I had myself witnessed many entertainments of this nature, and did not very much desire to be present, but intimated to her that I had a friend who I believed was most anxious to witness Mr. Macready's performance in the *august presence* of the Sovereign. I mentioned the name of your husband, and found that she had *already*, with her usual politeness, dispatched a card to that gentleman, whom I shall therefore have the happiness of meeting this evening. But perhaps you are aware, that a *chosen few* are admitted *behind the scenes* of the theatre, where, when the curtain rises, they appear *behind the performers*, and with loyal hearts join in the national anthem, at the very feet of their Queen. My reverend friend has an elegant voice, perhaps he would like to lift it up in a chorus, which though performed in the *temple of Thespis*, I cannot but consider to be in the nature of a *hymn*. I send therefore a ticket of which I beg his polite acceptance, and am dear Madam, with the utmost respect,

Your very faithful servant,

W. M. Thackeray.

P. S. I was a little late for the magnificent entertainment of my *titled friends* Sir William and Lady Molesworth, on Saturday, and indeed the first course had been removed, when I made my appearance. The banquet was sumptuous in the extreme, and the company of the most select order. I had the happiness of sitting next to Clarence Bulbul Esq., M.P., and opposite was the most noble, the Marquis of Steyne. Fancy my happiness in the company of persons so *distinguished*. A delightful concert followed the dinner, and the whole concluded with a sumptuous supper, nor did the party separate until a late hour.

Written about the time when we were at Park Cottage Southampton

[1850]

As the Sunday Post is open again, I write you a word of good-bye—and send you a little commission. Please to give Dr. Bullar's Infirmary 30/ for me and the children,—or put that sum into his money-box at Prospect Place. I tried my very hardest to compose my mind and ballad in the railway but it was no use. I start for Antwerp at 9 tomorrow morning; shall be there at 6 or so on Monday; and sleep probably at Cologne or Bonn; and if anybody chooses to write to me at Frankfort, Poste Restante, I should get the letter I daresay.—Shall I send you Lady Kicklebury's Tour? I will if it is at all funny or pleasant, but I doubt if it will do for letters well. Oh how glum and dingy the city looks, and smoky and dreary! Yesterday as I was walking in the woods with Mrs. Procter looking at the columns of the fir trees, I thought of the pillars here, and said "This place is almost as lonely as the Reform Club in September." But the difference to the feeling mind is very great betwixt the two solitudes, and for one I envy the birds in the Hampshire boughs—what rubbish!

Fragment.

We have been to Shoolbred's to buy a gown for granny. We have been to Madame Victorine's to order new dresses

for ourselves. We have been to call at Mrs. Elliot's, Mrs. Prinsep's, Lady Rothschild's, Mr. H. Hallam's, Mrs. James's, Mrs. Pollock's, Lady Pollock's, and the young women are gone home, and I am expecting Mr. William to dine here. I have ordered such a nice dinner; we are to go to the Sartoris' afterwards. Will you go there next Friday? I think I shall go somewhere on Sunday, Monday and Tuesday, I have no engagements for those three days, isn't it wonderful? But I'll be magnanimous and not bother my dear lady's friends.

I saw Harry Hallam, he and the faithful Maine were reading hard. Maine wanted me to fix to go to his house on Friday the 4th May, but I wouldn't. Harry was very pleasant, jovial, and gracious. He has been speaking well of me to the Elliots'. The artful dodger, he knew they would tell me again. What kind women they are! They say they had a very nice letter from you; I didn't have a nice letter from you; and as for your letter to my mamma, which I read, O! ma'am, how frightened you were when you wrote it, and what for were you in a fright? You have brains, imagination, wit; how conceited it is to be afraid, then.

I saw my lovely VIRGINIA to-day, she was as kind and merry as ever. The children seemed to stare to hear me laugh and talk, I never do at home. . .

MR. INSPECTOR,

Mr. Kenyon having called upon me to fix a day when you may have the honour of meeting me at his house, I have proposed Christmas Eve, and am with compliments to the *geehrte Frau Schulinspektorin*

Yours

W. M. T.

THE RETURN TO NATURE

By Edith M. Thomas.

OH, Nature, take me home, and henceforth keep!
  Laugh out at me with all thy mirthful streams,
  To break the tenor of dull-hearted dreams;
From ambush in a waving thicket leap,
And startle with a song as past I creep;
  Or speed me by invisible wild-teams
  That drive through forests and rough mountain-seams,
And furrow dark the forehead of the deep.
  Nay, do thou more for me, great griefless friend!
Hurt to the core, without the gift to weep,
  Back from man's world to thine I groping tend;
Now let thy clods unkindled smoothly sweep
  This cooling clod—my heart; then do thou bend,
Uplift, and in bright calm my spirit steep.

SOME ILLUSTRATIONS OF NAPOLEON AND HIS TIMES.

By John C. Ropes.

II.

THE career of Napoleon is naturally divided by the Peace of Tilsit into two periods. In the first we have seen him young, ardent, fortunate beyond measure, marching in step with the advance of the liberal ideas in law and government which the French Revolution had introduced into Western Europe. We have seen how marvellously he succeeded in embodying in legislation the important reforms and changes which were the outcome of the Revolution, and how his repeated victories over the coalitions formed against him resulted in the establishment of an empire permeated by the new ideas and governed on the new system. This empire comprehended France, Belgium, Holland, the German states composing the Confederation of the Rhine, Italy, and a part of Poland. These widely differing communities, although so recently united, were in the main satisfied with their new position and attitude. The people were great gainers in every way by the new laws. It was felt that there had been an immense advance from the petty tyranny of the smaller principalities, a most welcome deliverance from the innumerable inequalities of legal condition, from the various burdens and monopolies which had always interfered so greatly with the material interests of the people and had rendered rational enjoyment of life out of the question for the humbler classes. Probably ten years of uninterrupted peace would have brought all these populations up to a pitch of prosperity and contentment such as they had never enjoyed before, and such, let us add, as they have never known since. Unfortunately, however, Napoleon desired to add Spain to the new confederacy — Spain, the most backward of all the countries in Western Europe, more given over to priestly bigotry and fanaticism than any other part of Europe, in no respect prepared to welcome the new system, and possessed of a national pride which resented fiercely all foreign intervention, in whatever interest it might come.

Plate II.—Sir John Moore, from a mezzotint.

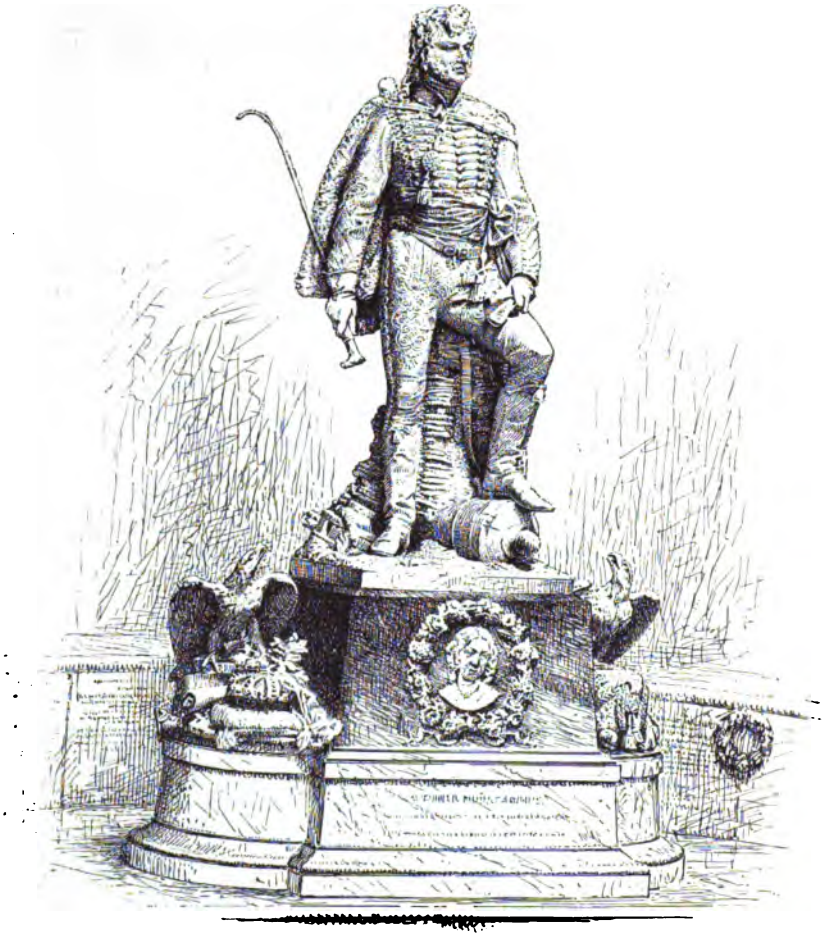


Plate III.—Statue of Murat in the Campo Santo at Bologna.

Napoleon, however, took small account of these things. Well aware of the worthless character of the Spanish Bourbons, convinced that the new system would work a great change for the better in the condition of the Spanish people, he assumed that he should find in the liberals of the Spanish Peninsula as cordial and intelligent helpers as he had found the liberals of Italy and Germany to be. Filled with these notions, he proceeded, by means most arbitrary and unjustifiable, to carry the royal family from Madrid to France, where he did not hesitate to detain them. It is needless to repeat the story; there was no warrant or excuse for what he did. In his mind, apparently, on this occasion at least, the end justified the means. What he intended to do was to replace the old, worn-out, bigoted, ignorant rule of the Spanish Bourbons by an enlightened and humane administration, carried on by his own brother Joseph—to sweep away, as fast as was possible, antiquated and obstructive laws, to abolish the Inquisition, to reduce the excessive influence of the priests, to establish religious toleration, to make all men equal before the law; in short, to place Spain in line with France, with Holland, with Bavaria, with Italy. And however unjustifiable and reprehensible were the means which he employed, it was unquestionably a

Plate IV.—Marshal Ney, from an engraving of Gérard's painting (1814).

very great misfortune for the Spanish people that he failed in his projects.

The admirable portrait which forms the frontispiece of this number (Plate I.) is from a painting by an artist by the name of Frédéric Millet, and is signed by him, but, unfortunately, not dated. It is painted on porcelain—is about seven inches in length by five and a quarter in breadth—and is exquisitely finished. It originally belonged to Marshal Soult, and was purchased at the celebrated sale of his gallery in 1852 in Paris, by Mr. John Templeman Coolidge, Jr., of Boston. It is now the property of his son, Mr. John Templeman Coolidge, 3d, of Boston, and it is owing to his courtesy that I am enabled to present to my readers this excellent representation of it. In my judgment it is one of the best likenesses — if not the very best — of Napoleon as he was at this period of

his life, about the years 1808 or 1810, perhaps—that I have ever seen. It is the face of an energetic, clear-headed, masterful, though not unkindly, man, exceedingly handsome, but, as it seems to me, with a certain over-confident look, as of one who had had everything too much his own way, had had too uninterrupted a career of success. There is not a trace of the vigilant, eager, indefatigable soldier whose portraits we saw when he was general of the Army of Italy. In this picture we have evidently before us a man of a luxurious habit of life, not to say more. But it is a strikingly fine countenance, and one of great power.

Plate V.—"Boney in the Grasp of the Russian Bear."—A pitcher, of English manufacture, in the possession of the author.

The celebrated Heine saw Napoleon about this time, in 1810. It may be interesting to recount the impression he received. It is thus recorded: "It was five years after the French had first entered Düsseldorf, and therefore five years since the little Heine had been drinking in day by day those tales of wonder about Napoleon from the lips of the drummer Legrand, which made him a supernatural being in his childish eyes, that the war-god himself passed through Düsseldorf for the first time. Heine was then eleven (A.D. 1810), and stood with his school-fellows, looking on the wondrous procession of the entry, the remembrance of which never faded within him. 'But how felt I when I first saw him—Hosannah the Kaiser!—with mine own most blessed eyes? It happened even in the avenue of the Castle-garden at Düsseldorf. As I peered though the gaping spectators, I thought on the deeds and battles which M. Legrand the drummer had told me of, and my heart beat quick march; and then I thought at the same time of the police notice, that all riding down the avenue was forbidden on pain of five thalers fine. And the Emperor with his staff rode right down the middle of the avenue. The quivering trees bent down as he came by; the sunbeams trembled curiously fearful through the green foliage; and in the blue heaven above him visibly floated a golden star. The Emperor wore his well-worn green uniform, and his world-historic little hat. He rode a white horse; and his horse moved along in such a quiet, proud, sure, distinguished way, that if I had then been the Crown Prince of Prussia I should have envied that horse. The Emperor sat in a negligent way, almost hanging; the one hand held his bridle, the other patted good-humoredly the neck of his horse. It was a sunny, marble hand—a mighty hand—one of the two hands which had bound down the many-headed monster of Anarchy, and arranged the duels of nations, and it patted good-humoredly the neck of his horse. His countenance had the same color that we see on Greek and Roman marble heads; the lineaments of the same were also as nobly cut as those of the old statues, and on his face was written, "Thou shalt adore no other gods but me." A smile which warmed and tranquillized every heart hovered over his lips; and yet we know that those lips had only to whistle, *et la Prusse n'existait plus;* those lips had only to whistle, and the priesthood had rung its last bell; those lips had only to whistle, and the

Plate VI.—A Contemporary German Caricature.

whole Holy Roman Empire would be set dancing; and the lips laughed and the eyes laughed. It was an eye clear as heaven; it could read the hearts of men, and saw in a glance the whole things of the world; while we others can only see them one by one, and then only in a shadow. The brow was not quite clear; the spirits of future battles were crowded there; and there went a quiver over the brow from time to time, and that was a thought of creation, one of those seven-leagued-boot thoughts with which the spirit of the Emperor invisibly bestrode the world; and I believe every one of those thoughts would have given a German author enough stuff to write about for a whole life.

"'The Kaiser rode quietly through the avenue: no policeman stopped his way. Behind him on snorting steeds, and stiff with gold and jewels, rode his staff; the drums rolled out, the trumpets clanged, and the people cried, with a thousand voices, "Long live the Emperor!" '" *

Recurring now to Spain. Joseph had no sooner got himself crowned at Madrid than the French arms met with the very serious disaster of Baylen on July 20, 1808, when eighteen thousand men under General Dupont surrendered to the Spaniards. Immediately the whole country rose; Joseph precipitately left Madrid; and England, always on the watch to oppose Napoleon's projects, ordered a part of the army which had compelled the French to evacuate Portugal to advance into Spain. Sir John Moore, whose portrait we give in Plate II., a very capable and gallant officer, commanded this column. He marched a considerable distance into the interior, relying on the promises of the Spanish patriots that he would find an organized and formidable resistance to the French aggression. He found nothing of the sort, however; on the contrary, nothing could be more wretched than the plans and performances of the Spanish provisional government. While deliberating on his best course, Napoleon appeared in Spain. With his customary energy, he swept everything before him,

Plate VII.—An English Caricature by Rowlandson, 1814.

* Life, Works, and Opinions of Heinrich Heine. By W. Stigand. Vol. i., page 40. London: Longmans. 1875.

Plate VIII.—From an engraving of a portrait made at Elba, 1814.

and reoccupied Madrid. There was nothing for Moore to do but to retreat. Accordingly he fell back to Corunna, where his transports and the fleet were to await him, followed by Soult. At Corunna the French assaulted the English lines, but the British repelled their assailants and made good their escape to their ships. But the action was fatal to Sir John Moore, whose death and burial have been forever commemorated in the well-known poem of Charles Wolfe, beginning:

"Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried."

The many boys and girls who have been obliged to learn this piece of poetry by heart may often perhaps have wondered what sort of a man this dead hero was. The portrait we have given shows him to have had a fine face, and an interesting face. There is a statue of him in Glasgow, where he was born.

While Napoleon was in the midst of his operations in the Spanish Peninsula he was suddenly recalled to Paris by the alarming news that Austria had taken advantage of the concentration and employment of such large numbers of French troops in Spain and of the embarrassments attending the conquest of the country, to take up arms. For this course on the part of Austria there was no justification, other than the very natural one that she desired to regain a part at least of the territory and influence she had lost in former wars, and that she deemed the opportunity afforded by the Spanish complication a favorable one—in other words, there was no special *casus belli*. This war was therefore virtually a consequence of the invasion of Spain, and it showed most clearly the impolicy of Napoleon's conduct in that regard. Had it not been that the Austrian statesmen supposed that Napoleon had so involved his armies in the Spanish Peninsula as to leave his German allies comparatively unprotected, they assuredly would not have assailed him. They miscalculated, it is true, on the whole; but the war of 1809 was, nevertheless, a very close thing. In spite of the exertions of the French Emperor, the advantages of position and numbers were at the outset of the campaign with his opponents. The brilliant combinations which he conceived, and which were executed with a thorough appreciation of their object as well as with great energy and gallantry by Masséna and Davout, secured, it is true, the defeat of the Austrians at Abenberg and Eckmühl, and opened the way to Vienna; but the moral effect of this success was greatly impaired by the bloody and indecisive battle of Aspern, which resulted in the retirement of the French army to the island of Lobau in the River Danube, near Vienna.

For nearly six weeks did Europe witness the extraordinary spectacle of the French Emperor residing at the palace of Schönbrunn, and there reorganizing his forces preparatory to taking the field again. In the first days of July the army crossed to the north side of the Danube, and on the sixth the great battle of Wagram was fought. The

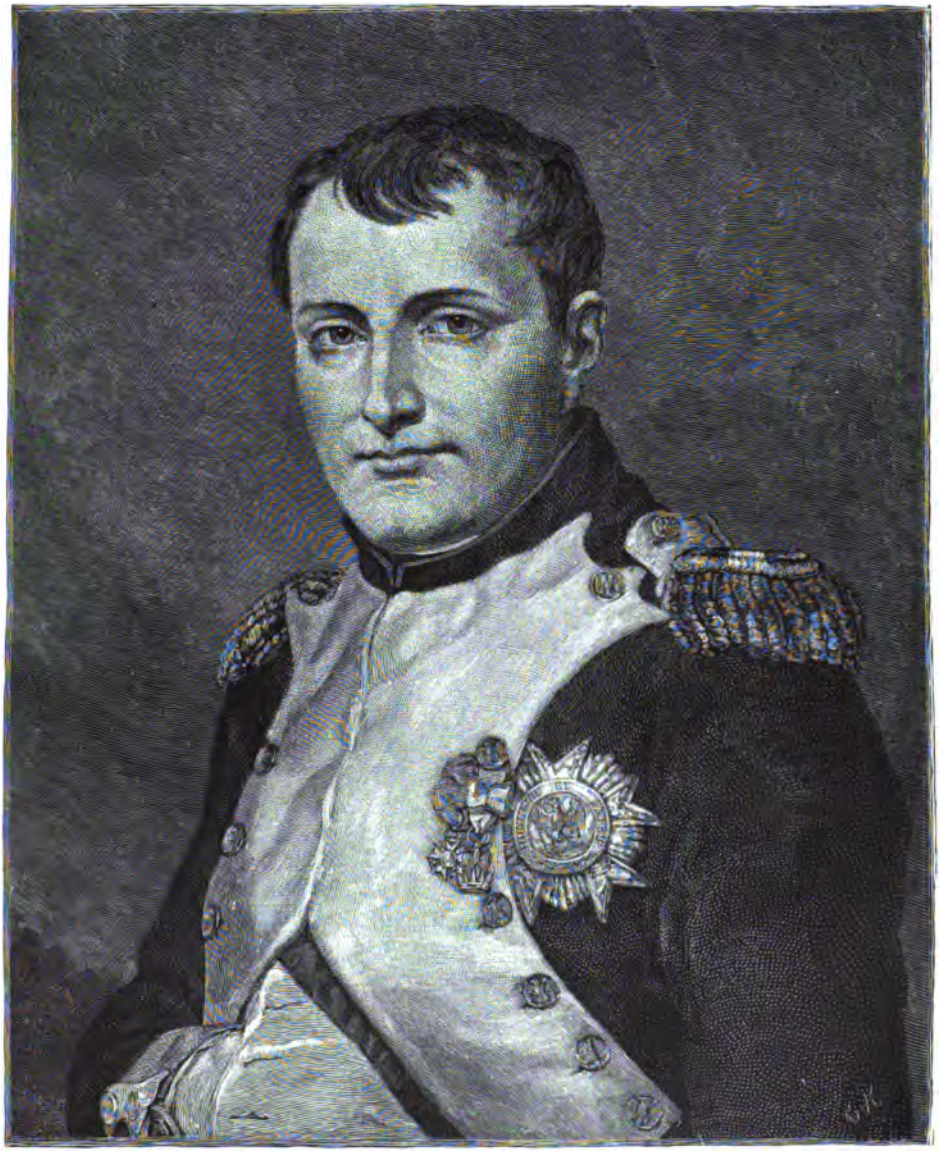


Plate IX.—From an engraving of a portrait by Bourgeois, a pupil of David.

forces actually engaged were nearly equal in number; there were somewhere about 150,000 men on each side. The field of battle was an immense plain, called the *Marchfeld* from the name of the little stream that runs through it. The Austrians were commanded by the Archduke Charles, who at that time ranked in Europe next to Napoleon as a general.

The French took the offensive. On the 5th of July the Austrians were pushed back several miles from the river, their left resting on the village of Neusiedl, and thence extending in a sort of semicircle covering the villages of Wagram and Aderkläa to a point a mile or more beyond the hamlet of Süssenbrunn. The concave side was presented to their antagonists. The Aus-

Plate X.—Marshal Grouchy, from a colored print.

trian general was expecting large re-enforcements to arrive from the eastward under his brother the Archduke John, and his true policy, therefore, was to remain on the defensive. Napoleon attacked him with great vigor on the morning of July 6th, making his principal effort against the Austrian left, in the hope of rendering the junction of the two Austrian armies impossible. His communications with the island of Lobau were unavoidably exposed, and it has been thought by some that that part of his line was intentionally denuded of troops. At any rate, the temptation, thus presented, of assailing the communications of the French army, proved too strong for the Archduke Charles to resist, and he

threw his whole right wing, re-enforced largely from his centre, upon them. Masséna was detached from his position in the centre of the French line, and ordered to the left, to resist this attack. Then Napoleon, as soon as the necessary dispositions rendered necessary by Masséna's withdrawal could be made, determined to renew the attack on the Austrian left near Neusiedl, and at the same time to pierce their centre between Aderklãa and Sussenbrunn. A column consisting of two divisions of infantry and two of cavalry, and preceded by an enormous battery of one hundred pieces of cannon, was organized, and, led by General (afterward Marshal) Macdonald, was pushed upon the Austrian centre. The guns were advanced at a trot, and their tremendous cannonade visibly shook the Austrian infantry. But the attacking force was subjected from the start to a severe fire, and suffered greatly, particularly the infantry. So destructive, however, had been the fire of the French guns, massed in such numbers, upon the Austrian infantry in their front, that when the word was given for the cavalry of the Guard and the cuirassiers of Nansouty to charge, they swept everything before them. The Austrian centre was pierced, and their right wing, which had been operating with some success against Masséna, was now compelled to fall back. At or about the same time Davout succeeded in his attack against the Austrian left, and the junction with the main body of the force brought by the Archduke John was rendered impossible. The French had won the day; but they did not make such captures either of guns or of prisoners as to make Wagram one of Napoleon's most striking victories. It ended the war, it is true; but the campaign had shown that Napoleon was vulnerable, like other men. The lesson it should have taught him, to withdraw from Spain, and conserve his commanding position in Germany, for the purpose of consolidating his empire and of securing beyond a peradventure the benefits which his government and laws carried to the populations comprised in his empire, was not learned. Napoleon persisted in his original purpose of reducing Spain, a task which, however feasible it may have appeared after the withdrawal of Sir John Moore's army, was now rendered vastly more difficult by the decision of the English Ministry to recommence active operations from Portugal as a base, and to intrust their conduct to a very able soldier, Sir Arthur Wellesley, afterward Lord Wellington. Opposed by his skilful management the

Plate XI.—Wellington, from an engraving of a portrait by Burney, 1814.

French marshals, to whom, in the absence of Napoleon, was intrusted the conduct of operations in different parts of Spain, made little progress in the conquest of the country. What was gained in one campaign was lost in another. Wellington never missed a chance, and never allowed himself to be taken at a grave disadvantage. Alert and vigilant, cool and collected, daring enough when the occasion allowed, he was yet resolute in taking the steps, however unpopular they might for the time make him in England, which he judged to be needed to insure the safety of his army. He was equally willing to advance to Madrid or to fall back behind the lines of Torres Vedras; with him, it was only a question of military judgment. No better man could have been selected for the very difficult and often embarrassing *rôle* which a commander of English troops was at that

Plate XII.—Sir Thomas Picton, from a mezzotint published in 1810.

time compelled to play in the struggle between Spain and France. Of Wellington himself we give in Plate XI. a good portrait, from a drawing by Burney, engraved by Heath, and published in 1814.

For nearly three years—from the autumn of 1809 to the spring of 1812—the Continent, with the exception of the Spanish Peninsula, was at peace; or, to speak more correctly, there was no great war. The Emperor Alexander, it is true, improved this opportunity to attack Sweden and to add the Swedish province of Finland to the Russian Empire. He also engaged in war with the Turks, and occupied, after some hard fighting, the Danubian Principalities.

It is not possible here fully to discuss the causes of the tremendous struggle which followed this brief period of peace, but I will say a word about them. Russia had gained in Finland and Wallachia all that she had counted upon gaining by the alliance with France, made at Tilsit. She now set her eyes upon the Grand Duchy of Warsaw, a sort of Poland *redivivus*, though on a small scale—originally constituted in 1807 out of what had been Prussian Poland, to which a part of Austrian Poland had been added in 1809. Alexander had a grand scheme in his head in respect to Poland. He wanted to reunite all the scattered fragments, to reconstitute Poland in all its ancient entirety, to make of it again a kingdom. Of that kingdom the Czar of Russia was to be the king. He had in his mind something of the same kind that we have seen effected in Southeastern Europe, where the Emperor of Austria is also King of Hungary. For this end he intrigued with Polish patriots in the Grand Duchy of Warsaw, endeavoring to detach the Grand Duchy from the French alliance, and to add it to the dominions of Russia.* These projects were formed, and these intrigues were carried on, while he was not only at peace with France, but held himself out as being a friend and ally of Napoleon. No one in the least acquainted with Russian diplomacy will be surprised at this sort of thing. Failing, however, to make the smallest impression on the Poles, who, he ascertained, waited their complete enfranchisement from the action of Napoleon, Alexander bethought

* Joyneville's Life and Times of Alexander I., vol. ii., pp. 96 et seq.

himself of the other alternative—war. There was much in the situation of Europe that attracted Alexander to this course. The Continent had been for several years suffering from the enforced prohibition of trade with England, known as the Continental System. There was much discontent, and much ground for it. Napoleon insisted on the blockade, or, rather, embargo, as the only means of forcing England to make peace. But the English aristocracy did not propose to depart from their policy of opposing France and her revolutionary government because of the suffering occasioned to certain classes of merchants and manufacturers in England by Napoleon's closing to them the great continental markets. They had the power, and they were determined to use it until the Corsican usurper should be defeated and dethroned and the old state of things substantially restored. Besides this special reason for dissatisfaction, Alexander counted on the chronic grievances of Prussia and Austria bringing them upon his side, or, at any rate, causing them to remain neutral in the event of war, and thus enabling him to effect the occupation of the Grand Duchy without encountering any opposition other than that offered in the territory itself. He calculated on overwhelming any force he would be likely to find there. And he expected that such a success as this would not only secure to him and his cause, sooner or later, Austria and Prussia as active and willing allies, but that all the opposition to Napoleon and his empire which existed on the Continent, whether the result of jealousies of race or of political animosity or of outraged social prejudice, could be organized by him into a vast movement of which he would be the head and by which he could bring about what he termed "the liberation of Europe."

That these schemes and intrigues and expectations were known to Napoleon no one can question. He felt that the situation was certain to result in war. He had nothing to gain by such a war, unless it was the complete re-establishment of Poland, which would without much doubt be the result of a completely successful war. But there is no reason to think that he undertook the invasion of Russia in order to accomplish this project. It seems, on the

Plate XIII.—Marshal Blücher, from a contemporary engraving.

whole, far more probable that the war was one of Alexander's making, although no one was more disappointed than he at the failure of the expectations in regard to the attitude of Austria and Prussia, on which he had based his calculations for a successful move at the outbreak of the struggle.

Napoleon out-manœuvred him in the cabinet and in the field. Prussia and Austria, so far from aiding Russia, allied themselves to France, and furnished contingents of troops. The whole Russian frontier was thus laid open. Instead of a French army pushing its way into the Grand Duchy between neutral or semi-hostile powers, only to meet the whole disposable force of the Russian army and be overwhelmed, the Czar found himself assailed by all Europe, a Prussian army invading his Baltic provinces, an Austrian army moving into his Southern Polish provinces, and between these auxiliary armies an immense force, in three columns, the largest one commanded by Napoleon in person, marching into the interior of Russia with such speed and so admirably directed that there was absolutely nothing for the Russian armies to do but to retreat with all precipitation.

How these armies, under Barclay de Tolly and Bagration, were obliged to fall back upon their widely distant bases, how the great masses of the allied forces were at one time actually between them, how Napoleon somehow missed the great chance, seemingly within his grasp, of dealing with each separately, and how they finally effected a junction before Smolensk, and afterward, under old Koutousof, made a stand, and fought the bloody battle of Borodino, I have no room to tell. The wonderful description of the battle itself in Count Tolstoi's "War and Peace," drawn in part, I imagine, from the recollections of survivors of the fight, gives, I should suppose, an amazingly accurate description of the incidents of the actual struggle. His picture of the interior of the great redoubt, of the gallant young officer working his battery, of the hardy veterans who stuck to their guns until they were literally ridden down by their antagonists, is a most realistic and telling picture. This, however, is about the extent of the count's merits as a historian. His incorrigible race-prejudice, shown in the caricatures he invariably gives of the French and German officers whom he introduces from time to time into his story, his fatalism, blocking the way to all rational conclusions, and, in fact, rendering argument impossible and the study of past facts a wholly useless and idiotic performance—these peculiarities throw him completely out of the list of historians. His opinion is worth nothing; but his insight into character is simply wonderful, only it must be a Russian character, as has been intimated above. His portrait of Koutousof agrees perfectly, so far as its outline is concerned, with that which we gather from the historians; but it is so powerfully and so carefully drawn that we feel as we do sometimes when standing before a portrait by Velasquez—we know it must be a great likeness. Of the glimpses which he vouchsafes us of Napoleon from time to time it is impossible to speak favorably. He has evidently taken his subject at second-hand; it is a poor card photograph thrown up as a picture, and daubed a little here and there.

The two great figures in the campaign of Russia on the French side were Murat and Ney. In Plate III. we give a representation of the statue of Murat in the Campo Santo at Bologna. Throughout the advance he was always at the van, urging the pursuit, brave to recklessness, and possessing, probably, a good deal more military capacity than he has generally been credited with. Ney was specially the hero of the battle of Borodino, and for his great services on this occasion was made "Prince of the Moskwa"—after the river which runs through the field of battle. On the retreat, too, Ney showed his great courage and tenacity, and he was almost the only one of the principal officers of the army who added to his military reputation by his behavior during that terrible ordeal. The portrait we give of him (Plate IV.) is from a picture by Gérard, made in 1814, engraved by Tardieu. The portrait of him in the Invalides at Paris shows him to have red or reddish hair.

The story of the retreat from Moscow has been often told. The main French army was practically annihilated; the

Plate XV.—Napoleon at St. Helena, from an engraving of a drawing by Horace Vernet.

wings—*i.e.*, the contingents furnished by Prussia and Austria—fared much better, it is true, but it was soon made plain that both these powers had decided to detach themselves from their alliance with France. The catastrophe was appalling—of somewhere about 530,000 men who entered the Russian territory only about 110,000 returned. About 200,000 were made prisoners; some 220,000 must have perished. The event was hailed with joy in England. Bona-

parte, it was said, had at last met his match. The feelings of the people found expression, as usual, in caricatures, one of which is here reproduced in Plate V., "Boney in the Grasp of the Russian Bear." It is a beer-jug or pitcher, of brown stone-china, in the shape of a bear, which is hugging a diminutive figure in uniform with a chapeau on his head, on which is written "Boney." The bear's head can be moved in any direction, and the effect is sometimes exceedingly ludicrous.

Plate XIV.—From a portrait prefixed to Barnes' "Tour through the Island of St. Helena." (London, 1817).

The Emperor Alexander had reason to congratulate himself on the result of the war. The campaign had, to be sure, taken a very different course from that which he had expected, but then it had turned out far better than he had any reason to hope. Warsaw, with its adjacent territory, had, on the retirement of the wreck of the French army, passed into the power of the Russian Czar, where it has ever since remained. There was now no chance of the restoration of Poland. The humane and enlightened provisions of the code which, to a greater or less extent, were introduced by Napoleon into the Grand Duchy, were now to be replaced by Russian despotism. The cause of legitimacy and of privilege, as opposed to the cause of equal rights, had gained enormously in strength and prestige during that terrible winter campaign. It seemed now more than probable that an organized crusade could be undertaken against the French Emperor, which should reduce France to her former limits, restore the dispossessed princes, and undo those radical changes in law and government which made the new system, under which the countries composing the French Empire lived, so cordially detested by the ruling classes of Europe.

It is interesting in this connection to note that in England, at any rate, while the hatred of Napoleon still apparently continues in full force, historians of the present day who have taken the pains to acquaint themselves with the facts concerning the condition, in Napoleon's time, of the populations of the Continent, are obliged to admit that it may, after all, have been a misfortune for Europe that he was not successful in the war with Russia. The second volume of Fyffe's "History of Modern Europe" has recently appeared, and I venture to quote a few paragraphs from the first chapter:

"It is now not easy to suppress the doubt whether the permanent interests of mankind would not have been best served by Napoleon's success in 1812.

His empire had already attained dimensions that rendered its ultimate disruption certain; less depended upon the postponement or the acceleration of its downfall than on the order of things ready to take its place. The victory of Napoleon in 1812 would have been followed by the establishment of a Polish kingdom in the provinces taken from Russia. From no generosity in the conqueror, from no sympathy on his part with a fallen people, but from the necessities of his political situation, Poland must have been so organized as to render it the bulwark of French supremacy in the East. The serf would have been emancipated. The just hatred of the peasant to the noble, which made the partition of 1772 easy, and has proved fatal to every Polish uprising from that time to the present, would have been appeased by an agrarian reform executed with Napoleon's own unrivalled energy and intelligence, and ushered in with brighter hopes than have at any time in the history of Poland lit the dark shades of peasant life. The motives which in 1807 had led Napoleon to stay his hand, and to content himself with half-measures of emancipation in the Duchy of Warsaw,* could have had no place after 1812, when Russia remained by his side a mutilated but inexorable enemy, ever on the watch to turn to its own advantage the first murmurs of popular discontent beyond the border. Political independence, the heritage of the Polish noble, might have been withheld, but the blessing of landed independence would have been bestowed on the mass of the Polish people. In the course of some years this restored kingdom, though governed by a member of the house of Bonaparte, would probably have gained sufficient internal strength to survive the downfall of Napoleon's empire or his own decease. . . . By the side of the three absolute monarchs of Central and Eastern Europe there would have remained, upon Napoleon's downfall, at least one people in possession of the tradition of liberty; and from the example of Poland, raised from the deep but not incurable degradation of its social life, the rulers of Russia might have gained courage to emancipate the serf without waiting for the lapse of another half-century and the occurrence of a second ruinous war."

Views like these, coming from a man whose hostility to and contempt for Napoleon are so pronounced, must be accepted, I submit, as wellnigh conclusive on the point of the general wisdom, justice, and humanity of the institutions which he established throughout his empire. And common-sense people may well question whether the writer is following the dictates of sound reason in persisting to regard the man whose rule carried equal rights, humane laws, solid reforms of all kinds, into the countries over which he held sway, as the unprincipled tyrant which, all through his two volumes, it is evident he sincerely believes Napoleon to have been.

The utter failure of the campaign convinced Napoleon that nothing but a prompt show of force, and that on a large scale, could avert the danger that threatened his empire. Accordingly, he left the army as soon as it was out of the enemy's reach, and returned post-haste to Paris. Here he worked with tireless energy, organizing and equipping a new army for the war which he knew was certain to break out in Germany. To this task he applied all his experience, his vast knowledge of the military art, his intimate acquaintance with the resources of the countries composing the empire. He did all that mortal man could do to meet the danger, save in two respects—he refused to withdraw his armies from Spain, although he weakened them by heavy drafts, and he refused to relax the rigor of the Continental System. But both these steps must have appeared to men of ordinary intelligence to be imperatively demanded by the situation.

Had Ferdinand been restored to Madrid, and a treaty of peace made with him, troops to the number of 250,000 men would have been available for service in Germany. No raw levies would have been needed; these veterans would have decided the conflict. Russia had, until August, 1813, only Prussia for an

* Bernhardi, Geschichte Russlands, iii., 26.
Note by the present writer: "Even the misused peasantry of Poland had been freed from their degrading yoke within the borders of the newly founded Grand Duchy of Warsaw." Fyffe's History of Modern Europe, vol. i., p. 350.

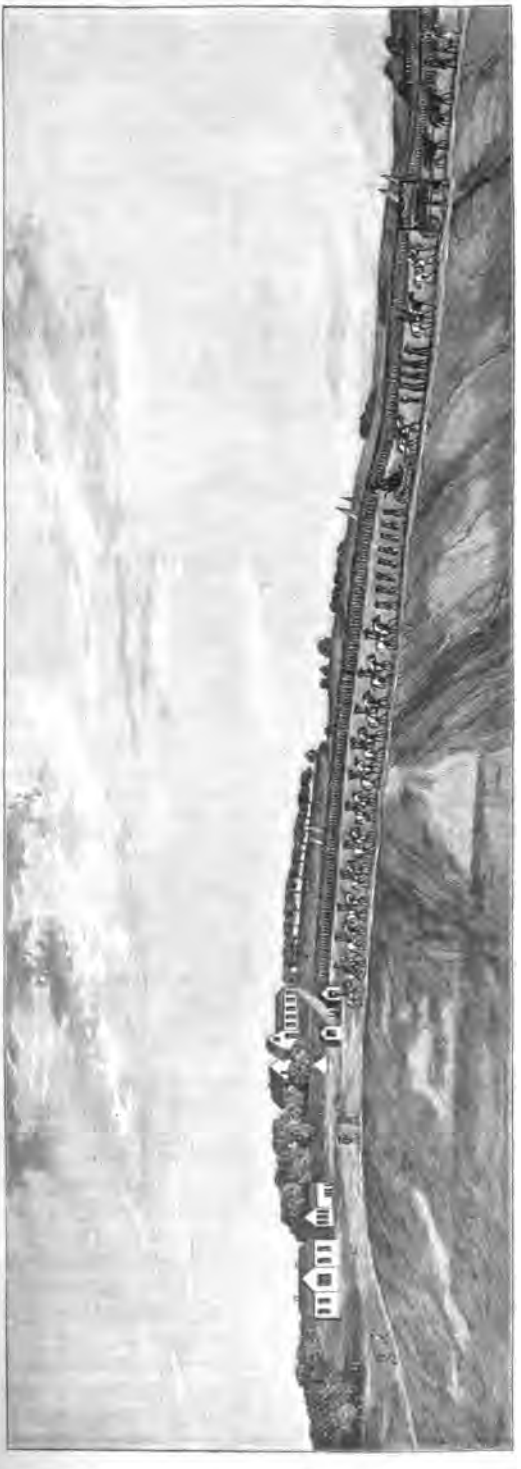


Plate XVI.—Napoleon's Funeral, from an engraving after Captain Marryat's drawing.

ally on the Continent, and neither nation was able at that time to raise and equip large armies. The Spanish army, if sent to the Elbe, would have amply sufficed to overawe Austria, and to defeat and drive back the Russian and Prussian armies. The integrity of the French Empire would have been maintained.

And if, in addition to this obviously necessary measure of increasing his available military force by ceasing to continue the contest in Spain, Napoleon had changed his policy regarding trade with England, he would have done a great deal toward allaying a spirit of uneasiness, not to say revolt, that was now making itself seen and felt, especially in Northern Germany. The bitter hatred to Napoleon of the ruling classes in Prussia, Brunswick, and others of the North German states, due mainly to political reasons, was now showing itself in fomenting among the people a race-hatred against the French as aliens in blood and language. Most of this fierce opposition to Napoleon existed in Northern Germany; but all over the country there was a feeling of irritation and anger springing naturally from the terrible sacrifices which the Spanish and Russian wars had entailed, and from the privations to which the Continental System subjected the people. In some quarters the hatred of Napoleon was of a sort not to be described; witness the caricature in Plate VI., in which Napoleon is represented as an infant in a cradle, embraced by the Devil. The legend is too profane for repetition here.

We have no space to recount in detail the events of the year 1813; how Napoleon returned to Germany with a large though poorly disciplined army; how he at first defeated the Prussians and Russians at Lutzen and Bautzen; how he then called a halt, and entered into an armistice for reasons that have never been satisfactorily made plain; how Austria held the balance of power, and demanded a price for remaining neutral and not joining in the league against him; how he absolutely refused to pay any such price, and on the conclusion of the truce entered the field against the three great powers united. Successful himself in the first battle, that of Dresden, the enemy's columns retired in different directions; he sent his generals and marshals to follow them up, but every one of them returned beaten, save Vandamme, who was captured. The army, again reunited under the Emperor, made a stand at Leipsic, in October, 1813, and for three days fought against superior numbers, only to be finally driven from the field. Once successful, the allies lost no time, —they crossed the Rhine in December, and in January and February their armies were marching on the banks of the Seine and the Marne. The territory of France was invaded by the forces of all nations; her armies were reduced terribly in numbers. The contest indeed looked hopeless; and the tragic caricature which we reproduce in Plate VII. shows us what was thought of it in England. This picture, drawn by Rowlandson, was published in London on January 1, 1814. Bonaparte is seated alone on a drum, the allied hosts under their respective flags are pressing rapidly toward him, cutting down his soldiers, who are seen on the right of the picture fleeing for their lives. Directly in front of him is grim Death, seated on a dismounted gun, one of his feet resting on a broken staff which once supported an eagle. It is certainly a striking picture, though it be a caricature.

After the resolute and gallant, but unsuccessful, fight which Napoleon made in the spring of 1814, he was, as we all know, sent to Elba. In Plate VIII. we have an excellent portrait of him. The original bears this legend: "Dessiné à l'isle d'Elbe par Hubert—gravé par Henry. Dédié à S. E. Monseigneur le grand Maréchal Comte Bertrand."

Our next portrait (Plate IX.)* was taken after his triumphant return from Elba, and it is, probably, the last ever made of Napoleon in France. It is said that Napoleon was much pleased with this picture. It is certainly one of the most attractive of the later portraits.

Nothing in modern history equals in dramatic interest the story of the Hundred Days. Napoleon's daring escape from Elba, his triumphant march to Paris, his unopposed resumption of the reins of government, the banding together of all Europe against him, the acceptance by France of her isolated situation, her determined attitude in face of her many foes, her zealous and active preparations to defend herself—Napoleon's characteristic resolution to carry the war into the enemy's country, the first success at Ligny, and the terrible overthrow at Waterloo, followed by Napoleon's abdication and exile—constitute, perhaps, the most striking succession of great events ever witnessed. Volumes upon volumes have been written on the campaign of Waterloo; but as it seems to be still a topic of unfailing interest, I may perhaps be excused for sketching very briefly its principal features.

Napoleon's plan was to separate the English and Prussian armies, which were in their cantonments in Belgium, and beat them in detail. What especially induced him to form this plan was that the communications of these armies were in precisely opposite directions—those of the English being to the west, in the direction of the sea, and those of the Prussians to the east, in the direction of the Rhine. The case, therefore, was wholly different from what it would have been had the force opposed to him consisted of only one army, under one control, having but one base of supplies. It was much more

* The legend runs thus: "Dessiné par Eugène Bourgeois, Elève de Mr. David, et pensionnaire de S. M. l'Empereur et Roi. Gravé sous la Direction de Mr. David par Noel Bertrand. Napoléon le Grand. D'après le Portrait en pied de S. M. l'Empereur et Roi. Fait par Mr. David, son premier Peintre." This portrait of Napoleon is so very common, and is so very often seen without any description at all, that I have copied the legend in full.

favorable to him. For, if he could beat either of these armies so completely as to force it to fall back upon its base, he would separate it completely from its ally. There were, of course, other plans which he might have adopted—for instance, that which the Duke of Wellington expected he would adopt, namely, to attempt to turn the English right, and cut them off from their base on the sea; but the plan above given—to separate, if possible, the two armies—was the one on which he determined to act.

Having, therefore, with great activity and skill concentrated his own force without awakening the serious suspicions of his antagonists, he directed it on the great road which runs north from Charleroi to Brussels. The English army was scattered about in various villages on the left or west of this road; the Prussian army was on the right or east side of it.

On the morning of the 15th of June the French began crossing the Sambre at and near Charleroi, and drove back the Prussian outposts as far as Fleurus. Blücher, who commanded the Prussians, instantly gave orders for a concentration of his own army at Ligny, sent word to Wellington of the French advance, and demanded his co-operation. For some unexplained reason Wellington did not get this information till late in the afternoon, and then, instead of exerting himself to ascertain the facts, he went to the Duchess of Richmond's ball—first, however, issuing orders for a concentration of a great part of his army at Enghien and other places fifteen or twenty miles to the west of the turnpike, under the erroneous supposition, before mentioned, that Napoleon was really moving with the intention of cutting him off from his base on the sea.

The consequence of this action on the part of the Prussian and English commanders was this—that while the former had collected a large part of his forces at and near Ligny during the forenoon of the 16th, the vitally important position of Quatre Bras, where the road from Ligny crosses the Charleroi pike, was occupied only by one Dutch-Belgian division from Wellington's army, the rest of that army being miles away either to the north or west. On the turnpike, a few miles south of this small force at Quatre Bras, were the First and Second Corps of the French army, under the command of Marshal Ney, numbering some 40,000 men or more. The rest of the French army, under Napoleon himself, was at Fleurus, on the right of the turnpike, making ready to engage the Prussians.

Ney's orders to drive the enemy from Quatre Bras were rather late in reaching him on the morning of the 16th of June, so that, by two in the afternoon, when the action commenced, the English had received considerable re-enforcements. Ney's two corps were, however, far superior in numbers to the array opposed to him, and no historian, so far as I know, has ever doubted that, had he brought both his corps into action, he would have carried the position and inflicted a severe defeat on his opponents. But this he was, by a strange accident, prevented from doing. The First Corps had bivouacked some two or three miles in rear of the Second, and while it was marching to the front, a staff officer, carrying despatches from the Emperor to Marshal Ney, took it upon himself to read them to the officer commanding the leading division, who, misapprehending their purport, marched off in the direction of the main army, leaving Ney with one corps only to fight the English. When Ney learned of this, he sent to recall the corps, but it was too late. These 20,000 men occupied the entire afternoon marching and countermarching between the main army and the left wing, and never fired a shot. For this blunder the staff officer and the commander of the leading division were principally responsible. D'Erlon was not with his troops at the moment when the corps turned back, having gone on in advance of his men to the front.

The Second French Corps, thus left alone, was not strong enough to defeat the force which Wellington, now convinced of his mistake, concentrated on the turnpike as fast as he could.

Hence at the close of the 16th, although the French had won the battle of Ligny against the Prussians, the English general, having successfully maintained himself at Quatre Bras, had it in his power * to retire on the turnpike to

* Subject, however, to such molestation as the French might choose to give him; Napoleon, in fact, has often been criticised for not throwing his whole army against Wellington on the morning of the 17th.

Waterloo, where he could be joined by the Prussians, if Blücher were willing for a brief period to renounce his natural line of retreat to the eastward, and fall back instead, by roads running generally north—that is, parallel to the turnpike—to Wavre, a village only seven or eight miles from Waterloo. This, Blücher, or, rather, Gneisenau, his chief of staff, for Blücher had been ridden over in the fight, gladly agreed to do; and accordingly, the night after the battle of Ligny, the Prussians retreated upon Wavre. If the English had been badly defeated at Quatre Bras by the employment against them of both the corps which Ney commanded, Wellington would hardly have been willing or able to engage that he would receive, the next day but one, at so near a point as Waterloo, the assault of the French in presumably superior numbers, and that he would hold his ground until the Prussians should arrive; the probability is that, but for the accident which prevented d'Erlon's corps from taking part in the battle of Quatre Bras, the English and Prussian armies would have been definitely separated.

Napoleon, after the battle of Ligny, seems to have made no attempt to follow up the retreating Prussians and ascertain where they were going. His chief of staff in this campaign was Marshal Soult, who had commanded an army for several years himself, in Spain, and probably was now unfitted to discharge the peculiar duties of a chief of staff. At any rate, neither he nor the Emperor attempted that night to find out where the Prussians were going.

The next morning, therefore, Napoleon was obliged to guess where the Prussians had gone, and he guessed wrong. He thought they had probably retreated to the eastward, toward their base of operations. He therefore divided his army; he gave to Marshal Grouchy (Plate X.) the command of the Third and Fourth Corps, with a large force of cavalry, and instructed him to pursue the Prussians, ordering him at first to Gembloux, a village some ten miles to the eastward. Moreover, he did not despatch Grouchy until noon or after. Had Napoleon or his chief of staff ascertained the direction of the Prussian retreat, that it was to the northward, or had Napoleon rightly conjectured its direction, he never would have divided his army—for the only conceivable reason why the Prussians should retreat north was that they might unite their forces with the English, and fight another battle—and in this case the Emperor would, of course, need his entire army.

Napoleon, however, did not overlook the possibility of his antagonists playing this game. In his written instructions to Grouchy—which were dictated to Bertrand, who happened to be with him, and which ordered Grouchy to march on Gembloux—occurs this sentence: "It is important to find out what the enemy (Blücher) is intending to do; whether he is separating himself from the English, or whether they are intending still to unite to cover Brussels or * Liège in trying the fate of another battle."

That evening, the 17th, Napoleon, with the main army, reached the field of Waterloo; Grouchy, with his command, the village of Gembloux. Grouchy sent out his cavalry at once, and by two o'clock in the morning of the 18th he had ascertained that the Prussian main army had retired on Wavre. This movement, as we have just remarked, could have had but one object, to accomplish the union of the allied armies. Nothing that Grouchy could now do could prevent this; the only thing he could do was to march as soon and as fast as he could to re-enforce the Emperor, who was in danger of being overwhelmed by the two armies united. But Grouchy, for some reason, does not seem to have seen this; instead of joining Napoleon, he marched after the Prussians, and that by a circuitous route, so that he was always to the east of them, whereas he should have manœuvred so as to get between them and the main army under Napoleon. Hence, at the close of the day, the main French army under the Emperor was routed by the arrival of fifty thousand Prussians, while Marshal Grouchy was fighting their rear-guard near the town of Wavre, eight miles away.

The story of the battle of Waterloo has been too often told to need any

* The original reads "et," which is evidently due to a mistake in taking down the Emperor's words. Brussels and Liège are obviously too widely apart to be covered by one movement.

repetition here.* It was a great day for the Duke of Wellington. Plate XI., to which attention has already been called, is a good portrait of him at this period. He lived to be a very old man, and was perhaps the most successful and fortunate man in his day and generation.

We are able to give an excellent likeness of one of the most noted of his lieutenants, Sir Thomas Picton, who was killed in the attack made on the English left between one and two o'clock in the afternoon. Plate XII. is from a fine mezzotint made in 1810, when Picton was winning distinction in Spain under Wellington.

The likeness of Marshal Blücher which we give in Plate XIII. is from a photograph of an engraving which was made at the time. The photograph was given to me by a gentleman † who was present at a dinner given by the corporation of the city of Hamburg to Marshal Blücher in honor of his services at the battle of Waterloo; my friend told me that a copy of this engraving was given to each guest, and that it was an excellent likeness.

The portrait of Marshal Grouchy (X.) is from a colored print, not dated, from a picture by Aubry. At the foot of the engraving is a brief laudatory sketch of Grouchy's career, in which his gallant conduct during the retreat from Russia is dwelt upon. This evidently furnishes the motive of the picture. The only allusion to the Waterloo campaign in this sketch is that "Namur" is the last of the places where he is said to have distinguished himself; this undoubtedly refers to the gallant stand which he made at Namur, when he was making good his retreat to France after he had heard of the rout of Napoleon's army at Waterloo.

Whether any course was open to Napoleon after the disaster of Waterloo other than that which he adopted, a second abdication, is certainly very doubtful. Had he taken the precaution to dissolve the Chambers before setting out on the campaign, he probably could have rallied the nation and protracted the struggle. But the Chambers were unfriendly; any parliamentary body is naturally unfriendly to a military despotism; and, at that juncture, nothing less than a military despotism could possibly have saved France from the calamity of the restoration of the Bourbons by foreign bayonets. Hence, unless Napoleon should execute a new *coup d'état*, there was nothing for him but abdication.

On the 15th of July, 1815, Napoleon surrendered himself on board the British man-of-war Bellerophon. Of his appearance and bodily condition during the two months of his stay on this vessel we have an interesting account in the narrative of Captain Maitland, who commanded the ship. Maitland describes ‡ him as "a remarkably strong, well-built man, about five feet seven inches high, his limbs particularly well formed, with a fine ankle and very small foot, of which he seemed rather vain, as he always wore, while on board the ship, silk stockings and shoes. His hands were also very small, and had the plumpness of a woman's rather than the robustness of a man's. His eyes, light gray; teeth good; and when he smiled, the expression of his countenance was highly pleasing; when under the influence of disappointment, however, it assumed a dark, gloomy cast. His hair was of a very dark brown, nearly approaching to black, and, though a little thin on the top and front, had not a gray hair amongst it. His complexion was a very uncommon one, being of a light, sallow color, differing from almost any other I ever met with. From his having become corpulent, he had lost much of his personal activity, and, if we are to give credit to those who attended him, a very considerable portion of his mental energy was also gone. It is certain his habits were very lethargic while he was on board the Bellerophon; for though he went to bed at eight or nine o'clock in the evening, and did not rise till about the same hour in the morning, he frequently fell asleep on the sofa in the cabin in the course of the day. His general appearance was that of a man rather older than he then was."

Maitland thus speaks of his behavior

* The most valuable account of the battle, by a participant in it, is Sir James Shaw Kennedy's Notes on the Battle of Waterloo (London: Murray, 1865). An extremely interesting narrative of the whole campaign is that of Captain (afterward General) Mercer. His Journal of the Waterloo Campaign (Edinburgh and London: Blackwood, 1870) is a delightful book in every way.

† The late Hon. James M. Robbins, of Milton, Mass.

‡ Captain Maitland's Narrative, pp. 208 et seq.

while on board the Bellerophon:* "He possessed, to a wonderful degree, a facility of making a favorable impression upon those with whom he entered into conversation. . . . Lord Keith [the Admiral] appears to have formed a very high opinion of the fascination of his conversation, and expressed it very emphatically to me, after he had seen him; speaking of his wish for an interview with the Prince Regent, 'D—n the fellow,' he said, 'if he had obtained an interview with His Royal Highness, in half an hour they would have been the best friends in England.'"

Captain Maitland's account† of the impression Napoleon made on the seamen is particularly interesting: "After he had quitted the ship, being desirous to know the feeling of the ship's company toward him, I asked my servant what the people said of him. 'Why, sir,' he answered, 'I heard several of them conversing about him this morning, when one of them observed, "Well, they may abuse that man as much as they please; but if the people of England knew him as well as we do, they would not hurt a hair of his head;" in which the others agreed.' This was the more extraordinary, as he never went through the ship's company but once, immediately after his coming on board, when I attended him, and he did not speak to any of the men, merely returning their salute by pulling off his hat; and in consequence of his presence they suffered many privations, such as not being allowed to see their wives and friends, or to go on shore, having to keep watch in port, etc."

Transferred from the Bellerophon to the Northumberland, Napoleon made the passage to St. Helena. Plate XIV. is from a portrait prefixed to Barnes's "Tour through the Island of St. Helena," published in London in 1817. It is there stated to be "a most accurate Resemblance, drawn from the Life, by a highly esteemed Gentleman who was Passenger from England to Saint Helena with him in the Northumberland." It certainly is not a flattering portrait, but it is one of the very last of the authentic likenesses.

* Captain Maitland's Narrative, pp. 210 et seq.
† Id., pp. 223 et seq.

Napoleon at St. Helena has always been a favorite subject for artists. I know of no portrait of him taken from life at St. Helena; but among the innumerable imaginary pictures I have selected the one by Horace Vernet (Plate XV.), which is certainly curious enough.

The print of Napoleon's funeral (Plate XVI.) was "drawn on the spot" by the celebrated Captain Marryat, R.N., whose novels and stories — "King's Own," "Peter Simple," "Settlers in Canada," etc.—are so well known.

It seems to be wellnigh useless to expect at present from the English-speaking public a fair and reasonable estimate of Napoleon Bonaparte. But anyone who really tries to enter into the circumstances that surrounded him, into the problems which he had to meet, into the conditions of European political, legal, and social life which existed in his day, will rise from his studies with a very different notion of him from that generally entertained. For the first fifty years of the century Napoleon's character and acts were attacked by the Legitimist and Conservative party; during the second half of it, Republicans and Liberals have joined in the assault. That Napoleon was as enlightened and liberal a ruler as the stormy condition of the times and the imperfect state of political knowledge and capacity of the populations of the Continent allowed him to be, will very likely be the ultimate verdict.

Meantime, Napoleon is tried by standards of public and private morals which critics and historians never dream of applying to his contemporaries. He is harshly dealt with on all sides. Yet it is something gained that recent writers on the condition of Europe in Napoleon's day have come to recognize the utility and beneficence of his legislative and political labors. It tends to show that the race-prejudice which is so strong in the Anglo-Saxon, and the constitutional difficulty which men of our stock always have in appreciating the problems which face other nations, have, to a certain extent at least, been overcome. The sooner these obstacles are levelled the sooner we shall arrive at the truth of history.

JEMIMY BASCOM.

By Philip Henry.

It matters not on what particular spot of the globe it happened. The geography is immaterial. But, as a matter of fact, it was in Maine, in one of those resorts where invalids and pleasure-seekers assemble of summers to regain their health and do whatever else the world does,—a small collection of old houses of ancient residents—some of which, perhaps, may be thrown open to boarders—and of hotels, almost brand new, some small and some great; and, winding through the atmosphere over all, the breath of Maine balsams and other firs and of such few pines as have survived the lumberman's axe. On this terrestrial spot it happened that Jeremiah Slocomb, who, upon his graduation from college, had stepped into a thriving wholesale-grocery firm, and had stepped out again, leaving his small fortune there and about twice its size in promissory notes beside his purchase of an interest in the business (having done all this because he found that much of the profits of the concern consisted in the difference between the cost and selling price of substitutes for natural food)—on this spot, I say, it happened that Jeremiah Slocomb was doubtfully regarding his bankrupt future.

A very unpractical young man, you will say; so be it in these materialistic days. How very chivalrous toward the poor public! what a criticism on his poor partners—worthy men, no doubt, making such living as they could in this crowding modern world! But Slocomb had a prejudice against adulterated food.

Perhaps you think because his name is Jeremiah that he came from the country. But I assure you that Mount Vernon Street was not at all too aristocratic to have witnessed his birth. No. He was well-bred (though that has nothing to do with his not coming from the country), and well-clothed, for that matter—a fellow who was not above the niceties of life, even in the department of commercial propriety.

It was wholly unknown to Mr. Slocomb, else he might have chosen some other roof to shelter him on this northward excursion (but that cannot be affirmed positively), that this hostlery, known to the public as the "Balsam House," was in certain occult relations with the spirit-world. Visited by unfleshly apparitions in white,—by mysteriously-hooked-together skeletons—indeed it was not. It is true there were scurryings, squeakings, falling bodies to be heard in this house at night, sounds to startle one on waking from some troubled dream, manifestations enough to warrant the theory quite that some weird history was connected with this mansion, yielding up its actors at night in the shape of disturbed and disturbing spirits. But there was such an air of the practical and the every-day about the Balsam House that nervous ladies said that these nocturnal noises were caused, not by ghosts, but by rats, which was quite as bad. Be that as it may, it is of spirits habited in flesh and blood that there is question now, or rather of one such spirit, extracted, not from the gray abode of spectres, but from the bright and shining land of dreams;—a rarer curiosity than the chimpanzee—a creature captured from that remotest and most mysterious in its secrets of all lands, the land of dreams. How this capture was effected, how the red-faced, jolly landlord got access to that region, was unknown. But there she was; Jeremiah Slocomb saw her with his own eyes.

It was on his appearance at his first breakfast under the roof of the Balsam House. He came to that breakfast in a half-gloomy frame of mind. Only strangers to him were in the house, as he had seen from the register the night before. His eyes were downcast, striving in a desultory, unconcentrated way to look into that future that lay rather dark, as well as inscrutable, before him—lying below him, in the ground, one would say, from the direction of the gaze, in nether regions

of duskiness. So he consulted the bill of fare rather listlessly as he held it before him, reading it, and half-consciously trying to read that illegible future at the same time: a nightmare-ish state of mind, when the object that oppresses one cannot be clearly made out, and makes up for want of outline by its continuity of weighing on one's thought. So he read, and so he dimly eyed his future, while all the time there stood at his elbow this capture from dreamland, breathing her patient breath as she waited, a hand on the back of his chair, resting the weight of the earthly body first on one foot and then on the other, her face, in her untowering height, not so very far above his head —so close, indeed, that she could distinctly trace with her eye the few unregulated locks that had escaped the repressive force of Jeremiah's brushes— so close that if he had tilted his head back suddenly it might almost, perhaps quite, have touched that intermediate spot just below either collar-bone; not, indeed, that this fairy would rustle too closely against this masculine form of the earth; but so it is ordained by the laws of intelligible hearing, that waiter and waitress shall stand to catch the lord and lady's order.

The guest at last looked up. The appearance of the dream-figure at his elbow was in such strange contrast with the somewhat smeared bill of fare, and with his own sadly blotched future, that it fairly flashed on him. A yellowish bunch of hair, hazel eyes, and a mischievous turn of chin, crowning a little, delicate but wholesome-looking form— that was the figure before him. The checked white-and-black gingham that she wore gave her a dainty look. But— might not that gingham be worn as a morning garb by any woman of his own acquaintance? Was this a face that he had forgotten, that he ought to remember, and that was placidly waiting beside him for recognition? Startled out of a study as he was, he could not, all at once, believe that this apparition was a hotel waiter. In his uncertainty he arose, napkin in hand, with a vague notion of choosing to err on the right side, and said: "Pardon me, madam." But there was only a stare, and then a brief smile, as the dream-creature confronting him strove to preserve her decorum. Then he saw that she was in the pose of one waiting to take a command. He glanced foolishly about and reseated himself, and gave his order, drawing, as she smartly departed on her errand, a long breath of recovery from his confusion.

Slocomb's eye now ranged curiously up and down the dining-room. What place was this he had fallen upon? Was there a series of refined and beautiful young women waiting upon the tables in this hotel? He examined them, one by one. No; some were tall, even lank —good, vigorous frames, inherited from raw-boned, honest, timber-splitting ancestors. Some were short and rotund —as hearty and robust in their looks as Swiss dairy-maids. Nowhere was there the frailty of figure, the delicacy of bloom, the elasticity of tread of the little sylph at his own table; nowhere the bright, intellectual look that she had. He observed her closely as she came back with her arms full of those heavy dishes that were meant for him. Her wrists were red. "She washes dishes, too," he thought. But she did not attempt to conceal that redness of wrists. It was evidently a thing of course to her—no more to be hidden than the fact that she had hands at all.

As she entered the dining-room from time to time, he took occasion to study her visage. No flirting eye there met his own. No smirk of a country maiden's consciousness of beauty revealed a coquettish nature. There was gravity on her face—severity, almost—which would have been severity quite, but that it seemed held in check by a certain benignity of expression. Yet there was brightness in the physiognomy. If one were to pry here and there into the features, perhaps its source would be found at last in the little, delicately-rounded, roguish-looking chin.

Slocomb began upon the spot, in a sudden riot of the poetry there was in him, to weave a romance about this figure—some history of his own imagining that would account for her doing the same work as her fellow-laborers, who were so unlike her in appearance and bearing. Regarding the sunshiny chin

—which, with its baby dimple, seemed to denote a childlike nature in this young woman,—the dolorous lines about the lips, and the mingled sternness and refinement above, he built up, in his own mind, a vaguely-outlined story of a simple, happy girlhood, suddenly overtaken by some adversity, from which this creature had emerged a grown woman, though scarcely more than a girl yet in years.

During the forenoon Mr. Slocomb went for a stroll about this new place he had come to. It was not large. Scarcely more than a few steps took him outside of that village air, whose centre was the post-office, and away from the flocking aspect—as of too many doves to fill the dove-cotes—of the thronged hotels. The stretch of country road was peaceful. He came to a brook noisily losing itself in the undergrowth by the roadside. A rotting log was beside the rude bridge that crossed it, and here he sat and ruminated—the brook gurgling at his hand, an occasional forest bird giving out its note in the neighboring tree-tops, farm teams at work on a distant hillside down the road, and the curved mounds of blue woods still farther off. His questionable future was still upon him, in that dead fashion in which it had encumbered him since he left his fortune and a debt in the obnoxious grocery. Its dull consideration was a platform in his mind, on which other thoughts danced; and now this captive from dreamland occupied the boards. She would persist in coming out from behind the flies and walking pensively down the stage to the foot-lights, her hands clasped demurely before her. Somewhere or other, as she stood before him, there was an orchestra—seemingly concealed near at hand in the atmosphere, in the woods, and the brook, but with its wings even on the distant wooded hills—which expressed a sort of spiritual accompaniment to the griefful song to which the figure on the boards seemed to be giving utterance.

He had started out on a sentimental journey. Whither should it lead him?

On his way home he passed a farmhouse of humble proportions. In the door-yard grew some rose-bushes; and a little pink of a girl, who did not know the language of trade—she was so young—but sun-bonneted for the dignity of the occasion by a self-respecting mother, stood out before the gate, with a bunch of white and crimson roses—just two or three—to sell. She held up her chubby hand. "How much?" queried the traveller, fumbling in his pocket. Not a word in answer, only a dancing pair of black eyes on the upturned face. "How much? Is this enough?" and, as he put some coins into her hand, she relaxed wide her grip on the stems, and turning her back, ran, a reticent mass of sun-bonnet, apron-strings, and heels, into the house. When Slocomb left the dinner-table that noon he carelessly laid the bunch of roses on the table, and looking at the dream-captive, said, "Would you like these?" She smiled sweetly, and without any word gathered them up.

When evening came Jeremiah's newly-born sentiment moved him, as he was about to rise from the tea-table, to attempt a trespass upon the secret life of the dream-creature. "Do you live near here?" he asked.

She regarded him with a bright eye. "What did yeou say?"

Slocomb shrank within himself at the sudden sound of the vernacular. He seemed to himself even to shudder, and he arose (it had been far from his intention to rise so soon), and only faltered, in smothered repetition, "Do you live near here?"

"I live to hum," replied the captive from dreamland, shortly, while not a change of feature accompanied the forbidding response.

That evening Slocomb saw her come timidly into the office and go up to the desk, and heard her ask the clerk, "Is they any letter for Miss Jemimy Bascom?"

With such rude suddenness were the gratuitous, high-flown illusions of Slocomb's fancy dispelled! They went away heartlessly, leaving him only the simple fact of a pretty waitress for consolation. It was some consolation; for she was pretty. While the dignity in her face seemed somehow to have waned, and the gravity inclined now toward the stolid, and the sadness was merely the quiet of an unanimated face, and all the

imagined spirituality was grown into something else, yet there did remain the features, the color, the grace; and Slocomb recalled now, that when she said she lived "to hum" there was really a very pleasant sparkle in her eye, though it had not seemed just then as if there were; now that the look was adjusted to the physical and fleshly aspect, it certainly did seem rather piquant. So Slocomb's interest, after the first shock was over, really rather changed than abated. There were short conversations, in which Jemimy appeared as a pretty, bright little thing; and that composed look of hers—well, under certain circumstances, when not too many people might be looking her way, perhaps it brightened up a little,—toward him.

In this state of affairs, as he was peregrinating the brief sidewalks of the village one day, he met no other personage than Miss Hannah Wadsleigh. This encounter was a boon to him. He had not made many acquaintances; and Miss Wadsleigh was an acquaintance who would not be troublesome. She was a second-cousin of his, a rather strong-minded young woman, who had called upon him recently in regard to the genealogy of the family, which she was busy in compiling. She knew all about his ancestors—more than he did—and about all his cousins, numerous and remote. Hannah would not exact attentions, and she could amuse him in a mild, half-masculine way. So he welcomed her. To his surprise, however, he learned that she had been in the place longer than he had; but, as she had been lodging at one of the old, original cottages of the village, they had not happened to meet. "A cousin of yours—let me see" (counting on her fingers one way and then back)—"first, second, third, fourth, fifth, to you—is coming in a day or two. I don't believe you ever saw Fanny; she is awfully rich and clever."

"My knowledge of these distant cousins you have found is very limited," replied Jeremiah.

"I won't tell you whether she is good-looking or not," continued Hannah; "you can judge of that for yourself; but she is the richest—her own, mind you, an orphan—of all our family brood."

One would have thought that Cousin Hannah adored money. She was not badly off herself. But the fact was that she held Jeremiah in very high esteem, because in that intimacy born of genealogizing she had drawn out of him his true relations to the grocery business, and she gave him, as she left him, a hearty, honest squeeze of the hand that made Jeremiah feel warm all over with a sense of friendship.

Jemimy Bascom, if she was a country girl, was no fool. Her wits were as sharp as anybody's. Whatever smart remark was made to her in joke by Slocomb, it was met by her with equal smartness. In that he had his match. But Jemimy was not saucy or impudent. She simply put herself on the same plane with him. She behaved as she would have behaved to some country gallant of bantering manner—perhaps as she would have conducted herself toward the district schoolmaster, if he had chanced to be a fun-loving sort of person, from the neighboring town. Why should she not? Were not the Bascoms of good stock, well-to-do, the owners of an unencumbered farm, with plenty to eat? What if she had wanted an airing and a small peep at the world, and had taken upon herself to hand and wash dishes at the Balsam House, instead of "to hum," for a few weeks? For all that she knew she was as good as anybody in the world. She was an honest American, and to her Slocomb was another.

About this time the moon was young over Woodville, casting a faint light, as it neared its setting, upon the few short avenues of the town. Beside this there were occasional lamps, ill-trimmed and smoked, that shed a doubtful glimmer here and there. Slocomb was strolling along, on one of these evenings, with his hands behind his back, when, as he passed one of the half-obscured lamps and turned a corner, he fell in with a rather dainty figure of a female moving at a not unvigorous pace. She glanced up a moment, and he saw that it was Miss Bascom. She was about to turn her head away, as if occupied with her own thoughts and not apprehending that it was anyone she knew, when he raised his hat. She turned

again, and recognizing him, said, as she slackened her pace, "Oh! is that yeou? I was a-thinkin' abaout somethin' else. Ain't it nice this evenin'?"

"Yes, rather pleasant," Jeremiah hesitated. He had an inclination to join her—a purposeless one, a mere sense that it would be agreeable.

"Where be yeou goin'?" she asked, standing still, as if minded for a friendly street-corner chat.

"Nowhere in particular," he responded.

"No more I—yes, I be, too; I'm goin' to the post-office; but that ain't very pertic'ler; I ain't likely to get nothin'."

"Well, I will walk along with you;" it seemed to him more natural to do that than to leave her—in fact, he felt that it would seem a little rude if he did leave her, and Slocomb would not have hurt the feelings of a mouse.

"This is jes' the kind o' night the young folks goes out ridin' daown aour way when workin' is slack—say abaout in August, after hayin'. It's lots o' fun, sometimes."

"Sometimes?" queried Jeremiah, seeking to catch up the conversation at some point. "Why not always?"

"Oh, yeou know," she replied, giving herself a kind of coquettish twist from her waist up; "all young men ain't the same, I s'pose"—and she stole a glance upward at his eye—"it makes a difference, sometimes, who he is; and you can't refeuse a young man jest because you might have picked out someone else if yeou'd had the cheusin'."

"You don't get much riding here," suggested he.

"Oh, I ain't pertic'ler; I jes' as lives stay by an' deu my work. I ain't one of the young women that always has to have gayety. I was brought up teu work. Oh, I like a breathin' spell once in a while, though."

"You don't get any here."

"Here? Land! yeou don't call this work! The hull time is a breathin' spell! Yeou jes' ought to see us work to hum." She was getting animated. "Why, there's me, I git up an' help pa an' George melk; then there's breakfast; ma used to get that, but she's rheumatiky naow, an' I deu it; then there's the melk to set, an' the churnin' to be 'tended to; an' the cheese—yeou'd like to see us make cheese, it's real interestin'—an' I get dinner an' supper; an' there's lots o' little chores that takes a body's time, besides the chamber-work; an' then melkin' again at night. This is fun, daown here; I'm act'ly gittin' fat. This dress is jes' as tight. It's my best one—silk, real; I jes' thought I'd bring it along—I *might* want it; but law! I don't wear it nowhere, 'cept jes' to the post-office—jes' for the sat'sfaction of feelin' I am wearin' on't. I see them young ladies dancin' in there to the ball-room some nights—some of 'em's from the city, I s'pose—an' their silks ain't no better'n mine; an' some of 'em actually wears flannel. I should be ashamed to go in there, lookin' the way some of 'em doos."

"Can you dance?" he asked.

"Waal, law sakes!" she answered, stopping short in her walk. "Dance? I should think I could!" She resumed her walk. "Why, deu yeou think 'cause we live up here in the country, we don't know haow to dance?" She laughed outright in scorn of his ignorance. "Yeou should jes' see aour balls daown t' Hillery; yeou don't know where Hillery is, I s'pose; well, 'tain't much of a place, but it's a kind o' meetin' graound for us young folks; we deu jest have fun there sometimes! I don't get left much by the wall, neither" (with a toss of the head). "Dance! why, Mr. Slocomb, where was yeou brought up?"

She ran up the post-office steps, and he waited for her at the door.

"Jest as I s'pected—they wa'n't nothin'. They don't write to me much. Father comes daown once in a while, jes' to see haow I'm a-deuin'. The last time he come—that was last week—says he: 'My! Jemimy, ain't yeou gettin' fleshy!' an' he jumped me right up in his arms an' kissed me right before all the other waiters. Wa'n't they a-chucklin', though, t' see me flyin' raound so! Father's awful strong."

Somehow or other, Jeremiah began to feel a little serious just now. The slightest perspiration came out on his brow; and it was not a warm night, either. He had a dawning sensation that he was taking advantage of this

girl — a consciousness of unfairness. What if this muscular father should chance to meet them now, walking out together after dark? Would *he* be so little acquainted with the world as not to think that there was something a little out of the way in this loitering along with his daughter of an evening? Slocomb felt uncomfortable—not that he was a coward. If Mr. Bascom had suddenly appeared and manifested resentment at finding him with his daughter, he would very likely have acknowledged that it was not quite according to rule, but he would have suggested to Mr. Bascom that his daughter was safe with him. And she would very likely have spoken up and said, "Well, father, if anybody's to blame, I guess I be as much as him." Still, there was the sensation; and as they came to one of the larger hotels, and she led the way up the piazza steps, saying, "Let's see 'em dance a minute," Jeremiah, as he followed her, did so with a feeling that he would rather take her home, or leave her, and be over with it.

They took their station at one of the low windows that looked into the ball-room. It was brilliantly lighted, a small orchestra was providing the music, and a few couples were spinning round over the glistening floor. Around the sides were seated, in groups, guests of the hotel with their friends. It was a bright scene, and there were little clusters of spectators on the piazza peeping in at it. The band now struck up a waltz. Jemimy began to beat time with her feet, and to sway to and fro slightly, as if she were going the giddy round.

"Haow I should like to be dancin' that 'ere!" she said, half to herself, as she gazed intently on the scene within. Slocomb was a little bit startled. The possibility of being drawn, against his wish, into the whirl within, and of actually becoming, with Jemimah, one of the little eddies that were revolving there, all at once came before him. It seemed necessary to make some remark or other in response to her exclamation.

"Have you ever danced in there?" he asked, carelessly. It seemed to him an adroit question. It was an ordinary one; and yet, when she answered it and said "no," the impossibility of her ever dancing in that ball-room would immediately occur to her.

"No," she answered, "I hain't; but I've often wanted to. I ain't never had nobody to dance with." She hesitated a moment, and then, looking up bashfully, and simpering, she said, "I sheouldn't mind a-dancin' there with yeou."

In spite of himself, Jeremiah could not help a sensation of pleasure, and even a slight tingling, at the compliment. But that was only for an instant. The next he was conscious of the necessity for an immediate answer. What should he say? He could have told her that he did not dance, did not know how; but that would have been a lie, and he had fallen into the habit of telling the truth and taking the consequences —it was more interesting. Neither would he like her to understand that he preferred not to dance with her in that ball-room; that would be too highly unchivalrous—nay, it would be brutal. To think of the shock to that little soul! And, besides, from some lurking dignity in her face, there came up a picture of the possibility of Miss Jemimah Bascom's proud wrath when she should look in his eyes and see that he was ashamed of her. Then he would be ashamed of himself. As he thought it over, there seemed to be only one thing in this predicament that he should not be ashamed of himself for doing, and that was going in and dancing with her. "I shall be very happy, Miss Jemimah," he answered.

He stepped to the balustrade a moment, to throw away the extinguished cigarette that he had been unconsciously carrying in his fingers, and while he was there he stayed another moment to switch his careless cravat into place. When he returned, Jemimah had left the window and was standing at the door ready to go in, with her white shawl taken off and hanging, nicely folded, from her hand. He took it from her and giving her his arm, entered the door.

As she clung to him he could feel the little excitement of her heart, causing an agitated movement in her arm, and he was conscious—though he looked straight ahead of him in his fixedness

of purpose—that her little chest was heaving. She said not a word. As they stepped into the room and he threw the shawl on a chair, and she quivered a little on her feet before they flew off into the dance, now that the plunge was taken, and the bright lights were on them and a hundred pair of searching eyes, the sense of carrying out a resolve vanished, and he thought it was not so bad a thing, after all, to have this little throbbing creature in his arms for a dance. No feeling of difference in their station came in between her and him now. It was not that he was Mr. Jeremiah Slocomb and she simply Jemimy Bascom; he was a man, and she was a woman. Her head barely came to his shoulder; the yellowish mass of hair glistened under his eyes; her face was averted, half-buried on his shoulder. That little heart went throbbing, throbbing, so close to his own. That warm life was so close to his. Around and round they spun, staring faces ever upon them, though Jeremiah did not look to see them; he only felt that they were,—the chandeliers glittering over their heads, the strains of music changing and changing their phrase, and the air of the room becoming more and more like the warmth of a vapor-bath. He was conscious that she was dancing gracefully, that a bright color was in her cheeks, and that the black silk with its white-lace collar was a handsome and a becoming garment, and he was conscious, more than all, of the clinging to him of this fast-breathing little creature.

The waltz lasted long; when at length the music did stop, it left the couple in the midst of the room. As they turned about toward the door, his partner drew a long, panting breath, and with a glowing, upturned face, softly thanked him. Approaching the entrance, a bustling which he had dimly noticed centred itself upon her, and he found himself facing a bevy of ladies, some old and some young, all with beaming faces, who were crying out, "Why, Miss Borromeo, *when* did you come?" "How delighted I am to see you!" "How well you are looking!" "Why, we did not see you come into the room!" "Where have you been this summer?" They fondled her as if she had been a toy poodle; and there was such an amount of hand-shaking going on, that he lost her arm and was somehow jostled aside as the party went through the door-way and into the hall; and there he stood, alone! He turned once, putting on his glasses, and looked back into the ball-room; he could scarcely believe that the person who had been whisked off in this sudden fashion was his partner. But there was no Jemimy Bascom there. He involuntarily looked down for the shawl; that was gone. He watched the party of women still retreating down the long hall; she might be among them, but it was too far for his eyes. In any case, there was no Jemimy Bascom here now for him to show any more attention to.

He stepped out on the piazza, lifting his hat to let the cool evening air brush his forehead. He even tapped that forehead, as if to make sure it was there. He looked around him. He recognized the piazza. Here she had certainly been with him. In a few moments he moved round to the window at which he had been standing with Jemimah. Possibly he had been dancing, by mistake, with somebody else. But would the lady have made a corresponding mistake? It was barely possible—certainly not probable. But at the best there was strangeness about this matter. Indeed, what could be stranger than Jemimy Bascom's being swept off by those exclusive old New York chaperons as the dearest of pets? Strange? Good heavens! when had he had an evening like this? Jeremiah mopped his brow; this mystery made beads come on it. "Stop!" he muttered. He was pondering whether that was just the color of Jemimah's hair, after all; and the eyes—was that their precise shade? There were strange resemblances sometimes. He scanned closely the groups of spectators outside the windows, to see if Jemimah had possibly been left by him among them. She was not there.

He walked back to his hotel, went into the smoking-room, lit a cigar, stretched out his legs, and thought. *Was* that Jemimah Bascom he had danced with, or was it some other woman? Borromeo; he had heard the name distinctly. A thought struck him; there was one thing that could be

made certain. He went back to the other hotel and examined the register. There it was—"Miss Borromeo"—well up in the list of arrivals of the day. "Certain it is," muttered Slocomb, "she is here, and I—I must have danced with her. Was she Jemimah Bascom? That is the question." He lingered outside, watching whether his mysterious partner should perhaps return to the Balsam House. But no one came.

He wandered about, and by and by sought his room. There, cogitating still, his thoughts at last settled themselves; and he said aloud, as he finally turned over to sleep: "It was Jemimah Bascom and it was Miss Borromeo; and I will prove it out of her own mouth to-morrow morning."

He came down to breakfast with determination stamped upon his face. He looked hard into Jemimah's eyes. She met his gaze unconcernedly. What was it to have walked to and from the post-office with a respectable-appearing young man, and to have confessed to him, perhaps childishly, that she would like to dance in that forbidden hall? To be sure, he might have taken her in, if he had had a mind to; but then it was nothing to be deeply resentful about. Jeremiah, however, was meanwhile giving her credit for great command of face. But he would speedily upset that, and as he steadily regarded her he put the question point blank, "Were you dancing in the ball-room over there last night?"

"Haow?" asked Jemimah, as if not quite comprehending him.

He repeated the question, but not quite so vigorously, under her innocent, studying gaze.

"Law!" she answered, tilting awkwardly on one foot; "nobody hain't asked me yet," and went away.

Could it be, after all, that she had not heard his acceptance and had gone away while he was at the balustrade? He did not believe it possible, and with renewed determination, as she came by again, he asked, "Jemimah, *did* you dance there last night?"

"Law, naow," she answered, snappishly, as an ominous light darted into her eye; "don't yeou be a-foolin' with me!"

But he would not be rebuffed. "With me, I mean," he insisted.

"Yeou stop naow!" she said, quite loudly, stopping short and looking at him; but in a moment the expression of her face relaxed and she added, musingly, "or be yeou an idjit, anyhaow—one o' them light-headed persons—an' don't know whether yeou b'en a-dancin' or standin' still? my sakes!" And she turned on her heel and left him.

Jeremiah dared say no more. Yet, when he rose from his chair soon after and she stood beside him, he involuntarily delayed a moment, measuring her height with his eye, heeding the shade of her hair, and, more particularly than he ever had before, the color of her eyes; he fancied, as he referred in his mind to his last night's partner, that he could note a slight difference. She seemed to resent his stare, as if it were only a continuation of the "foolin'" he had been guilty of. "I'd like to know," she said, pettishly, "whatever yeou be a-lookin' at abaout my hair? 'Tain't no business of yourn if it ain't tidy," and she blushed, as if he had been rude to her.

Jeremiah was kind of heart and repented himself of the too keen scrutiny that had brought that piteous blush. "I didn't mean to make you feel bad, Jemimah," he said.

"Then don't yeou be a-foolin' with me," she said, with averted face, and there was a slight quiver in her voice as she added, "I ain't good enough for yeou."

This was what came of badgering a poor waiter-girl! Slocomb felt that he had had enough of it. But he could not help wondering, after all, whether her behavior was not a good piece of acting. If it was, he must acknowledge that he was not equal to her.

That afternoon he received a note from Miss Hannah Wadsleigh, inviting him to go on a drive early the next day with her and some of her friends; among them was to be "Cousin Fanny," "*your* Cousin Fanny," as Hannah put it.

Jeremiah sent a reply of acceptance.

The next morning came. Slocomb was served an irregular, early breakfast. There was no Jemimah to wait upon him. But at the meeting-place Cousin

Hannah introduced him to "Cousin Fanny." It was now apparent to Slocomb's eye that Cousin Fanny and Miss Borromeo and Jemimah Bascom were all one and the same person. They were, at least, unless he had lost his wits and had become subject to hallucinatory visions. Upon this point he did not feel quite certain. What a curious thing it was if all these persons were one! and why should she subdivide herself into three? What sensible ground was there for such a thing? Nay, even what freak could prompt it? Yet, Slocomb's mind was not very keenly centred on this problem; for the department of this personage which was labelled "Cousin Fanny" had been assigned to him as his peculiar charge on this drive; and there she was, as stylishly dressed and as vivacious as possible, fairly bubbling over with spirits, which all fell into our devoted Jeremiah's own lap. How could he be untangling problems under such conditions?

Nevertheless, there were moments when Jeremiah felt as if he must put to her the question, moments when it was fairly trembling on his lips; but as often he halted. Should he say, "Are you that waiter-girl at our hotel?" Good heavens! what impertinence! What if by any chance she should happen not to be? Besides, even supposing she were Jemimah, his experience with this same Jemimah the other morning at the breakfast-table had wrought a timidity in him. If under the guise of Jemimah Bascom she had repulsed him, what might she not do as Miss Fanny Borromeo? So Slocomb held his peace.

It is true she wore a bunch of old roses at her breast, so old that the faded leaves scarcely held together; and, to the best of his recollection, these were the same roses that he had laid on the dinner-table for Jemimah Bascom. His fingers tingled to see them so preserved, and he dreaded the possibility of learning that they were not his. So they rather fixed than broke his silence.

At noon the party halted for luncheon by the wayside. Slocomb found himself on a rock beside Cousin Fanny, with the proper amount of sandwiches between them. The halt had interrupted the flow and excitement of their conversation, and now Jeremiah found his curiosity about Jemimah begin to prey upon his mind. He edged toward the subject.

"You dance, don't you, Miss Borromeo?" he ventured.

"Oh, yes."

"Were you not dancing the other night?"

"I danced a square dance."

"That must have been after I left," thought Jeremiah. He wanted to ask her if she had not danced a round dance, too. But his notion of delicacy prevented him from undertaking a cross-examination. A silence ensued. It grew oppressive. He ventured again, but without much poise.

"Those are very pretty roses," he said.

She laughed him to ridicule for his remark as she looked down at the faded brown leaves, and he blushed crimson at his own inappropriate words. But he was at bay; determined to reach his point, with a strong, firm voice he asked, "Do you wait at our table, Miss Borromeo?"

He was startled at the very sound of the question. As for her, as he looked at her, he saw the dancing light in her eyes fade gradually out, and a stern, cold look creep in and replace it. Said she, with great dignity and composure, "Mr. Slocomb, what do you mean?"

Yes! what did he mean? That was what he would like to know. Why should he say such things? Miss Borromeo was indignant; why should she not be? What was this preposterous idea that had been haunting him for the last few days—this fancied resemblance between two or three women?

"Are you dreaming, Mr. Slocomb?" she asked, still regarding him coldly.

Poor Jeremiah! The sandwich he held in his hand tumbled to the ground, but he did not notice it. "I—I think I am. I did not mean to offend you," he stammered, rising in his uneasiness.

"Would it offend you," she asked in a few moments, in an argumentative tone, "if I were to ask you if you were not the hired man from the livery-stable who drove us over to the Springs yesterday?"

"Yes—yes—certainly," he assented, in his blind desire to atone.

A shade of disappointment crossed her features. "Would it offend you?"

He caught her eye and imagined that he was desired to speak the truth. He straightened himself up. "No, it would not," he answered—"not if he drove well. I suppose a man can drive for a livery-stable without discredit. In fact, I should rather like it. There is something tangible about it."

"It is not very elevating," she observed.

"I don't know about that," he replied. "It is more elevating, for instance, I should think, than selling substitutes for natural food."

She gave him a quick glance, and then there was a long silence; so long that at last Jeremiah made an effort and broke it, artificially and clumsily, asking, "Won't you have another sandwich?"

Miss Borromeo's eyes were on the ground. She did not look up, but asked, "What did yeou say?"

He looked at her. It was, indeed, Jemimy Bascom who sat there before him. He did not smile or say a word at first under this avowal of the identity. Finally, however, he said, deliberately: "You have kept those roses a long time, Jemimy."

"I want to keep roses from a man as honest as you are," she answered impulsively, with her eyes still downcast. Then she looked up and said, "Hannah told me about your misfortune in business."

"Did she?" he asked, in surprise.

"Yes; you are quite a curiosity." She laughed as she said it, and he imagined that she was deriding him.

"Ef yeou young folks air a-goin' to git hum in time for tea"—so spoke the veteran Jehu, looking straight at his off leader's ears—"it's abaout time y' started."

As they climbed into the wagon, Slocomb, with his mind somewhat distracted, seated himself by her as a matter of course, though one young gentleman dilly-dallied about entering the vehicle for a long time, with the evident wish of doing that thing himself. It annoyed him that she should have laughed when she said he was a curiosity. Was it a cynical laugh? What then? She was probably wearing these faded rose-leaves only as a coquette would wear them—just to tickle him into a flirtation. He recalled the state of mind in which he had given them to her: there was so little of the trifling, so much of serious pity, about it. Ah! all women were giddy; sobriety of thought resided with men alone; women were not made for him, nor he for woman. It was a painful thought. He dwelt on that walk to the post-office—the brightness of her speech. She was clever to have counterfeited so well. Pity! that depth could not go side by side with cleverness! Then he remembered the dance, and the pressure of that fragile, panting form, here and there, against his own, as they went round the room. Alas! she was so far away from him now, in the character of Miss Borromeo. He turned his eyes upon her with a look of regret.

She was blushing—blushing deeply; and her face was not only colored but agitated by her blush. "What were you thinking of?" he asked.

Still with a look of shame on her face, she answered, "I was thinking of that walk to the post-office and back, and my silly talk to you" (Jeremiah reflected upon it; undoubtedly it had been a great freak of lightness, such as one might be a little ashamed of afterward in one's sober moments); "and of my putting you off at the breakfast-table the next morning."

"It was well done," he remarked. After a few moments he asked, "What—what moved you to—to become a waiter?"

"Why, for the fun of the thing, of course—for the change; you don't expect one to be stupid all one's life, do you, without any whims?"

"Just as I thought," he mentally noted; "ah! they are too wild, too frisky, for me. How could it ever come into my head, now, if I were a woman, to do such a thing? No, Cousin Fanny and I are different. What a fool she must have thought me," he suddenly reflected, "to go in and dance with her! She must have seen I didn't do it for the lark of the thing, but only from a humdrum, stupid sense of propriety—a wasted effort, Jerry, on your part. You will know better next time and accom-

modate yourself to the plane of your company, and not be serious where it only loves pleasure and excitement. A stick you are by the side of this gay young cousin of yours."

Miss Borromeo only stayed a few days longer at Woodville. The season was not half out, indeed, and neither, for that matter, was her engagement at the Balsam House. But Slocomb, by his conduct, had led her out of that—for which she made composition with the practical landlord at a stiff premium—and it was a little unpleasant to endure the notoriety which the gradually circulating knowledge of her apprenticeship entailed upon her. By some she was esteemed a harum-scarum young woman, by others a strong-minded specimen, and she was talked about by all. "My dear," said her friend Hannah, "we really ought to go away; it isn't nice for any young woman to be talked about so much by people, even though they are strangers."

But Fanny was reluctant to go, notwithstanding. She could not tell Hannah just why. "But if Jeremiah would only go," she said to herself, "then I should be glad enough to leave." She did like Jeremiah. More points of character had come out between these two, under the peculiar circumstances of the last few days, than could have been discovered in six months of ordinary intercourse, and Fanny was not inclined to run away. She had a shrewd notion that he must think her to be only a wildsome kind of creature, without much balance and without much depth of motive. The reverse of that was what she felt to exist in him, and she thought that the only strong foundation for their mutual attachment must be in a common serious view of life. Yet she was too proud—she had been too proud, and she was so still—to tell him the true reason of her coming as a waiter to the Balsam House; that it was because she was sick of the nonentities of polite life, and wanted a little freshening contact with the working portion of humanity; that it was because she was earnest, after all. She could not tell him, and he would think of her only as a clever little actress, a hoydenish, immature thing—a fly-away.

She had the rose-leaves still. They had all fallen off the stems now; but she had them in a box, and kept for them a tender eye. Nay, she became disconsolate at times, and tear-drops fell upon them, as they fell elsewhere, in her lonely musings; and when she looked at her face in the glass, it was often a dismal set of features, with some of the yellow hair straying unheeded about her ears and temples.

How delighted Jeremiah would have been if he could have looked into her heart and from it into this correspondingly disturbed countenance!

As it was, looking only at the composed features as they appeared on dress-parade in public, he found no comfort in what he saw. Miss Borromeo was a lively, but a metallic and forbidding creature. He was much more fond of the assumed character, the simple, frank one, of Jemimy Bascom (perhaps that was the true one, though, and this was an affected and enamelled one; if it was, the enamel was too hard for him to pierce). If he could only turn her back, then, into a real Jemimy Bascom! Then he would have a pleasant episode to look back upon. Now, he had only met an inferior character, one scarcely worthy of the plane on which it moved, yet he lingered fondly over her after all, as embodying all there was left in this world of Jemimah.

One day Hannah said to him, eyeing him rather shyly, "Don't you like Cousin Fanny?"

"Oh, yes, yes; oh, yes," he answered, startled by the question; "I like her."

"But I mean, don't you think she is an exceptional woman?"

"Yes, I think she is—rather eccentric."

"Oh! more than that."

"Well, animated then; unusually fond of—excitement—coming to this hotel as she did; fond of fun in an eccentric way."

"I don't believe you know her," responded Hannah.

Slocomb smiled.

"Did she tell you what she did it for?"

"Yes, for a spree."

"It is a fib!" declared Hannah; "a downright fib! She came here because her dear, earnest heart couldn't stand

the frivolities that—that—surrounded her, any longer. She was just desperate!"

Jeremiah thereafter thought of the ardent mind in that frail little body of his Cousin Fanny and of the contrast between the bright yellow hair and hazel eyes and vivacious manner on one hand, and the in-dwelling, concealed earnestness—a blind kind of earnestness, that little understood itself, and was, after all, not more than a hasty, rushing bent. He did not analyze the nature carefully, but he saw its dim outline; and Jemimy Bascom—well-bred and polite and earnest—became a doubly dear Jemimy Bascom to him.

The day came, at length, which was to be their last day together at Woodville. They had strolled down the road in the afternoon, and were sitting on that self-same log by the brook where Slocomb had sat that morning when he bought the roses for Jemimah. The sun was now slanting down the road from the west, the birds were musical in the woods, and the brook went gurgling on as before. The distant, low, wooded hills slept in the summer afternoon. There was peace in the air.

Here, a few days before, his companion had appeared before his mental vision as a humble, unfortunate waitress, the contemplation of whose face, as seen in his mind, had turned the quiet objects about the spot where he sat into makers of lamenting music, which went well with the sad image he saw. Now she was by his side—his veritable companion—and her actual presence so added to all the other music about—the ear-sounds and the soul-sounds both—that Jeremiah was quite carried away to the regions of poetic love.

"To-morrow I go, Miss Borromeo" (he preferred that to Cousin Fanny), he said, abruptly, after an appreciable pause.

She said nothing. Her hat was on the back of her yellow head and she was pulling spears of grass to pieces.

"I seem to be losing all I ever had," he muttered in discomfiture. "I left my money in that confounded business, and I am leaving my heart here." He picked up a stone and threw it in the brook, and then looked at her.

She was still pulling the spears of grass to pieces.

"While I am about it," he continued, "I imagine I might as well do the whole thing, and lose my head to boot."

"How do you mean?" she asked.

Jeremiah hesitated. It was a great moment for him. His conviction was that his Cousin Fanny despised him—first, for being so sentimental as to give roses to Jemimy Bascom; second, for dancing with her afterward; third, still later, for dawdling about Miss Borromeo in a mawkish fashion, as he conceived himself to have been doing, for the last week. He saw nothing in his conduct since he had been in Woodville that she could respect.

And as for her, was not she in turn surprised to hear him, after all, talking about losing his heart? This manly cousin, Jeremiah Slocomb—with graces of rose-leaves, however, and of dancing, to adorn him—what could she be to him but a flashy, lawless chit?

Evidently the air needed clearing.

"What do I mean?" returned Jeremiah; "why, I suppose a man might lose his head enough to ask a woman to marry him." Another stone went into the brook, and the bits of grass-spears were piling up.

"Would that be losing his head?" she asked, faintly.

"Yes, if he knew he was not much regarded."

"If he knew it," she suggested.

"Yes."

"Does he know it?"

"He is pretty sure of it," he answered, with a smile. "For instance, when he gives flowers to his waiter, because he, in his silliness, imagines she has come down from some higher plane, he must appear sentimental—weakly so."

"He appears," she said, "to be capable of pity, and to have some perception and some care for the humble."

"That might possibly be true, if it were not for the coexisting earthly attraction of the young maid. That makes it all selfish."

"I don't know that I object to that," she said, with the hazel eyes cast down.

"So that," he went on, "after he finds, apparently, that she is on her own level,

he still goes on being friendly with her —a little attentive to her."

"I am glad he was," she murmured.

"Why?"

"Because," she broke out, looking him in the eye, "because he is an honest man; because he was polite to me as a country-maid; because he danced in the ball-room with me as a country-maid; because he was not ashamed of an obscure girl; because you are a man, Jeremiah Slocomb, and I admire you!"

In a moment, however, and ere he could show his pleasure at what she had said, her excitement appeared to subside, and she asked stoutly, looking into his face: "Why did you think of losing your head to me, as you say you have lost your heart? Tell me."

"Because—" and Jeremiah paused and meditated. "I know why now: because, by your keeping those roses—you told me, you know, that you kept them because Hannah had told you about my ill-venture in the grocery business—by that you had picked out in me what I valued myself, to gauge me by. And if your ideas and mine, Jemimy, are the same in that respect, why, I am willing to join my future to yours. That sounds cold, doesn't it? But we are talking now about losing the head. The loss of heart, you know, was owing to a combination of things, and can't be accounted for exactly."

"Have you lost your head, Jeremiah?" she asked, in a low voice.

"Yes."

"I have lost mine, dear. It has gone with—with the rest of me."

The stones stopped going into the brook, and the little heap of grass spears stopped piling up. The music that Slocomb had been hearing broke out into grand harmonies, and in the midst of it he bowed his head until his lips pressed upon the flaming cheek of dear little Jemimy Bascom.

THE COMMON CHORD.

By Ellen Burroughs.

A POET sang, so light of heart was he,
  A song that thrilled with joy in every word;
It quivered with ecstatic melody;
It laughed as sunshine laughs upon the sea;
  It caught a measure from each lilting bird;
But though the song rang out exultantly,
  The world passed by, with heavy step and loud,
  None heeding, save that, parted from the crowd,
    Two lovers heard.

There fell a day when sudden sorrow smote
  The poet's life. Unheralded it came,
Blotting the sun-touched page whereon he wrote
His golden song. Ah! then, from all remote,
  He sang the grief that had nor hope nor name
In God's ear only; but one sobbing note
  Reached the world's heart, and swiftly, in the wake
  Of bitterness and passion and heart-break,
    There followed fame.

A GIRL'S LIFE EIGHTY YEARS AGO.

SELECTIONS FROM THE LETTERS OF ELIZA SOUTHGATE BOWNE.

I.

Eliza Southgate Bowne, from a miniature by Malbone in the possession of Walter Bowne Lawrence, Esq.

AFTER so long looking elsewhere for all that interested us in old life and manners, we of New York and New England have begun within the last few years to find out that we have ourselves a picturesque social history. At the same time that we have been rebuilding our houses after the colonial architecture of our great-grandfathers, and bringing out our grandmothers' spindle-legged chairs and Spode teacups, we have had a little literary revival, too, of interest in times that turn out to be by no means barren. We have always had enough and to spare of colonial and Revolutionary memoirs, and biographies of the school of fifty years ago, written with a solemnity characteristic of the serious way in which we have always taken the Fathers of the Republic. Lately something more has been done toward actual pictures of life and manners, but generally in the old colonial fields. There is one period that has been little touched upon, and so has come to seem to us particularly arid—the first years of the century, when the new order of things was fairly running, and the country in that proverbially happy state that makes no annals; yet that gives possibly the best opportunity of all to get at the characteristics of a society in its pleasantest stage—small enough still to be compact, and simple in its ways; but with traits that make it unlike any other, and a certain naïve seriousness that makes it charming.

It is of this time that we have a glimpse in a collection of letters carefully preserved these many years by the descendants of the bright young girl who wrote them, and already known to a good many old New Yorkers, though no selection from them has been published. They are a set of pictures of her day, made up of trifles it is true, but a capital contribution to just that element which our literature has so far lacked—the memoirs and the impressions of bright women. Not least of all, they show a personality that keeps its whole charm after eighty years; and the enjoyment and observation are those of a keen-witted girl, with all their freshness and quickness kept for us as though by some mental instantaneous photograph—so that they never grow old.

Eliza Southgate, the writer of these letters, was one of a family of twelve children. Her father, Dr. Robert Southgate, was descended from an English family who had been for some time settled at Leicester, Mass. Dr. Southgate, finding no opening in his native place, left it when quite young to seek his fortune, and rode into Scarborough on horseback, carrying with him all his worldly possessions in a pair of saddlebags, and there began to practise as a physician. His great abilities, aided by perseverance and industry, enabled him to become an honored and useful citizen. In addition to his profession, Dr. Southgate studied law, and was appointed Judge of the Court of Common Pleas.

Soon after his arrival in Scarborough he married "pretty Polly King," the daughter of Richard King, an old resident of that place. Mr. King was a large landholder in the District of Maine, owning nearly three thousand acres which were divided into several valuable farms. He was far the wealthiest person in the town, and his neighbors depended chiefly upon him for their supplies of foreign goods which were brought to him in the ships which had sailed from his docks laden with timber cut from his lands. As many of the people were poor and unable to pay for these at once, a large number became indebted to him, and among them many who were dishonest and unwilling to pay. On the night of March 19, 1766, a party of men disguised as Indians broke into Mr. King's storehouse and proceeded to destroy it and its contents. They then went to his house where they burned and tore up all papers that they could find, in this way destroying the evidences of their own indebtedness. Not content with this outrage, they began to search for Mr. King, who barely escaped with his life, as the leader of the gang hearing a noise on the second story rushed up the stairs, and, deceived by his own shadow, flung his axe at it, which struck and quivered in a door, where the mark remains to this day. Mr. Adams comments upon this riot in one of his letters to his wife, and denounces it as an outrage which all must regret. Mr. King also held a position under the English Government, and both he and Dr. Southgate were accused of sympathizing too warmly with it, before and during the Revolutionary War, in spite of the fact that Dr. Southgate was at the time engaged in the manufacture of saltpetre for the supply of the American troops. The riot and loss of property had such an effect upon Mr. King that his health gave way, and he died when only fifty-seven years of age, in 1775, leaving a widow and several children. He had been twice married. By his first wife he had three children—Rufus, the eldest, who is so identified with the early history of our Government; Mary (or Polly), who married Dr. Southgate, and Pauline, Mrs. Porter. Mr. King had several children by his second wife, among them being William King, first Governor of Maine.

Mrs. Southgate, from a silhouette in the possession of W. B. Lawrence, Esq.

Scarborough was at this time quite an important place, and many of its inhabitants were in comfortable circumstances. The Hunnewells, Bragdons, Bacons, Emersons, are descended from the first settlers of the place, and still live there. Among the friends of the family was General Peleg Wadsworth, whose daughters were intimate with the Misses Southgate. Lucia Wadsworth, who is frequently mentioned in the letters, remained unmarried, but Zilpah

Dr. Robert Southgate, from a silhouette in the possession of W. B. Lawrence, Esq.

married Stephen Longfellow, a cousin of Mrs. Southgate, and became the mother of the poet, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Dr. Coffin and his family were also friends, and his daughters, Martha Coffin, who married Richard Derby, and Eleanor, who became Mrs. John Derby, were celebrated for their beauty, which seems to have descended to this present generation, among the most noted beauties of the present day who can claim descent from Dr. Coffin or his

The Van Rensselaer Manor House.

wife's family being Lady Mandeville and Lady Lister Kaye (the Misses Yznaga).

Dr. and Mrs. Southgate gave their children the best education that the times afforded, and after being taught the rudiments of learning in schools in the neighborhood, they were all sent to larger establishments near Boston to complete their education. Eliza Southgate, their third child, was born September 24, 1783. Of the first years of her life we have no record, but at the age of fourteen she writes from a school at Medford to her "honored parents" that she is "writing, reading, and cyphering, learning French, and dancing," and is to study geometry before geography. The young ladies of those days learned more useful things at their schools than the "three R's," as she writes: "We get up early in the morning and make our beds and sweep the chamber. It is a chamber about as large as our kitchen chamber, and a little better finished. There 's four beds in the chamber and two persons in each bed. We have chocolate for breakfast and supper." After spending about a year at this school, where she appears to have been unhappy, Eliza went to a celebrated school kept by Mrs. Rawson, and there remained until her education was considered finished. Then began a life of amusement, spent in paying visits to relations and friends, gay frolics on land and by water, visits to the theatre and various other entertainments, of which the following letter gives us a

glimpse, and also shows us the customs of the times:

BOSTON, Feb. 7th, 1800.

After the toil, the bustle and fatigue of the week I turn towards home to relate the manner in which I have spent my time. I have been continually engaged in parties, plays, balls &c, &c. Since the first week I came in town, I have attended all the balls and assemblies, one, one week, and one the next. They have regular balls once a fortnight, so that I have been to one or the other every Thursday. They are very brilliant and I have formed a number of pleasing acquaintances there; last night which was ball night, I drew No. 5;—2nd. sett drew a Mr. Snow, bad partner; danced voluntarily with Mr. Oliver, Mr. Andrews, Mr. McPherson; danced until 1 o'clock; they have charming suppers, —table laid entirely with china.

Richard Cutts* went shopping with me yesterday morn; engaged to go to the play next week with him. For mourning for Washington the ladies dress as much as if for a relation, some entirely in black, but now many wear only a ribbon with a line painted on it.

. . . Now Mamma what do you think I am going to ask for?—A WIG. Eleanor Coffin has got a new one just like my hair and only 5 dollars. I must either cut my hair or have one. I cannot dress it at all *stylish*. Mrs. Coffin bought Eleanor's and says that she will write to Mrs. Sumner to get me one just like it. How much time it will save—in one year! We could save it in pins and paper, besides the *trouble*. At the Assembly I was quite ashamed of my head, for nobody had long hair. If you will consent to my having one do send me over a 5 dollar bill by the post immediately after you receive this, for I am in hopes to have it for the next Assembly—do send me word immediately if you can let me have one.

Miss Southgate did not confine herself to writing letters to her immediate family, but also corresponded, in a would-be sober and half-philosophical vein, with her cousin Moses Porter—"a young man of great promise," says Dr. Southgate in a letter to Rufus King. It is amusing to note how persistently her vivacity and femininity crop out in the midst of most solemn subjects, and in spite of the stilted phrases which she seems to have forced herself into using. Between the mock-heroic lines of these letters to her cousin one can see indications of a certain admiration and respect which the young girl had for her staid and thoughtful kinsman, which might have developed into a more romantic relation had not Moses Porter died from yellow fever contracted by boarding an infected vessel in order to transact some necessary business.

Sunday, SCARBOROUGH, May —, 1801.

When one commences an action with a full conviction they shall not acquit themselves with honor, they are sure not to succeed. Imprest with this idea I write you. I positively declare I have felt a great reluctance ever since we concluded on the plan. I am aware of the construction you may put on this, but call it *affectation* or what you will, I assure you it proceeds from different motives. When I first proposed this correspondence, I thought only of the amusement and instruction it would afford *me*. I almost forgot that I should have any part to perform. Since, however, I have reflected on the scheme as it was about to be carried into execution, I have felt a degree of diffidence which has almost induced me to hope you would *forget* the engagement. Fully convinced of my inability to afford pleasure or instruction to an enlarged mind, I rely wholly on your candor and generosity to pardon the errors which will cloud my best efforts. When I reflect on the severity of your criticisms in general I shrink at the idea of exposing to you what will never stand the test. Yet did I not imagine you would throw aside the *critic* and assume the *friend* I should never dare, with all my vanity, (and I am not deficient) give you so fine an opportunity to exercise your favorite propensity. I know you will laugh at all this, and I must confess it appears rather a folly, first to request your correspondence, and then with so much diffidence

* The celebrated statesman who married Mrs. Madison's sister, Miss Paine.

and false delicacy, apparently to extort a compliment, to talk about my inability and the like. You will not think I intend a compliment when I say I have ever felt a disagreeable restraint when conversing

Walter Bowne, from a miniature by Malbone in the possession of W. B. Lawrence, Esq.

before you. Often when with all the confidence I possess I have brought forward an opinion, said all my imagination could suggest in support of it, and viewed with pleasure the little fabric, which I imagined to be founded on truth and justice, with one word you would crush to the ground that which has cost me so many to erect. These things I think in time will humble my vanity. I wish sincerely that they may.

Yet I believe I possess decent talents and should have been quite another being had they been properly cultivated. But as it is, I can never get over some little prejudices which I have imbibed long since, and which warp all the faculties of my mind. I was pushed on to the stage of action without one principle to guide my actions;—the impulse of the moment was the only incitement. I have never committed any grossly imprudent action yet I have been folly's darling child. I trust they were rather errors of the head than the heart, for we have all a kind of inherent power to distinguish between right and wrong, and if before the heart becomes contaminated by the maxims of society it is left to act from impulse, tho' it have no fixt principle, yet it will not materially err. Possessing a gay lively disposition I pursued pleasure with ardor. I wished for admiration and took the means which would be most likely to obtain it. I found the mind of a female, if such a thing existed, was thought not worth cultivating. I disliked the trouble of thinking for myself and therefore adopted the sentiments of others—fully convinced to adorn my person and acquire a few little accomplishments was sufficient to secure me the admiration of the society I frequented. I cared but little about the mind. I learned to flutter about with a thoughtless gaiety—a mere feather which every breath had power to move. I left school with a head full of something, tumbled in without order or connection. I returned home with a determination to put it in more order. I set about the great work of culling the best part to make a few sentiments out of—to serve as a little ready change in my commerce with the world. But I soon lost all patience (a virtue which I do not possess in an eminent degree)—for the greater part of my ideas I was obliged to throw away without knowing where I got them or what I should do with them. What remained I pieced as ingeniously as I could into a few patchwork opinions,—they are now almost worn threadbare and as I am about quilting a few more, I beg you will send me any spare ideas you may chance to have that will answer my turn. By this time I suppose you have found out what you have a right to expect from this correspondence, and probably at this moment lay down the letter with a long sage-like face to ponder on my egotism.—'Tis a delightful employment. I will leave you to enjoy it while I eat my dinner.—And what is the result, Cousin? I suppose a few exclamations on the girl's vanity, to think no subject could interest her but where herself was concerned, or the barrenness of her head that could write on no other subject. But "she is a *female*" say you with a *manly contempt*.—Oh you Lords of the world, what are you that your unhallowed lips shall dare profane the fairest part of creation!! But honestly

I wish to say something by way of apology, "but don't seem to know what."—It is true I have a kind of natural affection for myself; I find no one more ready to pardon my faults or find excuses for my failings;—it is natural to love our friends.

I have positively not said one single thing which I intended when I sat down. My motive was to answer your letter, and I have not mentioned my *not* having received it. Your opinion of Story's poems I think very unjust; as to the *man*, I cannot say, for I know nothing of him, but I think you are too severe upon him, a man who had not a "fibre of refinement in his composition" could never have written some passages in that poem.—What is refinement? I thought it was a delicacy of taste which might be acquired, if not anything in our nature;—true there are some so organized that they are incapable of receiving a delicate impression, but we won't say anything of such beings. I just begin to feel in a mood for answering your letter; what you say of Miss Rice—I hardly know how to refuse the challenge. She possesses no quality above mediocrity, and yet is just what a female ought to be. Now what would I give for a little *logic*, or for a little skill to support an argument. But I give it up for tho' you might not convince me, you would *confound* me with so many *learned* observations, that my vanity would oblige me to say I was convinced, to prevent the mortification of saying I did not understand you. How did you like Mr. Coffin? Write soon and tell me. We expect you to go to the fishing party with us on Tuesday. Mr. Coffin told us you would all come. You must be here by 9 o'clock (not before) in the morning. My love to the girls, and tell them—no! I'll tell them myself.

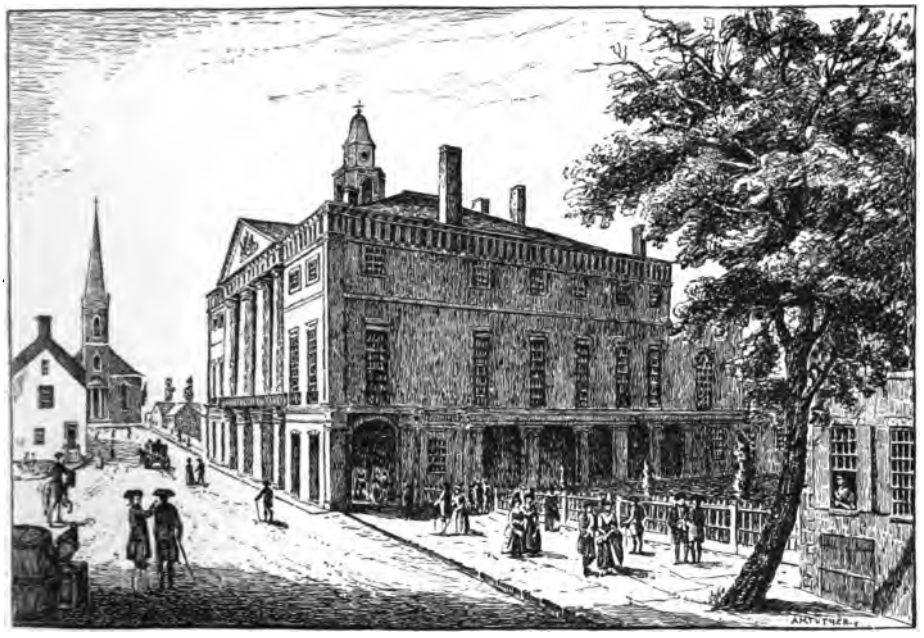
ELIZA.

To MR. MOSES PORTER, Biddeford.

The Lyman Place, Waltham.

SCARBOROUGH, June 1st, 1801.

As to the qualities of mind peculiar to each sex I agree with you that sprightliness is in favor of females and profundity of males. Their education, their pursuits would create such a quality even tho' nature had not implanted it. The business and pursuits of men require deep thinking, judgment, and moderation, while, on the other hand females are



Old New York. The City Hall (Mr. Denning's house in the foreground), from an old print.

under no necessity of dipping deep, but merely "skim the surface," and we too commonly spare ourselves the exertion which deep researches require, unless they are absolutely necessary to our pursuits in life. We rarely find one giving themselves up to profound investigation for amusement merely; necessity is the nurse of all the great qualities of the mind; it explores all the hidden treasures, and by its stimulating power they are "polished into brightness." Women who have no incentives to action suffer all the strong energetic qualities of the mind to sleep in obscurity. Sometimes a ray of genius gleams through the thick clouds with which it is enveloped, and irradiates for a moment the darkness of mental night; yet, like a comet that shoots wildly from its sphere, it excites our wonder, and we place it among the phenomenons of nature, without searching for a natural cause. Thus it is the qualities with which nature has endowed us, as a support amid the misfortunes of life, and a shield from the allurements of vice, are left to moulder and ruin. In this dormant state they become enervated and impaired, and at last die for *want of exercise.* The little airy qualities which produce sprightliness are left to flutter about like feathers in the wind, the sport of every breeze.

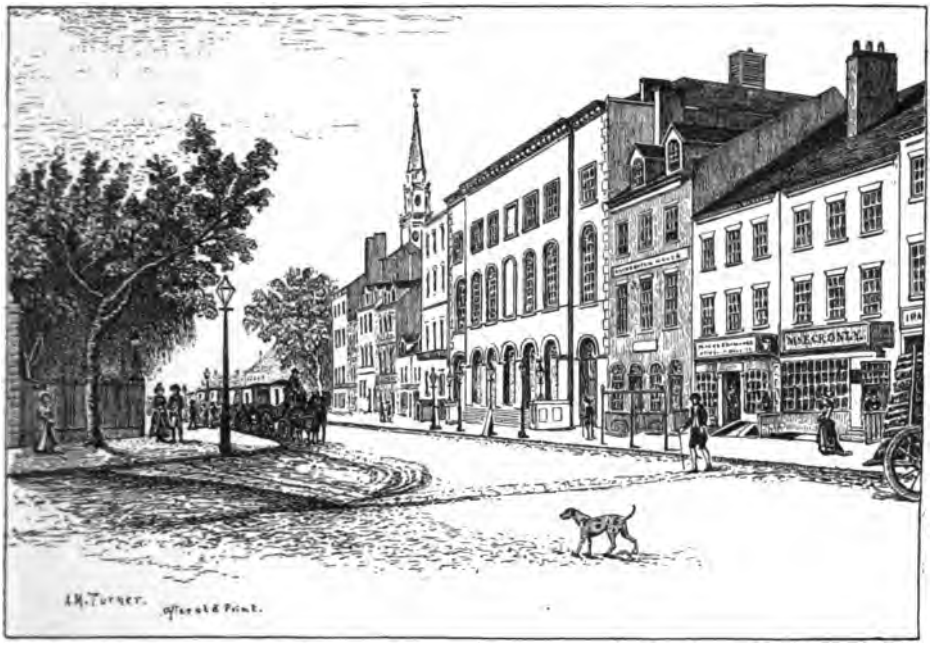
Women have more fancy, more lively imaginations than men. That is easily accounted for—a person of correct judgment and accurate discernment will never have that flow of ideas which one of a different character might;—every object has not the power to introduce into his mind such a variety of ideas; he rejects all but those closely connected with it. On the other hand a person of small discernment will receive every idea that arises in the mind, making no distinction between those nearly related and those more distant. They are all equally welcome, and consequently such a mind abounds with fanciful, out-of-the-way ideas. Women have more imagination, more sprightliness, because they have less discernment. I never was of opinion that the pursuits of the sexes ought to be the same; on the contrary, I believe it would be destructive to happiness; there would a degree of rivalry exist incompatible with the harmony we wish to establish. I have ever thought it necessary that each should have a separate sphere of action;—in such a case there

could be no clashing unless one or the other should leap their respective bounds. Yet to cultivate the qualities with which we are endowed can never be called infringing the prerogatives of man. Why, my dear Cousin, were we furnished with such powers, unless the improvement of them would conduce to the happiness of society? Do you suppose the mind of women the only work of God that was "made in vain." The cultivation of the powers we possess I have ever thought a privilege (or I may say duty) that belongs to the human species, and not man's exclusive prerogative. Far from destroying the harmony that ought to subsist, it would fix it on a foundation that would not totter at every jar. Women would be under the same degree of subordination that they now are; enlighten and expand their minds and they would perceive the necessity of such a regulation to preserve the order and happiness of society. Yet you require that their conduct should always be guided by that reason which you refuse them the power of exercising. I know it is generally thought that in such a case women would assume the right of commanding. But I see no foundation for such a supposition,—not a blind submission to the will of another which neither honor nor reason dictates. It would be criminal in such a case to submit, for we are under a prior engagement to conduct in all things according to the dictates of reason. I had rather be the meanest reptile that creeps the earth, or cast upon the wide world to suffer all the ills "that flesh is heir to" than live a slave to the despotic will of another.

I am aware of the censure that will ever await the female that attempts the vindication of her sex, yet I dare to brave that censure that I know to be undeserved. It does not follow (O what a pen) that every female who vindicates the capacity of the sex is a disciple of Mary Wollstonecraft. Though I allow her to have said many things which I cannot but approve, yet the very foundation on which she builds her work will be apt to prejudice us so against her that we will not allow her the merit she really deserves.—Yet prejudice set aside I confess I admire many of her sentiments; notwithstanding I believe should any one adopt her principles, they would conduct in the same manner; and upon the whole her life is the best comment on her writings. Her style is nervous and commanding; her sentiments appear to carry conviction along with them but they will not bear analyzing. I wish to say something on your *natural refinement*, but I shall only have room to touch upon it if I begin; "therefore, I'll leave it till another time."

Last evening Mr. Samuel Thatcher spent with us, we had a fine "dish of conversation" served up with great taste, fine sentiments dressed with elegant language, and seasoned with wit. He is really excellent company—a little enthusiastic or so—but that is no matter. In compassion I entreat you to come over here soon and make me some pens. I have got one that I have been whittling this hour, and at last have got it to make a stroke (it liked to have given me the lie). I believe I must give up all pretension to *profundity*, for I am much more at home in my female character. This argumentative style is not congenial to my taste. I hate anything that requires order or connection. I never could do anything by rule;—when I get a subject I am incapable of reasoning upon I play with it as with a rattle, for what else should I do with it? But I have kept along quite in a direct line. I caught myself "upon the wing" two or three times, but I had the power to check my nonsense. I send you my sentiments on this subject as they really exist with me. I believe they are not the mere impulse of the moment, but founded on what I think truth. I could not help laughing at that part of your letter where you said the seal of my letter deprived you of some of the most interesting part of it. I declare positively I left a blank place on purpose for it, that you might not lose one precious word, and now you have the impudence to tell me that the most interesting part was the blank paper. It has provoked my ire to such a degree that I positively declare that I never will send you any more blank paper than I possibly can avoid to "spite you."

In vivid contrast to the style of these letters to Moses Porter, which might



Old New York. Park Theatre and City Hall Park.

have been taken out of Richardson's novels, is the girlish frankness and enthusiasm of the letters which describe her social adventures and gayeties while visiting in Portland and Salem :

PORTLAND, March 1, 1802.

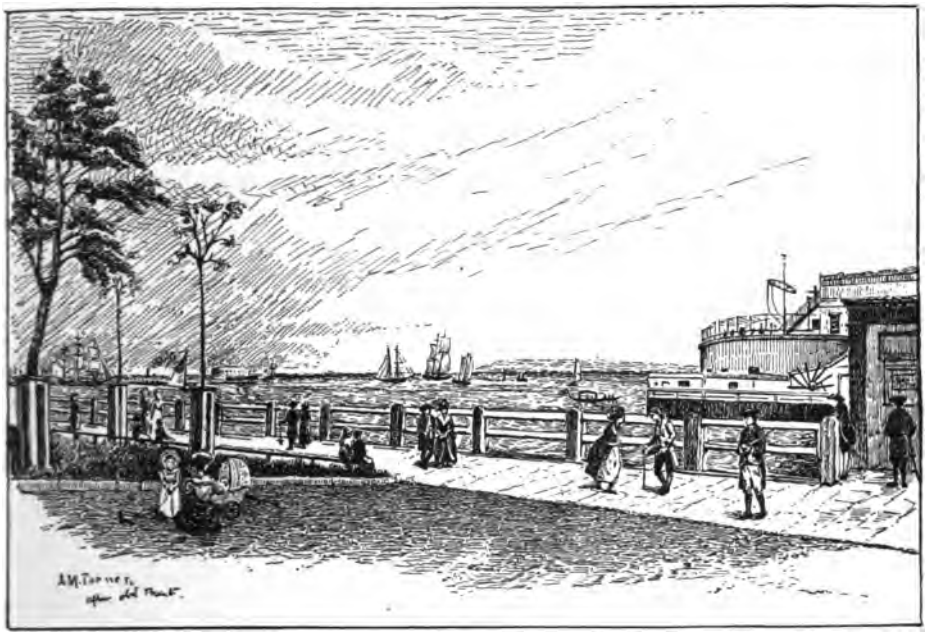
Such a frolic! Such a chain of adventures I never before met with, nay, the page of romance never presented its equal.—'Tis now Monday;—but a little more method, that I may be understood. I have just ended my Assembly's adventure,—never got home till this morning. Thursday it snowed violently; indeed for two days before it had been storming so much that the snow drifts were very large; however, as it was the last Assembly I could not resist the temptation of going, as I knew all the world would be there. About 7 I went down stairs and found young Charles Coffin, the minister, in the parlor. After the usual enquiries were over he stared awhile at my feathers and flowers, asked if I was going out;—I told him I was going to the Assembly. "Think, Miss Southgate," said he, after a long pause, "think would you go out to *meeting* in such a storm as this?" Then assuming a tone of reproof he entreated me to examine well my feelings on such an occasion. I heard in silence, unwilling to begin an argument that I was unable to support. The stopping of the carriage roused me. I immediately slipped on my socks and coat and met Horatio * and Mr. Motley in the entry. The snow was deep, but Mr. Motley took me up in his arms and sat me in the carriage without difficulty. I found a full Assembly, many married ladies and everyone disposed to end the winter in good spirits. At 1 we left dancing and went to the card-room to wait for a coach. It stormed dreadfully; the hacks were all employed, as soon as they returned, and we could not get one till 3 o'clock,—for about 2 they left the house determined not to return again for the night. It was the most violent storm I ever knew; there were now 20 in waiting, the ladies murmuring and complaining. One hack returned; all flocked to the stairs to engage a seat. So many crowded down that 'twas impossible to

* Horatio Southgate was Dr. Southgate's second child; he married three times and became the father of many sons and daughters, among them being Bishop Southgate and the Rev. William Scott Southgate.

get past; luckily I was one of the first. I step't in, found a young lady, almost a stranger in town, who keeps at Mrs. Jordan's, sitting in the back-seat. She immediately caught hold of me and beg'd, if I possibly could accommodate her, to take her home with me, as she had attempted to go to Mrs. Jordan's, but the drifts were so high the horses could not get through; that they were compelled to return to the hall, where she had not a single acquaintance with whom she could go home. I was distres't, for I could not ask her home with me, for sister* had so much company that I was obliged to go home with Sally Weeks and give my chamber to Parson Coffin. I told her this, and likewise that she could be provided for if my endeavors could be of any service. None but ladies were permitted to get into the carriage; it presently was stowed in so full, that the horses could not move. The door was burst open, for such a clamor as the closing of it occasioned, I never before heard;—the universal cry was—"A gentleman in the coach, let him come out." We all protested there was none, as it was too dark to distinguish, but the little man soon raised his voice and bid the coachman proceed; a dozen voices gave contrary orders; 'twas a proper riot; I was really alarmed. My gentleman, with a vast deal of fashionable independence, swore no power on earth should make him quit his seat, but a gentleman at the door jump't into the carriage, caught hold of him, and would have dragged him out if we had not all entreated them to desist. He squeezed again into his seat, inwardly exulting to think he should get safe home from such rough creatures as the men, should pass for a lady, be secure under their protection,—for none would insult him before them, mean creature!! The carriage at length started full of ladies and not one gentleman to protect us, except our lady-man, who had crept to us for shelter. When we found ourselves in the street, the first thing was to find out who was in the carriage and where we were all going; who first must be left,—luckily, two gentlemen had followed by the side of the carriage, and when it stop't took out the ladies as they got to their houses. Our sweet little, trembling, delicate, unprotected fellow sat immovable whilst the two gentlemen that were obliged to walk thro' all the snow and storm, carried all the ladies from the carriage. What could be the motive of the little wretch for creeping in with us I know not; I should have thought 'twas his great wish to serve the ladies, if he had moved from the seat, but 'twas the most singular thing I ever heard of. We at length arrived at the place of our destination. Miss Weeks asked Miss Coffin (for that was the unlucky girl's name) to go home with her, which she readily did;—the gentlemen then proceeded to take us out, my beau unused to carrying such a weight of sin and folly, sank under its pressure, and I was obliged to carry my mighty self through the snow which almost buried me. Such a time,—I never shall forget it. My great-grandmother never told any of her youthful adventures to equal it. The storm continued till Monday, and I was obliged to stay, but Monday I insisted, if there was any possibility of getting to sister's, to set out. The horse and sleigh were soon at the door, and again I sallied forth to brave the tempestuous weather (for it still snowed) and surmount the many obstacles I had to meet with. We rode on a few rods, then coming directly upon a large drift, we stuck fast. We could neither get forward nor turn round. After waiting till I was most frozen we got out and with the help of a truckman the sleigh was lifted up and turned towards a cross street that led to Federal Street. We again went on; at the corner we found it impossible to turn up in turn, but must go down and begin where we first started, and take a new course; but suddenly turning the corner we came full upon a pair of trucks heavily laden; the drift on one side was so large that it left a very narrow passage between that and the corner house; indeed we were obliged to go so near that the post grazed my bonnet. What was to be done? Our horses' heads touched before we saw them. I jump't out, the sleigh was unfastened and lifted round, and we again measured back our old steps. At length we arrived at Sister Boyd's door, and the drift before it was the greatest we had met with; the

* Isabella, Mrs. Joseph Coffin Boyd.

horse was so exhausted that he sunk down and we really thought him dead; —'twas some distance from the gate and no path;—the gentleman took me up in his arms and carried me till my weight pressed him so far into the snow that he had no power to move his feet.—I rolled out of his arms and wallowed till I reached the gate; then rising to shake my way into the house; the horse was unhitched and again set out and left me to ponder on the incidents of the morning. I have since heard of several events that took place that Assembly night much more amusing than mine,—nay, Don Quixote's most ludicrous adventures compared with some of them will appear like the common events of the day.



Old New York. The Battery, from an old print.

off the snow, I turned and beheld my beau fixed and immovable; he could not get his feet out to take another step.—At length, making a great exertion to spring his whole length forward, he made out to reach the poor horse, who lay in a worse condition than his master. By this time all the family had gathered to the window, indeed they saw the whole frolic; but 'twas not yet ended, for, unluckily, in pulling off Miss Weeks' bonnet to send to the sleigh to be carried back, I pulled off my wig and left my head bare. I was perfectly convulsed with laughter. Think what a ludicrous figure I must have been, still standing at the gate, my bonnet half way to the sleigh and my wig in hand! However I hurried it on, for they were all laughing at the window, and made the best of

SALEM, MASS.,
Tuesday, July 6th, 1802.

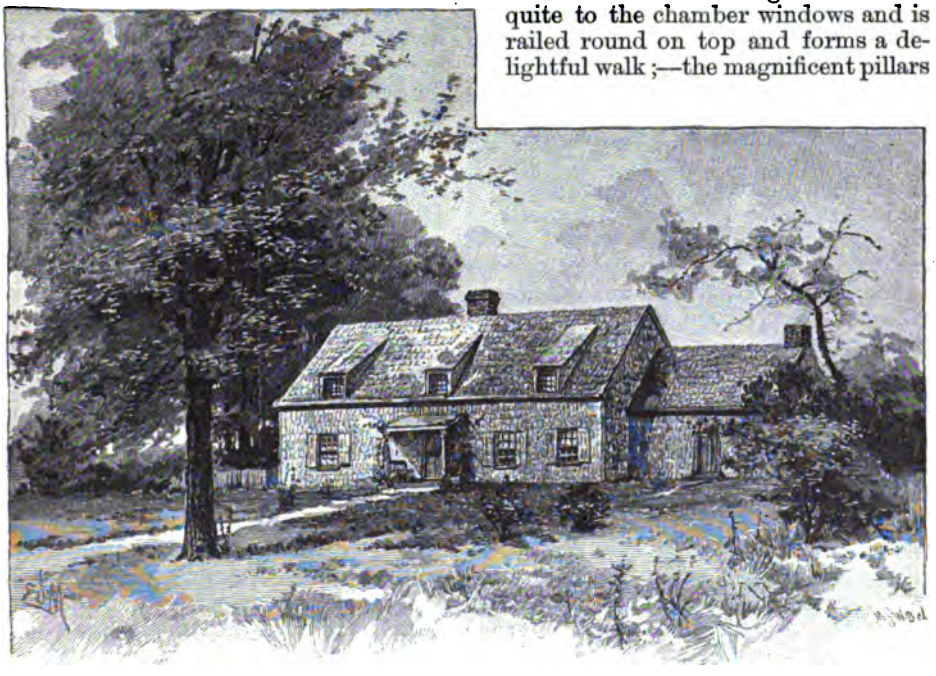
Arrived in Salem; met Mrs. Derby* at the door who received us joyfully. At tea-time saw the children, fine boys, very fond of Ellen, and are managed by their Father with great judgment. How few understand the true art of managing children, and how often is the important task of forming young minds left to the discretion of servants who caress or reprove as the impulse of the moment compels them. Here are we convinced of the great necessity that Mothers, or all ladies should have cultivated minds, as the first rudiments of education are always received from them, and at that early period of life when the

* Miss Eleanor Coffin had married Mr. John Derby, a widower with three children.

mind is open to every new impression and ready to receive the seeds which must form the future principles of the character. At that time how important is it to be judicious in your conduct toward them! In the evening Mr. Hasket Derby came in on his return from New York, he is a fine majestic-looking man, tho' he strikes you rather heavy and unwieldy on his first appearance. He says little—yet does not appear absent,—has travelled much, and in his manners has an easy unassuming politeness that is not the acquirement of a day.

Wednesday morning.—Had an agreeable *tête-à-tête* with Ellen; talked over all our affairs; in the afternoon rode out to Hasket Derby's farm, about 3 miles from Salem, a most delightful place,—the gardens superior to any I have ever seen of the kind; cherries in perfection! We really feasted! There are 3 divisions in the gardens, and you pass from the lower one to the upper thro' several arches rising one above the other. From the lower gate you have a fine perspective view of the whole range, rising gradually until the sight is terminated by a hermitage. The summer house in the centre has an arch thro' it, with 3 doors on each side which open into little apartments and one of them opens to a staircase by which you ascend into a square room, the whole size of the building; it has a fine airy appearance and commands a view of the whole garden; two large chestnut trees on each side almost shade it from the view when seen from the sides; the air from the windows is always pure and cool and the eye wanders with delight and admiration over the extensive landscape below, so beautifully variegated with the charms of nature; imagination luxuriates with delight and as it plays o'er the beauties of an opening flower, imperceptibly wanders to the first principles of nature, its wonderful and surprising operation, its harmony and beauty. The room is ornamented with some Chinese figures and seems calculated for serenity and peace. 'Tis like the pavilion of Caroline, and I almost looked around me for the music of the Guitar and books, but I heard not the tramplings of Lindorf's horse, nor did I sing to hear the echo of his voice,—"Listen to love and thou shalt know indifference or to bless the foe." Certain it is, however, I thought of Caroline the moment I entered. We descended and passing thro' the arch, proceeded to the hermitage, which terminated the garden. It was scarcely perceptible at a distance; a large weeping willow swept the roof with its branches and bespoke the melancholy inhabitant. We caught a view of the little hut as we advanced thro' the opening of the trees; it was covered with bark;—a small low door, slightly latched immediately opened at our touch; a venerable old man was seated in the centre with a prayer-book in one hand while the other supported his cheek, and rested on an old table which, like the hermit, seemed moulding to decay; a broken pitcher, a plate and teapot sat before him, and his tea-kettle sat by the chimney; a tattered coverlit was spread over a bed of straw, which, tho' hard, might be softened by resignation and content. I left him impressed with veneration and fear which the mystery of his situation seemed to create. We returned to the house, which was neat and handsome, and from thence visited the greenhouse, where we saw oranges and lemons in perfection;—in one orange tree there were green ones, ripe ones, and blossoms; every plant and shrub which was beautiful and rare was collected here, and I looked around with astonishment and delight; at the upper end of the garden there was a beautiful arbour formed of a mound of turf which we ascended by several steps formed likewise of turf and 'twas surrounded by a thick row of poplar trees which branched out quite to the bottom and so close together that you could not see through;—'twas a most charming place, and I know not how long we should have remained to admire if they had not summoned us to tea. We returned home and Mr. Hasket Derby asked if we should not like to walk over to his house and see the garden;—we readily consented, as I had heard much of the house. The evening was calm and delightful, the moon shone in its greatest splendor. We entered the house and the door opened into a spacious en-

try; on each side were large white marble images. We passed on by doors on each side opening into the drawing-room, dining-room, parlor, &c., and at the further part of the entry a door opened into a large, magnificent oval room, and another door opposite the one we entered, was thrown open and gave us a full view of the garden below. The moon shone with uncommon splendor; the large marble vases, the images, the mirrors to correspond with the windows, gave it so uniform and finished an appearance that I could not think it possible I viewed objects that were real; every thing appeared like enchantment,—the stillness of the hour, the imperfect light of the moon, the novelty of the scene, filled my mind with sensations I never felt before. I could not realize every thing and expected every moment that the wand of the fairy would sweep all from before my eyes and leave me to stare and wonder what it meant. You can scarcely conceive of any thing more superb.—We descended into the garden, which is laid out with exquisite taste, and airy irregularity seems to characterize the whole. At the foot of the garden there was a summer house and a row of tall poplar trees which hid every thing beyond from the sight, and formed a kind of walk. I arrived there and to my astonishment found thro' the opening of the trees that there was a beautiful terrace, the whole width of the garden; 'twas twenty feet from the street and gravelled on the top with a white balustrade round; 'twas almost level and the poplar trees so close that we could only occasionally catch a glimpse of the house. The moon shone full upon it, and I really think this side is the most beautiful, though 'tis the back one. A large dome swells quite to the chamber windows and is railed round on top and forms a delightful walk;—the magnificent pillars which support it fill the mind with pleasure. We returned into the house and on passing the mirrors I involuntarily started back at seeing so much company in the other room. We entered the drawing-room which is superb, furnished with blue and wood color. There was the Grand Piano, the most charming Instrument I ever heard. Mr. and Mrs. Derby, Mr. Hasket D., Frank Coffin, and myself were the party, and I was requested to play and took my seat at the Instrument and had just



The Bowne House, Flushing.

begun playing when a slight noise in the entry made me turn my head; a gentleman entered and was introduced as Mr. Grey, made a most graceful bow, took his seat and I resumed my playing. We rose to depart and Mr. G. accompanied us home. I was delighted with his conversation, which was sensible, unassuming and agreeable. I scarcely saw his face, as there was no light.

Thursday, at home all day. In the evening walked in the garden. The evening was uncommonly fine. The moon shines brighter in Salem than any where else. Here too is an elegant garden, full of fruit trees, the walks kept as nice as possible, and shaded on each side by plum trees; very handsome summer house where we sat an hour or two & rambled in the garden all the evening which was the finest I ever saw, so very light, that as Shakespeare says "'twas but the daylight sick," only a little paler; there is something in a fine moonlight evening exquisitely soothing to the soul. I have felt as if I could melt away with the exquisite enthusiasm of my sensations. We were called into the house and found Mrs. West a sister of Mrs. Derby's,—but more of her by-and-bye.

After spending some time in Salem Miss Southgate received an invitation from Mr. and Mrs. Hasket Derby to accompany them on a carriage journey to Saratoga. The young lady gladly accepted this opportunity, and when she was well started on the way wrote her mother a delightfully dutiful letter explaining why she did not wait for permission from home. As might have been anticipated, amid the new scenes of gayety and fashion, her romantic fancy was touched, and the inevitable happened. On the way to the Springs she made the acquaintance of Walter Bowne (whom she had heard described as "one of the greatest New York beaux"), and before returning to Scarborough she was partly engaged to him, and within a year became his wife.

Walter Bowne was one of a family which had been settled since 1651 at Flushing, where he was born on September 26, 1770. He was a prominent business man in New York, State Senator from 1817 to 1824, and Mayor of the city from 1829 to 1833; and at one time he wielded the then vast powers of the Council of Appointment.

WEDNESDAY, SALEM, July , 1802.

What will you say, my dear mother, when you find I am gone with Mr. and Mrs. Hasket Derby to the Saratoga Springs? But I hasten to explain all.—Mr. and Mrs. Derby were going in their carriage alone. Mrs. Derby says she never travelled without some lady, and urged my accompanying her. I thought 'twas only a compliment and treated it as such, but when I found she seriously wished it and her husband joined his influence, I began to think how it would do. . . . As I never determined to go till this morning, Mrs. Derby said 'twas impossible to make any new clothes, nay unnecessary, and insisted I should take anything of hers I should want. . . . We shall probably be gone 4 or 5 weeks, as it is 2 or 3 hundred miles from here.

FRANCISTOWN (New Hampshire.)
July 26th, 1802.

We left Salem on Thursday evening and slep[t] at Ten Hills in Charleston, breakfasted in Webrion, and dined in Batavia. We had a fine view of the celebrated Middlesex canal, which in future ages must do honor to our country;—such monuments of industry and perseverance raise our opinion of our countrymen. It will be 25 miles in length when completed, running from Deckel to Medford river;—the river of Concord supplies it with water, boats pass every day, and parties of pleasure are always sailing on it. . . . We are now on a new turn-pike road, from Amherst to Dartmouth. . . . We pass thro' several pretty villages on coming here—tho' it is almost a new country, scarcely cleared up,—excepting a small village every 6 or 7 miles; the most hilly, mountainous, woody country I ever was in.—Here as I look round me I see nothing but enormous high hills, covered with trees and almost mingling with the clouds. One of them in particular—Francistown, is about 12 miles from Amherst, a number of pleasant houses and a very elegant meeting house.—How dif-

ferent from our part of the country;—here, if there is but one handsome house in town there will be a meeting house. I have passed but one on my journey, in these new back places, but what was painted and had a steeple! From Dartmouth we go down to Northampton and then to Lebanon Springs, then to Ballston and Saratoga, and return by the way of New Haven, Hartford.

ALBANY, Aug. 8th, 1802.

This far have we proceeded without anything to mortify or disappoint us.—I wrote the night I arrived at Lebanon; the next morning the bell rang, & we all assembled to breakfast. There were about thirty ladies much dressed, looking very handsome;—it seemed more like a Ball Room than a breakfasting room. We were the last that came to breakfast & all eyes were fixed upon us. Lady Nesbert and the Allston * family from Carolina were opposite.—This daughter of Col. Burr's is a little, sweet looking woman, very learned they say, understands the dead languages, not pedantic, rather reserved. Lady Nesbert, a most interesting woman—full black—eyes with a wild melancholy expression—and a voice so sweet and plaintive you would think of melancholy music. I have not heard her speak a dozen times since I have been here and she rarely ever smiles. Old Mrs. Allston the Mother is a *sour looking* woman, nothing affable or condescending. Miss Allston they say is a romp, tho' her Mother restrains her so much you would not suspect it. Old Mr. Allston is affable and agreeable.—We had likewise there a Mr. Constable † from New York; he lives in great style, very much the gentleman. Miss —— from New York, is a truly fashionable City Belle. She is a fortune but I believe not of family. The gentleman she *calls* her Father and whose name she takes—'tis said was hired by a British officer (her real Father) to marry the Mother and adopt the daughter and a very large sum was given him. He appears an abandoned old rake—pale and sallow. Oh! he is a horrid looking object, in a deep consumption I imagine. She is very attentive. But good heavens! I had no idea of a fashionable girl before, one that devotes her whole attention to fashion. I have much to tell you when I return about Miss A.'s French style of dress. Mr. and Mrs. Ransselaer ‡ left Lebanon the day before we did with Mr. and Miss Westerlo.§

Mr. Welsh the Miss Stevensons and Miss Livingston, the Albany Belle—all belong to Albany. Mr. and Miss Westerlo Miss Beekman and the Mr. (Philip) Ransselaer ‖ who is Mayor of the City called last evening and we all went to walk. We went to Miss Westerlo's and spent a charming hour.—All returned with us and we engaged to go to meeting with Mr. and Miss Westerlo and take tea at the Mayor's this afternoon. Mr. Westerlo is going to Ballston in company with us and a Mr. Kane, ¶ of New York, whom we met at the Coffee House—a very genteel man.—A little lawyer from Litchfield who came in from Lebanon with us is likewise going on Monday; so we shall have a very pleasant party. Mr. Kane says I shall meet one of the greatest New York Beaux at Ballston—Mr. Bowne.—I wonder if it is the same I have heard you mention? I shall find out. About eleven o'clock, or rather twelve I was surprised by some delightful music—a number of Instruments most elegantly playing "Rise Cynthia Rise."—I jumped up and by the light of the moon saw five gentlemen under the window. To Mr. Westerlo I suppose we are indebted.—"Washington March"—"Blue Bells of Scotland"—"Taste Life's Glad Moments"—"Boston March"—and many other charming tunes—played most delightfully. I have heard no music since I left Salem till this and I was really

* Joseph Allston, of South Carolina, had married Theodosia Burr, only daughter of Aaron Burr, February 2, 1801.

† This was Mr. William Constable, married, February 26, 1810, Miss Mary Elizabeth McVickar, daughter of John McVickar, Esq.

‡ This was Stephen Van Rensselaer, the Patroon, who had lately married his second wife, the celebrated beauty, Cornelia Patterson. Miss Southgate spelt the name as it was then usually pronounced.

§ Rensselaer Westerlo and his sister Catherine Westerlo, who afterward married Mr. Woodworth. The mother of Mr. Van Rensselaer was Catherine Livingston, eldest daughter of Philip Livingston, commonly called "The Signer," he having been one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. Mrs. Van Rensselaer had three children by her first husband, Stephen Van Rensselaer, and two by her second husband, Dominie Westerlo. Mr. Van Rensselaer and Mr. Westerlo were therefore half brothers.

‖ Brother of the Patroon, who had married Anne Van Courtlandt.

¶ Oliver Kane, a merchant, of New York. He married, at Providence, R. I., May 22, 1803, Miss Ann Eliza Clarke, daughter of John Innes Clarke.

charmed. The bell will ring soon and I must finish this after meeting.

Sunday afternoon: The dinner was brought on the table just as the bell rang for meeting so that we were obliged to stay at home this afternoon and tell Mr. Westerlo and his sister, who called again for me, as Mrs. Derby did not go out, that I would go to Mrs. Ransselaer's after meeting, (Philip Van Ransselaer's) where the Patroon and wife will probably be. In the morning Mr. Derby and myself went to the new Dutch Church with Mr. and Miss Westerlo and sat with them—next pew to the Patroon's —whom you saw in Salem with his beautiful wife. After meeting, Mr. Westerlo came with the Patroon and his wife to see us. She is really beautiful —dressed very plain. Cotton cambric morning gown—white sarsnet cloak, hair plain and black veil thrown carelessly over her head. They urged my dining there to-morrow, but Mr. Derby is determined to set out in the morning for Ballston. The waters, all tell him, will be of great service to him. When we return we shall go and see them. A great number of elegant gentlemen are here in this house—many from New York—some going to the Springs. Mr. Kane of New York (whose sister married Robert Morris) is here, and will set out for the Springs in company with us, Mr. Westerlo and some others. We shall go to Lake George and probably make a party from Ballston. Mrs. Derby has insisted on my wearing the sarsnet dress to-day as we shall drink tea at the Mayor's.

Many people will be talking about my going this journey, many will censure me perhaps. If you should hear of any unkind remarks you would not do me a greater favor than to vindicate my conduct. I have never for one moment since I left Salem regretted I came.—The affectionate attention of Mr. and Mrs. Derby delights my heart—was more than I had a right to expect. I have received much delight in this tour; —seen much elegant company, variety of manners and characters. I am sensible it will be a source of great improvement as well as pleasure. I shall have seen that style and splendor which has so many magic charms when viewed at a distance divested of its false place. We find it mingled with as many pains as any other situation in life—nay more poignant pains. I feel that I shall not be at all injured by this life though I enjoy myself highly and mingle with these people with much delight. I shall return happy and contented. Mr. Derby is quite unwell—has eaten nothing but milk since we left Salem. His stomach refuses everything else. I have strong hopes that the Ballston Waters will have a good effect. Everyone tells him so. A Gentleman just from Balston says there is a great deal of company at the Springs—dance every other night. If the waters agree with Mr. Derby we shall stay a week or ten days. I have not time to write anything about Albany; —fine Society I believe—full of Dutch houses.

BALLSTON SPRINGS,
August 22nd. 1802.

We have been here at Ballston a fortnight to-morrow. It has been one continued scene of idleness and dissipation; —have a ball every other night, ride, walk, stroll about the piazzas, dress,—indeed we do nothing that seems like improvement. But still I think there is no place, where one may study the different characters and dispositions to greater advantage. You meet here the most genteel people from every part of our country, ceremony is thrown off and you are acquainted very soon. You may select those you please for intimates, and among so many you certainly will find some agreeable, amiable companions. For a week we sat down at table every day with 60 or 70 persons; to-day we were all speaking of the latter being very thin because we had only 40. . . . We went last week to *Lake George*, about 40 miles from here,—made up a party and went on Tuesday. Breakfasted at *Saratoga*, where the Springs formerly most celebrated were, and dined about 14 miles this side the lake, at the most beautiful place I ever saw. . . . Perhaps you have heard of Glens-Falls, they are said to exceed in *beauty* the Falls of *Niagara*—tho' in *sublimity* must fall far short. . . . The rocks on the shores have exactly the appearance of elegant, magnificent ruins; they are entirely of *slate*, and seemed piled in regular forms, with

shrubs and grass growing in between. I looked around me for an hour and I every moment discovered something new to admire. . . . About sunset we came in view of the *Lake*. It is a most beautiful sheet of water. . . . It is surrounded by very high hills and mountains rising one above the other in majestic grandeur. In the morning we went out to fish; sailed about 4 miles on the lake to a little island where we went on shore,—nothing could exceed the beautiful grandeur of the prospect, we anchored off;—I found it very charming fishing, the water so perfectly transparent that we could see the fish swimming around the dock.

We saw the ruins of Fort George and the bloody pond—where so many poor wretches were thrown. We stopt on our return at the field where Burgoyne surrendered his army, it is now covered with corn and nothing to distinguish it from the surrounding fields; we returned by a different route. For 10 miles we rode directly on the banks of the Hudson river. Nothing could be more delightful; our road wound with the river which was beautifully overhung with trees. We returned here Thursday night, found them dancing. I joined; and the next night we had a ball at the other house. There again I danced till 12 o'clock and the next morning got up quite sick;—to-day I am finely again, and have made a resolution not to dance again whilst I stay here. This all think I can't keep, but they shall see I can. . . . We shall probably leave here on Tuesday or Wednesday, stay at Albany a few days and go to Lebanon again, perhaps to Williamstown Commencement. We are engaged to spend the day at Mr. Ransselaers, the former L. Governor, and one at Mr. Ransselaers—his brother, who is Mayor of the City. I know not how long 'twill be before we return, but I really begin to think of home with a great deal of anxiety.

This eventful vacation trip was ended early in September, and from the home of her friends in Salem Miss Southgate wrote to her mother of the momentous result which had sprung from the summer's pleasure.

SALEM, September 9th, 1802.

Once more I am safe in Salem and my first thoughts turn toward home. I arrived last night. . . . I am in perfect health and spirits and have enjoyed the journey more than I can express. I don't know that I have had an unpleasant hour since I have been gone and what is still more pleasing I look back on every scene without regret or pain.

Among the many gentlemen I have become acquainted and who have been attentive, one I believe is serious. I know not, my dearest Mother, how to introduce this subject, yet as I fear you may hear it from others and feel anxious for my welfare, I consider it a duty to tell you all. At Albany, on our way to Ballston, we put up at the same house with a *Mr. Bowne* from New York; he went on to the Springs the same day we did, and from that time was particularly attentive to me. He was always of our parties to ride, went to Lake George in company with us and came on to Lebanon when we did.—For 4 weeks I saw him every day and probably had a better opportunity of knowing him, than if I had seen him as a common acquaintance in town for years. I felt cautious of encouraging his attention, tho' I did not wish to *discourage* it.—There were so many *New Yorkers* at the Springs who knew him perfectly, that I easily learnt his character and reputation. He is a man of *business*, uniform in his conduct and *very much respected;* all this we knew from report. Mr. and Mrs. Derby were very much pleased with him, but conducted towards me with peculiar *delicacy*,—left me entirely to myself, as on a subject of so much importance they scarcely dared give an opinion. I felt myself in a situation truly embarrassing,—at such a distance from all my friends,—my Father and Mother—a perfect stranger to the person,—and prepossessed in his favor, as much as so short an acquaintance would sanction.—His conduct was such as I shall ever reflect on with the greatest pleasure,—open, candid, generous and delicate. He is a man in whom I could place the most unbounded confidence; nothing rash or impetuous in his disposition, but weighs maturely every circumstance: he knew I was not at liberty to encourage his

addresses without the approbation of my Parents, and appeared as solicitous that I should act with strict propriety as one of my most disinterested friends. He advised me like a friend and would not have suffered me to do anything improper. He only required I would not discourage his addresses till he had an opportunity of making known to my Parents his character and wishes. This I promised and went so far as to tell him I approved him as far as I knew him, but the decision must rest with my Parents; their wishes were my law. He insisted upon coming on immediately; that I absolutely refused to consent to. But all my persuasion to wait till winter had no effect; the first of October he *will come*. I could not prevent it without a positive *refusal;* this I felt no disposition to give. And now, my dearest Mother, I submit myself wholly to the wishes of my Father and you, convinced that my happiness is your warmest wish, and to promote it has ever been your study. That I feel deeply interested in Mr. Bowne I candidly acknowledge and from the knowledge I have of his heart and character I think him better calculated to promote my happiness than any person I have yet seen. He is a firm, steady, serious man, nothing light or trifling in his character, and I have every reason to think he has well weighed his sentiments towards me, —nothing rash or premature. I have referred him wholly to you, and you, my dearest Parents, must decide.

My love to all friends, and believe me with every sentiment of duty and affection,

Your daughter ELIZA.

PORTLAND, Nov.—Friday,—1802.

Mr. Bowne has not arrived. I am out of all patience, can't imagine what detains him. 4 weeks to-morrow since he took Mr. Codman's letter. These Quakers are governed by such a *slow spirit;*—I wish the deuce had them. I shall be really uneasy if he don't come soon. . . . Mrs. Derby is quite out at Mr. B's not coming. I'll not be so ungenerous as to condemn him without giving an opportunity of vindicating himself. Some circumstances I know not of may detain him.

Unfortunately there is no record of the wedding, which must have taken place at the Scarborough home after Mr. Bowne's "slow spirit" had moved him there. Miss Southgate was probably married to Mr. Bowne about the 1st of May, 1803, and they began immediately their wedding journey toward New York, which was to be their future home. Mrs. Bowne's letters give glimpses of that unconventional tour.

BOSTON, May 30th. 1803.

Here we are, at Mrs. Carter's and tho' we have endeavored to keep ourselves as much out of the way as possible, a great many people have called to pay their respects to Mr. and Mrs. Bowne. . . . But I have not told you how Gen. Knox * found us out at Newbury-port. We always kept by ourselves, but in passing the entry Gen'l. Knox, who had just come in the stage, met Mr. B. and asked where he was from.—(Mr. Bowne kept here with Mrs. Carter when Gen'l Knox was here last winter). He told him from the Eastward.—Alone?—No.—Who is with you? —*Mrs. Bowne.*—So plump a question he could not evade, so the General insisted on being introduced to the bride. I was walking the room and reading, perfectly unsuspicious, when the opening of the door and Mr. Bowne's voice—"Gen'l Knox, my love"—quite roused me; he came up, took my hand very gracefully, pres't it to his lips and begged leave to congratulate me on the event that had lately taken place. After a few minutes conversation: "And pray, sir," said he,—turning to Mr. Bowne,—"when did this happy event take place?" I felt my face glow, but Mr. Bowne, always delicate and collected, said—"'Tis not a fortnight since, Sir."—The stage drove to the door and after hoping to see us at Mrs. Carter's he took his leave, and this morning—(he was out all day yesterday)—I found him waiting in the breakfast room to see me. He introduced me to General Pinckney and his

* General Henry Knox had entered the American Army at the beginning of the Revolutionary War as Captain of the Boston Grenadiers, and rose rapidly in the esteem of his superior officers, and was finally appointed the first Secretary of War of the United States. General Knox married the daughter of Secretary Fleeckner, and they both grew to be enormously stout, and were perhaps the largest couple in the City of New York when Washington was inaugurated first President of the United States.

family from Carolina, (General Pinckney, they say, is to be our next President.) "*Mr. Bowne,*" said Gen'l Knox to Gen'l P., "has done us the honor to come to the District of Maine for a bud to transplant in New York." He was very polite, and said "he must find us out in New York."

Adieu, adieu. Mr. Bowne sends a great deal of love.

Your affectionate

ELIZA BOWNE.

NEW HAVEN, June 1st, 1803.

Your letter, my Dear Octavia,* was the first thing to welcome me on my arrival at this City. I cannot describe to you my sensations when it came. I can rarely think of home without more pain than pleasure, and yet if there is a being on earth perfectly *blest* 'tis your sister Eliza. How infinitely more happy than when I left you! You cannot imagine how delightful has been our journey. We have stop't at every pleasant place, enjoyed all the beauties of the Spring in the richest and most luxuriant country I ever saw. I wrote you last from Boston.—The afternoon following Mr. Lee called to accompany us a few miles out of town; he had requested Mr. Lyman's permission to go out to his seat in Waltham, that Mr. Bowne and myself might have an opportunity to see it, as it is the most beautiful place round Boston. We set out about 4 o'clock—had a most charming ride. Mr. Lee was remarkably sociable, attentive and polite, both to Mr. Bowne and myself. He talks just as sociably and called me "Miss Southgate" and "Mrs. B." all in a breath as fast as he could talk. I have no time to tell you of this elegant place, of Mr. Lyman's great taste in laying out the grounds. It surpasses everything of the kind I ever saw,—beautiful serpentine river or brook thickly planted with trees and elegant swans swimming about;—you can't imagine—'twas almost like enchantment. After Mr. Lee had gathered me a bouquet large enough to supply a ball-room—of the most elegant and rare flowers,—full-blown roses—buds—everything beautiful, we jumped into the carriage; he shook us cordially by the hand, wished us every happiness, and hoped to see us in New York ere long. Sunday morning we got to Springfield;—stayed the day,—it recalled so many pleasing sensations. When we parted there—how different were our feelings!—Our happiness was augmented by the contrast; from Springfield to Hartford was charming; much pleased with Hartford; stayed a day and night there; and from Hartford to New Haven is the most elegant ride you can possibly imagine,—a fine turnpike about 30 miles and such a picturesque, rich, luxuriant country, such variety and beauty,—oh 'twas charming. Mr. Bowne is waiting for me this full hour to walk in the Mall.—What shall I do, he hurries so? Well I never saw a place so charming as New Haven; we have been all over it,—visited the College, everything, and I give it the preference to any place I know of—a particular description I defer. I have no time to say a word of your letter. Write me immediately on receiving this to New York, where we shall be on Saturday. Mr. Bowne's best love with mine to all the family—adieu.—I have ten thousand more things to say, but can't. Write me immediately,

Ever your affectionate

ELIZA BOWNE.

NEW YORK, June 6th. 1803.

I sit down to catch a moment to tell you all I have to before another interruption. I have so much to say, where shall I begin?—My head is most turned and yet I am very happy. I am enraptured with New York. You cannot imagine anything half so beautiful as *Broadway*, and I am sure you would say I was more romantic than ever if I should attempt to describe the Battery,—the elegant water prospect,—you can have no idea how refreshing in a warm evening; the gardens we have not yet visited; indeed we have so many delightful things 'twill take me forever. . . . I went a shopping yesterday and 'tis a fact that the little white satin quaker bonnets, cap-crowns, are the most fashionable that are worn—lined with pink or blue or white; but I'll not have one, for if any of my old acquaintances should meet me in the street they would laugh. I would if I were they. . . .

* Octavia Southgate, Mrs. Bowne's younger sister.

Large sheer muslin shawls put on as Sally Weeks wears hers are much worn; they show the form thro' and look pretty; silk nabobs, plaided, colored and white are much worn, very short waists, hair very plain. Maria Denning * has been to see me—several spring acquaintances. Expect Eliza Watts and Jane every moment. They did not know where I was to be found.

Last night we were at the play—"The Way to Get Married," Mr. Hodgekinson † in *Tangent* is inimitable. Mrs. Johnson, a sweet, interesting actress in Julia, and Jefferson ‡ a great comic player were all that were particularly pleasing; house was very thin, so late in the season. . . . I see Mr. B. now where he is universally known and respected and every hour see some new proof how much he is honored and esteemed here; the most gratifying to the heart you can imagine, and cannot but make an impression on mine.

The wedding journey ended, Mrs. Bowne enters fully upon the career of a New York woman of social position at the beginning of the century, and her impressions of the old city are fully recorded in the letters to her family in Scarborough, which will be given in another article.

* Daughter of William Denning. Miss Denning afterward married William A. Duer. Mrs. Bowne and Miss Denning had met the previous summer at Ballston Spa, and there became dear friends.

† Hodgekinson was born in Manchester, England, in 1767. His father was an innkeeper, by the name of Medowcraft. When very young he ran away from his father's house and went on the stage, adopting the name of Hodgekinson. He came to America and brought with him a Miss Brett, of the Bath Theatre, to whom he was married in New York by Bishop Moore, although he had one wife already in England. Mr. and Mrs. Hodgekinson received one hundred dollars a week for their services, which was the highest amount yet paid to any two performers in America.

‡ Joseph Jefferson, the grandfather of the well-known actor of our time.

ON AN OLD ROAD.

By Charles Edwin Markham.

A HOST of poppies, a flight of swallows;
A flurry of rain, and a wind that follows
Shepherds the leaves in the sheltered hollows,
For the forest is shaken and thinned.

Over my head are the firs for rafter;
The crows blow south, and my heart goes after;
I kiss my hands to the world with laughter—
Is it Aidenn or mystical Ind?

Oh, the whirl of the fields in the windy weather!
How the barley breaks and blows together!
Oh, glad is the free bird afloat on the heather—
Oh, the whole world is glad of the wind!

A GREAT PATIENCE.

By Edward Irenæus Stevenson.

". . . Yet will I add one virtue—a great patience."—HENRY VIII.

I.

IN the middle of the month of May, 1879, Arthur Sassoon, of London, came flying, like an evil spirit, to the city of New York—a dishonored and ruined man. Sassoon had betrayed his trusts—great trusts. He had lived extravagantly; speculated lavishly with the capital of his own house (Sassoon & Co., Bankers) and with the assets of the great assurance company to which his name had been a sort of beacon of attraction to the kingdom. Quite a week before the end came and every morning-daily went into horrifics over "so painful an example of blind confidence on the part of a corporation, and of utter perfidy on the part of its agent," Arthur was quietly settled in very comfortable lodgings in Ashland Place (which you will reach by leaving the Sixth Avenue Elevated Railroad at Eighth Street and walking westward), with probably the coolest mind of any individual interested in his late transactions. He had also eight thousand pounds which did not belong to him, but with which he proposed to maintain himself in an invisibility that would not lack enjoyment. As matters had gone, Sassoon had reason to believe that there was hardly a possibility of his being looked for, by as much as one detective, in this part of the globe. Some special circumstances would, and did, decide the emissaries of Scotland Yard to condense all their abilities on two cities—Brussels and Antwerp. It was reckoned a dead certainty that he was in hiding either in one or the other town. Nevertheless, with all his self-control, Sassoon breathed ill as he stepped to the dock when the Scythia slid in; and got his luggage atop of his cab, and himself into it—cleanshaven for the first time since he had begun to raise his handsome beard, arrayed like a clergyman, and with his letters, as the Rev. Mason Paulet, in his hat and pocket-book. His own mother (a somewhat uncertain personage, as the reader will later infer) would not have recognized Arthur. His fine, tranquil, intellectual, and, indeed, churchly face looked calmly out of the cab-windows as he was driven up-town.

Sassoon went to the house of a quiet Frenchman and his wife, in the out-of-the-way but convenient quarter of the city named. He had had some correspondence with them for his purposes, when possibilities began to appear probabilities to his mind. The Frenchman and his wife were expecting the Rev. Mr. Paulet. Two large rooms were reserved for him. M. Frenault and his serene and unsuspicious spouse understood that their guest had come on some special ecclesiastical commissions, that would keep him quiet, and at his writing-table, during most of his stay in America; besides, they cared little about Protestant ministers' ways or errands.

Once settled in his new quarters, Sassoon proceeded to do what seemed to him good. He read his morning paper attentively—its bits of news about himself, and about the train of mischief that he had left behind him. He read these things scarcely as closely as his Phædo, his Lucretius, his Montaigne. "I have finished with all *that!*" he declared to himself, again and again. "I will, *I will* go back a hundred years or so—to the man I was meant to be, perhaps!" His philosophy came to the front obediently. Three weeks passed. The newspapers seemed to have dropped him. The sensation of his defection was moribund. At home, in London, long heads were straightening out practicalities. The police were now looking for Sassoon in New York; but, it was stated, with no particular expectations. Sassoon ate

and slept well, and decided to begin a Latin translation he had dreamed of undertaking ever since he was nineteen. He made no excessive efforts at secrecy. His ingoings and outcomings might have been seen by all the neighborhood. He took his morning or afternoon stroll. He managed to get to see what he most cared about in the city. He was no nightfall skulker. He went to one or two concerts—and attended church regularly. He did not walk with his head bent down, nor avoid any man's glance. Some things he assuredly was careful to keep clear of, and certain localities; but he kept himself from them with a proud feeling that bordered on the patronizing—as if he really could have made them no exceptions—only it was convenient.

To understand how any man could be, at once, so prudent and so imprudent, so philosophic and so material, so wary and so rash, you would have had to know Sassoon—if one ever could come to know Arthur. He was an inexplicable *mélange*, first and last; for one example, audacious in his independence of action, yet a blind fatalist. He would go so far, no step farther. If he was eventually to be caught, well and good, he would be caught! It was a business of destiny. He swore he would not make himself uncomfortable, physically or mentally, beyond a fixed degree. His luck was his luck, and it had hardly deserted him in those great things before it seemed to come back to him in the small. Yes, his luck was his luck; he would abide by it.

II.

Now, Sassoon's fatalistic or any other ideas might fortify him against thinking much about the chiefs-of-police of all the globe and their hundred delegates. But every now and then the recollection of one man recurred to him, as well as the remembrance of one woman. Of the one woman it is not necessary to speak at present; enough to state that he had been—as far as he knew, still was—her lover and her betrothed. The man was Oliver Anisdell, of Eugenie Terrace, Belgravia.

Everything Sassoon had been for good and for credit, or might have been, he owed to Oliver's father, old Colonel Anisdell, who, in a moment's freak, and with one son already on his hands, coolly adopted Sassoon, a mere lad, out in India, abused and beaten by a certain boozy corporal. It was an odd circumstance. Everybody at Boggleynuppee talked about it at the time. It was spoken of long afterward while the two lads grew up. One day the old colonel was sitting in his bungalow, when he heard a tremendous uproar in the compound. He started to the door, to see his son and heir prone on the ground, and a strange lad standing belligerently over him. Oliver tried to rise; whereupon the unknown boy promptly knocked Oliver down again.

"Halloa there! you young rascal," shouted the colonel, making a dive for the pugilist, whom he dimly recognized as belonging to his humble neighbor, in a sort. "What the devil do you mean by assaulting my boy in that style? Get up there, Noll, this instant!"

"I beg your pardon, sir, but it's what he wanted," remonstrated the corporal's son, coolly, folding his arms.

"Wanted?" thundered the colonel. "Do you know that you have more than a penn'orth of impudence? Do you mean wanted, or needed?" he added, in a glum after-thought. Oliver, meantime, stood in rueful silence.

"Both, sir, I think," replied young Sassoon. "We were talking, and he asked me—this was a day or so ago, sir—what I thought about him; and I told him he was a pretty nice chap, but that he wanted pluck; and he said, how should he get it? And I told him that to fight was about as good a way as any; and that if he liked, I would try to lick him every day this week. So we went at it; and I told him that the harder I licked him, or tried to, the better to bring out any stuff that there was in him, you know. I had just knocked him down twice—we began Monday—when he roared out. I'm awfully sorry, Anisdell," Sassoon suddenly concluded, turning to his badly mauled opponent and helping him to further right himself; "but what could I do? You told me to try it on, you did—as hard as I could!

You'll hold out better to-morrow. See if you don't."

The colonel, who had had some work to keep his countenance composed during this explanation, turned to Oliver. "Noll, is this a fact?" he demanded, shortly. Some of Oliver's deficiencies, for a lad who was of the service, and with a grandfather and great-grandfather notable soldiers, had increasingly annoyed the old colonel. "Inherits his mother's argumentativeness, and not his father's fistiness!" he was wont to sigh to himself.

Oliver admitted, unqualifiedly, that the facts were as stated. "And," he observed, shaking hands with Sassoon "like a gentleman," as the colonel described it at mess, "he's quite right; I *do* want pluck, and if I can get it out of him, why, I will! I don't mind his knocking me down to-day. I didn't bellow at that. I turned my ankle a bit."

"By the Lord Harry!" ejaculated Colonel Anisdell, "already methinks I spy a change in you, Noll, and one for the better! If it's the result of your present schooling, I think you'd best tutor under the same system awhile. Perhaps *miles non nascitur, sed fit*," he parodied, musingly. The idea of helping Oliver to a companion of his own age, who might develop his son's dormant qualities, had more than once entered this father's mind. He stood glowering at the pair of lads, in a sudden abstraction. Then, after asking Sassoon's name and address, and finding out all about the boy that he could from him, he told Noll that supper was ready, and bade young Sassoon a civil good-night. The next evening he had him to tea; and had pumped the vinolent corporal on what he wanted to know of him, besides what he could read himself, marvelling how so ill-conducted an individual should ever have begot so bright a son into the world. That fortnight the corporal died of delirium tremens. Sassoon became thenceforth practically Oliver's adopted brother. The colonel had cast his die.

They grew up friends more than are many brothers, these two so capriciously assorted. The days of the knocking-down lessons were forgot, and soon lay far behind them. Oliver drew from Sassoon, and Sassoon drew from Oliver. The one, by the contact, gained manliness, physical power, and address, and the art of better meeting men as they came. The other—the daily consciousness that he was superior to most of them, and that he could influence almost everybody whom he encountered. They did not stay long in either India or the army-atmosphere. Colonel Anisdell sent them to England to school, sold out presently, and followed them and settled down in Chelsea. People said that he was very fond of his son; but it was evident that, however dear was Oliver, his pride in, his dependence upon, Sassoon was enormous. Oliver never had anything to complain of in his father's conduct, nor appeared conscious of how the colonel leaned toward Sassoon, as Sassoon grew older; the colonel quite appreciated the fact that Oliver was a fine-spirited, clear-headed, dignified fellow. But Sassoon was all this; and, besides, he was the astute, politic, diplomatic man that the stockholders and banking-people talked of almost as soon as—without any help from Colonel Anisdell, and, indeed, much to his patron' surprise—he found a niche for himself in the city. He seemed one of the men born to lead, to direct, to bend his original energies in original schemes. In an amazingly few years his was a known name in the town's financial gossip. It was unavoidable to note how the old colonel looked at him at table, consulted him—though always with Oliver,—adored him. So did Oliver. There was never a shade of jealousy, of mistrust, between them, although those who knew the history of Sassoon's absurdly adventitious entrance into the Anisdell connection wondered how things always were so miraculously smooth under that roof. Yes, the colonel loved his son; but, from the first, he was, in his stolid, undemonstrative way, a sheer worshipper of Sassoon. He was growing old—how would it end? One day he died. He left, by his will, one-third of his fortune to Oliver, and two-thirds—it was a large two-thirds—to Arthur Sassoon. People said it was an outrageous will. Perhaps people were right.

Whether the gainsayers were right or not, there was one individual who did not give them the satisfaction of know-

ing that he concurred in their protests. There was no caveat filed against the old colonel's thick will. Oliver Anisdell accepted the portion of goods that fell to him, without a word of displeasure to the solicitors, and he and Arthur Sassoon were seen driving or riding together every fine day. It was a little before the old colonel's death that Sassoon set up a handsome bachelor-establishment not far from the Anisdells'. He could well afford to do it with the income he was making, and it was done quite with the colonel's approval of the step. When some wickedly misinformed friend came to Anisdell at the club, and began sympathizing with him over what he called "such an extraordinary injustice, my dear Anisdell," Oliver opened his brown eyes wide, and said "Sir?" to the sympathizing friend so energetically that the latter beat an apologetic retreat. As for Sassoon, after the will, he said a little more than Oliver, but not a great deal. He confessed he was surprised at Colonel Anisdell's liberality. "It was not necessary;" he "could not conceive why the will had been so partial to him;" and—he "hardly dared say it of one so kind to him as the old colonel—so unjust to Oliver, his son." If Oliver had not "been such a capital fellow, or if he [Sassoon] had been in his place, he "would surely have objected in every way, personally and legally;" but then "Oliver was a man out of a thousand in generosity." Perhaps, too, Oliver "had owed the colonel a large sum" that they had never mentioned to Sassoon—something of that sort. In any case he was sorry; but, really, if he and Noll could stand it, and they certainly could, it was nobody's concern. Besides, just then he was too absorbed in some business-affairs to bother much over the whole matter. He had large interests at issue, and had been "making a great deal of money, some of it for Oliver." Perhaps his carelessness was not altogether assumed. He *had* a great deal on hand just then.

Six years passed. The would-be guessers of "that riddle of Anisdell and Sassoon" ceased to wrangle about the two. It was known that they were as intimate as ever; that Sassoon managed all Oliver's financial matters, and that he had trebled Oliver's fortune for him, and doubled it again—so any original deficiency had been atoned for. Neither man was married. They were both in the thirties. Sassoon's career had been a wonder—so rapid, so superb. The brothers—for so they had called themselves in boyhood, and so they always called each other, and by that title wrote one another yet—continued to drive in the park, and entertain each other at dinner, and be seen in company at opera and club. Oliver never spoke to Sassoon without a smile, or that undertone of cordial affection and good-understanding that a keen observer can detect in the speech of two individuals so circumstanced—or mark as absent. One evening, at a dinner-party where they were, a young lady who sat beside Oliver chid the young man for not attending to her ladyship's anecdote, and for following, instead, his brother's figure, as Sassoon crossed the floor to speak to a lady. "On my word, Mr. Anisdell," said the fair one, "I believe you think more of that amazingly clever brevet brother of yours than anything else in the world!"

"You are quite right, Lady Warby," replied Oliver, in his calm, sweet voice—for it was that, though with no touch of effeminacy, and he sang like a Rubini—"I do think more of him than of anyone living, I dare swear. He has given me good cause to do so, all my life. He is a wonderful man."

"I did not think you were so sentimental, Mr. Anisdell," returned Lady Warby. Sassoon came up, and no more was said.

Now, the lady to whom, on this very evening, Arthur Sassoon crossed the carpet to say something, was the same one that, within three months, the whole social circle, and beyond it, agitated itself over—Lady Warby's second-cousin, the beautiful Mrs. Heriot, a widow, and a bewitching one withal. And the agitation simply was the question of whether Oliver Anisdell was to become her husband—or Arthur Sassoon! For the second time, the mysterious relations between these two men—no longer so young, however, as at the time of the famous will-perplexity—defied scrutiny, and seemed to defy

rivalry. They were in far more conspicuous positions nowadays, socially and financially. Not a movement of either, particularly of Sassoon, could be made in a corner. If Oliver was partner to Mrs. Heriot at a ball on Tuesday night, and rode by her side next morning, her escort was Sassoon at the evening's embassy-crush, and he sat in her box all through the opera. It was seesaw in everything. Nevertheless, if they met at Mrs. Heriot's house (she was a rich woman, Mrs. Heriot, and entertained admirably), or elsewhere, she had two strings to her bow that never jarred in mutual dissonance. People began to feel out of patience. No wonder they did. They railed at Anisdell in particular, and declared that he lacked spirit, and did not take a proper pride in himself at all. As to Mrs. Heriot, she was a lively woman enough; but her confidantes were few, and her confidences fewer. Lady Warby expressed it correctly, when she said that "it was simply like unlocking your door without your key to draw a syllable out of Joan on that matter"—and Lady Warby ought to have known.

But a solution, in part, came unexpectedly. It would, truly, have been hard to find a more satisfactory solution, as far as it went. On the evening of Lady Warby's annual *musicale*, Mrs. Heriot quietly mentioned to her hostess, just before leaving, that she had accepted Mr. Arthur Sassoon matrimonially, and was ready to allow that interesting piece of information to be promulgated as soon as ever Lady Warby chose. "And—and—" stammered Lady Warby, who, in spite of her rapturous surprise at getting hold of this news for publication, was determined to get what more remained as an integral part of it and solicitude to everybody, "and you have refused Mr. Anisdell, Joan?"

"I have refused Mr. Anisdell," replied Mrs. Heriot, after a brief hesitation. "I certainly could not be expected to accept them both—could I? No, I can't wait for any more questions to-night. Remember, Clara, I have said that you *may* mention the fact—if you like."

If Lady Warby liked? In gratitude, bewilderment, and delight over permission and secret, she hurried from the dressing-room. Near the top of the stairs, whom should she meet but Oliver Anisdell, coming up. "Oliver, this is—this is a great piece of news, Oliver, I have just heard—that Joan Heriot is engaged to Mr. Sassoon," she began abruptly, but courageously.

Oliver smiled tranquilly, evidently enjoying her embarrassment and scrutiny. "Ah, she has told you?" he returned, smiling still more agreeably. "They settled it Wednesday! Isn't Sassoon a lucky fellow? I'm glad for them both, and glad for myself to stop playing gooseberry. Chaperonage is a tiresome office; but it's nothing to being the disinterested promoter in these little affairs." With which Anisdell proceeded up-stairs in peace, and remained fifteen minutes; and when he came down, found himself the man in the room that everyone furtively stared at the hardest. Two or three ventured to speak to him about the great announcement. He laughed with them, declared "it had been a long courtship," and that "Mrs. Heriot and Sassoon were made for one another;" and, generally, behaved as if he had never paid Mrs. Heriot a shade of special attention which had all been love's labor lost, thanks to the success of his brilliant rival.

Everybody was nonplussed. "I must confess, though, I should like to see with my own eyes how he feels toward Sassoon!" said somebody. Lo, at twelve o'clock, who should arrive but Arthur, looking suitably, and unusually debonair. The eyes of the roomful waited upon the two, as he was seen approaching Oliver Anisdell. Some looked at the victor, some at the vanquished. Interest, naturally, rather centred on Anisdell.

Alas, those who expected the bread of a scandal got but a stone, and no manifestation suitable to amateur theatricals took place. Oliver stretched out his hand and touched Arthur's sleeve as the latter passed, and, excusing himself to his partner, said something to Sassoon, in a low voice, that seemed to amuse both men immensely. Nobody could hear it; though I dare not say that some did not try. It was evidently a message left by Mrs. Heriot for Arthur. In less than ten minutes Sassoon's acquaintances began boldly to congratulate him. He received their po-

lite phrases gracefully; and the rival, to whom they should have been such an intolerable pill to swallow, stood near Arthur, in smiling good-humor, and answering, without a dash of annoyance, whatever formal inquiries bolder spirits, of the female sex, especially, dared to insinuate to himself. But it is hardly needful to say that no allusions to his own defeat were made, even by the hardiest. The line was drawn there; and, besides, Lady Warby kept that part of her news almost entirely to herself. She compassionated her old acquaintance, little as he seemed to need it. The last sight of the pair that night was Anisdell insisting on setting Arthur down in his own brougham, and handing him, if not the calumet of peace, a Regalia; and the two inexplicables drove off, sitting in the carriage together, Sassoon laughing at one of Anisdell's jokes.

"On my honor!" exclaimed Lady Warby, as she entered her own room with her husband, "did you ever hear of a man being supplanted once, twice, thrice, and away, like Oliver Anisdell? Talk of fraternal regard!"

"Oh, bother fraternal regard!" ejaculated Lord Warby, ungracefully; "if a man can't feel, of course he can't resent, Clara—and there's an end on't!"

Neither Lord Warby, nor his perplexed wife, nor anyone else, suspected one thing, at her ball, which Arthur Sassoon knew—that it was to be his last appearance at an entertainment, or anywhere else, in London. Oliver Anisdell left Sassoon at his house that night, and Oliver gave Sassoon his hand, in their old friendly style, at the door. The next morning Anisdell ran down by an early train to a little, out-of-the-way country nook where business required him. He was delayed. Days passed. On one of them he caught his breath, with a pallor so complete spreading in his face that the servant waiting on him in the inn expected to see the strange gentleman faint. But Oliver did not. He was reading the news of the collapse of Sassoon's firm and career, of Arthur's flight and concealment "in Brussels or Antwerp, beyond the shadow of a doubt," and that, not only were his own losses by Sassoon's knavery sufficient to cripple Oliver utterly—make a beggar of him, in fact—but that Mrs. Heriot's name was included in the list of the still more irremediably ruined. It was a long list. Oliver, as has been said, did not faint. He merely folded up the paper, and looked out of the window all the time he was eating. Then he betook himself upstairs. He packed his portmanteau, caught the only fast train the place boasted, and in an hour he was spinning up to London.

III.

Such was the history of Arthur Sassoon, and of Oliver Anisdell. Such, too, was the status of affairs that the former had left behind him. It is, truly, not every man who can resolutely brush aside such a past; really persuade himself that he had no more to do with it. Sassoon did. But the two persons to whom he occasionally gave remembrance were Anisdell and Mrs. Heriot. As to the tenor of such thoughts about either, I do not know that in all his life—that is, such portion of it as had been life to him, and in which he felt that he himself, his real ego, was constantly being brought forward, called into play—he had felt anything, or felt for anybody, with much stress. He had always been polite, sympathizing, ever on the side of good-morals and good-manners, and prompt with his cheque-book; but the amiability, the sympathy, were of the lips, and the generosity a matter of policy.

As he sat there by the wood-blaze that evening in May—for it happened to be one of those American spring-nights, when winter shouts back that it has not gone very far away yet—his thought of Oliver ran something like this: "Poor Noll! I wish I could have helped letting him in for that extra thirty-five thousand that the *Post* talks about to-night! But then, why him, more than twenty other men? He'll scrape up enough, when all's said and done, to keep the wolf from the door. He's a good fellow, Noll—an odd sort of fellow, too. I dare say this minute he's more upset about not knowing where I am, and by thinking to read every day that this inspector does, than by what I've dropped for him. Noll's is a pretty sound sort of

nature, as human natures occur in these degenerated days. The only question is, Has the world any special function for that type of man in this stage of its development? Farewell, Noll!" With that, the recollection of Mrs. Heriot occurred, and Arthur smiled, then laughed. No, he had not meant to marry Mrs. Heriot for love; nor, indeed, to make love to her in any decisive sort, until very lately. Perhaps she and Noll would hit it off now! They were cordially welcome to do it. And with this, Sassoon put by his meditations and turned to his Shakespeare. It was odd; but he resumed reading at the passage in the play ("Antony and Cleopatra") which runs:

"Hark, the land bids me tread no more upon't,
It is ashamed to bear me! . . .
I am so 'lated in the world that I
Have lost my way forever:—I have a ship
Laden with gold; . . .
I have fled myself; and have instructed cowards
To run, and show their shoulders.—Friends, be gone;
I have myself resolved upon a course,
Which has no need of you. . . ."

His lip curled in admission of the appositeness. A slight movement in the entry, and then a knock at the door, made him look up. "Come in!" he called out. The door opened. He expected it was M. Frenault, but it was not. He leaned forward and looked toward the door, shading his fine face from the drop-light. Oliver Anisdell, who had shut the door behind him, came toward him.

Sassoon leaped up. Before Oliver could say a word, he laid his finger on his lips; he pointed with the other to the door. Oliver's face was flushed; his eyes sparkled with excitement. He nodded his head to show that he understood the need of caution, and he said, loudly, "Good-evening, Mr. Paulet!"

Sassoon grasped his hand—it was hot—and answered, audibly, "I am very happy to see you, sir;" under his breath, with a bewildered accent, he exclaimed, "By God, Noll! How—how did you come here?"

It was he, not Oliver, that had done the handshaking. Anisdell followed him into the inner room. Sassoon dropped into a chair. "They can't overhear us here!" he said. "They spend their evenings down-stairs; and they're not listeners, in any case. In the name of all that is possible!—where did you come from?—how did you find me?"

"I came from London," replied Noll, who seemed not to regain his composure so immediately as his adopted brother, although he was the one to be less overset; "I arrived this afternoon."

"But tell me, what gave you a hint that—that I was here? in this house?" questioned Arthur. "You know what the fact that even you should be able to trace me means, as regards other people. And my name!—Sit down, man, sit down. I must know everything, at once."

Oliver sat down. "Don't be afraid, Arthur! You talked in your sleep one night last month. I didn't think anything of what you said till afterward. Nobody else will be the wiser. Why didn't you take me into your confidence, though? I don't mean about all this affair, but at least as to where you proposed to get to?"

"What was the use? It was all part of the same business. I wanted no risks. I'm sorry, now! If I could have helped things for you, at the last minute, I would. But it was too late."

"Sorry? What for? Oh, for my going to pieces so—along with the rest? H'm—I don't know why *you* should be particularly sorry; I've lots of company! You took care of that. You see the papers, I suppose."

Sassoon had been noting the tone of Anisdell's voice. There was a something peculiar in the expression of his face. The odd light still gleamed in his eyes. Arthur could not decide what it was which struck him singularly in the younger man's look and manner. Something did. He was now quite recovered from the surprise himself. He was even ready to talk to Oliver all night.

"Oh, yes, I see the papers. Everything is getting in shape." They exchanged a few sentences as to the muddle in London. Then Sassoon exclaimed, "Well, Noll, they will never see *me* again! You are the sole person, out of all those crowds and days, that

I expect ever to lay eyes on. I believe I am safe; and if this place suddenly becomes a poor one for me to hide myself in, why, the world is large enough, I think, to hold me elsewhere. I have a few thousands; that will keep me. I may go West. Oh, see here, how is Mrs. Heriot?"

This question was abrupt. Anisdell made no answer for an instant. His eyes were fixed on Sassoon, as if he were trying to identify this man with the man he had believed he knew all these years. "Did you know how your affairs were to go, when you engaged yourself to Mrs. Heriot?" he asked, abruptly, in place of other reply.

Sassoon laughed. "I did," he returned. "Of course I did! How could I help it? I did not care so much, Noll, for Mrs. Heriot. The fact is, I wanted to stave off her lawyers! You know a great deal of her money was with us. I saw that she cared for me; and——"

Oliver had grown suddenly quite white, while Sassoon had been uttering the last sentences. "Mrs. Heriot is ruined—I am ruined—everybody is ruined!" he said, soberly nodding his head up and down. Then suddenly raising it and looking, with that same peculiar expression in his eyes that had been puzzling Sassoon, he asked, "Arthur, do you know what I have come here to tell you to-night? Do you know what I have been crossing the ocean this week for?" Arthur stared now at Noll. "Well, I believe I have come here to—kill you!"

Sassoon opened his eyes in utter perplexity. Noll repeated it, "To kill you!" and looked at him fixedly.

"Between his trouble and a glass of wine too much, the fellow is out of himself, I'm afraid!" exclaimed Sassoon, inwardly. "Keep cool, Noll!" he spoke, sharply. "If you've ever thought a thing like that, you'd better not frame your idea. I know, I know just how you feel. I wish to heaven I could have done better by you in this damnable smash! It's an awful sight of money; still, you know a good part of it will come back, slowly. And I hated to tread on your toes, with Mrs. Heriot. I really did. I never suspected, till toward the last, how deep you were in there. But what could I do?"

"Stop, stop!" exclaimed Anisdell, springing up. "The man is talking of the money, the infernal money! Who cares about my money?" he asked, fiercely, turning upon Sassoon, who nevertheless kept his position like a statue. "Do I care, to-night, if I am beggared? Not I." He laughed bitterly. "Did you ever think of it—did you ever, *ever*, think of it?" he continued, in an outburst of passion that made Sassoon mute—"what, what have you done, all your life, but take from me, dwarf me, set me at naught, week by week and year by year, until it seemed to every man and woman who knew us, it seemed to me myself, that I was made on purpose for you to thrive by me? Look back, I tell you, and say that it is so. You were a stronger boy. My father liked you, and contrasted me with you, and took you into his house that we might always be so contrasted. You stole from me whatever pride he might have taken in his own son. You, a beggar that he picked up from the gutter! You grew up handsomer, cleverer, cunninger than I, and the world passed me over to look at you. My father made you his heir—not me; and men laughed at me, as a paltry fellow that once more you had outwitted: and I had to grit my teeth and smile at you, and speak civilly, when I hated the damned ground that bore your feet. I swore that my turn should come some day, and I strike my account with you! Oh, yes, you never expected it! You thought me weak, as did others. You must have laughed in your sleeve, many a day, that I stood aside so readily over and over again; that I seemed to shut my ears to the sneer, behind my back, at 'that poor-spirited Anisdell, who dared not say his soul was his own if Arthur Sassoon wanted to take it from him!' I wonder you did not! It has been a riddle to the world that I have been your linkboy, your stool-pigeon, always, and seemed to glory in such humiliation. Ah, you taught me pluck, you did, long ago, when my father snatched you out of the dust to give me lessons; but I have studied, besides that, cunning, endurance, patience, from that day to this.

And last, last of all, the world has smiled to watch you stretch out your hand and draw from me the woman that I have loved, the only thing in life that in my heart I ever really have loved—and which I swore you should not steal from me. But for you, yes, but for you—for she told me so—it should have been well with me! What is the story of my life, my love, my fortune, but that of your convenience, your advantage over me, day in and day out? I have had a great patience, oh, a great patience! but it has been because I promised myself some sort of reckoning some day; not for men to know of, to credit me with it—but that I myself might know of it as at last paid, a thing lifted from my being, in time and eternity!"

The silence in the room was so deep when he finished, and waited some word from Sassoon, that the sound of the wind in the few trees in the little yard belonging to the house came clearly to their ears. It would not be possible to set down the thoughts that surged through the brain of the fugitive during this revelation—and revolution. It was both. He had suspected nothing. Every man, however keen, must be blind to something daily before his perceptions. It was a strange hour. Two men recognized that the acquaintance, the familiarity, of their past lives had been a delusion and a mockery. These were two human natures, face to face in this room, whom neither had known—strangers—enemies.

"Very good!" exclaimed Sassoon, abruptly. "I have listened to you. I quite understand you. It is a pity we did not take each other into confidence before! It might have saved—surprise—trouble. I admit the force of your position. I do not know that I ever considered it so comprehensively before." He paused; and in that curious head of his, conflicting emotions and courses of action were mingling. "What do you think I had better do for you?" he asked, smiling a little disdainfully, and putting the question as if it were on some commonplace point. "I don't see but that I owe you any satisfaction you may suggest—almost—so far as concerns this human and mundane existence. Destiny and I have been gainers at your loss. My present *bouleversement*"—he waved his hand—"pays no debts, eh? So be it. You hinted at—was it killing me? How?"

Anisdell did not answer. His outburst had exhausted him for a moment. He merely looked into Sassoon's eyes, and set his teeth, and made a gesture.

"We being, then, strangers to each other," said Sassoon, "I can see no reason why we cannot take the same course that any two other men might under the circumstances. If you wish to *shoot* me—in an expiatory sort of way—you can't do it here——"

"This is our affair," began Anisdell. "Who has any business to learn of it? Nobody. It has nothing to do with you as a defaulter and a swindler! Our quarrel dates from the day you came under my father's roof."

"So!" returned Sassoon. "This is to be the turning in a long lane, I see! You have just applied to me—incidentally—two very venturesome words for a gentleman to select from his vocabulary; but I shall still let the quarrel be yours—observe. As I said before, you seem to think only life-and-death measures will quiet your troubled spirit. You may have them. I accept your challenge. I will fight you in an hour, if that will suit you. And does that reply jump with your feelings?"

"The sooner the better," answered Anisdell, quickly. "We can take some train to-night to an out-of-the-way place—or have they a park big enough to place us in, in this city?"

"We will, as you say, take the train," quietly returned Sassoon; "we shall be less apt to be disturbed. My pistols are in the next room there. I am at your service. And now, will you be good enough to wait for me here, while I—I will leave the door open into the next room — destroy some papers and put some things together? It will cost us but a few moments."

"Go on," said Anisdell. He sat down on a chair near the open door and rested his hot head upon his hands. From time to time he looked through the door at Sassoon, who moved rapidly about, making some changes in his clothing, and putting various papers under either lock and key or into the grate. He was

careful to drop into his pocket a note which he hastily scribbled on a blank leaf from the pile of paper or the MSS. in the middle of the table. He also put there several visiting-cards, on which he had written a name and an address that was neither his own nor the "Rev. Mason Paulet's." "I am ready," he presently informed Anisdell. He handed the latter his hat and stick mechanically, turned out the gas-lights, and followed Oliver from the trim room. In silence the two men descended the stairway together and left the house.

It was bright moonlight. They did not exchange a word as they walked briskly to the Elevated Railway station. They sat in silence while they were sped smoothly up, past the quick-succeeding decades of streets, around the long and airy curves, to Harlem and its twinkling populousness. They caught a hint from the raucous call of the official at One Hundred and Fifty-fifth Street; and took the connecting road that would carry them farther still from the teeming centre of life and observation that stretches so far upward from the Battery and the City Hall. At last they got out, into something very like country-solitude.

"This will do, I should think," said Sassoon, following with his eye the moonlit road before them. They mounted briskly a steep little hill. The sharp air made their pulses tingle. They were fairly in the country now. The boughs of the trees, still bare, stood out in sharp, tangled lines against the sky.

They leaped a fence before long, near to the edge of a little wood, and made their way, with some difficulty, over the irregular, stony field beyond this. No human eye would behold them now; and there was hardly the chance of a distant passer, to be startled by the sound of a weapon.

"Will nothing serve you except this business? I ask simply in curiosity," said Sassoon, just as they were taking their positions. Each man was sharply defined, for the other's aim, against the clear background of hill-side and sky. "It shall never be said that I denied you what you elected."

"Nothing! And this, but for want of a better," retorted Anisdell, in an accent of such intense enmity that Sassoon noticed it in spite of other emotions and ideas busying his thoughts. For he was bethinking himself that he stood on the verge of—what? Was he, perhaps, to go over? Had he some new, even in this instant, unimaginably new career about to open before him? Was he, perhaps, presently to know more of what were Existence and Fate than all those tens of thousands of living men in the dozen miles of crowded highways, and boulevard, and avenues, whose lights cast a glow into the sky yonder?—more than the profoundest intellect in the whole world, since men breathed in life and knowledge, had known? Oh, wonderful possibility!

They were to fire when Anisdell counted four. The tally came, "One—two—three—four." Sassoon's bullet grazed Oliver's yellow hair. Anisdell flung down his pistol. He ran to Sassoon, with an exclamation which had in its tone amazement and exultation. Arthur gasped, "You remember—they always called me—a better shot than *you*—that, too—fate is balancing things—already, you see." His head sank. In a few moments Arthur was lying dead and stiffening, alone, under the stars on the little slope.

The papers, a day or so later, reported the discovery, by some children, of the body of an unknown man, well dressed (but not, by the by, at all as a clergyman), lying behind a grove belonging to a country-place in the upper suburbs of New York City. A letter, correctly spelled, informed whomsoever it might come to, that one John Robinson, of Boston, out of employment and despondent of getting it in the city, had decided to put himself out of the way, and that he had neither relatives nor friends who would take the slightest interest in his demise. The body was buried, in due time, in the Potter's Field.

The Frenaults were not a little concerned at the mysterious disappearance, on that May evening, of their quiet lodger, the Rev. Mason Paulet. But his effects gave no clew to the mystery enveloping his sudden departure, and the police could not unravel it. Mr. Paulet's clothing, books, and other personal property (a good deal of it nearly new, it was

observed) the two Frenaults carefully packed, and are probably keeping safely together in a corner of their house today, in the hope of hearing something from their owner, or from his unknown kin.

Mr. Oliver Anisdell was lately spoken of, in London, as "living somewhere off in the United States, where he went soon after that Sassoon fellow lost him his money, you know—San Francisco—Sante Fé." It is added that he presumably stays there in the hope of yet stumbling upon his brevet brother, or because he, out of all the world, is possessed of the secret of his undiscovered retreat.

SETH'S BROTHER'S WIFE.

By Harold Frederic.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE CONVENTION: THE NEWS.

THERE were two strange men in the low-ceilinged, grimly-furnished "settin' room," as Milton was ushered into the presence of the Boss, but at a gesture from this magnate they went out; the Boss surveyed the new-comer without a word of greeting or comment.

Mr. Beekman was a tall, angular man, past the prime of life, as was shown by the gray in his thick hair, curling at the ends, and in the stiff, projecting ruff of beard under his chin. His face was thin, hungry, with a plaintive effect of deep lines, and his great blue-black eyes were often tearful, like a young robin's, in their intent watchfulness. He was almost wholly Dutch in parentage—of that silent, persistent, quietly-masterful race which, despite all the odds, has still held more than its own in Stuyvesant's State—and the descent showed itself in the dusky hue of his skin. He had never been a wealthy man, though he came of a family decently supplied with substance, and of long settlement in the county. He had climbed to his present eminence, after a long career in local politics, by that process of exhaustion which we call the survival of the fittest. Having attained it, his rule was that of a just despot, rewarding and binding still more closely to him the faithful, remorselessly crushing all signs of rivalry, and putting the recalcitrant without pity to fire and sword. He had an almost supernatural faculty of organizing information, and getting at the motives of men. He sniffed treachery as a deer in the breeze sniffs the dog, and he had an oriental way of striking with cruel swiftness before anybody but the guilty victim suspected offence. Withal, he was a kindly man to those who deserved well of him, an upright citizen according to his lights, and a profound believer in his party.

He sat now chewing an unlighted cigar, with his feet on the hearth of the stove, and contemplated Milton at his leisure. He did not like Milton at all, and one of his chief reasons for doubting the real ability of Albert Fairchild was his choice of such an agent and confidant. At last he said, curtly:

"It's you, is it? I've got no business with you! Where's Fairchild?"

There was something in Beekman's eager, searching way of looking at a man with those big, bright eyes of his which, coupled with the question, embarrassed Milton, and he fumbled with his hat as he repeated the explanation he had given to the messenger. He was annoyed with himself for being thus disturbed.

The Boss looked his visitor out of countenance once more. Then he said: "Sit daown! Well, what is it to be?"

Milton grinned, and leaned forward familiarly in his chair.

"I sh'd ruther think that was fur you to say."

"Oh, you think so, do yeh? You imagine you've got me on the hip, ay?"

"Well, p'raps we're no jedge, but it sorts o' looks that way, now, don't it?" Milton tipped back his chair, satisfiedly, and put one of his big feet up on the hearth, to dispute possession with the Boss.

Beekman reflected for a minute; then he began, after glancing at the clock:

"There's no time to waste. I might as well talk up 'n' daown with yeh. Your man Fairchild makes me tired. Ef he'd set his heart on goin' to Congress, why on airth didn't he come to me in the first place, 'n' say so? It could 'a' been arranged, easy's slidin' off a log. But no, instid of that, he must go 'n' work up th' thing his own way, 'n' then come 'n' buck agin me in my own caounty, 'n' obleege me to fight back. D'yeh call that sense? He's smart enough in his way, I grant yeh. He's fixed up a putty fair sort o' organization in Dearborn, although it can't last long, simply because it's all built up on money, 'n' I don't go a cent on that kind of organizing. Still it's good enough in its way. *But*, he made his mistake in lettin' the idea run away with him that he could skeer me into a conniption fit with his musharoon organization. He didn't knaow me. He never took the trouble to find aout abaout me. He jest took it fur granted that I'd crawl daown aout o' my tree, like Davy Crockett's coon, as soon's he p'inted his gun at me. Well, I didn't come worth a cent. Then, when he faound aout that he'd struck a snag, 'n' that Dearborn County wasn't the hull deestrick, he turns raoun' 'n' aouts with his wallet, 'n' tries to hire me to come daown. Fur that's what you was here fur last week, 'n' you knaow it's well's I do."

Milton tried to get in some words here of dissent or explanation, but the Boss would not hear them.

"Lem me go on; 's no use your lyin'. That was Fairchild's second mistake. He thought politics was all money. Ef I was poorer than Job's turkey he couldn't buy me to so much as wink an eye fur him. I'm not in politics fur what I kin make aout of it. I'm in because I like it; because it's meat 'n' drink to me; because I git solid, substantial comfort aout of it. Ther's satisfaction in carryin' yer eend; there's pretty nigh as much in daownin' them that's agin yeh. Jest naow I'm a-thinkin' a good deal what fun it'd be to let the floor aout from under your man altogether, 'n' nominate this feller from Tecumsy."

"But," broke in Milton, "you're a candidate yerself, 'n'——"

"Wait till I'm threw, will yeh? I *said*, I'm leanin' a good deal jest naow to'rd this man from Tecumsy. I c'd beat him easy 'nough at the polls, ef he turned cranky, but I daoubt ef it 'd be wuth while. I ain't seen him yet, but I'm told he's here, 'n' ef I like his looks durn me ef I ain't a mine to nominate him. He can't do no harm, even ef he tries. These reform spurts don't winter well. They never last till spring. The boys lose their breath for a few months. But then they git daown to work agin, and baounce the reformers to the back seats where they belong. But it 'd be one thing to elect a high-toned, kid-gloved, butter-wouldn't-melt-in-his-maouth kind o' man like what's-his-name, 'n' a hoss o' quite another color to 'lect Fairchild. *He'd* make me trouble from the word 'go!' Understan', I ain't afraid of his meddlin' with me here in Jay Caounty; not a bit of it. But he'd use his position to cripple me in the deestrick. The present Congressman tried that on—'n' you ain't so much as heerd his name mentioned fur a renomination. But it was bother 'nough to squelch him. I ain't goin' to hev it to do all over agin."

"Right you air, tew!" Milton responded.

The Boss held up his hand to forbid interruption, while he looked curiously at his visitor, as if puzzled by his acquiescence. He went on:

"Ef you was a man of any readin' you'd hev heerd of a custom among Europe-ian kentries, when one whips another, of makin' the under dog in the fight pull aout his front teeth like. The beaten kentry has to tear daown its forts, 'n' blow up its men-o'-war, 'n' so on, jest as a guarantee not to make any more trouble. Well, ef I'd concluded to hev any dealin's at all with Fairchild, that's what I'd hev done with him. I'd 'a' made him turn over the appintment of all Dearborn's men on the deestrick

Committee; 'n' I'd 'a' had a written agreement that half the postmasters in Adams 'n' Dearborn, as well as all in Jay, should be o' my namin'. My wife's brother should hev hed the Thessaly post-office, tew, right under Fairchild's nose, so's to keep an eye on him. It's the duty of every man to purvide for his own fam'ly."

"Nothin' small about *you!* You only wanted the hull airth!" chuckled Milton, ingratiatingly.

"No, it was Fairchild who wanted the airth 'n' thought he'd got it, 'n' while he was deliberatin' whether he'd have it braowned on both sides or not, lo 'n' behold! I went in 'n' took it away from him slick 'n' clean."

The Boss rose as he was speaking, reached for his overcoat and put it on. "Time's up!" he said, sententiously.

Milton had risen, too, and placed himself between Beekman and the door. "There's seven minutes yit," he said, eagerly; "I've got something yeh can't afford to miss. Don't you want th' nomination yerself?"

"No. What good 'd Washington be to me? New York State's big enough for me. If yeh don't understand that I put my name before the Convention jest to hold my caounty together 'n' block Dearborn, yer a dummed sight bigger fool than even I took yeh to be."

"But s'pose Dearborn's votes cud be thrown to you! They'd nominate yeh! What 'd thet be wuth to yeh?"

"What 'd it be wuth?" mused the Boss, looking intently at Milton.

"Yes! in ready money, here! naow!"

The Boss took up his hat, meditatively, and gazed at his companion again. "Did you knaow th' man that brought yeh here?" he asked.

"Yes—'twas Jim Bunner, wa'n't it?"

"That man 'd wade threw fire 'n' water fer me. Yeh couldn't tempt him with a hundred thaousan' dollars to so much as say an evil word abaout me, let alone injure me. Yit he's desprit poor, 'n' th' unly thing I ever did fer him in my life, excep' givin' him a day's work naow 'n' then, was to help him bury his child decently ten years ago. But *I* know my *men!* Here Fairchild has took you off a dung-hill, where all yer hull humly, sore-eyed, misrubble fam'ly belong, 'n' made a man of yeh, trusted his affairs to yeh, clothed yeh, fed yeh, yes, 'n' let yeh fatten yerself on the profits of his farm—and naow yeh turn 'raound 'n' offer to sell him aout. By gum! I was right. Fairchild hain't got no sense! 'N' you, yeh skunk, git aout! Don't yeh walk on the same side of the street with me, or I'll swat the hull top of yer head off!"

"We'll nominate Ansdell 'fore you git a chance!" snarled Milton.

The Convention met, depressed by the evident feeling of disappointment among the spectators, who swarmed on all the high, pew-like seats back of the bar-railing, while the delegates sat in rows of chairs inside the space reserved in term time for the lawyers. There was ground enough for this disappointment. Fairchild had not come, and the prospects of a good speech, or even a bitter personal contest, were fading away. No one had an explanation for his absence. The Dearborn delegates were more in the dark than outsiders even, for they had been told to meet him in Tyre, before the Convention, and that he would breakfast at the Turnpike Tavern. Milton reassured them for a time by enlarging upon the bad condition of the roads, but even he ended, as they took their seats, by professing some fear of an accident. "However, I'll cast th' solid vaote, th' same as before, I suppose?" he said, and the bondsmen nodded assent.

The proceedings opened tamely. The Chairman was a professor from the Tecumseh Academy; the other counties each had a secretary. Two written announcements were handed up to be read, one that Milton Squires was authorized to cast seventeen votes for Dearborn County, the other naming a man to perform a similar function for the ten votes of Jay. There was to be no break yet awhile, apparently, in the two machine counties. But—what would Adams do?

As this question flashed through the minds of the assemblage one of the Adams delegates rose, walked to the bench, gave a paper to the presiding officer, and then joined the little throng of spectators at one side. Did this mean that he left the Convention? What *did* it mean? Experienced observers

began to feel that something startling was coming.

The paper, being read, turned out to be an announcement that Abram K. Beekman had been substituted in the Adams County delegation for the delegate who had just vacated his seat, and as the words died away the Boss himself pushed his way down the aisle, threw his long leg over the bar-rail, and took his seat. The master of Jay County getting substituted for Adams County —here *was* a mystery! Did it portend that Adams had been won for Beekman's candidature? Yes, it must mean that —and Tyre's heart leaped for joy. Or no—it couldn't mean that. The Boss would hardly thrust himself forward in that brash way if he were sure of winning—and Tyre's heart sank again, sadly.

The Chairman announced that balloting would be resumed; that the counties would be called in alphabetical order; and that, in the case of Adams County, which did not signify a desire to vote as a unit, the names of the delegates would also be called in that order. Before the words were fairly out of his mouth, a hundred shrewd brains had discovered that this meant Beekman's being the first name called. But what was his game?

So perplexed were the men of Tyre with this problem that they almost forgot to cheer when their man rose to his feet, in response to his name. It was rarely that one saw Abe Beekman in conventions; he preferred to run them from the outside; and no one in the hall had ever heard him make a speech. Imagine how they listened now!

He spoke with an almost boyish nervousness, resting his hands on the table before him, and clinging, as it were, with his eyes to the Chairman, for support. What he said was brief, to the point, and worth repeating here:

"I got substituted, ez p'raps some of yeh hev guessed, because I wanted a word at the very start. I hev my reasons. I ain't a-goin' to mention no names"— he darted a swift, significant glance over toward the Dearborn County men, singling out Milton for a second, then reverting his troubled gaze to the Chairman—"but I kin feel it in my bones that things ain't on the square here. Ther's a nigger in the fence. Mebbe it's no business of mine to yank him aout, but it's only fair to my caounty that we shouldn't let anybody git ahead of us in doin' what we want to dew. It's trew that D comes ahead o' J in the alph'bet, but"—and there was a momentary relaxation of his eager, sombre face as he enunciated this undoubted fact—"it's jest as trew that A comes in front o' D. Ef any set o' men —mind, I mention no names, but—ef any set o' delegates come here with the idee o' sellin' their man aout, or o' makin' a combination which'll put them solid with the next Congressman, and leave Jay aout in the cold, perhaps 'fore I'm threw they'll see thet they bit off more'n their jaws could wag.

"Mr. Cheerman, I don't want to go to Congress. I never've hed the least hankerin' after it. This State of aours is good enough for me. I wouldn't feel like myself ef I had to stan' 'raoun' 'n' see chaps from Rhode Island or Floridy puttin' on airs, and pretendin' to cut as big a swath as New York did. I'm too much of a State man fer thet. I'd be itchin' to jump on 'em all the while. So I want to say that I withdraw my name——"

The Hon. Elhanan Pratt rose here, his weazen little figure coming up with a spring like a jack-in-the-box, and squeaked out sharply: "I rise to a point of order. The Abram K. Beekman whose name is before this Convention is a Jay County man, nominated by Jay County, and voted for alone by Jay County. No Adams County man"—there was an elaborate sarcasm in the tone—"has any right to withdraw that name."

"The point of order is well taken," said the Chair.

"Well, in thet case I won't ask to withdraw my name," responded Beekman. "But I don't think it'll make much differ'nce. A wink is as good as a nod to a bline man. P'raps you kin git an idee by this time haow the Jay Caounty cat's goin' to jump; p'raps you can't. I'm goin' to vaote fer Mr. Richard Ansdell, 'n' I wan' to say——"

He was interrupted here by a stout, sharp burst of hand-clapping from the

Adams delegates and the few Adams men in the audience. The Tyre crowd were taken aback for an instant, and sat bewildered; then the fact that their man had played his game, and was acting as if he had won, inspired them to join tumultuously in the applause, though they were in total darkness as to the nature of the stakes played for.

The Boss went on: "I wan' to say that I've never laid eyes on him but once, 'n' never spoke a word with him in my life. But I ain't lived all this while 'thaout learnin' to read somethin' of a man's natur' in his face. I believe he's honest and straight-aout; I don't believe there's a crookid hair in his head. P'raps he's got some naotions that we'd look on as finnickin' up here in Jay, but I ain't afeard o' them. It's better to hev a man standin' so upright that he bends back'rd, then to hev—to hev—the fact is, Mr. Cheerman, I think I've said 'baout enough. Th' other candidate hain't showed up to-day! P'raps it's jest as well fur him that he hain't. I guess he'll consider that he's got abaout threw with deestrick politics—but I don't want to appear to be rubbin' it in. The lawyers hev a Latin sayin' abaout speakin' nothin' but good o' the dead——"

Beekman stopped short. The Chairman had risen to his feet. Half the delegates had followed his example, and were gazing intently at one of the tall, small-paned windows on the right side of the room. The three reporters who were sitting in the clerk's desk had begun climbing over the rails and weaving their way between the chairs toward this same window. A hum of rising murmurs was running through the audience. Beekman, finding suddenly that he had no auditors, and disconcerted at the interruption, looked about the room for a moment, in search of an explanation. Then he followed the direction of the faces, and saw his retainer, Jim Bunner, clambering in under the lifted sash, and making strenuous, almost frantic, efforts meanwhile to attract his attention.

The man was breathless with excitement. He had climbed to the window from the roof of a low, adjoining shed, and he could be heard now, as he found a footing on the back of the bench, in panting explanation of his conduct: "I *hed* to come this way! It'd 'a' taken me tew long to've got threw the crowd at th' door. I've got news for th' Boss that won't keep a second!"

He pushed his way roughly through the throng now, brushing the reporters aside with especial impatience, and stood whispering, gasping his tidings in Beekman's ear. The assemblage, silent now as the midnight watch, read in the deepening shadows and shocked severity of the Boss's face that something far out of the ordinary had happened. Beekman appeared to be asking some questions, and pondering the whispered answers with increasing emotion.

The waiting hundreds, all on their feet now, watched him in a tremor of expectation.

At last he spoke, in a low, changed, yet extremely distinct voice:

"Mr. Cheerman, when I spoke abaout sayin' nothin' but good o' th' dead, I spoke unbeknaown to myself like a prophet. My friend here brings some awful news. Mr. Fairchild, o' Dearborn, has jest been faound, stark 'n' cold, crunched under his hosses 'n' carriage, at the bottom of Tallman's ravine!"

CHAPTER XXV.

"YOU THOUGHT I DID IT!"

WHEN Seth awoke next morning, the position of the shadow cast by the thick green-paper curtain which covered the upper half of his window told his practised faculties that it was very late, and impelled him to get out of bed before he began at all to remember the several momentous events of the previous evening. As he dressed he strove to get these arranged in their proper order in his mind. Curiously enough, there were certain inchoate recollections of feminine screams, of bursts of hysterical sobbing, of low but rough and strange male voices, doleful and haunting, which confusedly struggled for place in his sleepy thoughts, and seemed now to be a part of the evening's occurrences, now to belong to this present morning, and to have come to him while he was nearing the end of his sleep.

As he passed his Aunt Sabrina's door on his way to the stairs, he heard from within the same sound of suppressed weeping. This much at least of the unlocated recollections must have belonged to the first stages of his waking. "Another quarrel with Isabel!" he thought, as he descended the stairs. "Why is it that women must always be rowing it with each other!" Then his own dispute with Albert came fresh and overpowering in distinctness of impression across his mind, and the grounds of his grievance against the temper of the other sex faded away.

The living-room was vacant — the breakfast-table still standing in the disorder of a meal just finished, and the shades down as though the day had not yet begun, although the clock showed it to be past ten. One of the folding-doors of the parlor was open and he heard Isabel's voice—it struck him as being strangely altered toward harshness of fibre—calling him to enter.

She stood, as he remembered her once before, in front of the piano. In the dusk of the drawn curtains—how gloomy and distrait everything about the house was this morning!—her figure was not very clearly visible, but her face was so pale that it seemed to be independent of any light. Her eyes had the effect of slight distention, and in the shadow were singularly dark of tint. They were gazing at him with a strange, intent, troubled look, and the expression of the pallid face went with this to disturb him vaguely. He said to himself, in the moment of waiting for her to speak, that he must keep his troth with Annie resolutely in mind, and, if needs be, not shrink from avowing and standing by it.

Isabel did not offer him her hand, or tender him any greeting whatever—only looked him through and through with that searching, unaccustomed gaze.

"I wouldn't let them call you," she said at last, speaking slowly, as if with an effort to both form these words and repress others. "I knew that you needed the sleep."

"I am sorry if I put anybody out by my laziness. But it is such a relief to be able to sleep like that once in a while, instead of having to get down to the office by eight."

"I heard you go out last night. I heard you come in this morning. But not another soul in the house suspects that you were out—not one!"

The tone was unmistakably solemn, and weighted with deep feeling of some sort. Seth uneasily felt that a scene was impending, though he could not foresee its form. He felt, too, that the part he must play in it would of necessity be an awkward one.

"Yes," he answered, "the night seemed too fine to stay in-doors. Besides, I was nervous, and it did me good to walk it off. You can't imagine how light-hearted I was when I returned, or, for that matter, how heavy-hearted when I went out."

"Seth!"

The word came forth like the red flash from clouds which can no longer retain their pent-up, warring, swelling forces—an interjection of passion, of dread, of infinite troubling, of doubt wreathed in struggle with pain. She swayed slightly toward him, her hands clasped and stretched down and forward with a gesture of excessive perturbation, her great eyes lustrous with the excitement of this battle of emotions. Seth fancied that the dominant meaning of the look was reproach. He could not in the least see his way through the dilemma, or even understand it. He could only say to himself that the enchantment was ended, and that, come what might, he would not forget Annie.

The woman glided a step nearer to him. She put one hand to her brow with a sudden movement, and rested the other upon the piano, as if all at once conscious of needing support. With a painful little laugh, hysterically incongruous, she said:

"I am almost beside myself, am I not? I cannot speak to you, it seems! And yet there is so much to say—or no! isn't silence better still?" Her voice trembled as she went on: "For what *could* we say? How meaningless all our words would be in the face of—of—"

She swept both hands to her eyes with an impetuous gesture. Her form seemed to totter for a moment, so that Seth instinctively moved toward her. Then with a wild outburst of sobs she threw herself upon his breast, convulsed with

incessant paroxysms of passionate weeping.

They stood thus together for some minutes. The young man, moved to great tenderness by her evident suffering, the cause of which he vaguely referred to the previous evening's events, put his arm about her, whispered gently to her to be comforted, and stroked her hair with a soft, caressing touch. His hand touched her cheek, and she shuddered at the contact; then swiftly took the hand in hers and raised it to her lips, murmuring between the sobs:

"Ungrateful! was it not done for me? Ah, dear, I shall not shudder again."

She kissed the hand repeatedly, and pressed it to her bosom as she spoke. She was still trembling like a leaf in his arms.

"What could it all mean?" he asked himself—and found no answer.

"We must be brave, dear," she whispered now. "We must be on our guard every instant! Oh-h! they shall tear my heart out before they learn anything—so much as a syllable! We must keep our nerves." She looked up into his astonished face, with almost a smile in her effort to strengthen his courage. "We *will* be brave, won't we, mine? The test will come soon now. Perhaps in an hour they will bring—*it!*"

The trembling seized her frame, and shook it with cruel force. She buried her face in his breast with a long, low cry of anguish, and sobbed there piteously, clinging to his hand still. Once she bent as if to kiss it again, but stopped, then turned her head aside, groaning, "Oh, how terrible! how terrible!"

The mystification now demanded light of some sort.

"What is it that is so terrible, my poor girl?" he asked. "What are they going to bring in an hour? Tell me, Isabel—my sweet sister—what does it all mean?"

She looked up into his face, with flickering suggestions of a mechanical smile at the corners of her pale lips, and with soft reproach in her eyes:

"Are you going to pretend to *me*, too, dear one? As if it were not all here in my heart—all, all! Ah, they sha'n't get it! They sha'n't get the shadow of a hint. You were home here all the while! You were asleep, sound asleep! If it be necessary I could swear that I *knew* you were asleep, that—but no, there might be suspicion then. That we mustn't have! Don't fear for me, dear one! I shall be so discreet, so circumspect, watching, weighing every word! But oh-h—shall we dream of *it?* What if we should, and should cry out in our sleep? Oh-h, my God! my God!"

She sank again, convulsively clutching his hand, and quivering, with feverish sobs, upon his breast.

"Upon my soul, I don't in the least know what you are talking about, Isabel! Do try and be calm, and tell me what it is!"

"*He* asks *me!*" she cried, with the same jarring, painful half-laugh he had heard before.

He held her from him, so that he might look into her face.

"Come, come! You are acting like a tragedy-queen on the stage. Do be sensible, and tell me what the matter is. You make me out of patience with you!"

He spoke in the vexed tone of a man needlessly perplexed with foolish mysteries. To her strained senses the simple expression of impatience was cruel mockery. She drew herself still further back from him, and dropped his hand. She was able to speak collectedly now:

"It is *you* who are the actor. You persist in playing the part—to *me!*"

"Still in riddles! *What* part, Isabel?"

"You *will* have me tell you? You want to hear the thing—in words?"

"Yes, by all means."

She had never once taken her frightened, fascinated gaze from his face. "You insist on hearing from my lips that while you were out last night your brother was murdered——"

"What!"

"Murdered not four miles from here, as he was driving on the road, and his body thrown down into a ravine. Some boys found it. Fortunately, everybody thinks it was an accident. The men who brought the news thought so."

She had spoken the words coldly, as if they were commonplaces and had been learnt by rote; but all the passion of

her being was flaming in her eyes, which transfixed him with their stare.

"Mur-dered!" the young man stammered, feeling his senses reeling. "Albert murdered! Oh-h, this must be nonsense! It is too terrible to think of even! You are out of your mind, Isabel!"

Her lips quivered. "It would be no wonder if I were, after *this!*"

The darkened rooms, the sobbing of his aunt up-stairs, the sounds of anguish that he knew now had partially awakened him, the crazed demeanor of Isabel—all these rose around him, like a black fog, to choke and confound his mind. Her fixed gaze burned him.

"Tell me what you know!" he cried, wildly.

"Wouldn't it be easier to tell me what *you* know?"

The chilling tone of the words startled him, as might a sudden contact of warm flesh with ice, before his bewildered brain had grasped their meaning. Then, like the crimson, all-pervading outburst of a conflagration, the thing dawned upon him, and his thoughts seemed blood-red in its hideous light. He pushed her from him fiercely, returning her piteous look of fright with a glare, and biting his tongue for words that should be great enough to fairly overwhelm her. As she cowered, he strode toward her.

"You thought I did it!" he shouted at her.

Her only answer was to bury her face in her hands and sink weakly at his knees.

He stood relentlessly glowering down upon her. The bitter, brutal words that might be heaped upon her, nay, that ought to be, crowded upon his tongue. It was too great a task to restrain them, to keep silence.

"*You* thought *I* did it," he repeated. "And you didn't object—you didn't shrink from me! Why, I remember—my God!—you kissed my hand! You said, 'It was done for me!' Oh-h!"

The woman at his feet, her face hidden, had been sobbing violently. She lifted her eyes now, and strove appealingly to conquer him with their power. She rose, unaided, to her feet, and confronted him. Terror and tenderness visibly struggled for the mastery of her facial expression, as for the mood behind it.

"Don't, Seth, don't! Can't you see how I am suffering? Have you no pity? How *can* you have the heart to speak to me like this?"

"*You* talk about pity—about hearts!"

"How long ago was it that they were on your tongue—that you had your arms stretched open for me?"

"Don't recall it!"

"If I were to die this day, this hour, it would be the one thing I should want to remember, the one thing of my life that I should hug to my heart. What is changed since then? A man dead?—a man dies every minute of the day somewhere in the world! Suppose I was wrong! Suppose it *was* an accident—yes, we'll say it was! *Don't* you see—how little that is, how unimportant, compared with—with—"

She finished the sentence by a faltering step toward him, her arms outstretched, her lips parted, her form offering itself for his embrace with a sinuous seduction of moving outlines.

The old witchery flamed up for a second in his pulses; then it was emberless ashes.

Without a word he turned and left her.

Aunt Sabrina opened the door of her room in response to his strenuous rapping, and wiped her tear-stained face with the end of her shoulder-shawl as her nephew entered. At his behest she told all the tidings that had come to the farm. Its master had been found at the bottom of Tallman's ravine by some boys who had climbed down to see if the beech-nuts were turning. The whole equipage had pitched off the narrow road which crossed the gulf at this point high above. The buggy was smashed. One of the horses was dead; the other had two of its legs broken. Half-hidden under the carriage and one of the beasts was Albert, quite lifeless and cold. The men who brought the news believed every bone in his body must have been broken.

As she concluded the bare recital of facts, the poor old maid began her sobbing afresh.

"I might uv knaowd it'd 'a' come to

this," she groaned; "'pride goeth before a fall,' ez Solomon says. I hed my heart tew much sot on his goin' to Congress; I was exaltin' my horn tew high. I was settin' by the window, that very minute, watchin' Sarah Andrews go by perked up in their democrat wagon, with her injy shawl 'n' all her fine feathers on, 'n' never so much 's turnin' her head this way, 'n' I was sayin' to myself, 'M' lady, you'll come daown a peg 'r two off 'n your high hoss when Albert goes to Congress'—'n' there the men was comin' in the gate, thet identical minute, with the news. I tell you!"—she roused herself into indignant declamation here—"men like Zeke Tallman ought to be hung, who're tew shiftless or penurious to fix up their fences on pieces o' raoad like thet, sao's to keep folks from drivin' off in the dark 'n' killin' themselves! That's what they ought!"

"But it wasn't dark, Aunt Sabrina," said Seth; "the moon was so bright all last night you could have seen to read by it."

The old lady was too occupied with her own thoughts to even think of inquiring as to her nephew's source of information. She only rocked to and fro, desolately, and said, as if talking to herself:

"Sao much the wuss, Seth. It *was* to be! Nothin' could 'a' stopped it. Thet old witch, M'tildy Warren, is right. There's a cuss on aour fam'ly. Here, almost inside tew years, Sissly's gone, 'n' Lemuel's gone, 'n' naow it's poor Albert! 'N' he was gittin' so like his grandfather, the Senator, tew, gittin' to look like him, 'n' ack like him; I kin remember my father——"

Seth left the room with soft footsteps. He would go at once to the scene of his brother's death.

At the outside door, as he opened it, he stood face to face with Annie. She gave him her hand silently. Her face was paler than he had ever seen it before, and she looked on the ground, after the first little start of surprise at the meeting, instead of into his face.

"You have heard?" he whispered.

"Yes. Isn't it awful?"

"Will you go up-stairs and see Aunt Sabrina? She is in her room. I think the sight of you would do her good."

"Yes. What a terrible shock it must be to her! And——"

"The widow? You'll find her in the parlor. Strange enough, she was weeping her eyes out when I last saw her." He could not keep the bitterness out of his tone.

"Poor woman!" was all that Annie could find it in her heart to murmur, as Seth passed her on his gloomy errand, and she entered the house of mourning.

(To be continued.)

SILENT SORROW.

By Louise Chandler Moulton.

If she unclosed her lips and made her moan,
  She would not be so weary with her woe—
  A burden shared is lightened: even so
The weight is heavier that we bear alone,
And anguish pent within turns hearts to stone.
  The fellowship of sorrow to forego,
  To suffer and be silent, is to know
The blackest blossom from the black root grown.

And yet great joys and greatest woes *are* dumb.
  Small is the sum that reckoning can compute—
  The shallows babble, but the depths are mute—
The great mid-sea our measure may not plumb;
King Love, King Pain, King Death, in silence come,
  And, meeting them, we silently salute.

FRENCH TRAITS—THE SOCIAL INSTINCT.

By W. C. Brownell.

THE apparent contrast between modern Frenchmen and the crusaders, between the "café-haunters" and the cathedral-builders, stimulates speculation as to whether the present interest of France is commensurate with her historic importance. The noblest monuments in the world attest the part she once played in the drama of civilization. Were Rheims and Amiens, Bourges and Beauvais, the embodied aspiration of the race whose activities one observes along the Paris boulevards to-day? Are there any signs in the actual Normandy of the spirit which dotted the North coast with the stone temples beside which their differentiation across the Channel seems often flimsy and superficial? Or, at the other end of France, as one descends the magnificent thoroughfare which consoles the Marseillais for the greater general splendor of Paris, does any lingering reminiscence reach one of the instinct which covered the Midi with the massive monuments of Provençal Romanesque? As one observes the audience which listens to Guignol, it seems fabulous that the Frank ever crossed the Rhine. As one notes the gayety, the *bonhomie*, the bright graciousness of a Parisian or provincial crowd, the Merovingian epoch seems a myth. Is there any traceable relationship between St. Remy at Rheims and St. Augustin at Paris, between St. Jean at Lyons and the Nouvel Opéra, between the Sainte Chapelle and the Panthéon? The difference is as vast as that between gloom and gayety, between the grandiose and the familiar, the mystic and the rational. From the Palace of the Popes at Avignon to the Marseilles Cannebière, from the Chartres sculpture to M. Falguière, from Plessis-les-Tours to the Tuileries, is a long way. The contrast seems not in epoch, but in character. In no other country is it marked in anything like the same degree. In England the same character is traceable in the London Law Courts and the ruins of Kenilworth; Oxford Street and Piccadilly but deepen the impression of Chester and Warwick; there is a subtle sympathy between Westminster and St. Paul's. One is sure that the ancestors of the shopmen in the Burlington Arcade and of the owners of the West End palaces fought side by side at Crécy and Poictiers, where they occupied pretty much the same reciprocal relations and entertained, *mutatis mutandis*, pretty much the same notions of life, art, and foreigners. In Germany it is not very different. The cavalrymen of 1870–71, who sabred the damask and stole the clocks of the French châteaux, were lineal descendants of the Lanzknechts of the Rhine. Cologne Cathedral was finished within the decade. Bavaria goes wild to-day over the stories of the meister-singers. Even Dresden figurines and Saxon baroque in general are gothic in the last analysis—quite without the grace born of the renaissance passion for the beautiful, and still as clumsy as perfected knowledge will permit. The succession to Winckelmann is certainly as little frivolous as Burgmaïr and Schöngauer, and German criticism is still metaphysical and scholastic. Italy, from the time of the Pisans down to the decline of the high renaissance, and from the return of the popes to the French Revolution, visibly illustrates a natural evolution. The same may be said of Spain. And since the Revolution, whatever is distinctly modern in Italian or Spanish character and culture, any note of discordant modification, is to be attributed in no small degree to the French occupation. Only in France does there seem to be a break.

The times change, and the most acutely alive change most in them. Since the days of Louis le Gros, when the national unity began, France has most conspicuously of all nations changed with

the epoch; in those successive readjustments which we call progress she has almost invariably been in the lead. She was the star of the ages of faith as she is the light of the age of fellowship. The contrast between her actual self and her monuments is, therefore, most striking; but at the same time it is superficial only and perfectly explicable. And its explanation gives the key to French character; for there is one instinct of human nature, one aspiration of the mind, which France has incarnated with unbroken continuity from the first—since there was a France at all France has embodied the *social instinct.* It was this instinct which finally triumphed over the barbaric Frankish personality; which during the panic and individualism of the Middle Ages took refuge in the only haven sympathetically disposed to harbor it and produced the finest monuments of Europe by the force of spiritual solidarity; which, so soon as the time was ripe, extended itself temporally and created a civil organism that rescued the human spirit from servitude; and which, finally, in the great transformation of the Revolution, obtained the noblest victory over the forces of anarchy and unreason that history records. Thus in the days when the mediæval spirit of authority, of concentration, of asceticism, of individualism was almost all-powerful in Europe, the French social instinct triumphed in the only sphere in which exalted effort was productive; and now that this instinct has been brought into harmony with the Time-Spirit, now that solidarity is not only secularized but popularized, France illustrates its new phases as perfectly as she did the old. There has really been no break in her historic continuity. The cathedrals are not feudal. They were the product of a spirit partly ecclesiastical, partly secular, but always social—the true Gallo-Roman spirit which, great as was the perfection attained by German feudalism in France, constantly struggled against and finally conquered its foreign Frankish foe. The cathedrals, in a word, are merely the bridge by which France clears the Middle Age. They are grandiose links in the chain which unites the Revolution to the twelfth century communal movement for equality. They mark a phase of the long struggle of solidarity with anarchic forces, as do the anti-ecclesiastical movement of Phillippe le Bel, the national condensation of Louis XI., the renaissance reversion to classic social as well as artistic ideals, and finally the burial at the Revolution of moral and material Byzantinism.

There is accordingly even a closer spiritual identity between the Nouvel Opéra and Notre Dame de Paris than there is, for example, between the English Cathedral and its perfunctory reproduction in the British Houses of Parliament—the identity of instinct differing only in phase. And this instinct is, as I said, the key to French character and the most conspicuous trait whereby French character differs from our own. French history is the history of this instinct. The fusion of Gallic characteristics with Roman institutions apparently developed a disposition of Athenian interdependence and solidarity, all of whose accomplishments were to be organically wrought, and whose failures were to come from the subordination of the individual member involved in the supremacy of the general structure. The Catholic Church came next, and contributed an influence to the moulding of modern France which it is impossible not to recognize on every hand.

No one can pass from a Protestant to a Catholic country without being struck by the numerous characteristic differences which force themselves upon the sense and the mind. The two shores of the English Channel, of Lake Geneva, of the Hollandsch Diep, the two sides of the Vosges—wherever the two systems come into contact the contrast is marked. To a Protestant entering France the influence of Catholicism is especially striking, because in France, owing to French clearness and method, what elsewhere are only Latin tendencies become perfectly developed traits. It is indefinite at first, but very sensible nevertheless. Long familiarity deepens the impression. The absence of the individual spirit, the absence of the sense of personal responsibility, the social interdependence of people, the respect for public opinion, the consequent consideration for others, the free play of

mind compatible only with a certain carelessness as to deductions, and a confidence that society in general will see to it that the world roll on even if one's own logic be imperfect—a dozen traits characteristic and cardinal one associates at once with the influence of the Catholic Church. The great work of the Reformation was to quicken the sense of personal responsibility by awakening the conscience. The predominant influence of the Catholic Church has been to enforce the sense of social interdependence among men, to destroy individualism by organizing and systematizing, and then itself assuming entire charge of the domain of the conscience. The conscience is, of course, the most important of the springs of human action. In proportion as the individual charges himself with soliciting and following its oracles his character is fortified and concentrated, his individuality intensified. In proportion as he resigns this charge into other hands, to that extent he places the true centre of his moral nature outside himself, his individuality becomes less marked, and his relations to others more sensible, more important. Is he not, indeed, vitally connected with something external which charges itself with the direction of the most powerful moral agent of his nature, and are not all his fellows thus connected also? The bond of union between men is thus infinitely stronger in Catholic communities than in Protestant, and in this way directly comes about by gentle gradations of logical consistency that considerateness, that deference, that sense of dependence upon others, that feeling that one's true centre is outside of one and in a safer place, so to speak, the respect for public opinion, the harmony with one's time and environment—all the fruits in fine of the social instinct re-enforced by religious system. This is the direct, sensible influence of Catholicism, as on the other hand the direct, sensible influence of Protestantism has been to isolate and to individualize. But the indirect influence of each system for being less sensible is not the less real or important, and the indirect influence of Catholicism has tended to social expansion as potently as its direct influence to social concert. Renunciation and asceticism, ecstasy and elevation, the mediæval virtues, in fact, are often called especially Catholic virtues. They are, indeed, eminently virtues of the Catholic Church, but they have never been virtues of a Catholic society. Renunciation shines out beautifully and bountifully from the pages of the Legends of the Saints. History is full of instances of the divine self-forgetting of monks and nuns. Even Catholic fanaticism has always been marked by it. Ignatius had as much of it in his way as Saint Theresa. But in Catholic societies themselves, the Catholic Church in this regard has always strictly separated itself from the world. It has been in them, but not of them. It has, so to speak, organized its renunciation, and its organized renunciation has sold indulgences to society in general. The result has been, of course, that society in general—that is to say, everyone with no clear vocation for thorough-going renunciation—improves its opportunity and uses its indulgences freely. That in France it never did, and certainly does not now, use these to their utmost limit is due to the native French talent for sobriety, but it is evident that the instinct for social expansion has been fortified by Catholicism, as it has been repressed by Protestantism in the same way that one system has quickened and the other lessened the sense of mutual interdependence among men. Just as, in contrast to the separatism of Protestantism, Catholicism has tended to unify and nationalize, to render organic the structure of society, so it has tended to develop all those sides of man's nature which relate him to the external world, and we have in France, as a result in great part of Catholic influences, not only a people intensely organic and *solidaire*, but a people possessed of the epicurean rather than the ascetic ideal in morals, its unmoral nature harmoniously evolved without restraint from a higher spiritual law, its intelligence so highly cultivated as sometimes to supplant the soul in the sphere of sentiment, and its social and mutual activities carried to an extent and refined in a degree of which we have ordinarily a very inadequate idea.

The preponderance thus of unifying

over controversial and separatist forces has rendered it the most homogeneous in the world, and, accordingly, if it be ever excusable to speak of a people in the mass, it is excusable in the case of the French. What one notes in the individual is more than anywhere else apt to be a national trait. There is, of course, differentiation enough, but it begins further along than with us, and is structural rather than fortuitous. They vary by types rather than by units. The class only is specialized. Their homogeneousness is not uniformity, but it is divided rather in the details than in the grand construction. The Parisians so bore each other often by force of mutual sympathies and identical ideas, that *ennui* itself has probably had a large share in the variety of their political experimentation and in the evolution of their elaborate Epicureanism. They are infinitely civilized. Individuals are of less import than the relations between them; hence manners and art. Character counts less than capacity; hence the worship of the intelligence. They have little or none of our introspectiveness. They understand themselves thoroughly, but by instinct, and not as the result of examination. They are far more interested in you than in themselves, and contemplate you much more closely. This indeed they do very narrowly, and an American who is himself enough addicted to "taking notes" to remark the practice under its skilful veil of interest and civility is apt to find it irksome. But even in your personality their interest is never pushed to the extent of considering such of its complexities as arise from counter-currents of mind and feeling and will—such as a writer like George Eliot, for instance, or Hawthorne, or Thomas Hardy, is so greatly attracted by. They seem always to fancy you "a plain case," and only solicitous to learn what label to take from their assortment (an assortment, by the way, far more comprehensive than any other people's) with which to ticket you. If your complexity is the chief thing about you, they ticket you "fin" (for which our word is "subtle"), and so pigeonhole you without further examination. It is humiliating to the American sense to note how often this is really all that the case calls for; the suggestion is irresistible that much of our personal "hair-splitting" is as nebulously unprofitable as the refinements of Teutonic metaphysics. With the French, at all events, the process of working out any social equation is always marked by the use of the personal factor as a known term. "X" is never you, but your capacities, your manifestations, what you, with your Anglo-Saxon self-concentration, describe as your mere "phenomena." "Un original" is an eccentric person.

Idiosyncrasy, in a word, has little interest for them. Until it has been embalmed in legend it is rather resented than tolerated, even in its grandiose manifestations. There is little hero-worship that is either blind or vague. There is absolutely no French sympathy with the notion that heroes are made of essentially different stuff from the rest of mankind. Great men are, if "nobler brothers," most of all "one in blood;" and it is by sufferance only that they are permitted to "lord it o'er" their fellows, in Sterling's phrase, by either "looks of beauty" or "words of good." There is the Hugo, the Millet, as there was the Napoleonic *légende*, but their inspiration is mainly decorous and conformed to the prevalent regard for the fitness of things rather than emotionally sincere. "Cher maître" is a title borne by scores. M. Dumas *fils* is a "cher maître." And the popularity of this attitude is ascribable to the vanity which seeks association or identification with celebrity, not at all to the Germanic quality of admiration. Of Goethe's three kinds of reverence—for what is above us, for our equals, and for what is beneath us—the second only, that is to say what is more properly called deference, is commonly illustrated by Frenchmen. Such a book as Mr. Peter Bayne's "Lessons from my Masters" would be a solecism in France. The proceedings of the Browning Society would excite amazement. The spirit of the Molièristes and that of the Goethe adorers are in complete contrast. The intense emotion which led one of Carlyle's secretaries publicly to express a sense of spiritual indebtedness to him next after his "Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ," would seem whimsically exces-

sive. No Frenchman so surrenders himself to any personal influence; awe and abjectness are equally un-French. The anecdote of one contemporary English poet going, footstool in hand, to sit at the feet of another, indicates rather the French order of hero-worship, which if less cockney in its expression is characterized by the same sense of the importance of the impersonal function discharged in common by the hero and his worshipper.

Character, being thus less considered, develops less energy. "That which all things tend to educe—which freedom, cultivation, intercourse, revolutions go to form and deliver—is character," says Emerson, with transcendental confidence. Yes! but not character as we understand it, not individual character independent of its environment. Freedom goes to form and deliver that, most assuredly, but not necessarily intercourse, cultivation, revolutions—of which the French have had far more than they have had of freedom. "Trust thyself!—every heart vibrates to that iron string." In France every heart thus vibrates only when the said string sounds a harmonious strain in concerted music. "The giants must live apart. The kings can have no company," says Thackeray. In France the giants are as rare as the pygmies. The social instinct is inimical to both. The great Frenchmen, it has been acidly remarked, are apt to be Italians, and in effect the way in which individual Italians and the entire French people have united, at various epochs in history, in the accomplishment of great works is exceedingly instructive as to the tendencies of either civilization. The great Frenchmen are generally great on their human and social sides, by distinction rather than by energy. They are never monsters. No ascetics are numbered among them. Their minds are lofty, but they are not self-gathered in them. Even the French heroes have less egoism than vanity; it is Henry IV., not Napoleon, that is truly national. And, as history reminds us, they are not found isolated but in groups, whose members are mutually dependent and supporting. But for this, and for the general elevation of the subsidiary groups around them, the eminence of many of them would be more conspicuous than it is; many merely eminent names in French history would shine heroic and grandiose on the roll of almost any other nation, because of this difference in perspective. But the great accomplishments of France have, in general, been the work rather of the nation than of those heroes who "look at the stars with an answering ray." Wherever the task of progress has demanded intellectual inspiration or moral energy, it is the Spaniard, the Italian, the Englishman who excels, but it is the French people entire. The individual work of its exceptional volcanic spirits like Mirabeau, like Danton, is apt to be incomplete. Solider-building is done by the nation organized—despotically under the Corsican Bonaparte, autonomously under the Genoese Gambetta. The Revolution, the conquering of Europe, the freeing of the human spirit, which the kings of the Continent and the aristocracy of England could only temporarily reimprison, in 1815, at Vienna, were Titanic works wrought by the social instinct of the most completely organic people in history.

In the familiar and every-day, as well as in the exceptional and heroic work of life, the power and importance of the social instinct show themselves in France in a way of which we have no experience. The relations between individuals being exalted into a distinct social force, apart from the personalities therewith connected, these relations are regulated, utilized, and decorated to very noteworthy ends. They are used with us mainly for business purposes; it is chiefly, perhaps, the commercial traveller who exploits them. The rest of us enjoy them or neglect them as the case may be, but take no thought to organize and direct them. The social instinct, nevertheless, being native to man, even to man in our environment of riotous individualism, it incurs the risk of becoming depraved if it be not developed. This, indeed, is its very frequent fate in many of our communities, and the amount of positive debauchery due to a perversion of this instinct, which perversion is itself due to neglect, is very suggestive. And positive debauchery aside, the pathetic

failure of genial but weak natures that in a truly social *milieu* would certainly have succeeded is still more significant because it is still more hopeless. In France social capacity is a principal part of the youth's equipment for his journey through life. In virtue of it young men rise in the world, obtain "protection," and acquire vantage ground. With us, hitherto, a turn for what is called society is fully as likely to be a bar as an aid to a young man's success, being accepted often as indicating frivolity, if not extravagance and dissipation, and, at all events, hostile to the industry and severe application which pass for credentials of solidity. Success in an industrial society does not depend on the favor of women, and we are wont a little to contemn the large and interesting class of *petits jeunes gens* of which French society makes so much. On the other hand, we have many accentuated types wholly peculiar to ourselves and generated by the struggle of the ambitious and intensely concentrated individual with an amorphous and undeveloped society which he can in a measure mould as well as figure in, provided only his energy be sufficient to the task. Never was there such a field for the parvenu as that we furnish. Never was the parvenu so really estimable and distinguished a person. With energy and persistence, a man who only yesterday ate with his knife may to-morrow lay down rules of etiquette, a beneficiary dispense charity, a country merchant regulate a railway system—merely by the force through which strenuous personality imposes itself on a society whose solidarity is too feeble to protect it against assault from without and treachery from within. In most instances, indeed, our pretence of solidarity is pure snobbishness, and our parvenus really—as was said of Napoleon —*arrivés*.

The Frenchman's instincts and impulses receive, on the contrary, a social rather than an egoistic development. His position in the world, the esteem of his neighbors, everything, in fact, except looking for the resurrection of the dead, which prevents him from being of all men most miserable, are obtained by a far more complex exercise of talent than that ascetic concentration of effort known among us as "looking out for Number One." Look out for "Number One," the Frenchman certainly does in the most unflinching and devoted manner; but the process is with him adapted to gregarious rather than insulated conditions. He easily spares more time from business than we do from idling to expend in the expansiveness necessary for elaborate social development; furthermore, social conditions with him prevent time so expended from being, even in an indirect sense, wasted, so that he is never more profitably occupied than when he is, so to speak, least concentrated. He conquers in love, war, affairs, and society, not as with us, with the Germanic peoples generally, in virtue of strenuous personality, but through many-sidedness, appreciativeness, perception, sympathy—in a word, less by energy than by intelligence. And this intelligence itself is socially developed. M. Caro says of the Abbé Roux that his genius, "formed in solitude, outside of all intellectual commerce, of all expansion," is characterized by "an inner spring and source of ideas in their native state, charged with parasitical elements neither purged by essay nor filtered by discussion; by ignorance which astonishes in connection with certain points of view truly striking; by faults of taste unavoidable in the absence of all exterior control and points of comparison; by a certain awkwardness, sometimes a singular want of discernment, and hence a defect of proportion and development between thoughts really new and those which seem so only to the eyes of the artist who believes himself to have discovered them." One could not better describe the traits which, in our life, as well as in our literature, our individualism throws into sharp relief in contrast with those of the French.

In his "Pensées d'un Solitaire" the Abbé Roux himself observes that "men of talent, so long as they have only intuitive experiences, are bound to commit follies," and the universal prevalence of this conviction in France secures great openness and spiritual reciprocity. There are no people whom it is "difficult to know," who are very "reserved" in the presence of strangers, who are

particularly "reticent" about their own affairs, who have "secrets" and resent familiarity. A high development of the social instinct makes short work of these varieties of a type well known and rather highly esteemed among ourselves. It unmasks them at once as in some sort pretenders, as people who devote a large share of their attention, while the battle of life is raging, to keeping open the communications in their rear either for opportunities of retreat or in order to execute some brilliant flank movement. In other words, either their self-distrust or their self-conceit is shown to be excessive. In France the battle of life is, socially speaking, nearly a pure figure of speech. The foe is at any rate impersonal. No one's individual attitude is hostile or suspicious. There is none of the exciting competition which with us exists, among friendly rivals even. Hence, beyond those matters which are essentially private, being nobody's business and rightfully appealing to nobody's interest, people generally have nothing to conceal. The *milieu* is not only friendly, but it is intelligent. Neither timidity nor strategy, of the kind we are familiar with, would avail much with it. It would be impossible to disguise them. The "reserve" of our young ladies, their true opinions on public questions, the secret they are thinking about, which young men are rewarded by being permitted gradually to discover as they become better and better acquainted, are, for example, peculiar to ourselves; but in France, especially, they would be purposeless for the same reason that inquiries as to the secrets of freemasonry or the composition of patent medicines are—namely, not because they are undiscoverable, but because what is worth knowing about them can be divined. There is, of course, the contrast between the *bavard* and the *nature condensée*, but the latter is none the less a frank and not a secretive nature. There are no prigs.

Competition is a great word with us, but socially it implies a solecism. It means egoism, and the difference between our individualism and French social interdependence is very well shown in the correspondence of our egoism to French vanity. How far egoism may be carried, what bleakness it may introduce into life, and how it may blight existence one may easily guess; but its baleful influence has never been so vividly shown as in that very remarkable book published a few years ago and entitled "The Story of a Country Town." A more important contribution to sociology has not been made within the decade. No one can have read it without being affected by its gloom, its moral squalor, its ashen tone. There is nothing more depressing in Russian fiction, and, like Russian fiction, it is wholly unfactitious. It is a picture entirely typical, and typical of one hesitates to say how many American communities. And no one can have read it attentively without perceiving that the secret of its dreariness is its picture of the excesses of individualism. Lack of sympathy with each other; a narrow and degrading struggle for "success;" a crying competition; a dull, leaden introspection; no community of interest, material or ideal, except of a grossly material religious ideality; duty ignorantly conceived; sacrifice needlessly made; generous impulses leading nowhither, and elevated effort clogged by the absence of worthy ends; the human spirit, in fine, thrown back on itself and operating, so to speak, *in vacuo;* and the partly tragic, chiefly vulgar, wholly sterile conclusion of all this Mr. Howe has painted for us with a master-hand. Beside his picture the wild orgies and bacchanalian frenzy of a society in decadence appear sane. Beside it, at all events, French vanity seems antiseptic. Vanity has its origin in approbativeness, and to study to please is a safeguard against many evils in morals as well as in manners. It is, to be sure, mainly through their vanity that the French show to us their weak side. It is a characteristic that in excess causes character to atrophy. It stimulates cowardice in the face of ridicule, and leads infallibly to puerile confusions of shadow and substance. And the French have far more of it than any other people. Stendhal never tires of reproaching his countrymen with it, and declares it responsible for his exile in Italy. Only the other day M. Albert Wolff, whose competence is conspic-

uous, declared it epidemic, affirming French society entire to be *frappée par le fléau de la vanité*. But vanity as the French possess it, and modified as it is by their all-informing intelligence, is a not too unpleasant, as it is an inevitable, concomitant of the spirit of society. Its absence would mean, logically, infinitely more loss than gain in social relations. "Nothing," says Voltaire, "is so disagreeable as to be obscurely hanged," and together with its obvious vanity it is impossible not to see in the remark a feeling of fraternity as well.

In France, indeed, fraternity is as it were in the air. This sentiment, which is the poetic side of the notion of equality, to which the French have been so profoundly attached since the very beginnings of modern society, during the break-up of the Middle Ages, is to be read in the expression and demeanor of everyone to be met with in the streets as unmistakably as it is stamped on all the buildings belonging to the state. Insensibly you find yourself setting out with the feeling that every stranger is amicably disposed. Arriving from London, either at Paris or at the smallest provincial town—Calais itself, say—the absence of individual competition, of personal preoccupation, of all the varied inhospitality, the stony, inaccessible self-absorption which depress the stranger in London whenever he is out of hail of an acquaintance, the conspicuous amenity everywhere suffuses with a profoundly grateful warmth the very cockles of the American's heart. At first it seems as if all the world were really one's friends. People with such an aspect and deportment would be, certainly, in New York; in New York you would feel almost as if you could borrow money of them without security. You look for the personal feeling, the warmth, the glow which such evident amenity stimulates in your own breast. You find no real response. You feel somehow imposed upon and resentful. Nothing is less agreeable to the Anglo-Saxon heart than to discover that it has beaten with unreasonable warmth, that the occasion really called for no indulgence of sentiment. You understand Thackeray's feeling toward the "distinguished foreigner" whom he met crossing the Channel, and who "readily admitted the superiority of the Briton on the seas or elsewhere," only to discover himself, the voyage over, in his real character of a hotel-runner—or, as Thackeray puts it, "an impudent, sneaking, swindling French humbug." Nothing could be more unreasonable; you are not in London or New York transformed by the millennium, but in Paris—or Calais, as I said. The Apocalyptic thousand years' reign of absolute satisfactoriness is still in the distant future. Self-interest is still a motive, and if a cabman is less extortionate than in New York, or a policeman more specific and personal in his directions, or a fellow 'bus passenger more affably communicative, it is not to greater delicacy of moral fibre that it should be attributed, but to a universal feeling that mankind is a fraternity instead of a vast mass of armed neutrals, and that, *cæteris paribus*, there is greater pleasure to be got out of the lubrication than the friction of points of contact between individuals. This, elevated into a positive system, produces the amenity which is as clearly a boulevard as it is a *salon* characteristic in France.

Bonhomie is not necessarily *bonté*, but it is an extremely pleasant trait to find on every hand—in the promenade, in shopping, travelling, theatre-going, gallery-visiting, wherever, in fact, one encounters his fellow-men closely. It is pleasant not to be jostled and elbowed in crowds, to be greeted in entering a shop, to be spoken to civilly and copiously by a casual companion on a bench in the *Champs Elysées*, to be treated in every way, in fine, humanely and urbanely. Urbanity is a Latin word, and still retains its significance in Latin cities, notably in France; whereas with us it is in general "fine old country gentlemen" who chiefly illustrate the quality, and except in the interior of houses, urban and urbane are epithets of broadly differing significance. But charming as the urbanity of French out-door existence is, that other quality of *bonhomie*, of good-humor, with which it is in France so closely associated—and of which it is, indeed, more the outward expression than the twin trait even—is quite as charming. Urbane the *citadins* of Spain and Italy are, almost invariably; but their

urbanity decorates a different quality—a high-bred chivalry, or, among the lower classes, a fine natural simplicity—Fernan Caballero's vaunted *naturalidad* in Spain, and in Italy a rich geniality which sometimes breaks quite through the urbanity and recalls our own Westerner. The French good-humor seems idiosyncratic.

It is not very deep. Often, in fact, it shows itself to be so shallow that very bad humor is easily perceived to lie in some cases disagreeably near the surface. There is a good deal of varied light and shade about the social instinct. Mr. Henry James permits the "roaring Yankee" of his "The Point of View" to speak of the Parisians in the mass as "little, fat, irritable people." In many respects Paris is not France, and probably nearly all the *genus irritabile* to be found in France is concentrated in the capital. At Paris you certainly hear, first and last, a good deal of scolding. Your landlady is sure to scold the servants from corridor to corridor, and these latter—such is the spirit of fraternity—are sure to scold back. More or less scolding is sure to force itself upon your attention out of doors. The *cocher* scolds his horse, the gendarme scolds the *cocher;* now and then you see groups actively engaged in this kind of mutual remonstrance. It is to be borne in mind that they never come to blows. "It costs a lot to punch a Frenchman's head," I heard a compatriot remark one day—this condition of affairs demonstrating a high state of civilization, or a decadence of manly spirit hedging cowardice about with tyrannical regulations, as one chooses to consider it. Certainly one might pass a lifetime in Paris without witnessing anything similar to a scene of which in London once I was an excited —until I observed that a nearer policeman was a placid—spectator, namely, a young man choking and cuffing a crying young woman who exhibited every sign of pain and anger, but no sense of outrage. Individualism fails in various ways to decorate and render attractive the daily life of a great city; below a certain rank, composed of the surviving fittest, moves an amorphous mass of units, specifically unattractive owing to their profound lack of interest in themselves and their conspicuous moral dejection, and—owing to the prevalent individualism—destitute in the mass of any organic or homogeneous interest. Even where individualism has to contend against the kind of fraternity with which it is not inconsistent—the kind we illustrate in contrast with the English, the kind born of large human sympathies exercised under a democratic system and over a continent's extent—even in New York I remember a characteristic incident which one could never expect to see paralleled in Paris. Two friends had quarrelled in a Bowery saloon, and having, in reporter's phrase, "adjourned to the sidewalk," one was speedily on top of the other, who, unarmed himself, clutched desperately his foe's uplifted hand which held a knife over him. A crowd quickly gathered and a stalwart fellow rushed toward the struggling pair, apparently to interfere, but drawing a clasp-knife from his *poche américaine* (as it is called by French tailors), he opened it and thrusting it into the hand of the under-dog, exclaimed: "Here's a knife for you, too, young fellow!" A policeman supervened and closed the incident. At Paris this would have seemed savage to a "professional" assassin. In five cases out of six the passion which produces in London and New York blows and pistol-shots, and in Naples and Seville knife-thrusts, exhales itself in vocables, and expends its force in gesticulation. The French nature is frivolous and superficial, is the explanation given in all the English books—the books which, having none of our own, and knowing no other language, we read exclusively; querulousness takes the place of passion, bluster and storming the place of blows, adds the American observer—the implication being the same; indeed, Mr. Henry James sums it up in so many words in one of his sketches of travel: "The French are a light, pleasure-loving people, and the longest study of life on the Boulevard des Italiens does not change the impression." Certainly not, in fair weather; when the skies are clear and life is good there is no evidence of moping along this thoroughfare. But, seated at one of the innumerable little tables that fringe its gay terraces, the

sentimental traveller may read in his Baedeker the suggestive statement that the asphalt beneath him was substituted by the crafty Napoleon III. for stone pavement because of the chronic disposition of the Parisians to transform the latter into barricades. *Cela donne à penser.* Readiness to get yourself killed upon slight provocation hardly attests frivolity, but seriousness in the English sense; readiness to sacrifice one's life in defence of ideas witnesses the same quality in the French sense. A gradual and cumulative progress in every revolution of importance since the days of Divine Right testifies to the seriousness of the Parisian people in every sense. Having regard simply to separate municipalities, that of Paris, in fact, seems the only serious one since the Middle Ages.

Nothing is more common with us, however, than to treat this same characteristic of the Parisian as not only marked evidence of his frivolity, but as merely the occasional exaggeration of his habitual querulousness. But nothing also is more superficial, and one cannot live long in Paris without perceiving that the querulousness which at first strikes one is itself simply the defect of the quality of amenity, which is, after all, universal if not profound; just as blows and general brutality are the defect of the estimable quality so highly prized in Anglo-Saxon communities of absolute and profound personal sincerity. There is nothing absolute or profound about French amenity. Rightly apprehended the nature of the quality excludes the notion of profundity. It is rather a gloss, a veneer, a mere outward husk, but the veneer and husk of that very solid feeling of fraternity which is so integral a part of the French gospel. In England, and among the large and increasing class of anglicized Americans in this country, fraternity is still, of course, a subject of philosophic controversy; the school of Mill on one side, thinkers like Mill's implacable critic, Sir James Fitzjames Stephen, on the other. Sir James Stephen, for example, whose feeling comparison of the Comtist regard for humanity to "a childless woman's love for a lap-dog" is a fair measure of his sympathetic quality, maintains that "the French way of loving the human race is the one of their many sins which it is most difficult to forgive," and that "it is not love that one wants from the great mass of mankind, but respect and justice." But the brutality of the Anglo-Indian is apt to be as mistaken as it is brilliant. Respect and justice are precisely the qualities of French fraternity, and the "love" with which Sir James Stephen objects to being "daubed" is quite foreign to it. The propagandism of the Revolution was rational, not sentimental. No doubt it and other manifestations of French feeling toward foreigners shine in friendliness and kindliness by contrast with the respect and justice accorded by Sir James Stephen's compatriots to their fellows in India and Ireland, but impatience with prejudice and tradition and an ardor for the rational and the real are their central characteristics. The Frenchman feels under no necessity of either disliking you or else becoming familiar by intruding his personality—which seems a not uncommon Anglo-Saxon affliction. We know best, perhaps, how to treat each other in intimacy; Frenchmen, in the general situation. *Fraternité* has slight relations to "Friendship," as Thoreau rhapsodizes about it, and as the classic examples illustrate it. In friendship the individual element is intensified, in fraternity it is extenuated. Fraternity, in a word, is not a militant virtue; it is simply the unfailing accompaniment of the social instinct, and in France, therefore, is universally accepted so much as a matter of course, as the necessary and natural basis of human relations, that its praise is become merely subject-matter for perorations, political and other, as the praise of freedom, for example, is with the English and with us. The moment such a sentiment becomes a commonplace, the moment such an idea is popularly esteemed a platitude rather than a principle, men no longer fall upon one another's necks in illustration of its potency and in witness of their personal adhesion to it. All the same, it loses little of its vitality. The members of those large families which, as an English writer astutely remarks, are not apt to be very "civil-spoken things," certainly do not act among us as if they had con-

stantly in mind the precepts of the 133d Psalm, with which, nevertheless, they may be presumed to be in full accord. "A good father in conversation with his children or wife is not perpetually embracing them," says Thackeray; but the fact of relationship is none the less potent as a pervasive influence on conduct and demeanor. And so the mutual activities of a society which, like that of France, resembles very closely a large family are thus influenced in a very delightful way, if not to an intense degree, by the decorous and decorative virtue of fraternal kindliness and good feeling. The home, the interior, may mean less to Frenchmen than it does to us, but the community means incontestably more, and the feeling for country easily becomes supreme.

Patriotism, in fact, takes the place of religion in France. In the service of *la patrie* the doing of one's duty is elevated into the sphere of exalted emotion. To say that the French are more patriotic than other peoples would be to say what is in its nature incapable of substantiation. But I think it incontestable that, more than any other people, they make patriotism the source and subject of their profoundest emotional life. Only here do they lay aside reason and abandon intelligence to surrender themselves voluntarily to the sway of instinct and passion. Only in regard to *la France* do they permit themselves illusions. Only here does sentiment triumph freely and completely over calculation. Patriotism thus plays a far larger part in their national existence than in that of other peoples. None of its manifestations seem absurd to them. The classic remark regarding the charge of Balaclava, "*C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la guerre*," is, to be sure, a protest against the excesses of corporalism. But such a sacrifice in direct illustration of patriotism would be regarded in France almost as an opportunity; it would be looked upon as the early Christians looked upon martyrdom.

Sir John Fortescue, exiled in France the day the Wars of the Roses, writes: certain rawardise and lack of hartes and fittest, mov t kepith the Frenchmen from units, specifi not povertye: which corage their profou man hath like to the English man. It hath been often seen in Englond that three or four thefes for povertie hath set upon 8 true men and robbed them al. But it hath not been seen in Fraunce that vii or viij thefes have been hardy to robbe iii or iv true men. Wherefor it is right seld that Frenchmen be hanged for robberye for that they have no hertys to do so terrible an acte. There be therefor mo men hangyed in Englond in a yere for robberye and manslaughter than there be hangid in Fraunce for such crime in vij yers." Sir John writes, you will observe, very much in the spirit of modern English criticism of the French. This is the feeling of which Thackeray, for example, can never free himself, which inspires *Punch*, which all the Paris correspondents display, which underlies every French allusion in our own anglicized journals. In citing Sir John, however, M. Taine, who shamelessly records as current statistics "42 cases of highway robbery in France against 738 in England," explains, in a footnote, the reason for this lamentable lack of "hertys" on the part of his countrymen. "The English," he says, "always forget to be polite, and miss the fine distinctions of things. Understand here, brutal courage, the disputatious and independent instinct. The French race, and in general the Gallic race, is perhaps among all the most prodigal of its life."

That is the difference, exactly. The social and the individual instinct operate here, we perceive, each in its own way. One has only to think of the title of France to be called a military nation (even Prussian military terminology is French), or of the suggestions contained in the word "barricade" to appreciate how reckless of everything men selfishly prize in this world [illegible] all Frenchmen when patri[illegible] place of personal f[illegible] it is probable, exc[illegible] Southern[illegible] mense[illegible] after [illegible] Franc[illegible] the T[illegible] count[illegible] wheh[illegible] have[illegible]

fame; nowhere else would even the enemies of such a man so readily admit that to raise ill-armed, half-starved, under-aged, raw levies, and oppose them to disciplined troops of twice their numbers with a steadfastness that had outlived hope, was to save the honor of the country. The public opinion which thus magnifies patriotism into a religion is a force of which it is difficult to appreciate, and impossible to exaggerate the strength. A vivid illustration of it is given in an incident of one of the stories grouped by M. Ludovic Halévy under the title, "L'Invasion." A poor woman, whose husband and son had been taken by the last conscription, ejaculates as the mobiles are leaving the village: "What cowards the French must be to let themselves be dragged to the war like that!" The utterance was a cry of individualism wrung from the egotism of a mother's heart, but M. Halévy chronicles it as extraordinary, and it only serves thus to emphasize the strength and universality of the feeling against which it protested, and of striking instances of which M. Halévy's little volume is full.

It is, indeed, a record of heroic self-sacrifice on the altar of country which in certain qualities it would be hard to match. The tone is low and quiet, there is no exaggeration, and there is no disguise of the near proximity to gayety in which Gallic gravity always exists. I venture to translate the following incident related in M. Halévy's words by a nurse in the military hospital at Vendôme: "I remember especially," says the *infirmier*, "a young man, almost a child—he was eighteen years old. He was brought to us, with a ball in the chest, December 16th. He had been wounded quite near Vendôme. He died three days afterward. He must have suffered much, for his wound was very deep indeed. He made no complaint, however. He told us that he was an only son—that he had volunteered in July, at the beginning of the war. His mother opposed his project, wept bitterly, and tried to retain him. But he had done that as a duty. He had set out in the Army of Sedan; he had succeeded in escaping through Belgium; he had continued the campaign in the Army of the Loire; he had become a sergeant. Before dying he confessed, and in the presence of everybody he received the sacrament with a wonderful tranquillity. During the three days in which he was dying—for we had seen at once that he was lost—he gave way only when he spoke of his mother; then the tears stood in his eyes and he gazed long at a photograph of her which he had taken with him. He asked pardon of her for the chagrin his death would cause her. He had asked us to lay aside his tunic with his chevrons of sergeant to be sent to his mother after the war. He died kissing his little photograph. We were greatly embarrassed. We did not know whether we ought to keep this photograph for the mother or to put it in the coffin. It seemed to us better to put it with him in the bier, and that is what we did." I think no one can fail to remark the admirable simplicity of this, quite unalloyed either with the solemn intensity that is undoubtedly Germanic or with the bravado we are ludicrously apt to fancy natural to the Frenchman. There is a distinct shade of elasticity of spirit noticeable in the moral attitude of this youth that is typically French. A contained exaltation quite unassociated with what we ordinarily mean by conscious renunciation seems to be his support or rather his stimulus. He is not a hero in any explicit way; his social side is uppermost. The same phenomenon is observable in death-bed scenes in which for the sacraments of the church the decoration of the State is substituted. And this discloses the real truth about this patriotism which is the religion of Frenchmen, in whose sphere calculation is lost in sentiment and interest is transmuted into self-sacrifice—namely, that it is the sublimation of the social instinct in a more eminent degree and more conspicuous manner than the patriotic sentiment of any other people in the world. All purely personal feeling is absorbed in it. Every personal aspiration is satisfied by it. To an American dying of a wound received in the defence of his country the presentation of a bit of red ribbon by the government of his country would undoubtedly seem a barren performance enough. His personal sense of duty, discharged, of a supreme sacrifice unselfishly made, would in such

an hour fill his mind to the exclusion of any demonstrations of a social order that the compatriots whom he was about to leave forever could make. Dying with us is a private affair; the association with it of the paraphernalia of life is apt to jar upon our sense. "The world has been my country, to do good my religion," is a more consoling dying thought than the *dulce et decorum est* of Horace, even on the battle-field. We have been from our youth up so accustomed to personal concentration, so habituated to being in the world but not of it, so used to considering our environment hostile, that this feeling remains even if we have ceased to look upon heaven as our true home and the celestial hosts as our real family. Emerson's breezy lines,

> Good-bye, proud world, I'm going home,
> Thou'rt not my friend, and I'm not thine,

find an echo in all our hearts, but wherever one meets with anything of the kind in French literature the strain is factitious, the sentiment borders on bravado, and we feel instinctively that what disguises itself as longing is really lament.

Now, the moment we appreciate that in the character of the French people it is the social rather than the individual instinct which predominates, we can see how this is the secret of the French, how it accounts for the differences between them and us as individuals, and for our inveterate misconception of them; how they in distinction from ourselves live for the present world, are alive to actuality, desire passionately to please, are passionately pleased with admiration, have no talent for renunciation, but a very genius for expression and expansion; how practical and prosaic is their disregard for certain ideal qualities of the soul which are with us of a "sacred and secret" nature; how little personal life they have; how much more manners count with them than does character, beyond those points where both are tolerable. And we can see also how, nationally and organically, they have, since the communal revolution of the twelfth century, been not merely the chief but the only highly organized people which has succeeded to the civilizing work of the Roman Empire in itself essaying social experimentation, if not in the interest, at least to the profit, of mankind. "There are no questions," said Gambetta superbly, "but *social* questions." The apothegm formulates the spiritual instinct of France since the days of her national beginnings. It formulates also, I think, the instinct of the future. That is why France is so inexhaustibly interesting—because in one way or another she, far more than any other *nation*, has always represented the aspirations of civilization, because she has always sought development in common, and because in this respect the ideal she has always followed is the ideal of the future. It is, at any rate, inseparable from the visions which a material age permits to the few idealists of to-day.

THE OWL.

By Charles Lotin Hildreth.

THERE is no flame of sunset on the hill,
  There is no flush of twilight in the plain;
The day is dead, the wind is weird and shrill;
  Amid the gloom the sheeted shapes of rain
Glide to and fro with stealthy feet and still,
  And wilder than the wood's autumnal moan
  A voice wails through the night, "Alone, alone!"

No bird dips down a moment in its flight
  To fill the silence full of sudden song;
The immemorial music of the night,
  When stars are few and twilight lingers long,
Is hushed; with lone, sharp sound of wintry blight,
  The cricket quavers near the sheltered stone—
  And hark! the haunting cry, "Alone, alone!"

Wan mists on level marsh and meadow rise,
  Like spectral lakes along whose cloudy gleams
Dark boats are driven, unseen of mortal eyes,
  Toward some dim coast, some island-vale of dreams,
While on this desolate shore some watcher cries
  To friends afar in the remote unknown,
  Lamenting through the gloom, "Alone, alone!"

The boughs are shaken in the bitter sky
  With hollow sound of trouble and amaze;
And faster in the dusk the dead leaves fly,
  Like pallid ghosts pursued through lonely ways;
Darkly I watch them as they shudder by,
  While yet again in mournful monotone
  The voice repeats my thought, "Alone, alone."

Night deepens on the haggard close of day
  With wilder clamor of the wind and rain;
Louder the beaten branches groan and sway;
  And fitfully the voice comes once again,
Across the fields, more faint and far away—
  Is it the dark bird's wailing backward blown,
  Or my own heart that cries, "Alone, alone!"?

A PERILOUS INCOGNITO.

By Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen.

PART I.

I.

EVENGE! There is something truculent in the very sound of it. But Ewald Nordahl's revenge was not intended to be truculent. It was to be rather in the nature of glowing coals heaped upon the appropriate party's head, or something of that sort. It was to be proof positive that Ewald Nordahl was a greater man than anybody in the benighted town of his birth had suspected —particularly than his father, Captain P. T. Nordahl, of The North Star, had suspected. If Ewald could have made a triumphal entry into the town at the head of a conquering host, sentenced his father (and some others whom he owed grudges) to death, and then magnanimously pardoned them, he would have been satisfied. But as he saw no way of accomplishing anything so magnificent, he had to choose the next best thing, which was to land incognito, cut a superb figure in the eyes of the natives, spend money with splendid heedlessness, and at last, when he had set the whole town agog, dramatically unmask. Though he was not aware of it, it was from the Bible he had borrowed this innocent plot. The incident in the story of Joseph where, as governor of Egypt, he says to the frightened Israelites, "I am your brother Joseph," had always thrilled him.

During long years of hardship and toil, Ewald Nordahl had hugged this revenge to his bosom; and though he had a suspicion that it was a trifle boyish, and "dime-novelish," he had grown so fond of it that he could not persuade himself to give it up. The terrible wrong rankled yet in his breast; and even now, after the lapse of fifteen years, he often caught himself groaning at the thought of it. What made it doubly hard to bear, was the fact that he had been, nay, was yet, sincerely fond of his father. That he was the son of the brave captain who had received no end of medallions from foreign governments for saving ships and crews with peril to his own, and performed no end of brave deeds on the high seas, had been his pride and delight. He had looked up to him with all the enthusiasm of boyish hero-worship. There had been a devoted comradeship between them, and each had been the other's heartiest admirer. And now to be wronged and cruelly humiliated by this very object of his most ardent admiration—it was more than the stanchest heart could endure. Ewald felt at first annihilated, and would have remained annihilated, if the desire for revenge had not rekindled his ambition.

To make a long story short, the circumstances were about as follows: Captain Nordahl, after having been a widower for five or six years, took unto himself a new wife. He was then a man in his best years, and, moreover, well-to-do, so there was no reason in the world why he should not marry. His second wife was young and pretty, and she bore him, in rapid succession, half a dozen daughters. Somehow she had not been in the house for a month before Ewald had managed to get on a war footing with her; and his whole boyhood from his eleventh year had been passed in the practice of more or less active hostilities. He could not, by any stretch of charity, be called a good boy; and it was scarcely to be wondered at that his step-mother did not love him. When her husband was at sea, she left Ewald to his own devices, making no pretence of controlling him. But when the captain, during two or three months of the year, made the house resound with his Boreas voice, she invited, by her spasms of educational

zeal, perpetual conflicts. She filled his ears with tales of his son's depravity; and when he, in his easy-going way, replied, "Well, mother, don't be too hard on him. I was a tough case myself when I was a boy—but I have turned out a pretty decent sort of man after all. Let him work off his spirits in mischief; then he will be rid of them," it soon became evident to Mrs. Nordahl that her husband had a tender spot in his heart for his only son; while all the little girls with which she had enriched him came in for a much smaller share of his attention. And it was this vicarious jealousy on her children's behalf which made her resolve, by fair means or foul, to get the boy out of the house. It happened that twenty-five dollars had disappeared from the captain's desk, and she had no hesitation in accusing Ewald of the theft. She would not have done it, perhaps, if she could have foreseen the effect upon her husband. He sat speechless for some moments and stared into the empty air. He turned pale; and his eyes grew small, pinched, and wicked. "How do you know it?" he burst forth, hoarsely.

She gave, somewhat tremulously, her reasons, which were all invented. Then the captain rose; he was ugly to look at. His eyes had an unpleasant sparkle in them; the muscles about his mouth had a fierce, pained tension, which changed his whole face. He walked upstairs with stiff sea-legs, and the stairs creaked under his weight. His red neck, with its queer little "curlicue," had a look so angry and threatening that it sent a terror to his wife's heart as she gazed after him. And the same terror spread through the whole house. The little girls played with a sort of hysterical unconcern, but stopped every now and then to strain their ears as the sound of heavy blows was heard from above.

"Is papa killing Ewald, mamma?" they asked their mother; and they meant it literally. No, the mother replied, with uncontrollable tremulousness, he was only punishing him, because Ewald was a bad boy.

Her heart shot up into her throat. Doors and windows shook. There was a tremendous noise, and at last a heavy fall. She heard her husband descend the stairs and walk out of the house.

"Oh, God!" she cried, clasping the first child within reach, in nameless terror, "why hast thou brought this calamity upon us?"

She thought, indeed, that her husband had killed Ewald. She feared to open the door of the room where he lay, and yet hovered about it, listened at the keyhole, and mumbled snatches of prayers and meaningless words that flitted through her brain. She sat up all night waiting for her husband's return; but he did not come. In the morning she summoned courage to open the fateful door. The room was empty. Ewald was gone.

Fifteen years had now elapsed since these occurrences. Ewald had somehow found his way to America; had been a gold-digger in California; had then gone into the cattle business, in the early days, when there were fortunes to be made on the great Western plains, and had finally, in a daring land speculation, swept in a sum which made him momentarily dizzy. He was now rich enough to carry out his plot, rich enough to play the transatlantic Crœsus with *éclat*. His father was yet alive, but he had read in the papers that his stepmother was dead; that was a pity, for he could ill afford to miss her face among the witnesses of his triumph. There was, however, on the other hand, an advantage in her absence, for he had feared that her keen eyes might have prematurely penetrated his incognito. His full, close-cropped beard, the long, blonde, drooping mustache, an additional eight inches of growth, and fifteen years' added maturity would seem a sufficient disguise to ordinary eyes, and only the eyes of hate or of love could possibly have unmasked him. As with the lapse of time the memory of his boyish exploits had faded, he felt assured that he had neither the one nor the other to fear: an absolute neutrality of feeling prevailed in regard to him throughout the town.

During his tent life in California Ewald had found much pleasure in imagining the scene of his landing attended by two gold-laced servants. But when he arrived in London, where he had

meant to engage them, he had a series of comic disasters which would of itself fill a lengthy chapter. He had some twenty or thirty interviews with aspirants for the position; but some of them, he felt, took a critical view of him, and perhaps laughed at him in their sleeves; and others had such an imposing presence and such formidable side-whiskers, that he might, in the end, feel tempted to wait on them. The fact at the bottom of his perplexities was his sound democratic aversion for the very pomp which in his boyish dreams he had accustomed himself to regard as indispensable. And the end of it was, that he started out for Norway alone and unattended, carried his valise with his own hands, and made no sensation whatever. He drove to his hotel in a primitive-looking vehicle (which was the only one to be had), and finally found himself alone in a house which professed to be a hotel, although, like a genteel person who has come down in the world, it discreetly veiled its public character. Ewald felt like an intruder as he sat down with the landlord and his wife to an awkward triangular dinner, and was disposed to take offence, as if an improper question had been addressed to him, when at the end of the meal mine host handed him the register and begged him to sign his name. It had half escaped his mind that, like a disguised prince, he was to travel incognito; and as he once more weighed the risks of his plot, he sat irresolute, looking at the pen as if in doubt as to its use. However, it was absurd to back out when he was on the eve of his triumph. So he boldly scrawled the first name that came into his head: for the purpose of concealing his own, one name was as good as another.

William Graham, Chicago, Ill.,

was the entry in the register.

"William Graham—William Graham," he repeated, mentally, as if to impress the sound upon his memory. He had a vague recollection of having met in a casual way a man bearing such a name, but he could not recall either his appearance or any other circumstance connected with him.

"How is the shipping nowadays?" he asked the landlord, handing him a cigar across the table.

"Very little money in it, sir. The English underbid us in all markets."

"Who are the largest ship-owners in town?"

"Oh, that is hard to tell. There is Reimert & Co., who do a big business yet, and Berg & Martensen, who have been in luck of late years, and old Captain Nordahl, who would have scraped together a snug pile if he hadn't had so many daughters to raise for other folks to marry. He has had three weddings now in the family in one year, and I tell ye, sir, it takes a long purse to stand that sort of drain."

"But I suppose the captain's can stand it as well as any," said Ewald, merely to give a fresh start to the landlord's garrulity.

"Well, having no sons, ye know," the unsuspecting host continued, "he can afford to do handsomely by his daughters. He had a boy once, but he was a bad lot. God only knows where he is now—I reckon he's dead long ago. They say it went hard with the old man, for he set much store by the youngster. When Nicolas Reimert, his second wife's brother, died, a couple of years ago, he took his two children into his house, too; the boy he has sent to England to learn business, and the girl —well, they say she twists the captain round her little finger. And I tell ye —the captain is as tough a customer on a ship's deck as ever sailed the seas. If you sail under him you've got to have an eye and an ear on each finger."

"I declare, you make me quite curious to see him," the young man remarked from out of a cloud of smoke which hid his blushes.

"Ye are too late for that, sir. He started a couple of weeks ago for his country place, Fossevang, which he bought from the Reimert estate."

"Too bad, too bad," murmured Ewald. He pulled Baedeker from his pocket and fell to studying the steamboat routes. After a brief tour of inspection through the town, and refreshing of ancient memories, he boarded the boat, which took him northward to Fossevang.

II.

Sombre green, light green, and silvery green alternated in patches, some large and some small, on the southern slope of the valley. The sombre shade belonged to the pine forest which crept up the mountain-sides, interspersed at its lower edge with the fresher tints of birch and alder. In the middle of the slope lay a large two-story, white-painted mansion, whose red-tiled roof and tall chimneys loomed out of a dense orchard. That was Fossevang. Beyond the garden stretched broad fields of rye and barley. Through the depth of the valley shot a river with brawling rapids and eddies and yellow foam. Out toward the west there was a glimpse of the fjord and a vista of colossal mountain-peaks, which in fine weather swam in a blue ethereal mist, and with delicate susceptibility reflected every mood of the sky.

Ewald Nordahl's heart beat uneasily as he rode up from the steamboat-landing to the River Inn. He matured rapidly his plans, and hearing that there was good salmon-fishing in the river, determined to hire it, whatever the price might be, for the season. Syvert Gimse, the owner of the best rapids, was sent for, and a bargain was struck which made Syvert give a whoop, as soon as he was out-of-doors, and turn a somersault in the air from excess of happiness. He had got the American to board, too, and meant to turn a pretty penny before he was done with him. He said nothing to him about the dispute which had existed for years between himself and Captain Nordahl of Fossevang, who claimed right of ownership in the rapids. The pugnacious captain, he reckoned, knew well enough that every American was a peripatetic arsenal, and he would think twice before molesting him. People stood staring in dazed envy and amazement as Syvert carried off his prize in a rickety red-and-green painted cart which threatened every moment to throw its occupants forward on the loins of the pony. They crossed the river and reached Gimse without accident, however, and Ewald was installed in a large, low-ceiled room, containing a canopied bed with flowered chintz curtains, some clumsy furniture, and a couple of dozen fat and boozy flies, which bumped against the window-panes in their surprise at being disturbed. To air out the mouldy smell which pervaded the atmosphere, Ewald engaged in a struggle with the windows, which, after having vindicated their power of resistance, yielded to the inevitable and let in a fresh current of oxygen. The prospect up and down the valley was so beautiful that it made his heart swell. And opposite, in full view, lay the objective point of his campaign, the stately Fossevang.

How to get acquainted with the family over there, that was the next thing to consider. To get acquainted with your own father—it was really an odd situation! Ewald had not come to a decision the next morning when he started with his fishing gear for the river. He looked quite sportsman-like as he strode with long steps across the fields, carrying a new-fangled rod and a fish-basket, and wearing on his head a helmet-hat, the rim of which was fringed with red and blue and yellow flies. There was a certain fling in his bearing which was of the prairies, not of the drawing-room. His clothes fitted neither very well nor very badly, but looked in keeping with the out-of-door style of the man. A good, manly, open-air countenance, well bronzed by sun and rain, carried out the same impression. That was, at all events, Miss Olga Reimert's opinion as she kept the above-described figure in the focus of Captain Nordahl's telescope, which she had borrowed to inspect the stranger. The rumor had promptly reached Fossevang that an American named Graham had rented the rapids of Syvert Gimse, and they were having a council of war to determine upon hostile measures.

"He has blue eyes," said Olga, gazing through the telescope.

"Blue fiddlesticks," said the captain, gruffly. He was sitting at her side on the balcony, sullenly smoking his morning cigar.

"He is good-looking," reported Olga, "but his mustache is bleached, and too long."

"I'll have him in jail before night if he doesn't clear out," growled the captain.

"Will you allow me to arrest him, uncle?" asked the girl, still with her eye at the telescope. "It would be such a lark."

"I'll allow you to give him warning that he is trespassing. Then, if he doesn't mind, we'll talk about the arrest."

"Englishmen are awfully headstrong, uncle."

"And Yankees are still worse. They'll shoot you just as soon as wink."

"This one won't shoot, uncle; at least, he won't hurt me, unless he should take aim at my heart."

As the object of their colloquy was by this time hid by the trees at the river-brink, Olga screwed the telescope together and handed it back to her uncle. He flung the stump of his cigar over the balustrade, muttered an oath, and walked into the house. The girl sent after him a look of deep filial concern. He was in one of his sombre moods to-day; she knew by his worn and haggard face that he had had a bad night. That which afflicted him was but as a dim legend to her—the story of the wayward boy, his only son, whom he had loved so dearly, and who had cruelly disappointed him. She had once, in her girlish devotion, thought of starting out in the world disguised as a man and making it the object of her life to bring back this lost son and reconcile him to his father. But then it had occurred to her that the prodigal might be such that his presence would prove a greater affliction than his loss. So, being of an ardent temperament, with a hunger for self-sacrifice, she had resolved to stay with her uncle, and compensate him, as far as possible, for the loss of his son. It was by no means an easy vocation she had chosen; for the old man, since his retirement from the sea, had become a prey to melancholy which sometimes was not distinguishable from despair. It was said that it was his unequal temper and sudden outbursts of wrath which had induced his daughters to seize the earliest opportunity to get away from home; and when the last of them was married, the captain would have been alone with his ghosts if his niece had not taken pity on him. If it had been a matter of convenience with her, little credit would have been due to her; but her father had left a large estate, and she was rich enough to do what she liked. Preliminarily she had chosen the eccentric course to refuse some of the best offers in town and to devote herself to a stern and irascible old man who, as some thought, was more than half demented. It was common report in the town that it was a debt of gratitude she was paying off: that her father upon his death-bed had told her how Captain Nordahl, during the great commercial crisis, had saved him from ruin, at the risk of losing all that he had accumulated during a long life of toil.

Ewald Nordahl was standing on a boulder in the middle of the rapids, making his fly dance on the smooth current, when a human voice seemed suddenly to break through the roar of the waters. He looked about him, and presently saw a tall young girl bending aside the alder boughs for an old man who was following close behind her. She wore a tight-fitting blue walking dress, and on her head a wide-brimmed straw hat. The face that showed in half-shadow under its drooping curves was fair and young, yet gently accented with hints of character. The upper half of it was aspiring, imaginative; the lower half keenly perceptive, worldly, commercial. The bold arched brow, rather full over the eyes, gave a glimpse of noble ambition; the dark-brown eyes spoke of passion and enthusiasm, but the fine, slightly curved, diplomatic nose contradicted the former, and the exquisite chin and mouth held the latter in restraint. On first meeting her, you would have said: "What a charmingly frank and natural girl!" But at the second meeting you would have added: "She is critical: with all her engaging frankness, she studies you." If you were anything of a connoisseur of women, and there is no branch of study in which connoisseurship brings acuter delights, the reflection would perhaps occur to you that her appearance suggested generations of wealth: not on account of any pride or display (for that would have been an indication of recent acquisition), but by a certain refinement of feature and

suavity of demeanor which is only the result of inherited prosperity.

The old man who walked behind the girl would have been six feet tall if he had carried himself as erect as his companion. But he stooped heavily. His great grizzly head, with the fierce blue eyes, the glance of which was like a sting, and the bushy brows, had a look of defiant suffering—of fallen greatness. He walked without a stick, though he well might have needed one; but he regarded such an artificial support as unbecoming to a sailor. He wore a blue pea-jacket which measured an enormous width across the shoulders, wide blue trousers, and on his head a slouched felt hat.

The girl, having bent the branches aside, turned half toward him and offered him her hand; but he waved it impatiently away. The sun which shone upon the glossy leaves threw trembling glints of light upon their faces. Upon the humid ground the ferns grew out of last year's dead leaves and wound their tufts of rusty green filigree about the old man's knees. Round about, the sound of falling, swirling, brawling water, with a vague rhythm in it, filled the air. It seemed even to blow away in visible gusts through the tree-tops. Ewald Nordahl's heart shot up into his throat. He had a sensation as if both his legs were asleep. He shifted his weight from one to the other, and slowly reeled in his line. His fingers seemed numb, and a sudden sense of the unreality of all things took possession of him. It was his father who stood there before him! That gray, venerable head awakened again the boyish admiration which he had so long smothered. It was well the rapids were between them, or he would have betrayed himself.

"My father, my father!" he murmured, while unseen tears suffused his eyes. It seemed good to pronounce the name. An overwhelming tenderness for the old man filled his soul. The weight of years and sorrow had bent, but not broken, him. Like Jacob, of old, he had wrestled with the Lord; and though ravaged by the conflict, he stood yet upon his legs. The son thought, with humility, of his own vain and flimsy woes, which were but boyish resentment and wounded pride; and his cherished plans of revenge vanished like smoke. They seemed too contemptible to merit a formal dismissal.

He kept his eye steadily fixed upon the old man, and saw him step close down to the river-brink, straighten himself with difficulty, and wave his hand imperiously over the water. Then there came a sound like the roar of a hoarse lion, distinctly audible above the boom of the rapids.

"I forbid you, in the name of the law, to fish in this river."

He spoke English, and Ewald, quickly collecting himself, shouted back in the same language:

"I have rented the rapids of Syvert Gimse."

"He has no right to rent them. They are mine."

"That is a question between you and him. I shall fish here until the law has decided between you."

The captain gave a growl of impotent wrath, and glowered with the eyes of a beast of prey across the water.

"You will hear from me," he roared; "I'll have you in jail before night."

Ewald, for an answer, calmly dropped his fly upon the river; and it had no sooner touched the water than it was gobbled up, and the line flew with a hum off the reel. In the same instant a mighty splash sent the spray hissing toward the underbrush, and the speckled, silvery sides of a splendid salmon flashed through the current, bounded into the air, and struck the water again with tremendous vigor.

Ewald, though he had no desire to irritate his father, "played" it, slowly reeled it in, was obliged again to give it line, tried to beguile it in upon the shallows, where he could reach it with his landing net, but was every time checkmated by some unforeseen stratagem on the part of the fish. When finally, after half an hour's fight, he got it safely ashore, he glanced anxiously toward the alder-bushes. His father and Miss Reimert were gone.

So far, the Fates were propitious. This fight about the river furnished the coveted opportunity for personal contact. It saved no end of ingenious ma-

nœuvring. As he learned from Syvert Gimse, the ownership of the rapids had been a source of difficulty between the proprietors of Fossevang and those of Gimse for generations. He naturally maintained that his own right was as clear as the day. If there was any doubt about it, it could only be decided by litigation. No sheriff or judge, he maintained, would dare to grant an order of arrest for trespassing before the courts had rendered a decision. The captain would no doubt apply for one; but he might with equal likelihood of success apply for an order to have him beheaded. In these conjectures, as it turned out, Syvert was right. The captain threatened the magistrates in vain: they could not be induced to molest the American.

III.

Ewald was walking up the hills to Fossevang. He had resolved to seek a personal interview in regard to the fishery question. He had no fear of being recognized, and yet his heart beat tumultuously at the thought of standing face to face with his father. He thought for a moment of giving up the whole plot; of saying, as Joseph did, with the proper modification: "I am your son, Ewald." But then the boy in him, with the adventurous spirit, made him cling to the dramatic complication, even though it no longer subserved any special purpose.

It was about six or seven o'clock in the evening. The sun, which at this season of the year keeps a wellnigh perpetual vigil, hung, large and red, a few degrees above the horizon. There was a tremendous blaze of color behind the western mountain-peaks, while those of the east stood cool and bluish-black, cutting their sharp silhouettes against the faintly flushed sky. Something of the strange, glad impressions which in his boyhood had been associated with "the long light nights"—vague glimpses of an eternal, unchangeable fairy-world—returned to Ewald as he strolled along the path between the tall rye and the luxuriant, top-heavy barley. Poppies—mere bright splashes of color—and blue cornflowers gleamed among the yellowing stalks of the grain, and the corn-crake's rasping scream broke like a policeman's rattle through the summer stillness. As he approached the Fossevang mansion Ewald stopped and looked about him. A curious hallucination took possession of him. Olga Reimert, clad in some light summery stuff, and with a parasol over her head, seemed to be floating toward him over the tops of the rye. He rubbed his eyes and looked again. There could be no doubt about it. It was the girl he had seen with his father in the morning! Only she was not moving, but resting quietly on the rye-field; or rather, on the border-line between the rye and the barley. She was looking with a trance-like stare out over the nodding heads of the grain. The late sunshine filtered through her pink parasol and gave a rosy flush to her face. Ewald Nordahl, in all his prairie and gold-mine experience, had never seen anything so beautiful. He stood still and drank in the sight in long, thirsty draughts. He discovered by accident that there ran a low fence between the fields, and that she was sitting on an invisible stile. That removed something of the miraculous in the sight, but did not interfere with the enjoyment. There she sat, raised up above the billowing, silvery-green surface, like a mermaid rocking upon the sea. He found himself presently within the field of her vision, and felt her eyes resting upon him. With the promptness of a frontiersman he shook off his dreamy mood, and lifting his hat, walked up to the stile.

"I came to see Captain Nordahl," he said; "perhaps you could kindly tell me where to find him."

She returned his greeting distantly, and with eyes that expressed neither pleasure nor surprise.

"Captain Nordahl is not at home," she said; "you will find him somewhere in the orchard or in the fields."

"Thanks!"

He lifted his hat once more, and finding no pretext for lingering, betook himself away. He glanced back and saw her beautiful profile against the sunset with a fiery halo around it.

After a quarter of an hour's walk, during which the girl had half displaced the

captain in his thoughts, he discovered in a sandpit, at the outskirts of the estate, a bent and lonely figure, in which he recognized his father. The old man sat boring his heels into the sand, as if to give vent to a desperate energy. Now he half rose up, then sank down again, muttering to himself, and pressing one clinched hand into the hollow of the other. Once or twice he groaned aloud, clasped his head between his palms, and pressed it as if he would squeeze it to pieces. Then he sat for a long while motionless, resting his elbows on his knees, and staring down into the brown sand. At last he arose with a sigh and stalked up the hill-side. Ewald, half stunned and awe-struck by what he had seen, hastened away in the opposite direction.

The next evening he repeated his visit, and found the captain and his niece seated on the balcony, overlooking the wide valley. He introduced himself, apologized for the intrusion, and was received with cool politeness. The captain looked worn and exhausted, but yet defiant; and the young lady made no effort to mitigate, by an extra cordiality on her part, his unconciliatory demeanor.

"I come," said Ewald, after having seated himself in the proffered chair, "to settle the question of dispute between us."

"It can't be settled," growled the captain.

"What's then to be done about it?"

"Law."

"But before your suit can be reached I shall have caught all the fish I want and be back on the other side of the Atlantic."

The old man sent his interlocutor one of his stinging glances, rose, and walked into the house. In a moment he came back and said, with enforced calm:

"If I had been twenty years younger, Mr. Yankee, I should have found the means to stop you without the help of any law."

"Pardon me, I have no right to the title of Yankee," replied Ewald, ignoring the taunt; "in the first place, I am a Westerner, and in the second place, I am of Norse descent. I can speak Norwegian with you quite as well as English."

"I haven't asked you to talk with me at all," retorted the captain, in a somewhat milder tone; "but since you have come you may as well unload your cargo and be done with it."

"I wish to be fair to both parties," began Ewald; "I will rent, at your own price, the lower rapids, which, I understand, belong to you without dispute; and you may, if you like, charge me enough to compensate you for your claim in the upper rapids, in which I am now fishing."

The old man sat pondering awhile with his head resting in his hands; then he glanced up suddenly and looked the American square in the face. The magnanimity of his offer made it seem almost incredible; yet he could not afford to make peace on too easy terms. His self-respect demanded a little mock quarrelling. "So you think it is the pennies I am after," he said, gruffly; "I had just as lief make you a present of the money; but I won't sell my right."

He took again a turn on the floor, and his loudly creaking boots made even his silence defiant. Ewald followed him admiringly with his eyes, and his heart was filled with love and pity. How should he now manage to throw off his disguise? Every hour that passed spun a net of duplicity about him which became harder and harder to break through. He began to talk about commonplace things with Olga, upon whom he felt that he had made a favorable impression. She asked him about America, which she had been accustomed to view through Bret Harte's haze of oaths, whiskey fumes, and pistol smoke. She was frankly astonished at everything he told her, and particularly at his patriotism. She had never imagined that anybody could have any sentiment for a mere geographical definition, she said.

"What is America," she ejaculated, "but the rag-bag of the Old World, into which Europe stuffs all the pieces that are worn out or won't fit in her own social fabric; or, I should rather say, a lumber-room, where all sorts of human trumpery which the Old World would not know what to do with is loosely scattered over an enormous tract

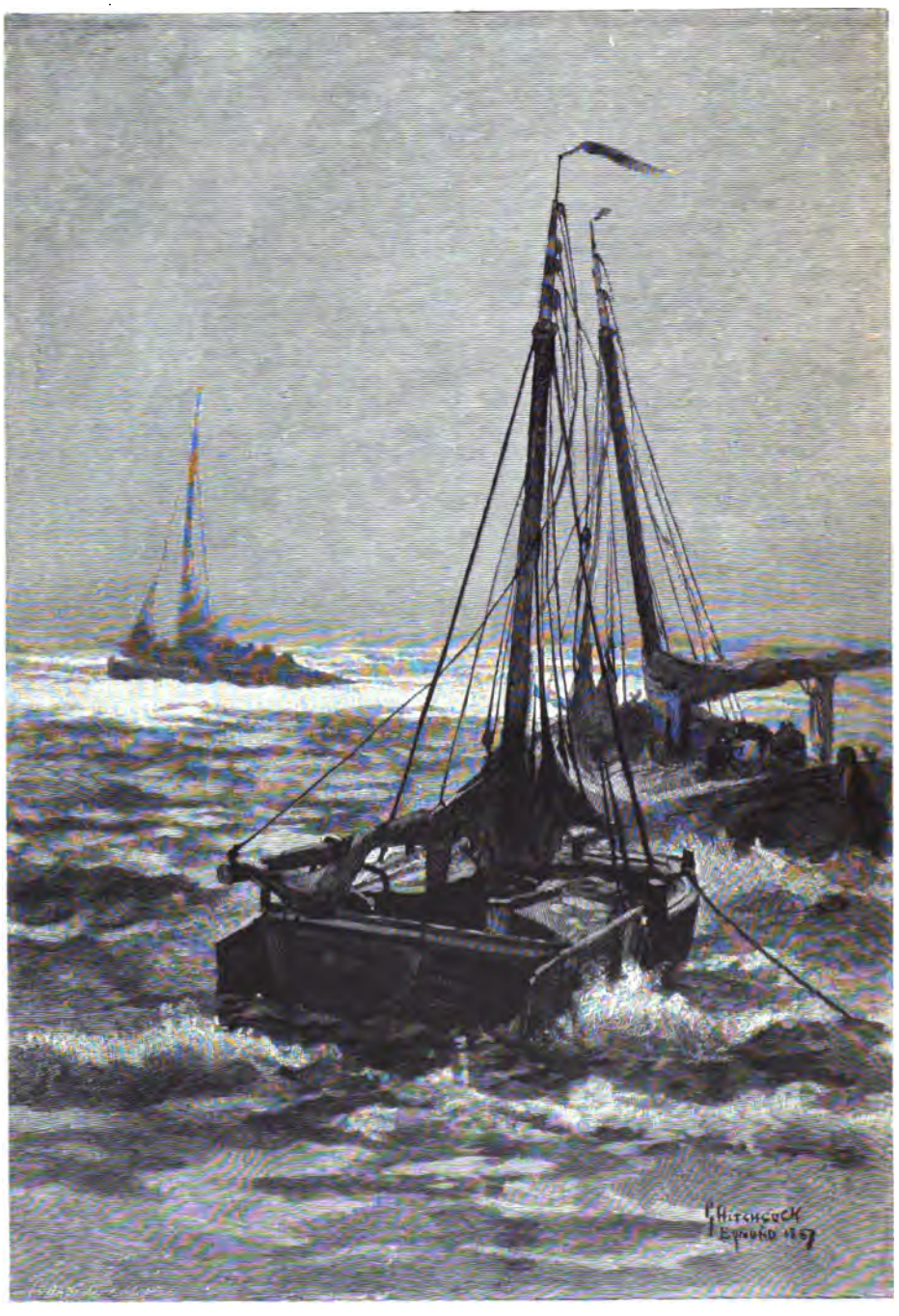
of land, where each can be as insane as he chooses without troubling the others."

He took up the gauntlet, of course, for the country of his adoption, and an animated dispute followed. He touched incidentally upon his varied experience as a cow-boy, a cattle-owner, a miner, and a land speculator, and filled her fancy with pictures which fascinated by their very strangeness. Here was a man who spoke of his experience in the lowliest positions without a shadow either of shame or of ostentation; who by the labor of his hands and his brain had accumulated a fortune and gained an insight into life in its most varied phases. There was a healthy, out-of-door atmosphere about his whole personality—his energetic, sunburnt face, his straightforward manners, and his unstudied talk. She had never met such a man before, and being a girl, could not well avoid making this one a hero. But what was of much more consequence to him, he perceived in his father's demeanor a slight relenting—a growling consent, at least, to cease hostilities. Olga, too, made the same discovery, and was emboldened, when the American rose to take his leave, to invite him to stay to tea. There was nothing unusual in this in a country where a man is scarcely ever permitted to leave a house, even if he has come only on business, without having partaken of something to eat or drink. By a little manœuvring the captain was induced to relate, at table, one of his own American adventures, the moral of which was that Americans, as a rule, were a rascally lot. Here he was promptly taken up by his guest, who insisted that there was not a large seaport in the world where similar experiences were not to be had by anybody who went in search of them. The captain stood by his guns bravely, and the American did the same; and when the bombardment came to an end, over the coffee and pipes, each imagined that there was nothing left of the other except his admirable pugnacity. Olga had the wisdom to remain neutral, though her sympathies were plainly with the guest. What interested her, however, far more than the question at issue, was her uncle's animation. She concluded that what he needed was contact with men rather than the care of women; and she welcomed the American as an ally in restoring him to cheerfulness and equanimity.

And yet, as the evening progressed she noticed something feverish and untamable in his outbursts of mirth which caused her anxiety. He shook his great hirsute head and laughed until the house shook; but there was no mirthful ring in his laughter. Sometimes he fixed a helpless, devouring stare upon the American's face, then sought shelter behind a great cloud of smoke which he blew out like a spouting whale. Ewald began to feel uneasy. There was a struggling recognition in that glance, or rather a dawning doubt—a hungry desire, a hope against hope.

"There is something in your face which remotely recalls my son Ewald," that glance seemed to say; "but of course it is an accident—my uneasy conscience conjures up his image to me in every strange face I see."

The scene of the night before returned to Ewald with terrible vividness. Could it be possible that his father, after the lapse of fifteen years, mourned him with so acute and overwhelming a sorrow? Was it not rather the wrong he had done him that tormented him? Was it not the still, small voice of conscience whispering through the vigils of the night? Whatever it was, he meant to come to his rescue—and to do it soon.



DUTCH FISHING-BOATS AT ANCHOR IN THE SURF—AFTERNOON.

FROM A PAINTING BY GEORGE HITCHCOCK.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. II. AUGUST, 1887. No. 2.

A COLLECTION OF UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF THACKERAY.

IV.

Profile of Boehm's Statuette.

WHITE LION, BRISTOL,
Monday 1850.

MY DEAR LADY:

With the gold pen there's no knowing how and what I write, the handwriting is quite different and it seems as if one was speaking with a different voice. Fancy a man stepping up to speak to you on stilts and trying to make a bow, or paying you compliments through a Punch's whistle;—not that I ever do pay you a compliment, you know, but I can't or I shan't be able for a line or two to approach you naturally, and must skate along over this shiny paper.

I went to Clevedon and saw the last rites performed for poor dear Harry.—* I went from here, and waited at Candy's till the time of the funeral, in such cold weather! Candy's shop was full of ceaseless customers all the time—there was a little boy buying candles and an old woman with the toothache—and at last the moment drew nigh and Tinling in a scarf and hat-band driving himself down from the Court, passed the shop, and I went down to the church. It looked very tranquil and well ordained, and I had half an hour there before the procession came in view. Those ceremonies over a corpse—the immortal soul of a man being in the keeping of God, and beyond the reach of all undertakers,—always appear to me shocking rather than solemn,—and the horses and plumes give me pain.—The awful moment was when the dear old father—the coffin being lowered into the vault where so much of his affection and tenderest love lies buried, went down into the cave and gave the coffin a last kiss;—there was no standing that last most affecting touch of Nature. . . . Mr. Hallam who had been up-stairs came down after an hour or two; and I was so sorry that I had decided on coming back to Bris-

* H. F. Hallam died 24th Oct. 1850.

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tol, when he asked me whether I wasn't going to stay? Why didn't I? I had written and proposed myself to Dean Elliot in the morning personally, and I find he is out of town on returning here in the coldest night to the most discomfortable inn, writing paper, gold pen. . . . Duty, Duty is the word, and I hope and pray you will do it *cheerfully*.

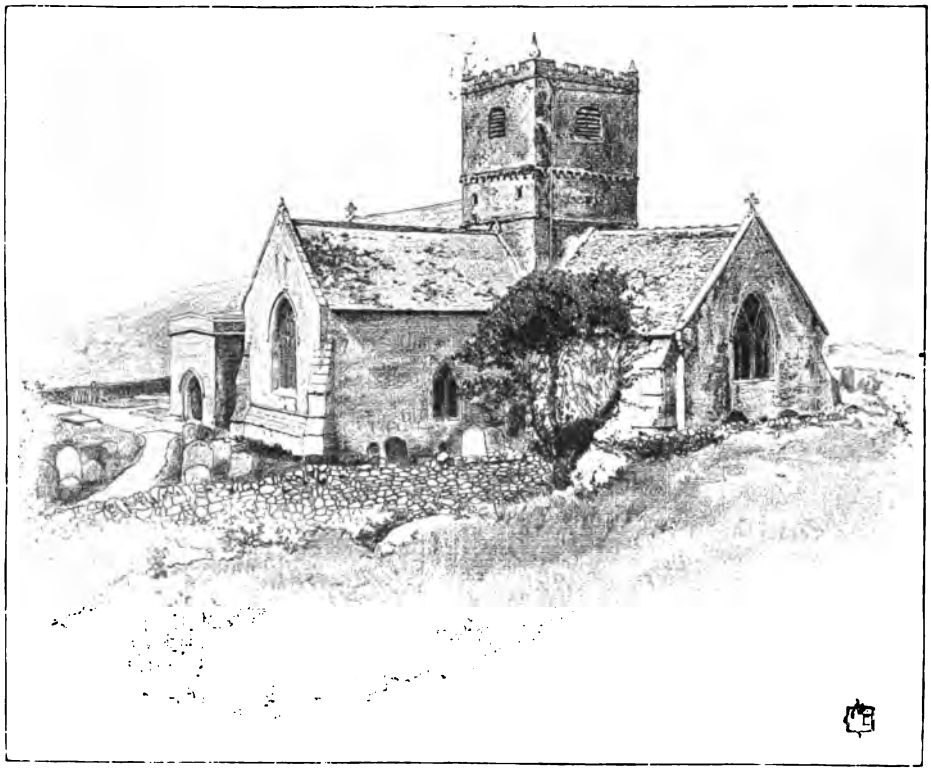
Now it is to comfort and help the weak-hearted, and so may your comforter and helper raise you up when you fall. I wonder whether what I said to you yesterday was true? I know what I think about the famous chapter of St. Paul that we heard to-day,—one glory of the sun, and another of the moon, and one flesh of birds and one of fish and so forth,—premature definitions —yearnings and strivings of a great heart after the truth. Ah me—when shall we reach the truth? How can we with imperfect organs? but we can get nearer and nearer, or at least eliminate falsehood.

To-morrow then for Sir John Cam Hobhouse. Write to me there, dear sister, and tell me you are cheerful and that your baby is well, and that you love your affectionate old brother. When will you see the children? to-morrow I hope. And now I will go to bed and pray as best I can for you and yours and your nieces and your faithful old Makepeace.

G. B. Y.

1851.

I have no news to give for these two days, but I have been busy and done nothing. Virtue doesn't agree with me well, and a very little domestic roseleaf rumpled puts me off my work for the day. Yesterday it was, I forget what; to-day it has been the same reason; and lo! Saturday cometh and nothing is



Clevedon Church.

done. . . . We have been to the Zoölogical Gardens this fine day and amused ourselves in finding likenesses to our friends in many of the animals. Thank *Evns!* both of the girls have plenty of fun and humour; your's ought to have, from both sides of the house,—and a deal of good besides, if she do but possess a mixture of William's disposition and yours. He will be immensely tender over the child when nobody's by, I am sure of that. No father knows for a few months what it is, but they learn afterwards. It strikes me I have made these statements before.

To the Memory of
ARTHUR HENRY HALLAM,
of Trinity College, Cambridge, B.A.
eldest Son of HENRY HALLAM Esquire
and of JULIA MARIA his Wife,
Daughter of Sir ABRAHAM ELTON Bart
of Clevedon Court,
VALE DULCISSIME
VALE DILECTISSIME DESIDERATISSIME
REQUIESCAT IN PACE
PATER AC MATER HIC POSTHAC REQUIESCAMUS TECUM
USQUE AD TUBAM
To the Memory of
HENRY FITZMAURICE HALLAM,

Memorial Tablets to Arthur and Henry Hallam in Clevedon Church (from a photograph).

We had a dull dinner at Lady ——'s, a party of —— chiefly; and O! such a pretty one, blue eyes, gold hair, alabaster shoulders and such a splendid display of them. Venables was there, very shy and grand-looking—how kind that man has always been to me! —and a Mr. Simeon of the Isle of Wight, an Oxford man, who won my heart by praising certain parts of *Vanity Fair* which people won't like. Carlyle glowered in in the evening; and a man who said a good thing. Speaking of a stupid place at the sea-side, Sandwich I think, somebody said "Can't you have any fun there?" "O! yes," Corry said, "but you must take it with you." A nice speech I think, not only witty but indicating a gay cheerful heart. I intend to try after that; *we* intend to try after that; and by action and so forth get out of that morbid dissatisfied condition. Now I am going to dress to dine with Lord Holland; my servant comes in to tell me it is time. He is a capital man, an attentive, alert, silent, plate-cleaning, intelligent fellow; I hope we shall go on well together, and that I shall be able to afford him. . . . . .

Boz is capital this month, some very neat pretty natural writing indeed, better than somebody else's again. By Jove, he is a clever fellow, and somebody

else must and shall do better. Quiet, pleasant dinner at Lord Holland's; leg of mutton and that sort of thing, home to bed at 10.30, and tomorrow to work really and truly. Let me hear, please, that you are going on well and I shall go on all the better.

April 29th, 1851.

MADAM AND DEAR LADY:

Will you have a little letter to-day, or a long letter tomorrow? for there's only half an hour to post time.—A little letter to-day?—I don't wonder at poets being selfish, such as Wordsworth and Alfred.—I have been for five days a poet, and have thought or remembered nothing else but myself and my rhymes and my measure. If somebody had come to me and said, "Mrs. Brookfield has just had her arm cut off," I should have gone on with, Queen of innumerable isles, tidumtidy, tidumtidy, and not stirred from the chair. The children and nobody haven't seen me except at night; and now though the work is just done, (I am just returned from taking it to the *Times* office) I hardly see the paper before me, so utterly beat, nervous, bilious and overcome I feel; so you see you chose a very bad day ma'am for a letter from yours very sincerely. If you were at Cadogan Place I would walk in, I dare say, say God bless you, and then ask leave to go to sleep. Now you must be thinking of coming back to Pimlico soon, for the lectures are to begin on the 15th. I tried the great room at Willis's yesterday, and recited part of the multiplication table to a waiter at the opposite end, so as to try the voice. He said he could hear perfectly, and I daresay he could, but the thoughts somehow swell and amplify with that high-pitched voice and elaborate distinctness. As I perceive how poets become selfish, I see how orators become humbugs and selfish in their way too, absorbed in that selfish pursuit and turning of periods. It is curious to take these dips into a life new to me as yet, and try it and see how I like it, isn't it? Ah me, idleness is best; that is, quiet and repose of mind and somebody to love and be fond of, and *nil admirari* in fine. The gentlemen of the G. tell me, and another auditor from the Macready dinner, that my style of oratory was conspicuous for consummate ease and impudence, I, all the while feeling in so terrible a panic that I scarcely knew at the time what I was uttering, and didn't know at all when I sat down.—This is all I have to tell you about self, and ten days which have passed away like a fever. Why, if we were to let the poetic cock turn, and run, there's no end of it I think. Would you like me now to become a great—fiddlededee? no more egotisms Mr. M. if you please.

I should have liked to see your master on Sunday, but how could I? and Lord! I had such a headache, and Dicky Doyle came, and we went to Soyer's Symposium and the Crystal Palace together, where the great calm leviathan steam engines and machines lying alongside like great line of battle ships, did wonderfully move me; and I think the English compartment do beat the rest entirely, and that let alone our engines, which be incomparable, our painters, artificers, makers of busts and statues, do deserve to compare with the best foreign. This I am sure will interest and please Miss Brookfield very much. God bless that dear little lady. I would give two-pence to hear her say, "more tea." Oh, by the way can I have that young woman of whom Rossiter spoke? Mary goes away at the end of the week and a cook is coming, and I want a maid, but have had no leisure to think of one until now, when my natural affairs and affections are beginning to return to my mind, and when I am my dear lady's friend and servant,

W. M. T.

May, 1851.

AMIE:

I write you a little word after that Exhibition from home. . . . .

The ode has had a great success. What do you mean by "an ode as she calls it?" *Vive dieu*, Madame, it is either an ode or nix (the German for nothing.) And as for the Exhibition, which don't interest me at all so much, it was a noble, awful, great love-inspiring, gooseflesh-bringing sight. I got a good place by good luck and saw the whole affair, of which no particular item is wonderful; but the general effect, the multitude, the riches, the peace, the splendour, the security,

From a drawing by Thackeray in the possession of Mrs. Brookfield.

the sunshine, great to see,—much grander than a coronation. The vastest and sublimest popular festival that the world has ever witnessed before. What can one say about it but commonplace? There was a Chinese with a face like a pantomime-mask and shoes, who went up and kissed the Duke of Wellington, much to the old boy's surprise.

And the Queen looked not uninteresting; and Prince Albert grave, handsome, and princely; and the Prince of Wales and the Princess Royal are nice children,—very eager to talk and observe they seemed. And while the Archbishop was saying his prayer, beginning with *Pater Noster*, which sounded, in that wonderful throng, inexpressibly sweet and awful, three Romish Priests were staring about them, with opera

glasses; which made me feel as angry as the Jews who stoned Stephen.

I think this is all I have to say. I am *very* tired and the day not over, for I have promised the children to take them to the play, in recompense for their disappointment in not getting to the Exhibition, which they had hopes of seeing through my friend Cole. . . .

. . . . . .

[1851.]

REFORM CLUB.

MY DEAR SIR OR MADAM:

Pax vobiscum; ora pro nobis. If you go to the lecture to-day, will you have the fly? It will be only ever so little out of the fly's way to come for you: and will you fetch me from this place please, and will you send an answer by coachman to say whether you will come or no?

I had a gentle ride in the Park, and was all but coming to 15, but I thought I wouldn't get off my oss at any place save that where I am going to work, namely this here, until lecture time. Doyle will be in waiting at 4½ o'clock to let the stray sheep into the fold.

I am, yours
MAKEPEACE,
Bishop of Mealy Potatoes.

MY DEAR LADY:

I have been at work until now, eight o'clock. The house is very pleasant, Mr. and Mrs. G. bent on being so, the dinners splendacious, and what do you think I did yesterday? Please to tell Spring Rice this with my best regards, tomorrow. I thought over the confounded Erminia matter in the railroad, and wrote instantly on arriving here, a letter of contrition and apology to Henry Taylor for having made, what I see now, was a flippant and offensive allusion to Mrs. Taylor. I am glad I have done it. I am glad that so many people whom I have been thinking bigoted and unfair and unjust towards me, have been right, and that I have been wrong, and my mind is an immense deal easier.

MY DEAR ——: Will you, I mean Mr. Brookfield, like to come to Mrs. S's sworry to-night? There will be very pretty music, and yesterday when I met her, I said I wanted her very much to go and sing to a sick lady of my acquaintance and she said she would with the greatest pleasure in the world; and I think it would be right if Mr. Brookfield should call upon her, and I am disengaged on Wednesday next either for evening or dinner, and Mrs. Sartoris' number is 99 Eaton Place, and I am,

Your obedient servant
W. M. THACKERAY.

MY DEAR VIEUX:

I have told the *mouche* to call for me at the Punch office at eight, and to come round by Portman Street first. If you like you can come and we can go to a little play, a little something, to Hampstead even if you were up to it. If you'd like best to sit at home, I'd like to smoke a pipe with you; if you'd like best to sit at home alone, I can go about my own business, but don't mind choosing which way of the three you prefer, and

Believe me, *hallis* yours
W. M. T.

MY DEAR SICK LADY:

I send you 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, MSS just to amuse you for ten minutes. Annie's I am sure will; isn't it good? the perilous passage, and the wanting to see me. The letters are to ladies who bother me about the Bath and Wash-house *fête;* and the verses, marked 2, were written in a moment of depression—I wonder whether you will like No. 2?

Virginia wasn't at dinner after all, yesterday. Wasn't that a judgment on somebody? She stopped to take care of a sick sister she has; but I made myself as happy as circumstances admitted, and drank your health in a glass of Mr. Prinsep's excellent claret; one can't drink mere port this weather.

When you have read all the little papers, please put them back, and send them by the printer's devil to their owner. It has just crossed my mind that you may think it very conceited, my sending you notes to read, addressed to grand ladies, as if I was proud of my cleverness in writing them, and of being in a state of correspondence with such

The Statuette of Thackeray by Joseph Edgar Boehm, R.A.

grand persons. But I don't want to show off, only to try and give you ever so little amusement, and I don't choose to think about what other people choose to think about.

Yours, dear Mrs. Brookfield,
W. M. THACKERAY.

MY DEAR MADAM:

I am always thinking of Mrs. C— W— H— with a feeling of regard, so intense and incomprehensible, that feeble words cannot give it utterance, and I know that only a strong struggle with my interior and a Principle which I may say is based on the eternal data of perennial reminiscences, can keep this fluttering heart tolerably easy and secure. But what, what, is Memory? Memory without Hope is but a negative idiosyncracy, and Hope without Memory, a plant that has no root. Life has many such, but still I feel that they are too few; death may remove or in some way modify their poignancy; the future alone can reconcile them with the irrevocable fiat of yesterday, and tomorrow I have little doubt will laugh them into melancholy scorn. Deem not that I speak lightly, or that beneath the mask of satire, any doubt, any darkness, any pleasure even, or foreboding, can mingle with the depth of my truthfulness. Passion is but a hypocrite and a monitor, however barefaced.

Action, febrile continuous action, should be the pole star of our desolate being. If this is not reality, I know not what is. Mrs. C. W. H. may not understand me, but you will.

Fragment.

. . . And is W. Bullar going to work upon you with his "simple mysticism?" I don't know about the Unseen World; the use of the seen World is the right thing I'm sure!—it is just as much God's world and Creation as the Kingdom of Heaven with all the angels. How will you make yourself most happy in it? how secure at least the greatest amount of happiness compatible with your condition? by despising to-day, and looking up cloudward? Pish. Let us turn God's to-day to its best use, as well as any other part of the time He gives us. When I am on a cloud a-singing, or a pot boiling—I will do my best, and if you are ill, you can have consolations; if you have disappointments, you can invent fresh sources of hope and pleasure. I'm glad you saw the Crowes, and that they gave you pleasure;—and that noble poetry of Alfred's gives you pleasure (I'm happy to say ma'am I've said the very same thing in prose that you like—the very same words almost). The bounties of the Father I believe to be countless and inexhaustible for most of us here in life; Love the greatest. Art (which is an exquisite and admiring sense of nature) the next.—By Jove! I'll admire, if I can, the wing of a Cock-sparrow as much as the pinion of an Archangel; and adore God the Father of the earth, first; waiting for the completion of my senses, and the fulfilment of His intentions towards me afterwards, when this scene closes over us. So when Bullar turns up his i to the ceiling, I'll look straight at your dear kind face and thank God for knowing that, my dear; and though my nose is a broken pitcher, yet, Lo and behold there's a Well gushing over with kindness in my heart where my dear lady may come and drink. God-bless you,—and William and little Magdalene.

Fragment.

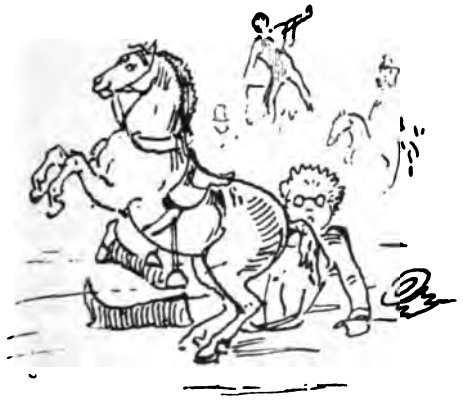
I have had the politest offer made me to go to Scotland, to Edinburgh, where there is a meeting of the *savants*—just the thing for me, you know; thence to the Highlands with Edward Ellice; thence to Miss Prince's friend, the Duchess, who is the most jovial, venerable, pleasant, and I should think too, a little wicked, old lady. And I suppose I could be franked through the kingdom from one grandee to another; but it don't seem much pleasure or rest, does it? Best clothes every day, and supporting conversation over three courses at dinner; London over again. And a month of solitary idleness and wandering would be better than that, wouldn't it? On the other hand it is a thing to do and a sight to see, sure to be useful professionally, some day or other, and to come in in some story unborn as yet.

I did the doggerel verses which were running in my head when I last wrote

Mr. Jeames de la Pluche presents respectful Compts to Mrs. Elliot and I am very sorry that he cannot yield your genteel and delightful invitation as he is engaged as you think he would be glad to have to meet Miss Virginia Pattle: and afterwards to go to a friendly Sweary where people a reversed gentl lady by name of Br—kf—ld may curtsock our fair sex ignorance disappointment in not meeting neither Mrs E nor Miss P

PS. Respectful Compts to the young lady who sang like a Siren

PS. Genteel regards to Miss K.E.P.



From a letter to Mrs. Elliot, now in the possession of her sister, Miss Kate Perry.

you, and they are very lively. You'd say the author must have been in the height of good spirits; — no, you wouldn't, knowing his glum habit and dismal views of life generally.

We are going on a little holiday excursion down the river to Blackwall, to board the American Packet-ship, the Southampton, I told you of before; and shake hands with the jolly captain, and see him out of the dock. Then the young ladies are going to *Don Giovanni* in the evening, and I to dine with the Earl of Carlisle, but I want quiet. . .

Do you remember my telling you of O'Gorman Mahon, bidding some ladies to beware of me for I could talk a bird off a tree? I was rather pleased at the expression, but O'Gorman last Saturday, took me away out of Lord Palmerston's arms, with whom I was talking, and said that some ladies had informed him,

that when he made use of that expression, my countenance assumed a look of the most diabolical rage and passion, and that I abused him, O'Gorman, in the most savage manner. In vain I remonstrated, he'll believe it to the end of his life.

1851.

Good Friday.

Yesterday evening in the bitter blast of the breeze of March, a Cavalier, whose fingers were so numbed that he scarce could hold the rein of his good steed, might have been perceived at a door in Portman Street in converse with a footman in dark green livery, and whose buttons bore the cognizance of the Well-known house of Brookfield. Clouded with care and anxiety at first the horse-man's countenance (a stalwart and grey-haired man he was, by our lady, and his face bore the marks of wounds received doubtless in early encounters) presently assumed a more cheerful aspect when he heard from the curly-pated servitor whom he interrogated that his Lady's health was better. "Gramercy" he of the steed exclaimed "so that she mend I am happy! happier still when I may behold her! Carry my duty, Fellow, to my Mistress' attendant, and tell her that Sir Titmarsh hath been at her gate." It closed upon him. The horse-man turned his charger's head home-ward, and soon was lost to view in the now lonely park.

I've been to church already with the young ones—had a fine ride in the country yesterday—am going to work directly this note goes off—and am exceedingly well and jolly in health. I think this is all my news. . . . Mrs. Elliot has been very bad but is mending. I dined there last night. She was on the sofa, and I thought about her kind face coming in to me (along side of another kind-face) when I was ill. What numbers of good folks there are in the world! Fred. Elliot would do anything, I believe, to help me to a place. Old Miss Berry is very kind too, nothing can be kinder; but I will go back to my poetry for Punch, such as it is, and say good-bye to my dear lady and Miss Brookfield and Mr.

W. M. T.

[1851.]

MESDAMES:

You mustn't trust the honest *Scotsman*, who is such a frantic admirer that nothing less than a thousand people will content him. I had a hundred subscribers and two hundred other people for the first lecture. Isn't that handsome? It is such a good audience that I begin to reflect about going to America so soon. Why, if so much money is to be made in this empire, not go through with the business and get what is to be had? The Melgunds I saw at the sermon, and the Edinburgh big-wigs in plenty. The M's live over the way, I go to see them directly and thank them. And I like to tell you of my good luck, and am always yours,

W. M. T.

15 July, 1851.

The happy family has scarce had a moment's rest since we left the St. Katherine's wharf, and this is wrote on board the steamer——in the Rhine, with ever so many fine views at my back,—Minnie on t'other side writing to her grandmother, and Annie reading her father's works in the Tauchnitz edition. It has not been a very brilliant journey hitherto, but the little ones are satisfied, that's the main point. The packet to Antwerp was awful, a storm, and a jib carried away, and a hundred women being sick on the cabin floor all night. The children very unwell, but behaving excellently; their pa, tranquil under a table and not in the least sick, for a wonder.

We passed the day, Friday, at Antwerp, when I hope his reverence came home to you better. And it was very pleasant going about with the children, walking and lionising. Yesterday, we got up at five and rushed to Cologne; today we rose at four, and rushed to Mayence. We shall sleep at Wiesbaden or at Frankfurt tonight, as the fancy seizes me; and shall get on to Heidelberg, then to Basle, then to Berne, & so on to Como, Milan, Venice, if it don't cost too much money. I suppose you are going to church at this time, and know the bells of Knightsbridge are tolling. If I don't go to church myself

(but I do, here, this instant, opposite the young ones) I know who will say a God bless me. . . . . .

I bought *Kickleburys, Rebecca and Rowena*, and the *Rhine Story* and read them through with immense pleasure. Do you know I think all three Capital, and R. and R. not only made me laugh but the other thing. Here's pretty matter to send a lady from a tour! Well, I know you like to hear my praises and I am glad to send them to you. They are putting off a flat-bottomed boat from the shore—they are putting out the tables for dinner. I will lock up my paper and finish my letter at some future halting-place, and so good-bye dear lady.

Wiesbaden. The first minute to myself since we came away, and that in a ground floor closet, where it has been like sleeping in the street,—the whole house passing by it. It is the Hôtel de la Rose. Annie and Minnie are put away somewhere in the top of the house, and this minute at six in the morning, on the parade, they have begun music. The drive hither last night from the steamer was the most beautiful thing which has happened to us yet, and a view of the Rhine at Sunset, seen from a height, as lovely as Paradise. This was the first fine day we have had, and the splendour of the landscape-colours something marvellous to gaze upon. If Switzerland is better than this, we shall be in a delirium. It is affecting to see Annie's happiness. My dear noble creature, always magnanimous and gentle. I sat with the children and talked with them about their mother last night. . . . It is my pleasure to tell them how humble-minded their mother was. how humble minded you are, my dear lady. They bid me to the bath, I rise, I put on my scarlet gownd, I go.

Thursday morning. Again six o'clock. *Heidelberg.* After the bath and the breakfast we discovered that we were so uncomfortable at that most comfortable inn the Rose, without having the least prospect of bettering ourselves, that we determined on quitting Wiesbaden, though Mrs. Stewart Mackenzie had arranged a party for us, to see the Duke's garden,—an earthly paradise according to her account,—and though in the walk, a taking his waters, whom should I see, but T. Parr, Esquire, and I promised to go and see him and your sister. But *Dieu dispose*, and we came off to Frankfurt and took a carriage there for two hours and a half and inspected the city and then made for Heidelberg which we reached at 6½, too late for anything but dinner and a sleep afterwards, in the noisiest street I ever *slep* in; and there were other causes for want of rest, and so I got me up at five and soothed myself with the pleasant cigar of morn.

My dear lady, the country is very pretty, *zwischen* Frankfurt and Heidelberg, especially some fantastical little mountains, the Melibocus range, of queer shapes, starting out of the plain, capped with darkling pine forests and ruined castles, covered with many coloured crops and based by peaceful little towns with old towers and walls. And all these things as I behold, I wish that somebody's eyes could see them likewise; and R! I should like a few days rest, and to see nothing but a shady wood and a tolerably stupid book to doze over.

We had Kingsley and his parents from Antwerp; a fine honest go-ahead fellow, who charges a subject heartily, impetuously, with the greatest courage and simplicity; but with narrow eyes (his are extraordinarily brave, blue and honest), and with little knowledge of the world, I think. But he is superior to us worldlings in many ways, and I wish I had some of his honest pluck. And so my stupid paper is full, and I send my love to you and yours.

Thursday, 17th. [July, 1851.]

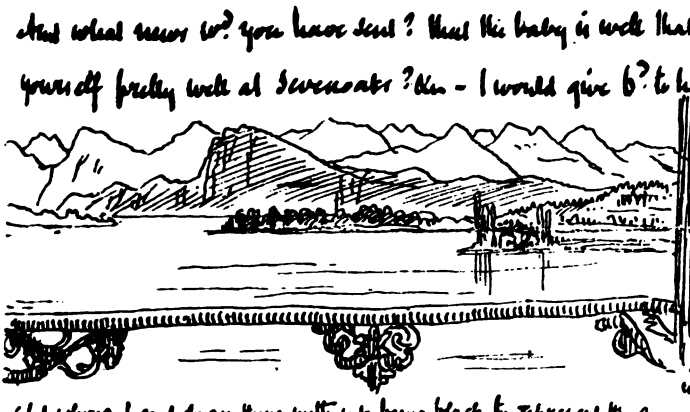
Yesterday was a golden day, the pleasantest of the journey as yet. The day before we got to Baden-Baden; and I had a notion of staying, say two or three days, having found an agreeable family acquaintance or two, Madame de Bonneval, sister of Miss Galway, with whom we went to the hippodrome, & M. Martchenko, that nice Russian who gave me cigars and flattered me last year; but the weather beginning to be bad, and the impure atmosphere of the pretty,

witty gambling place not good for my young ones, we came away by the Basel railroad in the first-class, like princes. A most delightful journey through the delicious landscape of plain and mountains, which seemed to Switzify themselves as we came towards here; and the day's rest here has not been least pleasant, though, or perhaps because, it rained all the morning and I was glad to lie on the sofa and smoke my cigar in peace. On Tuesday at Baden it was pretty. Having been on duty for five days, I went out for a solitary walk, and was finding myself *tant soit peu* tired of my dear little companions; and met Madame de Bonneval, who proposed a little tea, and a little society &c.; and when I came back to the inn, there was Annie, with Minnie on her knees, and telling her a story with a sweet maternal kindness and patience, God bless her. This touched me very much and I didn't leave them again till bedtime, and didn't go to the *rouge-et-noir* and only for half an hour to Monsieur and Madame de Bonneval,—from whose society I determined to escape next day,—and we agreed it was the pleasantest day we had had; and Minnie laid out the table of the first class carriage (they are like little saloons and delightful to travel in) with all the contents of the travelling bag, books, o de Cologne, ink &c.; and we had good trout for supper at nine o'clock; and today, at two, we walked out and wandered very pleasantly for two hours and a half about the town and round it; and we are very hungry; and we hope the dinner bell will ring soon —and tomorrow I am forty years old, and hope to find at Berne a letter from my dear lady. You see one's letters must be stupid, for they are written only when I am tired and just come off duty; but the sweet young ones' happiness is an immense pleasure to me, and these calm sweet landscapes bring me calm and delight too; the bright green pastures, and the soft flowing river (under my window now) and the purple pine-covered mountains, with the clouds flickering round them—O! Lord! how much better it is than riding in the Park and going to dinner at eight o'clock! I wonder whether a residence in this country would ennoble one's thoughts permanently, and get them away from mean quarrels, intrigues, pleasures? make me write good books—turn poet perhaps or orator—and get out of that business of London—in which there is one good thing? Ah, one good thing, and God bless her always and always. I see my dear lady and her little girl; *pax* be with them. Is it only a week that we are gone, it seems a year.

Berne. Saturday 19*th. Faucon.*—I must tell you that I asked at Heidelberg at the post only by way of a joke, and never so much as expecting a halfpenny worth of letter from you; but here I went off to the post as sure as fate. Thinks I, it being my birthday yesterday there must be a little something waiting for me at the *poste restante*, but the deuce a bit of a little something. Well I hope you're quite well, and I'm sure you'd write if something hadn't prevented you, and at Milan or at Venice I hope for better fortune. We had the most delightful ride yesterday from Basel, going through a country which I suppose prepares one for the splendider scenery of the Alps; kind good-natured little mountains, not too awful to look at, but encouraging in appearance, and leading us gradually up to the enormities which we are to contemplate in a day or two. A steady rain fell all day, but this, as it only served to make other people uncomfortable, (especially the six Belgian fellow-travellers in the *Bei-wagen*, which leaked, and in which they must have had a desperate time) rather added to our own pleasure, snug in the *coupé*. We have secured it for tomorrow to Lucerne, and today for the first time since our journey there's a fine bright sun out, and the sight we have already had of this most picturesque of all towns, gives me a zest for that fine walk which we are going to fetch presently. I have made only one sketch in this note; best not make foolish sketches of buildings, but look about and see the beautiful pictures done for you by Nature beneficent. It is almost the first place I have seen in Europe where the women actually wear costumes—in Rome only the women who get up for the painters dress differently from other folks. Travelling as Paterfamilias, with

a daughter in each hand, I don't like to speak to our country folks; but give myself airs, rather, and keep off from them. If I were alone I should make up to everybody. You don't see things so well *à trois* as you do alone; you are an English gentleman; you are shy of queer-looking or queer-speaking people; you are in the *coupé;* you are an earl;—confound your impudence, if you had £5000 a year and were Tomparr, Esq., you could not behave yourself more high and mightily. Ah! I recollect ten years back, a poor devil looking wistfully at the few napoleons in his *gousset,* and giving himself no airs at all. He was a better fellow than the one you know perhaps; not that our characters alter, only they develop and our minds grow grey and bald, &c. I was a boy ten years ago, bleating out my simple cries in the Great Hoggarty diamond. We have seen many pretty children, two especially, sitting in a little tub by the roadside; but we agree that there is none so pretty as baby Brookfield, we wish for her and for her mother, I believe. This is a brilliant kind of a tour isn't it? egotistical twaddle. I've forgot the lectures as much as if they had never been done, we? such a two-penny absurd thing?) and folding the sheet up in a different way. So good bye lady, and I send you a G and a B and a Y.

Lucerne. Monday morning.—We are in love with Berne. We agree that we should like to finish our lives there, it is so homely, charming and beautiful, without knowing it; whereas this place gives itself the airs of a beauty and offends me somehow. We are in an inn like a town, bells begin at four in the morning, two hours ago, and at present all the streets of the hotel are alive; we are not going up the Righi; Y should we go up a dimmed mountain to see a dimmed map under our feet? We are going on to Milan pretty quick. The day after tomorrow we shall sail down the Major lake, we hope to Sesto Calendi and so to Milan. I wonder whether you have written to me to Como? Well, I would have bet five to one on a letter at Berne; but such is life and such is woman, that the philosopher must not reckon on either. And what news would you have sent? that the baby is well, that you have enjoyed yourself pretty well at Sevenoaks?—I would give sixpence to hear as much as that.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view out of my window
at this moment and all
the time I am drawing
it (you will remark how
pleasantly the firs & pasture
in the foreground are in-
closed volume. I could do anything with out being black to represent the snow on the mountain behind)

and my impression is that they were a failure. Come along young ladies, we'll go a walk until dinner time, and keep the remainder of this sheet (sacrificing the picture, as after all, why shouldn't Such is a feeble but accurate outline of the view out of my window at this moment, and all the time I am drawing it, (you will remark how pleasantly the firs and pastures in the foreground are in-

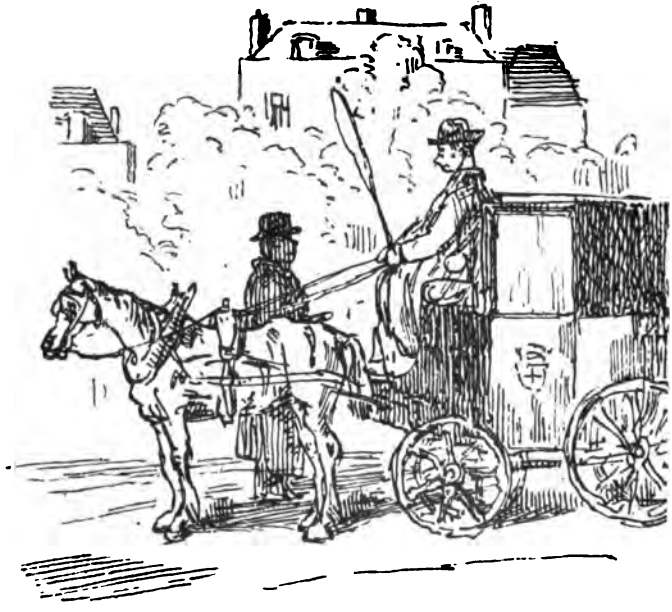
dicated, whereas I cannot do anything with ink, being black, to represent the snow on the mountains behind) I am making pretty dramatic sketches in my mind of misfortune happening to you,—that you are unwell, that you are thrown out of a carriage, that Dr. Locock is in attendance, *que sais-je?*

As for my dear young ones I am as happy with them as possible; Annie is a fat lump of pure gold, the kindest dearest creature, as well as a wag of the first water. It is an immense blessing that Heaven has given me such an artless affectionate companion. We were looking at a beautiful, smiling, innocent view at Berne, on Saturday, and she said, "it's like Baby Brookfield." There's for you! and so it was like innocence, and brightness, and &c. &c. Oh! may she never fall in love absurdly and marry an ass! If she will but make her father her confidant, I think the donkey won't long keep his ground in her heart. And so the paper is full and must go to England without ever so much as saying thank you for your letter. Good-bye my dear lady, good-bye Miss Brookfield, Good-bye Mr. Brookfield, says

Your affectionate,

W. M. T.

Au Suisse, July 21st.



"Portrait of No. 913," from a drawing by Thackeray.

DISILLUSION.

By Mary W. Plummer.

MORNING.

Come, sweet, the world is wide; so, hand in hand,
Let us fare forth to win our victories.
Thou shalt be queen of beauty and of love,
As in the old, bright days of tournament;
And I will wear thy colors in my heart,
And on my brow the seal invisible
Of thy true kiss; so shall before me fall
All shapes of evil that infest the light.
Then, when the jousts are ended and the games,
Thou shalt sit proudly upright in thy place,
And while the world is wondering, all agaze,
Lo! at thy feet my garlands shall be laid;
For half my strength is thine, being come from thee
And that sweet faith that armors me anew.

EVENING.

The days are short'ning,—wilt forgive me, heart,
For the long turmoil I have led thee through
And to no end? I meant it otherwise,
But one right arm is weak against the world.
Here on thy shoulder let me rest my head,
My weary head that aches from life's long din;
And in thy comforting let me forget
The disappointment and the hidden foe,
And all that made my days a vulgar strife,
Unheralded, untrumpeted, uncrowned.
My strength is weak beside thy steadfastness,
And there takes refuge. If thou cherish it,
Then to have failed, and yet to win thy smile,
Ah, love, is victory beyond desert!

THE LOST REMBRANDT.

By T. R. Sullivan.

THE lovely old city of The Hague, now, as always, withdrawn from the vulgarizing influences of commerce, has an indescribable air of refinement, much dwelt upon in the books and peculiarly its own. This is due, as any writer of guides will bear me out in saying, to the fact that the town grew up around the royal hunting-box, and has been, since Holland was, the favorite resort of Dutch princes. And the same writer will probably go on to tell you that, by leaving your hotel at 6 A.M., you can in one day see it all—*all*, even to its flippant watering-place, two miles off, among the dunes on the melancholy shore of the North Sea. And so, with this impression of dulness setting, as it were, the seal upon his own, he will cheerfully whirl you away to view the Leyden University and the Haarlem tulips, with no effort whatsoever, from the window of your railway-carriage.

But if you are of a certain age, and temperate; if Time has touched you gently, inclining you to be sad and civil, like Malvolio; if you are fond of the light that falls aslant into old pictures; and if, above all, the commercial spirit of your own enterprising nation often oppresses and disheartens you—why, then, you will walk leisurely back from Scheveningen over the ancient dyke, that is really a long, straight, lofty arbor of interlacing elm-branches; and you will wonder at the contentment in the faces of the peasant women, and at the barbaric gilded crowns and ear-rings which they wear. On either hand you will catch glimpses of sunny gardens, and choose more than one villa you would be glad to call your own; while the trees go on before you, in among the broad canals and splendid city squares, where all the houses seem palaces, built for comfort, with no state apartments in them; until a few steps more have brought you to the border of the shadowy wood, upon which the old hunting-seat now encroaches. Here are acres of superb beeches, with mossy trunks and gnarled roots, recalling some enchanted forest of the brothers Grimm, and that picture of it left over in your memory from the pantomime of childhood; only now you find the dreadful abode of fabulous monsters and misshapen goblins haunted merely by an invisible chorus of blackbirds, too far above your head to fear or even to heed you. Who calls that place dull where town and country meet upon such terms? Forgive the Dutchmen, for the moment, if they take their pleasures somewhat sadly, as the English do. It is true that the city's one poor theatre is closed in this warm June weather. But the train is always panting to take you back to Paris; stay here a little longer, if only for a day or two.

The Hague has its open jewel-casket, and therein its captain-jewel. When you make your first visit to Maurice of Nassau's house, now transformed into a museum, you will pass through certain anterooms, where the two wives of Rubens, his father-confessor, a glorious Faun and Nymph of Jordaens, and a likeness of William of Orange, by some unknown but strong and tender hand, will all delight you. Then, at the top of the great staircase, you will hesitate for a moment, as one often does in all the galleries, wondering which way to turn. A look to the left will decide the question. There is the loadstar; no other guide is needed. You stand a long time before it, and turn away only to come back. You are surrounded by fine pictures, half of them to be forgotten within the next hour; but this one you will remember through all the after years.

It is the "Lesson in Anatomy" of Rembrandt. A famous surgeon explaining to five brothers of his guild the muscles in the arm of a subject upon the dissecting-table; and not to these eager listen-

ers alone are the words and gesture of the man directed; for he stands in a vaulted hall and looks beyond you to the imaginary audience, of which, losing your own identity, you, for the time being, form a part. All the world knows this masterpiece from countless reproductions; but only those who have seen the picture can fully understand the charm in the painter's noble treatment of it that compels one to overlook its disagreeable motive.

The light streams down upon the dead man; yet you hardly know he is there. It is death, indeed, and painted so truthfully that to shut out the living faces is to shudder at it. Bring them back, and this central object which so fixes their attention has no power upon yours. They glow with color, they breathe; you are ready to swear that one has moved a little. Hark! the lecturer has spoken. Alas! his voice has been hushed for more than two centuries. All these that look have become even as the thing they look at; their very dust is now unrecognizable. And while the beauty of this life completely fills your thought, all life's sadness, all the mystery of death, lie on the canvas there before you.

One day, on my way out of the gallery, I turned back for another look at the Rembrandt. The noon light was superb, and there was no one about; so I stayed on, absorbed in the picture, and studying it from every possible point of view. At last, determined to go, I made some commonplace exclamation of delight or regret, speaking aloud, as when alone one may without undue absence of mind. A slight movement behind me brought me to myself, and, looking over my shoulder, I saw that I had been overheard by a little, gray, old man, who had come quietly into the room by another door. He was plainly dressed, closely shaven, and his somewhat heavy features had nothing distinctive about them; yet I felt sure that I had seen him before. But one often has this fancy, and I dismissed it at once, even though I had caught him in the act of eyeing me curiously. For I saw at a glance that he was a Dutchman, and my acquaintance in Holland was limited to landlords and bankers, with an occasional porter or two. The man turned from me to the Rembrandt almost immediately, and I could only be provoked with myself for my small display of emotion. This had amused him, naturally. I must be more self-contained in future. With these mental notes I went away.

But the next day and the day after I found him there again. Then, to avoid him, I changed the hour of my daily visit; to no purpose. Whenever I went to the gallery, this strange companion was sure to make his appearance before I left it. I tried not to notice him, and sometimes he hardly noticed me; but, once or twice, I could not help observing that he seemed pleased when we met, as usual, in the Rembrandt room. He never spoke, never saluted me, never sought in any way to make his presence an intrusion. He irritated me, nevertheless. I could no more see my favorite picture apart from this gray shadow than I could stand in the sunlight and escape my own.

I pointed him out to each of the custodians in turn. They all agreed in recognizing him as a constant visitor, but none knew his name. If I expressed surprise, or questioned further, I was either politely referred to the visitors' book, that labyrinth without a clew, or I was given, in imperfect English, a summary of the custodial duties, of which a personal acquaintance with all mankind had never been reckoned one. He did no injury; he molested nobody. Upon these conditions the gallery was open to him. What would I have?

What, indeed? I could complain of nothing; the annoyance was of my own making. Why should this man dog my steps with no apparent purpose? Could it be a case of mistaken identity? Was I, through a chance resemblance, in danger of arrest for some extraordinary crime? No. Were I really shadowed, in that sense of the word, I should be the last to know it. Besides, I had become convinced that my first impression was correct, and that I had of the man some knowledge earlier than any I could now recall. Moreover, he emphasized himself, so to speak, by never leaving the gallery before me. Once, I waited in a remote corner until the hour of closing, with the conviction that this

time he would be forced to take the lead. When I ventured out, it was to find him standing, with the rigid patience of a lackey, near the head of the staircase. At the sight of me, he drew back with a courteous gesture that was almost servile. Further persistence on my part would involve conversation, perhaps fellowship. I accepted the situation, and went first, lifting my hat formally. At the door I looked back and saw him slowly following. But I had already passed out of his thoughts, and my look was not returned.

I might have played the shadow in my turn, and, watching my chance, have dogged him to his own door. But this scheme, I argued, if detected, would lead me into endless complication; if carried out successfully, it could avail me little; I might learn his address, his occupation, perhaps his name; for all which, as I persuaded myself, I cared next to nothing. I wanted to ignore him, to forget him; but I was not long permitted to do either.

One evening, after dinner, I strolled lazily away from the hotel-porch, to smoke my cigar, in the gathering twilight, upon the shore of the Vyver. This pretty sheet of water lies in the centre of all things, and has, to mark its own central point, a little mossy island, around which many garrulous ducks and stately swans go always gliding—as if they bore, in those unruffled breasts, vague longings vaster than their appetites, and less likely to be satisfied. On one side, the irregular, mediæval Palace of the Binnenhof springs directly from the water, and throws back upon the waveless surface a reflection that seems to sink deeper than its own foundations. There are strange gate-ways, and high-pitched roofs, and oddly ornamented towers; while, farther off, the great Church of St. Jacob thrusts itself up from the humming market-place; and, opposite the palace, a broad, shady walk runs the whole length of the Vyver, with now and then a seat, where a man may take his ease and watch all this, and let the great world hum on in the distance. And if he remembers that he is a little lonely, just a very little, when the stars come out, and the recesses of the Binnenhof grow deep and black under his eyes, why then that tinge of loneliness suits the place and helps it, so long as the pain does not prove acute enough to be unbearable.

Upon this memorable evening I found the Vyverberg crowded with good city folk, walking sedately up and down under the trees. They looked so dull that, thankful for not knowing them, I turned back to the ducks and muttered Voltaire's malicious marginal note upon his life in Holland: "*Canaux, canards, canaille!*" Here was his picture reproducing itself in little, to perfection. Then the light waned, and the throng gradually dispersed; until, at the end of my second cigar, I was left almost alone. I smoked on, trying to lose myself in my thoughts. But night came down with a rush, for there was no moon; and it brought up my wandering senses more than once with a round turn. The stars grew brilliant, and the lamps cast sharp lines of light into the water. It was picturesque, but disagreeably damp and chilly, too. I shivered a little; then I thought of the homely saying, that a man shivers when a step has been taken somewhere, a long way off, upon the spot of earth destined for his grave; and, at this not over-cheerful suggestion, I shivered again. "I shall catch my death," I mentally predicted. The cigar was bitter; I tossed it away, and got up to go.

As I turned out into the path, I saw a man moving slowly toward me in the darkness on the very edge of the basin. At the first glimpse of his figure, two thoughts came to me like successive lightning-flashes—that I had never encountered my tormenting shadow in the open air, and that this was he. I stood still. The light from one of the street-lamps must have fallen upon my face; for as the man came nearer, he looked up, saw me, and, starting a little, lost his balance and stepped back into the water of the Vyver.

I knew that it was very shallow; but, of course, I dashed forward and helped him out. He had fallen flat, and I found him thoroughly limp and wet. He shivered, and his hands were cold. To my surprise, he thanked me in good English, speaking very simply; and his voice was decidedly agreeable. He did

not laugh, or even smile at his accident; yet he treated it lightly, and his way of taking it made me forget its ludicrous side.

"I will find you a carriage," I said.

"Oh, no; I should walk, it is better. I am cold."

"But not alone. That will not do."

And thereupon, forgetting my former antipathy, I pulled out my card and actually offered to walk home with him.

He looked at the card and read the name, as we stood there under the lamp.

"Yes," he said, "you are at the Marshal Turenne. I have no card about me; but I am called Lucas Grafman. You are very kind. I could go alone, yet I shall be glad of your company. Will you walk on? It is cold."

It did not strike me as strange that he should know the name of my hotel. I felt that we were in sympathy, and I was anxious to learn more of him; yet I hesitated to put leading questions. We walked for some time in silence, and at a slow pace, his gait being uncertain and feeble; until, as we turned a corner, and came out into the great square of the Plein, one side of which was ablaze with lighted windows, he stopped and sighed.

"You are tired," I said.

He shook his head, and, avoiding the shops, led the way across the darkest part of the square, by the statue of William the Silent, and so on under the trees.

"Where have we met before?" I asked, abruptly.

He pointed at the dark Mauritshuis, just definable through the wavering shadows.

"There—in the Rembrandt room," he answered.

"Yes; but before that?"

"Never before that." Then quickening his pace, he added: "A little faster; I am cold."

It made me cold myself to walk beside him. But his voice was low and sweet as the night-murmur of a brook. I liked to hear it.

"Do we go much farther?" I asked again.

"No, only a little—a very little." He went on as if he were talking to himself. "The way is short—and it is sure. No one can miss it."

We crossed the top of the Spui, where all the bustle and movement evidently distressed him. Another turn into a narrow, dimly lighted street put him at his ease. He looked at me, saying almost gayly:

"You do not regret your kindness? I have not bored you?"

"No; on the contrary."

"Good! I thank you."

The street brought us out upon the brink of a sluggish canal, which we followed for a few steps under a row of dark houses, all leaning different ways, with the uncanny effect peculiar to old buildings in that sea-disputed land. These looked as though one touch would send them tottering to their fall. Half way down the row he stopped.

"This is the door."

He went up to it and pulled a bell that rang in the distance, echoing back to us as if through deserted rooms. After a moment's delay, he called, but so faintly that even I scarcely heard him:

"Yanna—Adriana!"

There was no answer. He groped about, apparently for a key, which he must have found. I could hear the grating of the lock. Then, as he held the door half open, I had a glimpse of the hall, where a dying lamp was on the point of giving up the ghost of its flame.

"Will you come in?" he asked.

I excused myself. The hour was late.

"But you will come again?"

Why should I? I hesitated. All my old dislike to him returned.

A sound decided me—the sound of low, sweet music in the house. There was a woman singing. I could not distinguish the words, but I knew that the voice was a young girl's.

"Yanna—Adriana!" he called, softly, as before; and there was no more singing.

"You will come again?" he repeated.

"Yes."

"To-morrow, then—at this hour. I shall expect you."

And he was gone. The door fell back behind him. The place was horribly still. There was no sign of life, no movement, except in the mist slowly streaming up from the canal to fold itself about me like a winding-sheet. I lost no time in getting clear of it.

The next morning, though I paid my usual visit to the gallery, it was not to see the pictures. Even upon the great Rembrandt I turned my back, and went from room to room with but one thought —that of meeting Mynheer Grafman. All in vain. He was not there, and his unwonted absence set me thinking. Was he ill? That might well be, considering his accident of the night before. In the broad daylight, I had gone more than half way toward a resolve to break my reluctant word with him. What possible good can come of our appointment, I had asked myself, after sleeping upon it soundly. But now I felt in duty bound to keep the promise, if only to prove that I had startled him unwittingly, to show a decent regret for his false step in the dark, of which, innocently, I had been the cause.

Yet I found more than one misgiving left to conquer when the time came. A lonely walk, after dark, in a strange city, at best is not alluring. And afterward? What risk might I not run in crossing that dismal threshold? If the old man were a decoy, the house a den of thieves? I laughed these thoughts away. My watch weighed so little, and I carried nothing else of value; my money, in a letter of credit, to a thief would be unavailable. I was in for an adventure, mildly interesting, perhaps; but what were travel without adventures? Nevertheless, I gave the hotel-chamber that mute farewell one bids his household gods on the eve of a long journey. With this, too, went certain precautions. I left upon the dressing-table a line to indicate my destination, so far as I knew it; I closed the door of my room without turning the key; and finding below the monumental *portier*, resplendent in steel buttons and silver lace, I passed the time of night with him, taking pains to state the precise hour of my return. He twirled the waxed ends of his absurdly small moustache; then smiled and nodded confidentially. His keen glance was my best assurance. The soul of the Marshal Turenne would not fail to be disquieted, in case my absence were prolonged.

I followed the narrow street to the pale mists of the canal. This was the place, and there the house I wanted—the fifth from the corner, I remembered that. I pulled the bell, which jangled again remotely with the sound I knew, and immediately the door was opened by a tall, white-haired man-servant in dark livery.

"Mynheer Grafman?"

He bowed and moved aside to let me pass, then led the way into the long hall, painted white and panelled, with here and there a portrait frowning down. At the farther end I saw a staircase in its carved spiral of balustrade. But he stopped half way, and, lifting a piece of faded tapestry, waited silently for me to go in. I did so, and felt the curtain fall heavily into its place.

I seemed to step at once into the golden age of Holland. The high walls of the huge drawing-room were hung with splendid pictures that outshone the gilding of their heavy frames. The polished furniture was carved into strange shapes, and richly ornamented. There were odd, rococo cabinets, revealing through their glass doors many precious objects—gold and silver drinking-cups, ancient prizes of the hunting-feast, South Sea curios of coral, ivory, and jade. The soft Eastern carpets and softer hangings had those subdued tints that only Time's slowly moving shuttle weaves; the crystal drops of the sconces glowed with candlelight; and upon the wide hearth, in spite of the season, a fire had been kindled. In the chimney-corner stood a harp, and close beside it, on a heap of crumpled music, a jar of yellow roses. Their perfume, strengthened by the warmth of the fire, filled the room. Only this handful of flowers held the odor of the present in them; all else belonged to an interior that Terburgh might have painted for background to a knight and lady smiling over a love-letter. And my timid fancy had pictured it a den of thieves!

Mynheer Grafman left his seat by the fire, and came forward to meet me. He did not offer his hand, but greeted me with grave cordiality.

"You are welcome," he said. "I feared you might forget."

His voice had the same clear note, which again disarmed me.

"I could not forget," I answered, "that through me you were caused an-

noyance, possibly serious. You are none the worse for your accident?"

"No; as you see."

He went back to his place, inviting me with a gesture to draw closer and be seated.

As I turned for a chair, the curtain was brushed aside, and I saw in the door-way the slender figure of a young girl so lovely that I stood still and stared at her in speechless wonder; almost fearing to breathe, lest I should wake from a dream to long for her forever. But she dropped the curtain, and came into the room.

She wore pale yellow, the color of the roses, with no ornament except a white camellia. It could not match the whiteness of her throat; and her arms, bare to the elbow, might have been the missing ones of Melos, they were so delicately rounded. Her hair was black, and its heavy braid fell over one shoulder to her waist. Her eyes were black, too; they had no laughter in them; they deepened the sadness of the face, yet it was of beauty indescribable, beyond all other beauty of the earth. I can only liken it to the face of night, just flushed with the rosy tint of morning—mournful, but submissive; reluctant to go, yet preparing to be gone.

There was an awkward moment of silence before my host looked up and presented me.

"It is my daughter Adriana," he said, tenderly.

She bent her head, but did not offer her hand.

"It is not the custom," I thought, wondering in what language to address her.

Then she spoke, in English.

"You are welcome." That was all. But her father's voice seemed harsh after those words.

I stammered incoherent thanks for her kindness to a stranger.

"I knew we were to meet," she answered. "Let us forget that we are strangers."

She turned away, while I sat down, as her father begged me to do. I listened to his talk, thinking only of her, and following her with my eyes. She brought a low table, and set it down between us; then placed upon it two glasses with curiously twisted stems; and after filling these from a silver-mounted flagon, she handed one to me.

"That you may forget," she said, gently.

My hand shook a little as I took the glass. The time, the place, and her strange presence, all had something fearful in them. The wine was black, but through it one crimson bubble, glowing like fire, rose to the brim and broke.

"Will you not drink?" said the old man, pausing with his own glass at his lips.

"Friends always!" I murmured, drinking as I spoke, and looking from him to her, while she whispered back my words.

So, in honor of the toast, we drained the glasses.

"Fill again!" said Mynheer Grafman, as we put them down. The liquor had the richness of an Italian *vino spumante*, or some old Burgundy of noted vintage; but it was very cold, and its fine, aromatic flavor was quite unknown to me.

"What wine is this?" I asked.

"The grapes were grown in Java," he replied; "and this cask of mine has, in its time, made many voyages. The wine is rare and old; but there is no harm in it."

"None whatever," said I, sipping it again. "These were grapes, indeed." The draught had an effect upon me more than pleasant, wonderfully soothing. I settled myself in my chair, and felt at peace with all the world. Care and sorrow seemed to float away in an alembic fume. There was in my past one bitter hour, whose recollection had never failed to move me. I thought of it now indifferently, as though it were another man's; I could not even sigh at it. And of the future I thought nothing. I was there, I saw her; I was content with the present moment; so content as to believe that it would last.

Mynheer Grafman asked me if I liked music.

"Yes," I answered, eagerly; "to the music of last night I could listen always."

"Yanna!" he said, looking up at her and dwelling on the affectionate diminutive; "Yanna!"

She had been standing behind his

chair, but now she crossed the room, and, seating herself at the harp, stretched one white arm across it to try the strings. Of all instruments, the harp is perhaps the one best suited to graceful girlhood; and I found it hard not to startle her into a consciousness of her own beauty with a false note of admiration.

The song was in her native language, and I understood no phrase of it; yet my eyes filled with tears. I could not praise her voice; and though its sweetness lives in my mind's ear like the sea's voice in a shell, I cannot put it into words; it won my heart. She stopped singing, and played on, till the music, note by note, had died away.

"The song?" I asked. "What is it? What does it mean?"

"It is a song about life," she answered.

"Life!" I repeated. "There was a sob in every word. Can life, then, be so sad a thing?"

"There is nothing in all the universe so sad as human life," she said, with perfect calmness, as though this were to her a truth long since established, past all disputing.

"No matter!" I cried. "Though it be a wail, I must know your song by heart. Sing it to me again—once more, I beg of you!"

She hesitated, but her father made a warning gesture. She rose, left the harp, and went directly to the door, as if in obedience to the signal.

"Not now," she said, with her hand already at the curtain. "No more, until we meet again."

"But that may never be," I urged.

"Yes, sooner or later, it will surely be. All rests with you." And she was gone.

I longed to speak of her, but this was not permitted. My host seemed bent upon changing the current of my thoughts. He led me about the room, opening the cabinets to give me a closer look at their contents; talking of them rapidly, and of the pictures.

"There is a Hobbema, and here a Ruisdael. This horn is of wrought-silver—good work, it might pass for a Cellini. The other is of later date, inferior, as you see. That portrait is a Rembrandt"—I started involuntarily, remembering our first meeting. He stopped for a moment, then went up to the picture.

"It is Nicolaas Tulp," he continued, "the painter's friend and patron. You remember?"

"Perfectly. It is he who gives the 'Lesson in Anatomy.'"

"Yes," he said, turning upon me with a sharp look which was somewhat disconcerting.

"Why does he do that?" I thought; "I will keep a sharp lookout for him in the mirror." Then I noticed for the first time, with wondering eyes, that, in spite of the rich appointments, there was no mirror of any kind in the room.

Meanwhile the other went on, still talking of the once-famous surgeon.

"The same man, of course," said he; "without his hat, this time. But you recognize him, do you not? The likeness is unmistakable."

"To be sure," I returned, lightly. "Mynheer Tulp and I are old friends. I greet him cordially. This is he, beyond all question."

We looked at the portrait for a time in silence. Then Mynheer Gràfman spoke again.

"You are very fond of Rembrandt," said he.

"Yes; and especially of his masterpiece—the picture in the Mauritshuis, of which we were just now speaking."

"Pardon me; his master-work is not there."

"Oh," I said, "I expressed but my own opinion. The world will tell you of the 'Night-Watch,' so called, in Amsterdam——"

"Pardon me; nor is it there, in Amsterdam."

"And where else should one look for it?" I demanded.

"One, indeed!" was his strange answer. "The world has looked long in vain for what one man may see."

"What do you mean?"

"Hush! not so loud. Wait, and I will show you."

He went over to the high chimney-piece and laid his hand upon one of its smaller panels; with some slight pressure the bit of wood turned upon a pivot, disclosing a shallow hiding-place, from which he took a rusty key and an old brass lamp. He pushed the panel

into place again, and, lighting the lamp, looked about uneasily; then beckoned me to follow.

At the back of the room was a long window, which he opened stealthily. "Make no noise!" he whispered, as we stepped out upon the loose pavement of a terrace encumbered with dusty vines. We passed down the broken steps, and on through a neglected garden. In its grass-grown paths the glow-worms were shining faintly; and, as we walked, the toads leaped right and left before us into beds of straggling flowers choked with weeds. Along one side a line of outbuildings, dark and dingy, stretched away from the house. Following this almost to the end, he stopped at a low door and tried his key. After some effort, with more noise than he cared to make, it turned in the lock, and we went in.

I stood in a stone chamber, built like a cellar or a crypt, with a vaulted ceiling. There were wooden shelves crowded with glass vessels, plump and unwieldy, some with wicker covers. Rows of casks loomed up in the darkness; some of these were empty, some still contained liquor, or, perhaps, were only reeking with its fumes. The dampness was visible; my breath turned to vapor, and, touching the wall, I felt there a patch of mould.

"It was once a wine-shop," whispered Mynheer Grafman, holding the lamp above his head with one hand and feeling his way forward with the other.

I waited near the door, watching him. As he went on, I began to see that the opposite wall-space was entirely filled by a large picture, with figures indistinct, at first, and spectral in the darkness. But my guide stopped under a hanging shelf to light a pair of many-branched candelabra that stood upon it; and as the flames flashed up I gave, incautiously, loud expression to my wonder and delight. He silenced me with a stern gesture; and, hurrying back, he listened for a moment to the dismal call of the insects in the garden. Then he shut the door and locked it.

"Now we may speak freely," he said; "but not too loud."

I did not care to speak. My eyes spoke for me. What I saw was a pendant, undoubtedly, to the great Rembrandt of the Hague Museum; though it looked larger than that in this cramped space. The composition recalled the "Lesson in Anatomy," but differed from it widely in all details. The portraits were of other men in other attitudes. The operating surgeon, uncovered, was older than Mynheer Tulp, with a face far stronger than his and finer. His subject, so foreshortened that the hands appeared almost to touch the feet, lay turned directly toward me; and this partially draped figure, so like death that it must once have lived, was the body of a woman. But here the noble quality of the other picture reasserted itself. This hideousness, thrust into the foreground, failed to catch the eye. All my admiration went up to the group around it. "Life, life!" was my one thought; "these men were made to be immortal."

Out of my startled silence I was brought back to myself by an unpleasant consciousness that Mynheer Grafman had again been closely watching me. I turned quickly, to detect and to confuse him; but he looked away indifferently.

"You were perfectly right," I said; "this is Rembrandt's masterpiece."

"Yes," he replied. "The surgeon is the illustrious Johannes Deyman, inspector of the Collegium Medicum. For many years the picture hung in the old Weighing-House at Amsterdam, opposite its companion, the 'Lesson in Anatomy.' Then—" He stopped and sighed.

"Then?" I repeated.

"The corporation needed money. They sold their birthright for a mess of pottage. Offered at public sale, this picture went for a handful of silver to an Englishman. And no one interfered; all the great ones of the city looked on and saw it done."

His speech had a suppressed fury, which I understood and could not help admiring.

"When was this?" I asked.

"Within the memory of living men. In what other age could it have come to pass? Years before, the king had saved the 'Lesson in Anatomy,' buying it, in private contract, for more than thirty times the paltry sum this brought. But times had changed; pride and self-respect were gone. The nation grovelled

in the dust, and clutched its money-bags, while the genius of art wept for shame, with folded wings."

"Why, then, is this picture here? It did not go to England. By whom was it saved? How?"

"The ship was lost, with all on board," he said, mournfully. "Only the picture came to me; saved, as you see it, by a miracle."

"A miracle!" I answered, with a touch of contempt that I could not restrain. "We have no miracles. Say by accident, or by design."

"Or by theft," he added, calmly. "That was in your tone."

Our glances met, and I withdrew mine, not without embarrassment. The suspicion had, indeed, occurred to me.

"Have no fear," he continued, with the same sadness. "There was no double-dealing. Wrested from the sea, like this poor land of Holland, the inheritance fell to me honestly. Mine by right, it is here in my possession, and here it shall remain."

"Surely," I objected, "you are not serious. You cannot mean to hide this treasure from the world?"

"The world!" he repeated, bitterly. "What is it to me? It has left this picture to become a line in Burger's history. Who knows—who cares—who mourns its loss? The world tramples upon graves."

"That is unjust; if not to all, to one."

"I have no quarrel with you," he returned. "But the money-changers made their price, and it was paid to them. Their treasure is lost, beyond recovery. I have sworn it. Then, too, there is another reason."

"And what is that?" I demanded.

"Look! Can you find nothing there that answers you?"

I turned back to those glowing faces, incomparable in their vivid color, in their strength and beauty. The painter had breathed into them the breath of life; they almost took away my own. Yet his hidden meaning still eluded me.

"No," I sighed; "it is useless, I cannot find the reason."

He had already left me; and, as I spoke, he began to put out the lights, one after another, slowly.

"You are so young," he said. "Your eyes have all youth's weakness in them. Patience! they will grow dimmer; you will see."

The light was nearly gone, when, groping with my eyes, as with the brain one struggles for the thought it misses, I felt that I was about to catch a glimmering of his secret.

"Wait!" I cried. "One moment more!"

But the last light went out, leaving only the lamp to guide us. It was darkness visible, through which, as before, there rose a group of spectral figures.

"Your time will come," whispered Mynheer Grafman, as he unlocked the door. "You said just now, 'We have no miracles;' count it one, hereafter, to have seen the lost Rembrandt."

We stole back into the house with all our former precaution. Everything was as we left it. My host moved back the panel, and put away his lamp and key. It was late; I had no excuse for delaying longer, and bade him good-night. For answer he refilled our empty glasses. I drank the perfumed wine, and once more a grave content benumbed my senses. But I put down the glass and turned to go.

"I can only thank you," I said, "and assure you that I shall always remember these things."

"'*Haec olim meminisse,*'" he murmured. Then, without a smile, without offering his hand, he led the way to the street-door and opened it.

"Good-night!" he said, "and good repose."

Thus, with no hint that we might ever meet again, the door closed upon him. It was a final parting.

I had not overstayed my prescribed limit of time. The quizzical look of the *portier* bore witness to that. But the familiar sights and sounds of the hotel jarred upon me horribly. I could not sink at once to their lower level. I was like one returning home after long absence, to find forgotten flaws in everything.

So I went to my room, wide awake, yet half inclined to fancy I was dreaming. Among the few books which had been my only travelling-companions lay a worn copy of Burger's "Dutch Museums." It did not take me long to

find his record of the lost picture—a few lines only, easily overlooked, as I must often have overlooked them. "The color resembles closely that of Titian." Sir Joshua had spoken of it once in those very words. Then followed a statement of the price paid by the Englishman, together with the date of his purchase—February 7, 1842. "It is astonishing," said the author, in conclusion, "that here all knowledge of the picture ends."

I read and reread the paragraph impatiently. It said so little. But the writer had never seen that of which he wrote. What more could he say? There was a scrap of paper on the dressing-table. I laughed, remembering how I had left my last instructions upon it. I took it up now to mark the place in the book; then saw with surprise that this paper was not mine, but that it bore my name in a strange hand. I opened it and pulled the bell violently.

"Who brought this?" I asked.

The maid had small English, but was able to state that she did not know. Whereupon I summoned other servants, until at last I learned that earlier in the evening an old man had been seen to knock at my door. He wore livery, and otherwise the description tallied perfectly with my recollection of the silent familiar who had admitted me to Mynheer Grafman's house. The messenger was thus accounted for, but not the message.

The paper contained but a line, in faded ink, lightly written:

"Come to-morrow, three hours after mid-day. I shall be alone.

"ADRIANA."

Nearly all that night I heard the chimes quartering out the hours. Toward daybreak I slept, to dream of her; and, waking, feared to look, lest I had only dreamed that she had written. But the letter was still there. At the sight of it my heart leaped, and then I knew I loved her. What could those words mean, but that she also knew it, and loved me.

In the clear light of day I reviewed the adventure with all the calmness possible to a man who has just unlocked his heart's door and found the immortal little bailiff in possession. All my thoughts led to the same conclusion; and I chafed, impatient of the hours. The time came at last; and it found me at the house, which now, more than ever, looked like one deserted. The blinds were closed, and there was thick dust upon them. I rang, and got no answer. But the door stood ajar; the afternoon breeze stirred it a little, as if bidding me to go in. "She is alone," I thought, making my way on through the unlighted hall, and finding it very cool and dark to eyes that carried all the sunshine with them. This was the curtained door. As I touched it, low notes of the harp within confirmed me. I waited in the dark one tremulous moment more; then all the light came back, and I saw her there alone.

She sat at the harp, playing softly to herself the air she had played to me. She wore the same colors, even to the white flower at her breast; the surroundings, too, were all the same. The little table, with the wine, stood exactly where I left it; the present day was carefully shut out; the candles were still burning. There was the pile of music, there the jar of roses; but a few petals had fallen upon the hearth, and the fire had died down into a heap of ashes. While I looked at her I saw these things; for she did not rise, and, though her look met mine, she gave me at first no sign of recognition.

I drew nearer, and she welcomed me with her eyes.

"I thought that you would come," she said. "It was much to ask; yet I have more to ask of you."

"I will do all you ask," I answered, "upon one condition." I pointed at the harp. "The song I heard last night—that is all."

"Listen," she said, and touched the strings.

"Yes," I replied, "it is the same."

"The same air, but with other words. These are in your language."

"And about life?" I asked.

"Yes, always about life. Listen! It is called 'In Circe's Garden.'"

There were tears in her voice—tears, too, in my eyes. I longed to hear her; yet, at that moment, would have implored her not to sing. The prelude

went on softly. There was a cushion on the floor at her side; I flung myself down upon it, half kneeling, half reclining, at her feet. But she had forgotten me; absorbed in the music, with a sweetness that even Circe, the enchantress, might have envied, she sang these words:

"Oh, Love, stay by and sing;
Thy reddest roses bring,
Thy richest wine!
I would but fill and quaff,
I would but live and laugh
And make thee mine!

"For Fame's a field hard-fought;
And gained, a thing of naught
To have and hold!
Who would the laurel wear
Immortal youth should bear,
And I am old!

"So, Love, stay by and sing;
Thy reddest roses bring,
Thy richest wine!
I leave the work unwrought,
I leave the field unfought,
For thee and thine!"

The song ended. I forgot its underlying sorrow. I only knew that with its last notes she turned tenderly to me. I caught her in my arms and kissed her. She broke away with a low cry; and I drew back, trembling even in the moment of my triumph, for my chilled lips had touched a cheek as cold as marble. A string in the harp snapped, and one end came rattling down. She looked at it, and laughed bitterly. This sound of mirth, the first known to me in that strange household, brought an angry flush into my face. Once more I was on fire.

"Adriana!" I cried, "do not mock me! Do not laugh! I love you."

She sighed, and hid her face in her hands.

"Yes," she said, "I know."

"Why, then, did you bring me here? To laugh at me?"

"No," she replied. "Have you forgotten your promise?"

"What promise?"

"Just now—to do all that I should ask?"

"I am ready to keep it. Speak! What shall I do?"

She moved nearer, holding me with a mute appeal which was not to be resisted. Had she bade me commit some dreadful crime, I could not have denied her.

"So slight a thing," she said. "Show me what you saw last night."

"What do you mean?"

"The treasure that my father hides from all the world—even from me."

"The lost picture—Rembrandt's masterpiece?"

"It is a picture, then. How often I have tried to see it! But the door is always locked, and my father keeps the key—where, I do not know. But you——"

"Yes," I whispered, turning anxiously to assure myself that we were not overheard. "Yes, I know."

"Do not fear!" she answered. "We are alone. You will let me see it?"

I took a step toward the carved chimney-piece, to find the secret panel; then hesitated a moment longer.

"And afterward?" said I.

She held out her hand to me.

"Afterward," she murmured, "we shall go hand in hand. You will be mine, henceforth; I shall be yours. Though you long to escape, there can be no escaping."

"I shall never long for that," I said, and took her hand. The touch of her fingers sent an icy thrill through all my veins. I seemed to grow sadder and calmer—years older, in a moment. There was a new heaviness about my heart; it still remained there after our hands unclasped; indeed, it has never left me. Yet in spite of it I loved her, and shall love her all my days.

I found the panel and pushed it open. I lighted the lamp, while she stood by with questioning eyes and parted lips. Then I took down the key.

"Come!" I said.

I was no longer in her thoughts; they were all for the end, and not the means.

"Show it to me!" she whispered, eagerly. "Show it to me!"

We went out into the blinding daylight, through the dusty garden to the door of the wine-shop. I opened it, without a word, and went on through the clinging darkness, assured that she would follow. I found the candelabra, and began to light them, still silent,

leaving the master to make his own impression upon her. But half the tapers were lighted, when a low moan broke the silence, and, turning, I saw her face pale, distorted, with all its beauty faded, in an agony of terror. She spoke no word, but pointed toward the picture, half revealed; and then, with a frightful cry, fled from the place.

O horror! The livid figure there upon the canvas was her own. The lovely eyes were closed, the features were sharpened, drawn, distorted, as I had just now seen them. But the face was hers—dead, dead; only waiting for the grave. She had recognized it; she had learned the secret, and now I saw it, too.

I dropped the lamp and rushed back into the sunshine. There was no sign of her; but the long window, which we had carefully closed behind us, stood open, as she must have left it in her flight. I hurried after her, up the broken steps, over the crumbling terrace, into the room. She was not there; but on the floor I found the white camellia, lying where it had fallen from her breast. I caught it up; its petals were already stained and withered; I saw an ugly worm wriggling in their folds; and I dropped the poor, decaying flower with a shiver of disgust.

I looked around me. A shadow had fallen upon the room. The glare of day had blighted it, even as the white camellia had been blighted. The candles writhed in their sockets, sputtering and flaring and going out, one by one. The drops of the rusted sconces hung lustreless; the pictures showed centuries of blackness on them; their frames were tarnished; the splendid hangings, too, were musty and worm-eaten. The very floor felt rotten under my feet. Something rustled along the wainscot; it was only a hungry rat slinking back to his hole.

"Adriana!" I called. "Adriana!" and the walls mocked me with her nickname—"Yanna! Yanna!"

I rushed out into the hall, dislodging, as I went, the heavy curtain, which fell in shreds about my heels. I climbed the creaking stairs, still calling her by name, entreating her to answer. Above were locked doors that I could not open. One at last gave way, crashing down into a chamber empty but for an old bedstead with a tattered canopy. The broken window-panes were choked with cobwebs. Dust rose in clouds. Then, all at once, the loneliness appalled me. I dashed down the staircase to the street-door, on the threshold shouting back once more into the silence; and once more my voice returned to me that dismal echo—"Yanna! Yanna!"

I took to the streets like a thief in desperation, spurred on by a new fear, bent upon a new purpose. I had no time to lose, for my objective point was the Mauritshuis, which in a few minutes would be closed for the day. I found the last visitors departing; the door-keeper smiled as he pulled out his watch; but I passed him by breathlessly, and went up, at breakneck speed, two stairs at a time, to the Rembrandt room. I stood before the "Lesson in Anatomy;" and, shutting out the surgeons with my hand, looked only at their recumbent subject. There could be no longer any doubt. The face was set and rigid; lengthened, sunken, blank, and expressionless, like all dead faces. But I knew it now for Mynheer Grafman's.

Excited and alarmed, I dared not look behind me, lest I should find him at my shoulder, where I had seen him first. I shut my eyes, and groped my way to the door; then felt for the stair-rail, as a blind man would have done. Only when I heard the custodian's chatter did I recover sight; only in the open air could I breathe freely.

How to account for all this noise and shouting in the great square? The sober Hollanders had lost their self-control for once. A herd of them flew by me, like wild deer, across the gravel in the direction of the Spui. I gave chase at once, determined to be in at the death if that were possible. But my haste got the better of me, and, before I could check myself, I had plumped into the waistcoat of a big Dutchman, who bore down upon me adversely with ponderous swiftness. He stopped to take breath, swinging me round like a cat. It was only the giant *portier* of the Marshal Turenne.

"What is the matter?" I gasped.

He was in no condition to talk.

"Fire!" was all he said. "Fire! This way—come!" and we plunged on together.

In a few seconds I longed for wings. We turned from the Spui into the narrow street thrice familiar to me. I knew where we were going. My guilty cry passed unnoticed in the increasing uproar, but it might have given evidence against myself. I had opened doors and windows upon fifty candle-flames. I had dropped a lighted lamp into a tinder-box. I knew where we were going. The angry cloud of smoke above us interpreted my fear.

Our way was already blocked. It soon became impassable. Then my companion turned off into a maze of by-streets and slimy, green canals, I following blindly. We made a long détour, crossing bridge after bridge, and coming out into the crowd again; but the friendly giant ploughed a furrow in it with his shoulders, dragging me behind him. And he did not stop until, with inarticulate murmurs of satisfaction, he had set me up like a tenpin directly in front of the burning house, but on the opposite wall of the canal. One—two—three—four—five. I counted again and again. I had guessed it. The house was the fifth from the corner.

I saw files of men handing water in buckets; others working madly at primitive hand-engines. But the case was obviously desperate. Before I had recovered my breath, the roof fell in, and a shaft of flame shot up into the sky.

Near us, in the crowd, a workman stood talking and gesticulating to his neighbor, and, as the best of us will do under excitement, repeating over and over the same words.

"What does he say?" I asked the *portier*.

The man listened a moment; then translated the speech.

"He says it is a good thing. The house was haunted."

"What? Listen again. Are you sure?"

"Yes," repeated the *portier*, after another pause. "The house was haunted. No one has lived in it since thirty years."

"Impossible!" I cried.

The man misunderstood me, of course.

"Impossible, perhaps, in your country. Here we have ghosts," he said, with the serenity of conviction.

I did not dispute the point, and we stood still for some time huddled together in an ill-assorted group of all ages, sizes, and conditions. The fire roared and crackled; the sashes of the drawing-room were like the bars of a grate; all within was a live coal. I stared at it vacantly, with the refrain of that unearthly music moaning in my ears.

At last, I turned again to the interpreter.

"Ask the fellow," I said, "if he has ever heard of one Heer Grafman, living here in the quarter."

"What for a name is that?" the *portier* asked.

"Grafman—Mynheer Grafman."

"Excuse me—one must have made a mistake—that cannot be the name."

"Why not, pray?"

"There was no name like that in our language. In Dutch, that means——"

"What?" I urged, impatiently.

"It means 'one come out of the grave.'"

"You are right," said I; "there has been some mistake. You need not ask. That cannot be the name."

There is no more to tell. A few days later I left The Hague; I have not revisited Holland, and all this happened years ago. It is a ghost of my lost youth, but one that never can be laid. Often in the summer night, I hear that saddest and sweetest of all songs in a troubled dream, from which my own despairing cry arouses me; and I wake in tears, to find myself calling, "Yanna—Adriana!" I can listen to no other music; for me, on earth, there is no love of woman. The old delight I had in living has been taken from me; but, at least, I live on calmly, and no longer dread the end. All fear of Death is gone—I know no touch of it. I only know that I looked into those quiet eyes, and that I ceased to find them terrible.

THE BURDEN OF TIME.

By Charles Lotin Hildreth.

In cloudy legends of the dawn of years,
  Or sculptured verse on shard or shattered stone,
The oldest lore is still of love and tears,
  Of wild, dark wars and cities overthrown,
And blows and bitter deeds and mad defeat,
Whereof the burden is, "Yet love is sweet."

And from all ways where men have dwelt and died,
  From nations waned to myth or minstrel song,
A sound of voices, mingled, multiplied,
  A rumor of delight, despair, and wrong,
Of sorrows infinite and strange amaze,
Waft down the troubled winds of many days,

Crying: "We were love's votaries of old;
  Though dust, our immemorial names remain
Embalmed in tales a thousand times retold,
  That beat like echoes in the breast and brain
Of stately strains through whose exultant flow
Breathe parting sighs, vain longings, utter woe;"

Crying: "Ten years against the city's walls
  The brazen waves of battle beat in vain,
And many a widow wailed in Dardan halls,
  And many a Greek lay cold along the plain,
Till hapless Troy expired in blood and flame
And grew a word for Helen's love and shame;"

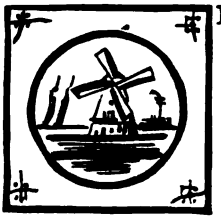
Crying: "I am Leander whom the sea
  Spared to young Hero's arms a little space,
Then seized and smote the life out suddenly,
  One black and bitter night, before her face;
But we had loved, nor gods nor mortals may
Efface the perfect past—we had our day;"

Crying: "The proud, sweet mouth and subtle smile,
The varying mood, the dusk, low-lidded gaze,
Stayed my war-wandering steps beside the Nile;
There, hand in hand, down love's delicious ways,
We walked to death, forseeing, unafraid,
And passed from dreams to darkness, well repaid."

But these are intimations faint with time;
Hark, how from hearts that tremble and aspire,
Albeit unknown in any poet's rhyme,
The passion-song leaps up like living fire!—
"Travail and tears, wan brows and wounded feet,
These are love's sure award—yet love is sweet."

THE PICTURESQUE QUALITY OF HOLLAND.

By George Hitchcock.



IN many accounts Holland is most paintable. From the point of view of a landscape-painter purely, without reference to its figures, costumes, or interiors, as in the following notes, it is particularly interesting. One cannot paint the song of birds or the roar of an angry sea; no more can the most vivid word-painting present the subtile differences of color between this and less-favored lands, or the peculiar atmospheric effects of it. The tendency of study in Holland is to make one a meteorological painter, in distinction from a painter of mere things, since its chiefest charm is in its atmosphere; but in no way, without absolute color, can a rightful expression of this distinctive quality be given. That which in other lands is a cold gray, uninteresting, often repellant, here becomes an indefinable harmony, containing a depth and richness or a pearly brilliancy, opalescent, sad—an infinite variety, each effect apparently more beautiful than the last. The result of this luminous gray atmosphere is to transform everything, to change the bugbear of "commonplace" into mystery, and through its many gradations to give as many charming motives.

Fog and mist, which in other countries painters rely upon to add the mystery to nature, are to be deplored here, and are, fortunately, exceedingly rare. It is not only in the distance that the effects of this full atmosphere are felt, but in the middle distance, and even to the very foreground, and it is, perhaps, one of the chief causes of that wonderful "tone" which every observer of the country, or of pictures of it, must have noticed; indeed, it is from this stand-point—"tone" stand-point—that every intelligent effort to produce a characteristic transcript of these motives must be observed. It is a common and great error to think of Holland as a dark or gray country—a mistake natural to those who have never seen it, from the prevailing character of studies of it, which are the outcome of the fascinating gray effects common to no other lands, and which lead painters to insist upon them. Light is an individual and common quality of the country; the days when its pearly tones are most marked are the

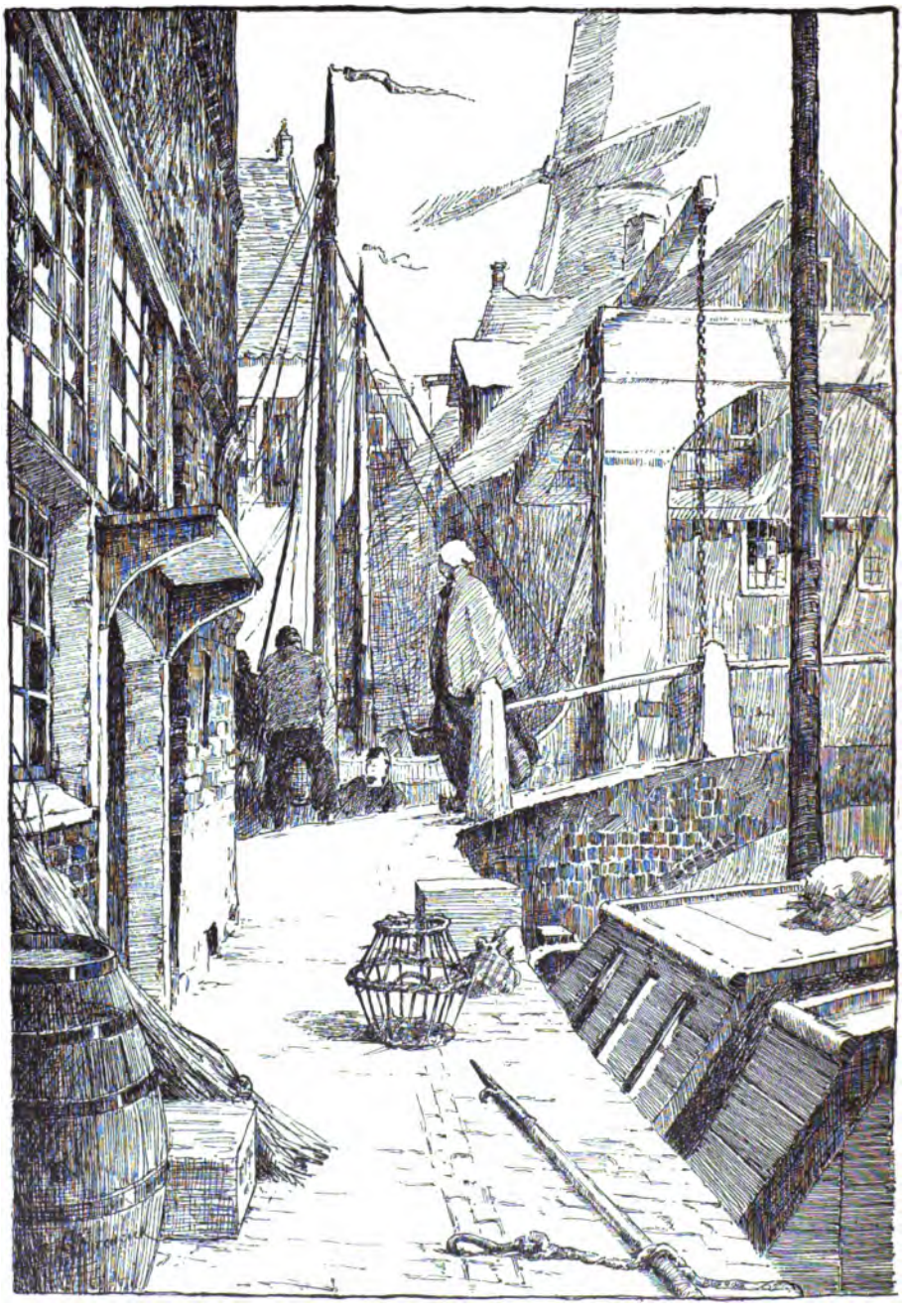
brightest; a suffused brilliancy is over everything, and had the objects in nature less fine local color, less "tone," they might not be possible to paint. These days are rare, sorrowfully rare; but that they come at all is something to be most grateful for. The simplicity and grandeur of the face of nature beneath this sunless, pearly atmosphere is a vision of vast beauty, so reposeful, so broad, and so shadowless, as to make one wish it might never change, since simplicity and nobility are qualities to be desired.

Holland is the most harmonious of all countries, either in sun or shadow. It is never crude; it is always a picture, atmospherically, as it stands, without change or thought of change; even under the bright light of the sun it does not lose its opalescent attributes, nor are its eternal harmonies impaired. It is often most bright, if sunshine be brightness; not that the sun-effects of tropical countries are duplicated, for even the sunniest days have something of sadness in them; the shadows are never the crude, purple, cut-out spots of a southern sun, nor is the blue of its skies ever metallic; the brightness is always diffused even through the shadows, and, no matter how sharp the sunlight is, the "tonality" is always fine. Those golden autumn days, when nature is seen as through a tender yellow medium,—how exquisite they are! The darkest winter day has ever a deep color-note; the pure spring sunshine—they all have something entirely different from the same moments in other lands. The golden tone of Rembrandt may be only a reflex of the tone without.

The north wind brings with it, summer and winter, a sky of the purest turquoise, so bright and sweet a blue, as no other country can produce; for it is by contrast in painting that colors are judged, and in no other country are the contrasts and harmonies so fine. Imagine this pale turquoise sky, a soft tender sun, a delicate yellow tone over everything, and withal a suffused light, softening the lines of cast shadows, and harmonizing every object,—are not all the conditions of a great picture atmospherically present?

The low-lying country seems to give more prominence to the cloud-forms; or, at all events, they are seen with fewer obstructions. This always interesting, often grand, panorama of cloud-effects has the tendency to reduce the horizon to one-fifth or less of the height of the picture, as in the masterpieces of Ruysdael; but even then one seems to have neglected to do the cloud-*stimmung* justice; and when the shadows in the cloud-valleys are painted with the full gray of which they are composed, and the lighted sides with their warm color, the results are remarkable. The azure of the zenith, or as near to it as a limited canvas will permit, is full of movement and light.

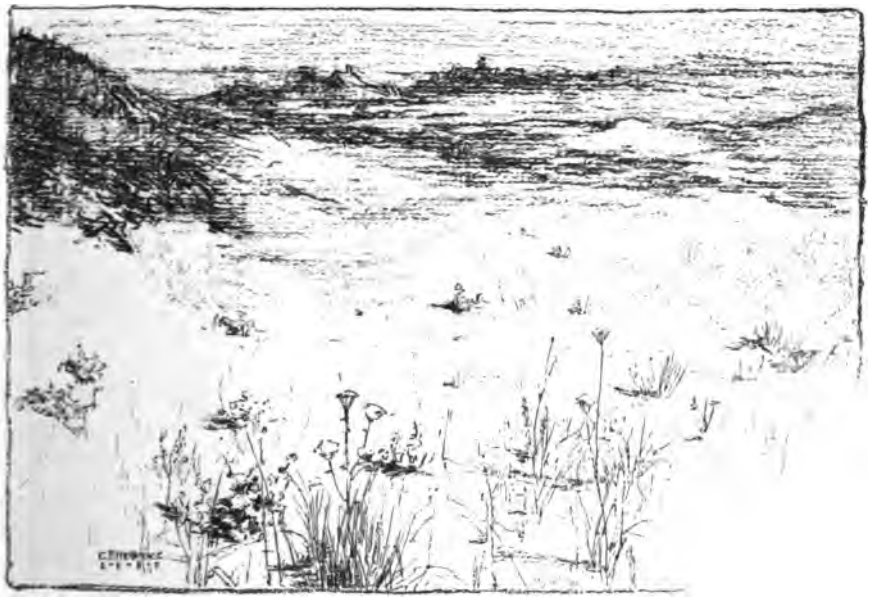
Village Houses.



Market Day in a Dutch Town.

It is not to be wondered at, then, that pictures of Holland seem to be chiefly studies of atmospheric unity; and yet here one comes in contact with most paintable "things" at every turn, the fascinating productions of an essentially

artistic people. One forgets the stigma of painting bric-à-brac, in seeing it in daily use; the country abounds in things full of character and beauty, both the work of former generations and of to-day. True, the "cast-iron capital of the modern railway-station" is not wanting, but it is neutralized by the sympathetic



The Edge of the Dunes.

costumes of the travellers. Its fishing-boats are the same in model as in the marine pictures of the seventeenth century; its wagons (especially its sleighs), a survival of the Rococo period; and so through nearly everything that one sees, in the places more remote from the larger cities, and even in the smaller towns. The frank iron-work seen on peasant houses is still the work of the village smith; all the agricultural implements are most primitive, handmade, and often decorated with wood-carvings, as are many other things which enter largely into pastoral landscape.

Perhaps the most important element, pictorially, is the sea; for, in a country mainly reclaimed from it, pierced in every direction by arms of it, whose riches are due to it, and which is washed on two sides by it, this must be so. If you paint in a church, the votive model of a ship, or the tomb of a sea-warrior, is before you; if you compose a peaceful landscape, almost anywhere, the sail of a canal-boat, or a sea-gull, will intrude itself. It was the sea as much as the Netherlanders which drove the Spaniards from the land. An immense number of people get their living directly from the sea; and its many miles of coast make it impossible to entirely omit it in any artistic effort, even though it be but in feeling the fact that it is present.

It is indeed

> "A land that rides at anchor, and is moored,
> Where people do not live, but go on-board."

The shallow, stormy German Ocean, breaking in ceaseless beauty on its white sands, is always a picture. Its waters, often mixed with sand, always in storms, make up in fine color what it lacks in transparency—from pale blue to warm red in the wave-shadows, yellowish foam, and yet withal gray and harmonious. In high winds it breaks miles from the shore, when all the light in the picture seems to be in the mass of rushing, foaming water; then if through

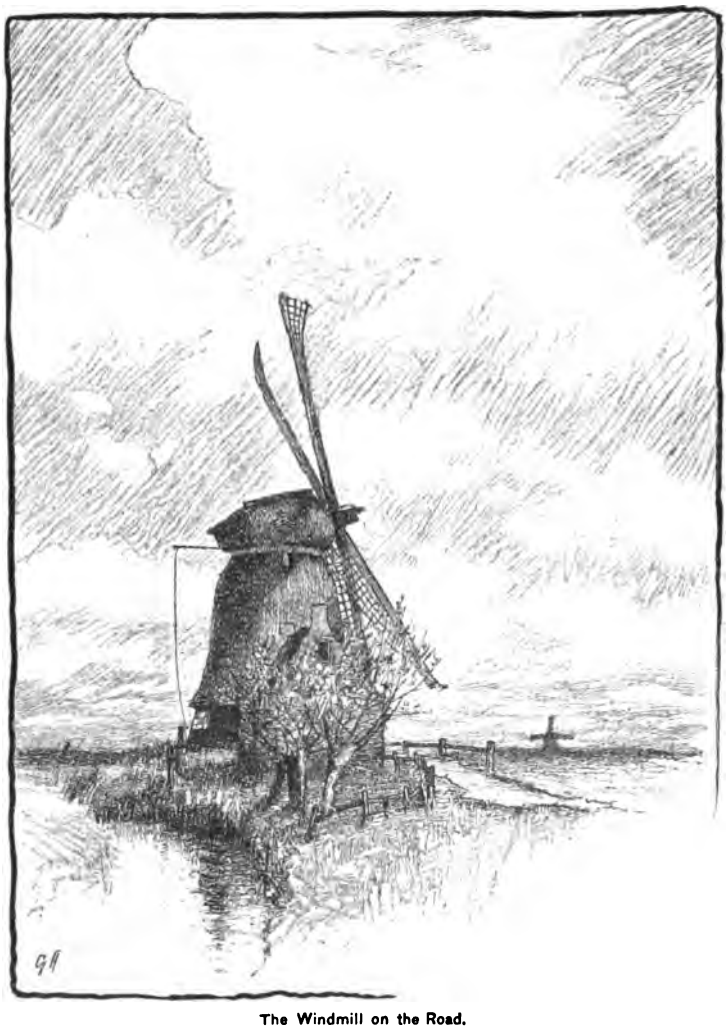
The Tulip Garden. (A study for the artist's Salon picture, 1887,—"Tulip Culture.")

this comes the black hull and russet sails of a fishing-boat, making for a place—certain death to any other model—it is indeed a picture. The size of these boats makes them most useful; large enough to compose well, and yet their feeling and pathos not lost in too white sand, bringing out the delicate greens of the dune-grass which covers the line of low sand-hills fringing the coast, while deepening the blue of the sky background; looking landward, where fashion, with her hotels, has not spoiled them, the red-roofed fishing-

A House on the Dunes.

great evidence of safety. The almost daily going and coming of the fishers from the few villages, the departure for the herring-fishing, with the groups of disconsolate wives and sweethearts, the rise and fall of the tide, with its ceaseless change of color and conformation, are a never-failing source of interest. The cloud-panorama over the sea is never quite so fine as over the plains. But the westward front of the coast gives magnificent sun-effects from midday, looking seaward, and lights the villages, nestled under the sand-hills, seen in combination with the broad beach, dotted with stranded fishing-boats, are most graceful—such a soft, warm color-note amid the gray wildness of sea and sand. On the Zuider Zee the fishing-villages are more numerous and most paintable, and the famous "dead cities," with their abundance of color and florid Dutch Renaissance architecture, seem to smile on the painter. But, of course, here the interest of the open sea is lost, as it is

but a large bay after all; its boats have more keel, and come into a port—they do not pound on to a sandy coast through a dangerous surf—although they are as rude and personal in model. This is true especially of the boats of its two islands—places less spoiled by modern machine "commonplace" than any other part of Holland. Over the Zuider Zee the tone is perhaps finer than over the sea. The land is in larger proportion, and seems to influence it more; the sky-effects are better, and when combined with the yellowish color of the water, and with the reds of cities and towns, often make a superb picture.



The Windmill on the Road.

Behind these cities stretch away the mysterious, endless fields of Holland; who can describe them, or rightly appreciate them? The opulence of tone and color; the unity and mystery of the vast meadows, pierced in every direction with canals, dotted with villages, cities, and isolated houses; the ever-present windmill; and, above all, the magnificent cloud-arrangement. Here you have a wide expanse of pure, deep green, broken by lines of azure ditches and canals; beyond, a cluster of velvety red houses, the apex of the irregular mass a gray church-tower, flanked by windmills; and behind and beyond, the tender distance pulsating with rich color, or a narrow, lonely road, bordered by slender silver lines of water, winding through the green meadows; at a near turn stands a windmill, its thatch, toned by sun and rain to a warm brown-ochre, broken by cold, greenish lines of wood-work, and stretching into the vast sky its giant arms, perhaps carrying sails of ivory or russet canvas, a part of the wide horizon, blurred by the movement of waving gray willows masking a lonely house. The interiors of the

villages are simply symphonies in color. The ancient bricks of the houses are a real red, or pale yellow; the wood-work —door-frames, etc.—is usually a whitey-green, harmonizing perfectly with the trees and fields, while the reds give the complementary contrast. So small are many of them, that in almost any of their crooked little streets the eye can find an opening through which a bit of the peculiar distance can be seen—the straight line of which is so useful in artistic composition; the architecture is always paintable, and time has softened line and color into a compact, simple whole. In a small city, especially if it be a market-town, the pictures are numerous and very telling, where, combined with this most paintable architecture, are the canal-boats, bringing with them a breath of the outside world, and the curious and highly decorated wagons of the neighboring farmers; every street almost has a canal in the centre, the bright gleam of its waters relieving the sombreness of the bordering houses, shadowed by lines of trees; and above and over all a windmill, its arms reaching out of the frame toward the zenith. Seen from the outside, most of these towns have been spoiled by changing the lines of the ramparts into stupid nineteenth-century parks, and the moat into ridiculous ornamental water. Yet the lines are preserved, and from a short distance they are still picturesque, their church and town-hall towers rising over the low red houses.

To follow out the line of a canal is to see a continuous picture—now it is a blue ribbon through the green of the fields, again a small village is passed, the brown hulls and queer sails of the canal-boats are continually composing, and at its close you glide into a sleepy old town, every inch of which is an artistic treasure, deepened and harmonized, as are all its colors, by the humidity of the atmosphere. With the exception that they are broader, the rivers present similar picturesque qualities to the canals—the same low-lying banks, fringed with willows, the same boats; indeed, one mouth of the Rhine is but a canal in Holland. Near the sea, on some of the more important rivers, a singularly beautiful effect is produced by the large cities upon them, with shipping lying at their quays, and the broad, mirror-like surface of the water reflecting and doubling all the beauties of color present. How blue is this water, repeating the cloud-forms in the skies, thrown into prominence by the vivid green on the banks and the reds and browns of the cities in the background!

Zeeland, surrounded by large rivers which seek the sea through it in myriads of canals and ditches, gives a peculiarly Dutch landscape—the roads, banked up, crossing the streams by bridges whose arch, high enough to permit the passage of a canal-boat, often frames the most charming bits; a windmill; a few old houses irregular in line, the brown-yellow of their roof-tiles and bricks enhanced by the glad blue of the sky and sunlight-green of the fields. Suppose this bridge to be ivory whitewash, and in the foreground a brown canal-boat, its stern decorated with splashes of "Prussian blue."

Aside from the color in nature simply, many other causes unite in giving the painters the widest range from which to select. The house-painter revels in color, which fortunately soon looses its crudeness; the colors of the large fields of hyacinths and tulips in the spring give a variety and opulence of primaries confusing to any but a skilful colorist, and yet made quite paintable by the exceedingly harmonious atmosphere. When grown in large fields in the open, this array of violent color is, perhaps, a little too strong; but when a smaller field of purple hyacinths or yellow tulips is enclosed in the heart of a small village, softened by subtle tree-shadows, and tempered by the reds in the houses, it is more than agreeable.

As this is largely a grazing country, it abounds in cattle, chiefly black and white, their sombre color supplying that sad note so necessary in landscape-work. The purple-gray sheep were made for the fields and sand-dunes where they are seen. These poetic, wonderful dunes—a barrier—washed by the ocean on one side, and by the vast ocean-like green of the plains on the other, are of all things the most grateful to the painter. A superb harmony

of tertiary colors—russet moss, olive grasses, the thirsty blue-gray of the sea-holly, the peculiar fitness in color of the myriad wild-flowers, broken by the yellow sand in which the colors stand as in a simple tone. Blown by the wind into fantastic hills of every form and size, and wide-open valleys, and seen in the distance, this sea-sand seems to retain the undulating lines of the waves it once bore; yet it is not for their form that the dunes are sought,—it is chiefly for their poetic quality of color. Perhaps on either side they compose best where through a valley of great nobility and unity of form and color the simple blue line of the ocean can be seen, or a bit of the strand; or where the greener hills jut out into still greener fields, and the sea-sand combines to give effect to the play of line and color over the landscape, cut into by the upright lines of sparse trees or dotted with cold-gray sheep.

True, these motives are not so peculiar to Holland as some others, yet it has them; and, granted the line and color be the same, yet the Dutch sea-dunes will always have a character quite their own, and one of the most idyllic beauty and simplicity.

It will not be possible in this space to speak of all the landscape-subjects that Holland affords; there is much yet to be said—the Venetian-like cities, with their wealth of architectural compositions, the tree-bordered canals, the dune corn-fields, and many others suggest themselves. Granted that which in itself is simply ugly, placed here, under proper conditions, it would be possible to make an agreeable picture of it, so strong and so far-reaching are the tone and all the atmospheric effects of this most favored land; and that Ruysdael, Hobbema, and Vander Meer van Delft were the first and greatest landscape-painters, and that the Dutch school of to-day is the first in landscape, is due directly to the beauty, the atmospheric beauty, of the country of their birth.

Holland has ever produced and attracted landscape-painters; and it is a matter for surprise that the mere seeker for surface beauty will paint anywhere else. For to one who approaches nature in a more reverent spirit, to one who seeks to paint her purest and simplest feeling—to a *true* landscape-painter, in short—there is here less which is antagonistic, less which masks and hides nature's highest secrets, than in any other spot.

MIDSUMMER NOON.

By Charles Edwin Markham.

YONDER a workman, under the cool bridge,
Resting at mid-day, watches the glancing midge,
While twinkling lights and murmurs of the stream
Pass into the dim fabric of his dream:
The misty hollows and the drowsy ridge—
How like an airy fantasy they seem!

A GIRL'S LIFE EIGHTY YEARS AGO.

SELECTIONS FROM THE LETTERS OF ELIZA SOUTHGATE BOWNE.

II.

NEW YORK, June 6th, 1803.

WE talk of you—when we get to housekeeping, how delightful 'twill be—what a sweet domestic circle.—I must leave you. Caty says—"Mrs. Walter"—(for so the servants call me to distinguish), "a gentleman below wishes to see you."—Adieu. Who can this said gentleman be?

Mr. Rodman was below, whom I saw at the Springs, and for these two hours there have been so many calling I thought I should never get up to finish my letter. Mrs. Henderson,* whom I mentioned to you as one of the most elegant women in New York, and Maria [Denning, her sister] came in soon after. Engaged to Mrs. Henderson's for Friday.

Thursday morning:—I have been to two of the Gardens. Columbia,† near the Battery, a most romantic, beautiful place; 'tis inclosed in a circular form and little rooms and boxes all around, with tables and chairs,—these full of company; the trees all interspersed with lamps twinkling thro' the branches; in the centre a pretty little building with a fountain playing continually; the rays of the lamps on the drops of water gave it a cool sparkling appearance that was delightful. This little building is a kind of Canopy, and there are pillars all round the garden, and these had festoons of colored lamps that at a distance looked like large, brilliant stars seen thro' the branches; and placed all round are marble busts, beautiful little figures of Diana, Cupid, Venus, which by the glimmering of the lamps, (which are partly concealed by the foliage), give you an idea of enchantment. Here we strolled among the trees and every moment met somebody walking from the thick shade unexpectedly, who came upon us before we heard a sound;—'twas delightful. We passed a box that Miss Watts was in. She called us and we went in and had a charming, refreshing glass of ice-cream, which has chilled me ever since. They have a fine orchestra and have concerts here sometimes. I can conceive of nothing more charming than this must be.

We went on to the Battery; this is a large promenade by the shore of the North River; very extensive rows and clusters of trees in every part, and a large walk along the shore, almost over the water, gives you such a fresh, delightful air, that every evening in summer it is crowded with company. Here too they have music playing on the water, in boats, of a moonlight night. Last night we went to a garden a little out of town—Mount Vernon Garden;‡ this too is surrounded by boxes of the same kind, with a walk on top of them.—You can see the gardens all below, but 'tis a *summer play-house*—pit and boxes, stage and all,—but open on top; from this there are doors opening into the garden, which is similar to Columbia Garden,—lamps among the trees, large mineral fountain, delightful swings, two at a time. I was in raptures, as you may imagine, and if I had not grown sober before I came to this wonderful place 'twould have turned my head. But I have filled my letter and not told you half—of the Park, the public buildings. I have so much to tell you, and of those that have called on me I have no room to say half. Yesterday Mrs. Henderson came again to see me and brought two of my Aunt King's most intimate friends to introduce—Mrs. Delafield§ and Miss Lucy Bull. Mr. and Mrs. Delafield are Uncle's and Aunt's very intimate friends; she is called the most

* Mrs. Henderson was the daughter of William Denning and Amy Hauxhurst, and had married William Henderson, a Scotchman, who was a partner of Mr. John Delafield.

† Columbia Gardens were on the corner of Broadway and Pine Street.

‡ Mt. Vernon, afterward called Contoit's, Gardens were situated on the northwest corner of Broadway and Leonard Street.

§ Mrs. Delafield was Miss Ann Hallett, and had married Mr. John Delafield, an Englishman, who was in business in New York. Their marriage had taken place December 11, 1784.

elegant woman in New York. I was delighted with her and very much gratified at Mrs. Henderson's attention in coming again on purpose to introduce them; they were so attentive, so polite, and Mrs. Delafield said so many things of Uncle and Aunt King—how delighted they would be to find me settled near them, how much I should love them and everything of the kind—that were very gratifying to me. Miss Denning has been to see me 3 or 4 times; several invitations to tea, but we declined as our family friends were visiting us this week. This morning we go to make calls. I have got a list of names that most frightens me. All our brothers and sisters say—"Why Eliza does not seem at all like a stranger to us;"—indeed I feel as easy and happy among them as possible, which astonishes me, as I have been so unaccustomed to Quakers; but their manners are so affectionate and soft you cannot help it. Mrs. King (sister) is a beauty. She would be very handsome in a different dress; she looks so much like Alicia Wyer, you would love her,—just such full sweet blue eyes, charming complexion and sweet expression, and her little quaker cap gives her such an innocent, simple appearance. Imagine Alicia with a quaker dress—and you will see her exactly. Adieu. I am expecting to hear from you every day. Mr. Bowne is out,—would send a great deal of love if he were here. Kiss dear little Mary * and all the children. I never go by a toy shop or confectionary without longing to have them here. Love to all. Our best love to my Father and Mother, Horatio, Isabella and all. I mean to write as soon as I am settled a little. Adieu.

NEW YORK, June 18th, 1803.

I am just going to set off for Long Island and therefore promise but a short letter. I have a mantua maker here making you a gown which I hope to have finished to send by Mrs. Codman. The fashions are *remarkably plain;* sleeves much longer than ours and half handkerchiefs are universally worn. At Mrs. Henderson's party there was but one lady except myself without a handkerchief,—dressed as plain as possible, the most fashionable women the plainest. I have got you a pretty India spotted muslin,—'tis fashionable here. *My husband* sends a great deal of love, says we shall be travelling about all Summer, settle down soberly in October and depend on seeing you as soon as we are at housekeeping. Sister Caroline † has made Sister Boyd a tasty quaker cap, which I shall send with the gown. How could you mistake what I said of Caroline so much? Far from being *stiff and rigid*, she is most affectionate, attentive, and obliging;—nothing was more foreign to my thoughts and you must have taken your idea from what I said of her dress, which, you may depend upon it, with Quakers is no criterion to judge by. I never was more disappointed in my life—to find such a stiff, forbidding external, cover so much affability and sweetness.

You must give my love to Miranda. ‡ I wish I had time to write to her, Horatio, my Mother and all, but I expect the carriage every moment. Tell Horatio he must write to me. At present my letters to you must answer for all, till I am more settled. Mrs. Codman § has promised to call at our house and tell you all about me. Malbone ‖ has just finished my picture. I have done sitting; he was not willing I should see it, as 'tis unfinished. I have told you in a former letter we shall go to Bethlehem, Philadelphia and perhaps to the Springs. Give my best love to Lucia, Zilpah and John ¶ and ask the latter if he has discovered on whom my *mantle rested.* Tell Zilpah we pass her friend Mrs.

* Mary Southgate, Dr. Southgate's youngest child, at that time four years of age. She married, in 1834, Grenville Mellon, a classmate of Henry W. Longfellow's and the class poet.

† Miss Caroline Bowne, Mr. Bowne's eldest sister.

‡ Miranda Southgate, a younger sister, who married Mr. Tileston.

§ Mrs. Codman was a Miss Coffin. Her husband, William Codman, was in the insurance business in New York.

‖ Malbone, a celebrated miniature painter of those days, was born in Newport, R. I. He travelled about the then known portions of the United States, painting portraits of people in Charleston, Boston, Philadelphia, New York, etc., many of which are now in existence. His price for painting a head was fifty dollars. He died of consumption, in Savannah, May 7, 1807, in the thirty-third year of his age.

¶ The daughters and son of General Peleg Wadsworth, who lived at Hiram, on the Saco River. Zilpah married Stephen Longfellow.

Bogert's house every day and never without thinking of her. The City air has not stolen my *country bloom* yet, for every one says—"I need not ask you how you do Mrs. Bowne, you look in such fine health." Dr. Moore* would not inoculate me for the Small Pox, after examining my arm, as he was sure from what I told him I had had the Kine Pox well, and he would insure me against the Small Pox. But Mr. Bowne seems to wish I should be inoculated, tho' I care nothing about it now.

NEW YORK, June 30th, 1803.

Uncle Rufus† has just landed! The hussahs have ceased, the populace retired, and I hasten to give you the earliest information.—Several thousand people were on the wharf when he landed, my Husband among the number. As he stept from the vessel they gave three cheers, and escorted him up into Broadway to a Mr. Lowe's‡ (his friend); then three more cheers as he entered the door. He stood at the door, bowed, and they dispersed all but a dozen particular friends who accompanied him into the house and Mr. Bowne with them.—Was introduced by Mr. Watson, and immediately after Mr. Henderson§ said: "A niece of yours, Mr. King, has lately married in New York to Mr. Bowne." My uncle immediately came up to him shook hands a second time and said: "*Miss Southgate* I presume."—He staid but a few moments; the acclamations of the people had rather embarrassed him (Uncle). Aunt King had not landed. This evening we are going to see them;—imagine me entering, presented by Mrs. Henderson, Miss Bull, or Mrs. Delafield, all her intimate friends; think what a mixture of sensations; I'll tell you all about it. I returned from Long Island this morning,—delightful sail, beautiful country, and pleasant visit. Malbone has finished my picture, but is unwilling we should have it, as the likeness is not striking;—he says not handsome enough—so says Mr. B. But I think 'tis in some things much flattered. It looks too serious, pensive, soft,—that's not *my* style at all. But perhaps 'twill look different; 'twas not quite finished when I saw it. However he insists on taking it again as soon as he returns from the Southward, and told Mr. Bowne if he *must* have one he might keep this till he returned and he would try again. Uncle Rufus brings news that *war* has actually taken place, hostilities commenced. The King (George Third of England) on the 14th sent a message to Parliament that he was determined to use every effort to repress the overbearing power of France, and hoped for their united assistance and exertions.—So much for *Father*.—The whole City seems alive, nothing else talked of, but the arrival of Mr. King and the news of War. . . . We are in expectation of great entertainment on Fourth of July—*Independent* day! as they laugh at us Yankees for calling it,—the gardens, the Battery, and every thing to be illuminated, fire-works, music, etc. etc.

10 o'clock evening. Just returned from Uncle Rufus's. Mr. B. introduced me to Uncle, he took my hand, introduced us to his wife and they both seemed much pleased to see us. Uncle is so easy, and graceful, and pleasing, I was delighted with him.

E. S. B.

NEW YORK, July 4th, 1803.

DEAR MOTHER:

I have written generally to Octavia, but as I meant my letters for the family, 'tis not much matter to whom they were directed. I wrote you of Uncle Rufus's arrival and our calling on them the evening after. Sunday they called on us with Mr. and Mrs. Lowe, their friends with whom they were staying till their own house was ready; they both kissed me very affectionately, said every thing

* William Moore, a celebrated physician, who had married Miss Jane Fish. His son, Samuel Moore, was a very favorite physician. Another son was Nathaniel, one of the presidents of Columbia College.

† The Honorable Rufus King returned from the mission to the Court of St. James in 1803. He was Mrs. Southgate's elder brother, but had been engaged abroad for so many years by his public duties that his niece, Mrs. Bowne, had not seen him since she was a child. Rufus King had married Mary, only daughter of John Alsop. They had a large family of sons. Among them were the Honorable John Alsop King, some time Governor of the State of New York; Charles King, President of Columbia College; and James G. King, a well-known merchant of the city.

‡ Mr. Nicholas Lowe and Mr. Watson were intimate friends of Mr. King. Mr. Lowe has left many descendants. One of his daughters married Charles King, and among his granddaughters are Mme. Waddington, wife of the French Minister to the Court of St. James; her sister, Mrs. Eugene Schuyler; and the wife of Sir Roderick Cameron.

§ William Henderson, a partner of John Delafield.

that pleased me, and were very solicitous that we might get houses near each other in the winter, that we might be sociable neighbours. Uncle Rufus says I remind him of Martha * very much; he inquired particularly after all the family.

My letter will be an old date before I finish it. You must have perceived, my dear Mother, from my letters, that I am very much pleased with New York. I was never in a place that I should prefer as a situation for life, and nothing but the distance from my friends can render it other than delightful. We have thus far spent the summer delightfully; we have been no very long journeys, but been on a number of little excursions of 20 or 40 miles, to see whatever is pleasant in the neighborhood. Mr. Bowne's friends, tho' all very plain, are very amiable, and affectionate, and I receive every attention from them I wish. I have a great many people call on me, and shall have it in my power to select just such a circle of acquaintances as suits my taste.—Few people whose prospects of happiness exceed mine, which I often think of with grateful sensations. Mr. Bowne's situation in life is equal to my most sanguine expectations, and it is a peculiar gratification to me to find him so much and so universally esteemed and respected. This would be ridiculous from me, to any but my Mother, but I know it must be pleasing to you to know that I realize all the happiness you can wish me. I have not a wish that is not gratified as soon as 'tis known. We intend going to Bethlehem, Philadelphia, and a watering place, similar to the Springs, about 30 miles beyond Philadelphia;—shall probably set out the latter part of this month. At present we have done nothing towards housekeeping, and Mr. Bowne won't let me do the least thing towards it, lest I get my mind engaged, and not enjoy the pleasure of our journeys. 'Tis very different here from most any place, for there is no article, but you can find ready made to your taste, excepting table linen, bedding, &c., &c. One poor bed quilt is all I have towards housekeeping, and have been married two months almost. I am

Rufus King, from a painting by Woods.

* Martha Coffin, Mrs. Richard Derby, a celebrated beauty, who had been travelling abroad, and had been presented at the Court of St. James by Mrs. King.

sadly off to be sure. We have not yet found a house that suits. Mr. Bowne don't like any of his own and wishes to hire one for the present, until he can *build*, which he intends doing next season, which I am very glad of as I never liked living in a hired house and changing about so often. Uncle and Aunt King want we should get near them; they have hired a ready furnished house about 2 miles out of the city for the summer and intend hiring a house in town in the winter. I have been very busy with my mantua maker, as I am having a dress made to wear to Mrs. Delafield's to dine on Sunday; they have a most superb country seat * on Long Island, opposite Hell-Gate. He is Uncle Rufus's most intimate friend and a very intimate one of Mr. Bowne's. We shall probably meet them there; I have not seen them to ask.

My picture is done, but I am disappointed in it. Malbone says he has not done me justice, so says Mr. Bowne, but I think tho' the features are striking he has not caught the expression, particularly of the eyes, which are excessively *pensive;*—would do for Sterne's Maria. The mouth laughs a little and they all say is good, as is all the lower part of the face,—but the eyes are not the thing. He wants me to sit again, so does Mr. Bowne. Malbone thinks he could do much better in another position. I get so tired I am quite reluctant about sitting again. However we intend showing it to some of our friends before we determine. How do all our friends at Saco and Topsham do? I often think of them, and Mr. Bowne and myself are talking of coming to see you next summer very seriously. How comes on the new house? We are to come as soon as ever that is finished.

John Alsop King, from a silhouette in the possession of his daughter, Mrs. Henry Van Rensselaer.

NEW YORK, July 14th.

I have quite a packet of newspapers which I shall send to amuse you. They contain all the public amusements and shows in celebration of 4th. July. The Procession passed our house and was very elegant. In the evening we were at Davis Hall Gardens; the entertainment there you will see by the papers; 'twas supposed there were 4,000 people there; tickets half a dollar, and 'tis said he made very little money, so you may think what the entertainment was. Indeed there is every day something new and amusing to me. Whenever we have nothing particular in view, in the cool of the evening we walk down to the Battery, go into the garden, sit half an hour, eat ice cream, drink lemonade, hear fine music, see a variety of people and return home happy and refreshed. Sunday we dined at Mr. Delafield's near Hell Gate, Long Island, the most superb, magnificent place I ever saw, situated directly on the East river—the finest view you can imagine. I was delighted with our visit, so much ease, elegance and hospitality. I am very glad you liked your gown. Long sleeves are very much worn, made like mitts—cross-wise, only one seam and that in the back of the arm, and a half drawn sleeve over, and a close, very short one up high, drawn up with a cord. I have just been having one made so. All Mrs. Delafield's daughters, even to little Caroline, no older than our Mary, had their frocks made exactly like the gown I sent you, only cut open in the back, a piece of bone each side and eyelet holes laced,—long sleeves as I mentioned above—short sleeves and open behind.

* The name of this country-seat was Sunswick, and the house still stands in the middle of the village of Astoria.

James Gore King, from a miniature in the possession of A. Gracie King, Esq.

The great dinner given in honor of Uncle Rufus I have not yet mentioned. 'Twas very superb and 200 of the most respectable citizens of New York attended. Mr. Bowne says tho' he has been at many entertainments given in honor of particular persons yet he never saw one that was so complimentary, and never a person conduct himself on such an occasion with such ease, elegance and dignity in his life. He returned quite in raptures,—such insinuating manners —such ease in receiving those presented and introduced,—he is a most amazing favorite here. Democrats and Federalists and all parties attended. French Consul on his right—English Consul on his left. When Mr. Bowne went up he held out his hand with all the ease of an old friend, without even bowing, and said —"How is it Bowne? How's your wife?" —so familiar. I went to see the tables, very novel and elegant—there was one the whole length of the Hall and four branches from it. There was an enclosure about two feet wide, filled with earth, and railed in with a little white fence; and little gates every yard or two ran thro' the centre of all the tables, and on each side were the plates and dishes. In this enclosure there were lakes and swans swimming, little mounds covered with goats among little trees—in some places flocks of sheep; some cows lying down, beautiful little arches and arbors covered with green; figures of Apollo, Ceres, Flora; little white pyramids with earth and sprigs of myrtle, orange, lemon; flowers in imitation of hothouse plants, —nothing could have a more beautiful effect in the hot weather. . . . We are going about 20 miles to enjoy the sea, to Rockaway, a place of fashionable resort; 'tis intensely hot, exceeded only by Ballston Springs. . . . We ride out every day or two, go into the baths whenever we please; they have very fine public ones.

The yellow fever having broken out in New York, business was either suspended or transacted in the *neighboring* village of Greenwich. Mr. and Mrs. Bowne therefore arranged to take a journey, beginning with a trip to Bethlehem, Penn.

Charles King, from a miniature in the possession of his daughter, Mrs. Martin.

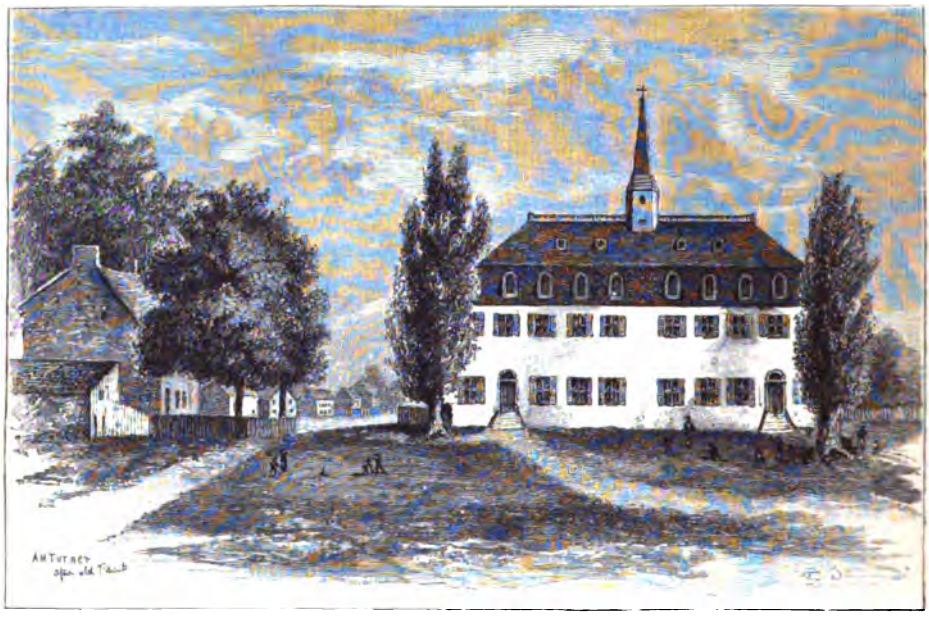
BETHLEHEM, August 9th, 1803.

I intended writing before I left New York, but was so much engaged in pre-

Sunswick—The Delafield House, Hell Gate, Long Island.

paring for our journey, I had no time. My great wish to see this famous Bethlehem is at length gratified. You can scarcely imagine anything more novel and delightful than everything about here; so entirely different from any place in New England. Indeed, in travelling thro' the State of Pennsylvania, the cultivation, buildings and every thing are entirely different from ours;—highly cultivated country,—looks like excellent farmers. Barns twice as large as the houses, all built of *stone;* no white painted houses, as in New England. We crossed the famous Delaware at Easton. It separates New Jersey and Pennsylvania. We saw some beautiful little towns in New Jersey likewise, but in Pennsylvania the villages look like so many clusters of *jails*, and the public buildings like the Bastille, or to come nearer home, like the New York State prison,—all of *stone*, so strong, heavy and gloomy, I could not bear them. The inhabitants most all Dutch, and such *jargon* as you hear in every entry or corner makes you fancy you are in a foreign country. These Bethlehemites are all Germans and retain many of the peculiarities of their country, such as their great fondness for music. It is delightful; there is scarcely a house in the place without a Piano-forte; the Post Master has an elegant grand Piano; the Barber plays on almost every kind of music. Sunday afternoon we went to the Young Mens' house to hear some sacred music. We went into a hall which was hung round with Musical Instruments and about 20 musicians of the Brethren were playing in concert,—an organ—2 bass viols, 4 violins, two flutes, two French horns, two clarionets, bassoon, and an Instrument I never heard before made up the Band; they all seemed animated and interested. It was delightful to see these men, who are accustomed to laborious employments, all kinds of mechanics, and so perfect in so refined an art as music. One man appeared to take the lead and played on several different instruments, and to my great astonishment I saw the famous musician enter the breakfast room this morning with the razor box in his hand to shave some of the gentlemen,—judge of my surprise! And some one mentioned he had just been fixing a watch

down stairs. Yesterday, Daddy Thomas (who is a head one and who comes to the tavern every few hours to see if there are any strangers who wish to visit the buildings) conducted us all round. We went to the Schools; the first was merely a *sewing school*,—little children, and a pretty single sister about 30, with her our questions with great intelligence and affability. I think there were 130 in this house. Their apartments were perfectly neat. The Dormitory or sleeping room is a large room in the upper part of the building, with Dormers opposite, the whole length. A lamp is suspended in the middle of the ceiling which is kept



The Moravian Seminary, Bethlehem, Penn., from an old print.

white skirt, white, short, tight waistcoat, nice handkerchief pinned outside, a muslin apron and a close cambric cap, of the most singular form you can imagine. I can't describe it. The hair is all put out of sight, turned back before, and no border to the cap; very unbecoming but very singular, tied under the chin with a pink ribbon,—blue for the married, white for the widows. Here was a Piano-forte, and another sister teaching a little girl music. We went thro' all the different school-rooms—some misses of 16. Their teachers were very agreeable and easy, and in every room was a Piano. I never saw any embroidery so beautiful. Muslin they don't work. Make artificial flowers very handsome, paper baskets, &c. At the single Sisters' house we were conducted round by a fine lady-like woman who answered lighted all night, and there were 40 beds, in rows, only one person in each. They were of a singular shape, high and covered, and struck me like people laid out —dreadful; with the lamp and altogether it seemed more like a nunnery than anything I had seen. One sister walks these sleeping rooms once an hour thro' the night. We went to a room where they keep their work for sale,—pocket-books, pin balls, toilette cushions, baskets, artificial flowers, &c., &c. We bought a box full of things and left them much pleased with the neatness and order which appeared thro'out. The situation of the place is delightful. The walks on the banks of the Lehigh and the mountains surrounding—'tis really beautiful. The widow's house and young men's are similar to the one described. There were many children at the school, from

Georgia, Montreal, and many other places as far. There are some genteel people from Georgia and Philadelphia, at the tavern where we are. We intended leaving here for Philadelphia to-day but it rains. We shall spend a few days there and go to Long Branch. If the alarm of the fever continues in New York, we shall not return there again, but go to the neighborhood—send in for a trunk which I packed for the purpose, in case I feared going into the City—and set off for the Springs or somewhere else. 'Tis very uncertain when we go to housekeeping; the alarm of the fever hurried us out of town without any arrangement towards it, and may, if it continues, keep us out till the middle of Autumn. . . . Only think 'tis just a *year* to-day since we first saw each other and here we are Married, happy and enjoying ourselves in Bethlehem.—Memorable day!

BALLSTON SPRINGS, Sept. 4th, 1803.

Once more do I write you from the *Springs* where I enjoyed so many delightful moments last year. We recall so many charming things to our recollection by this visit that 'tis of all places the most pleasant for us. A description of the place, amusements, &c., I gave you last year. They are the same now. We arrived yesterday morning, found the place much crowded and were fearful of not getting good accommodations, but in that respect agreeably disappointed. They dance much as usual; a fine ball to-morrow evening. A great many New Yorkers have taken refuge here from the fever. . . . We have an abundance of queer, smart people here. Last night at tea I found myself seated alongside *Beau Dawson*,* *Nancy Dawson*,—our envoy to France—you remember!! and Gen. Smith of Baltimore, and family, who it was said would succeed Uncle Rufus. . . . But let me see,—I have hurried you along to the Springs from Long Branch in a much easier manner than I got here myself. Oh the tremendous Highlands! I thought to my soul I should never hold out to get over them—such roads. But I lived over it, tho' it made me sick fairly, with fatigue. I went to see Maria Denning, whose Father's country seat (Beverly)† is in the midst of the Highlands—on the North River, directly opposite *West Point*. It rises with sublime and picturesque grandeur directly from the North River. We got to Mr. Denning's Saturday night; left the neighborhood of New York, where we staid only one night, Thursday; dined at Uncle's, drank tea at Sister Murray's and set off that evening for the Springs. The romantic and beautiful scenery on the North River as we rode up was most charming to me. I admire the wild diversity of nature. Here we had it in perfection. I am sure the *Hudson* wants nothing but a Poet to celebrate it. The Thames and the Tiber have been sung by Homers and Popes—but I don't believe there can be a greater variety, more sublimity or more beauty than are to be found on the banks of the Hudson. The Delaware did not strike me at all.—I crossed it several times. . . . On our return from Long Branch we went to *Passaic Falls* with a Baltimore family; had a charming little jaunt about 20 miles from New York; the falls—the rocks—the whole scenery partakes more of the sublime—almost terrific—than Glen Falls, but not so beautiful. . . . We shall stay here about a week, then go to Lebanon, where I wish you to direct a letter to me immediately on the receipt of this. . . . Oh, I have not told you—saw the tree Major André was taken under, and the house where *Arnold* fled from, left his wife and family;—indeed 'tis the very house Maria lives in. We stayed two nights there and promised to go to see them on our return; charming place. Such fruit, 'tis delicious in the Jerseys;—don't laugh at travellers' stories,—but we really rode over the peaches in the road. We always kept our case

* Mr. J. Dawson, of Virginia, so called from his assumption of foreign manners on his return from Europe, where he had been sent by President Jefferson, in April, 1801, as bearer of the Treaty of Convention between France and the United States. The ship in which he sailed was wrecked and the treaty lost, although the envoy was saved. Another treaty was drawn up and despatched as soon as possible, but the delay nearly caused a rupture between the two countries.

† The Beverly house had been occupied during the war by American officers, among them being Benedict Arnold, and here he was warned that his plot to betray West Point to the British had been discovered and made his escape to the English frigate Vulture, which lay in the river near the Beverly dock.

full. William brought us some off the finest trees that hung over the road. Peaches and cream!—they laugh and say Boston people cry out, "'tis *so* good." Well, what have I not wrote about! A little of every thing but sentiment—a dash of that to complete. I am most tired of jaunting; the mind becomes satiated with variety and description, and pants for a little respite of domestic tranquillity.—I've done.

ELIZA S. BOWNE.

LEBANON SPRINGS, Sept. 24th, 1803.

Your letter my dear Octavia, has set my head to planning at a great rate. By all means come on with Mr. Cutts. I am impatient to see you and I cannot give up the pleasure of having you with me this winter. We shall be at housekeeping as soon as *possible* after the fever subsides. I have spent a most delightful 3 weeks at Ballston and Lebanon. We had a charming company at Ballston; danced a few nights after I wrote you, and I was complimented as a Bride again. Lebanon is delightful as ever; we have a small party, ride to see the Shakers, walk, and play at billiards, work, read or anything. Adieu, I shall soon see you, and then we will talk about what I have not time to write. My husband's best love.

Yours, ELIZA S. BOWNE.

To Octavia Southgate (probably).

BLOOMINGDALE, Novr. 2nd, 1803.

Mr. Bowne has just bro't me a letter from you in which you mention coming on with Mr. Wood. I am fearful my answer will arrive too late, as your letter has been written nearly a fortnight. At any rate come on with Mr. Wood if he has not set out. You should not wait for an answer from me. —I shall be ready to receive you at any time, at housekeeping or not. We go in town next Monday; everybody is moving in; for the last three days there has been no death, and for 5 no new cases.

Yours affectionately,

ELIZA S. BOWNE.

NEW YORK, Dec. 24th, 1803.

I thank you, my dear Mother, for your letter and beg you will often write me now Octavia is with me and cannot tell me about home. I am at length settled at housekeeping very pleasantly, and do not find it such a tremendous undertaking. I have been fortunate in servants, which makes it much less troublesome; the house we have taken does not altogether please us, but at any time but May 'tis extremely difficult to get a house. In the Spring we shall be able to suit ourselves. Mr. Bowne wishes to build and is trying to find a lot that suits him.—If so we shall build the next season. Almost everybody in New York hires houses, but I think it much pleasanter living in one's own. I am more and more pleased with New York,—there is more ease and sociablity than I expected. I admire Uncle and Aunt more and more every day, and Mr. Bowne thinks there never was Uncle's equal,—such a character as he had often imagined, though not supposed existed. I believe I shan't go to the next Assembly. Octavia will go with Aunt King.

ELIZA S. BOWNE.

NEW YORK, March 1st, 1804.

DEAR MIRANDA:

When I was in Bethlehem last summer, I got some little caps such as the girls at school wear, and such as the sisters or members of the society wear. I want to find an opportunity to send them to you. Did you ever read a description of Bethlehem? If you never did, you may find one in some of the Boston Magazines. We had a little book called a "Tour to Bethlehem" which if I can find I will send you. It will give you a very correct idea of the place, society and customs. When I was there there were 83 girls, from 4 to 16, at the school, from almost every part of the United States. They all wear these little caps tied with a pink ribbon, which looks very pretty where you see so many of them together.—They learn music, embroidery and all the useful branches of education,—likewise to make artificial flowers and many little things of that kind. Do you ever attempt painting? 'Tis a charming accomplishment and if you have any taste for it should certainly cultivate it.

Your affectionate sister,

ELIZA S. BOWNE.

MIRANDA SOUTHGATE.

Mr. and Mrs. Bowne passed the summer months of 1804 with her family in the East, a complete change being made necessary by Mrs. Bowne's ill-health, caused partly by over-exertion and partly by the severe remedies prescribed in those days, such as excessive bleeding, cupping, etc.

NEW YORK, November 9th, 1804.

John and Hannah Murray came to see me the day after I arrived. John rattles as usual; talks much of getting married —his old tune you know! He has completed his thirtieth year now since we have been gone. He says—"I begin to feel the approach of old age." Mr. Newbold * called and Mr. Rhinelander spent last evening with us. I think he improves fast. He told me a deal of news. Miss Farquar and Mr. Jepson † were married last night; Miss Blackwell and Mr. Forbes, and one or two others. Rhinelander says half the girls in town are to be married before Spring—Maria Denning for one; and the world says Amelia Denning and James Gillespie will certainly make a match,—that I was surprised at. Miss Bunner and John Duer ‡ are married. Sally § Duer is soon to be and Fanny is positively engaged to Mr. Smith, whom you saw several times last winter—of Princeton. So you see all the girls are silly enough to give up their fine dancing days and become old matrons like myself. Mrs. Kane is in town, looks older, paler and thinner. . . . She has got a charming little girl,‖ fat and good-natured as possible. Mrs. Ogden stays out of town all winter. We are engaged at Mrs. Bogert's this afternoon, but it storms so violently I believe I shan't go. She regrets very much your not coming, and Lucia Wadsworth she would be delighted to have. . . . The few days I was in Boston I was constantly engaged. We dined at Sheriff Allen's with a very large party,—Lady Temple,¶ Mrs. Winthrop and daughters, Mrs. Bowdoin, Mrs. G. Green, Mrs. Stoughton and daughter, and many others,—about thirty; and we were at Mrs. G. Blake's at a tea-party; she enquired particularly after you. She is a very fine woman I think.

JAMAICA, October 6th, 1805.

I am delighted, my Dear Octavia, to hear you are so finely and the more so as I hear it from *yourself*. I did not so soon expect such fine effects from the new system of living. I am sure all will be well now. A wedding I suppose next, for I conclude from the melancholy pathos with which you say, you shall "neither have the independence of a married woman, nor of a single," that you don't mean to try the half-way being. However, let the man tease if he will, do not think of being married until your health is perfectly confirmed, —I would not for the world. 'Tis so late in the season, 'tis not possible I can come to see you this fall even tho' there should be two weddings in November.** . . . We have left Rockaway more than a week ago, still exiled from our home by this dreadful calamity. We are at lodgings in Jamaica, where we shall probably remain until 'tis safe removing to the City. Uncle and Aunt [King], and Mr. and Mrs. Bogert, †† have gone about 30 miles down the Island, sporting for *Grouse* and return to Jamaica until we can all go in town. Mr. and Mrs. Rogers ‡‡ (Miss Cruger that was) have taken a house in Jamaica during the fever, the next door to this I lodge in. Mr. and Mrs. Heyward are with them, but leave here for Charleston this

* Mr. Newbold and Mr. Philip Rhinelander were well-known New Yorkers. The latter married, December 22, 1814, Mary Colden Hoffman.

† Mr. Jepson was an Englishman who had newly arrived in New York.

‡ John Duer married Miss Anne Bunner, October 19, 1804. He was a brother of William Duer, who soon after married Maria Denning, and a son of Colonel William Duer.

§ Mr. Rhinelander engaged the two Miss Duers to the wrong men. Fanny married Beverly Robinson, and Sally married, March 10, 1805, John Witherspoon Smith. This lady is still living in New Orleans, having lately celebrated her one hundredth birthday.

‖ Mrs. Kane's charming little girl became Mrs. James King, of Albany, and the mother of many well-known New Yorkers.

¶ Lady Temple was the daughter of Governor Bowdoin, and had married Sir John Temple. Their daughter, afterward Mrs. Winthrop, was brought up in her grandfather's house and was long the reigning belle of Boston. The Hon. Robert C. Winthrop is her son.

** Mrs. Bowne is alluding to the engagement of her sister to William Browne, to whom she was married in December. Horatio Southgate married, on September 29th, Nabby McLellan, the daughter of a well-known East Indian merchant.

†† These were intimate friends of Mr. and Mrs. King's and occupied adjoining places at Jamaica. Their daughter Cordelia married Mr. Thurston; and her daughter, Jesse Hoyt.

‡‡ Mrs. Rogers's daughter married Mr. Heyward, of South Carolina.

week. I am in there half of my time. We make a snug little party at *Brag* in the evening frequently and work together mornings. Mr. Bowne goes to Greenwich where all the business is transacted, on Mondays and Thursdays, but returns the same night, so I am but little alone. As to news,—Miss Charlotte Manden Heard was married last week to a gentleman from Demerara whom nobody knew she was engaged to, until he came a few weeks since and they were married. John Murray* I believe, is at last really in love, tho' 'tis not yet determined whether the lady smiles or not,—a Miss Rogers from Baltimore, whom he met at the Springs, a sweet interesting girl 'tis said. Woolsey Rogers and Harriet Clarke were talked of as a match at the Springs. Mrs. Kane stayed at the Springs till it was so late she could not venture to ride to Providence with her Mother, and the fever kept her from New York; so was obliged to stop at Mrs. (Gilbert) Livingston's—Mr. Kane's sister—at Red Hook, until able to resume her journey home, which will probably be in November. . . . Mrs. Fish† has a daughter; great joy on the occasion. Do ask Papa if he could send us 6 or 8 barrels of potatoes; there is like to be a great scarcity in New York; put them in the hold of the vessel or anywhere.

Yours,
E. B.

November 14th, 1805.

Capt. Libby sails to-morrow. We have got as many things as possible. There is not a piece of embossed Buff in New York, nor of plain either; there are not more than two pair alike, therefore I have done nothing about the trimmings. I fancy Boston is a better place for those things than New York. The most fashionable beds have draperies the same as my dimity window curtains. However, if you think best I will look farther and perhaps there will be something new open in a week or two. There is but one barrel urn in the city. Mr. B. was two days in pursuit of one; he purchased this and sent it back. 'Twas brown and no plate on it except the nose. I can get you one like mine for $25. Let me know immediately respecting these things. Yesterday the Silversmith came for instructions respecting the plate and bro't patterns for me to look at. I ordered a set of tea-things for Mamma the same as mine. I think them handsomer than any I see. The man is to send me some patterns to look at which he thinks are similar to your description. On the next page I will make a list of the goods and pieces copied from the bills.

1 piece Irish Sheeting	48 yards at	5/ ...	$30.00
1 piece " "	55 yards "	6-6 ...	44.69
6 yards Fine Linen	"	7-6 ...	5.62
12 Damask Napkins	"	8/ ...	12.00
1 piece fine Diaper	27 yards "	5-6 ...	18.56
2 Breakfast Cloths	"	14/ ..	3.50
1 Plated Castor best kind			12.00
1 Plated Cake Basket silver rims			18.00
2 Pearl tea-pots 2.25, 1 Trunk 2.50			4.75
			$149.12

The sheeting is quite as cheap as mine; the fine I like very much and think it quite a bargain. The tablecloths are cheap; the linen is high I think. The Cake Basket is very cheap, $2 cheaper than mine and rather handsomer I think. I could get no crimson marking, but send you a few skeins of cotton which I procured with much difficulty. The napkins are not the kind I wished, but there was none of those excepting at 2 places and they were 18/–22/ apiece. I thought these pretty, and would answer your purpose. I enclose the marking cotton and the key of the trunk. Adieu,

Yours ever,
E. S. Bowne.

New York, March 30th, 1806.

My Dear Mother:

I am most impatiently looking for Miranda, and hoping tho' I dare not place too much dependence on seeing my Father. I am better than when I wrote you before, tho' still subject to those faint turns. I have become more

* John Murray married Miss Rogers in 1806, and Woolsey Rogers married, Thursday evening, December 1, 1807. Miss Susan Bayard and not Miss Clarke, who was Mrs. Kane's sister.

† Miss Elizabeth Stuyvesant had married, April 30, 1803, Colonel Nicholas Fish, and this daughter was named Susan and is now Mrs. Daniel Le Roy. The Hon. Hamilton Fish and Mrs. Richard Morris were also children of Colonel Fish.

used to them and they don't alarm me. I ride frequently and take the air every fine day in some way or other. . . . Mary Murray * is to be married a week from next Wednesday. She is very desirous that Miranda should get here; I really hope she may. . . . I shall look out the last of the week for Papa and Miranda very seriously. I hope they are on their way now. Uncle's oldest son, John Alsop [King], arrived here about a week since;—he seems a very fine young man, rather taller than his father;—he will be a second Uncle William,† for he does not appear to have half got his height. Charles King has gone to Holland.

E. S. B.

MRS. MARY SOUTHGATE.

NEW YORK, April 27th, 1806.

MY DEAR MOTHER:

Tell Father there was a meeting called last evening of the Federalists in the City, to make some further remonstrances on the defenceless state of the Port of New York, occasioned by an accident that has set the whole City in an uproar. There are three British Frigates at the Hook, a few miles from the City, that fire upon all the vessels that come in or go out, and search them. They have sent several on to Halifax; and yesterday they fired in a most wanton manner upon a little coaster that was entering the harbor with only three men on board; and before they had time to come to as they were preparing to do, they fired again, and killed one of the men dead upon the spot. He was brought up and the body exposed to view on one of the wharves where several thousand people were collected to see it. It put the City in great confusion and this meeting was called in consequence —where Uncle made a very elegant speech. I am very sorry Father had not been here; it would have gratified him. 'Tis the first time he has spoken in public since his return to this Country. The British Consul had sent several boats of provisions down to the frigates—which as soon as 'twas known the Pilot-boats went after, and brought them all back. They were loaded upon carts and carried in procession thro' the streets to the poor house, attended by a prodigious mob huzzaing, and the English and American colors fixed on the carts. They demanded the Commander of the frigate to be given up by the British Consul as a murderer. He replied he had no power over him. It has made a prodigious noise in the City, as you may imagine.

I paid the bride's visit to young Mrs. Murray; there was a prodigious crowd, a hundred and fifty at least, and many never sat down at all. Madame Moreau ‡ wore a long black velvet dress with Pearl ornaments — looking elegantly. The next day I dined at Uncle Rufus King's with company. On Tuesday following went to a ball at Mrs. Stevens's; § next day a ball at Miss Murray's—very pleasant.

Last Friday I was at a ball at the Watts', and the week before at Miss Lyde's ‖ to a ball, and Mrs. Turnbull's to a monstrous tea-party; Yesterday at Mrs. Morris'. On Monday next Aunt King has a very large party. On Tuesday I go to Mrs. Stoughton's, on Thursday to Mrs. Hopkins, and on Friday dine at Mrs. Bogert's and this evening to Mrs. Henderson's to a *ball*. I think it will be one of the most elegant we have had this winter.

Mrs. Bowne's son Walter was born about this time, and some of her family were probably with her, as there are no letters from her relating to his birth, though the first mention of him is made in a much later letter.

Sunday, May 25th, 1806.

Now for news, which I suppose you are very anxious to hear. In the first place—Miss Laurelia Dashaway is married to Mr. Hawkes. On Saturday morning, 8 o'clock, Trinity Church was opened on purpose for the occasion,—something singular, as it would not be like Miss Laurelia. But what do you

* Mary Murray, the daughter of Mr. Bowne's sister Mary, was about her aunt's age. She married Douglass Perkins.

† William King, first Governor of the State of Maine, half-brother of Mrs. Southgate.

‡ Madame Moreau, the wife of General Moreau, of France, who escaped to the United States after the battle of Waterloo.

§ Mrs. Stevens, the wife of Colonel Stevens, of Hoboken, was Miss Rachel Coxe, of Philadelphia. Their eldest son, John Coxe Stevens, married, in 1809, Miss Maria C. Livingston, only daughter of Robert C. Livingston.

‖ Miss Lyde afterward married Jonathan Ogden.

think? Mr. and Mrs. —— have taken French leave of New York—sailed for France about a fortnight ago, without anybody's knowing their intention till they were gone. There are many conjectures upon the occasion not very favorable to the state of their finances. 'Tis said his friends were very averse to her going with him. If she had not, I suspect she must have sympathised with Madame Jerome Buonaparte, and many other poor madames that have founded their hopes on the fidelity of a Frenchman.

Yours ever,
E. S. Bowne.

Miss Miranda Southgate.

New York, Nov. 8th, 1806.

My Dear Octavia:

Maria Denning is married and William Duer has returned to New Orleans; left her with her friends for the winter. Amelia (Denning) was married to Mr. Gillespie in the spring,—lives at home yet. Miss Pell was married last week to Robert MacComb; they are making a prodigious dash. I went to pay the bride's visit on Friday; they had an elegant ball and supper in the evening, as it was the last day of seeing company,—seven brides-maids and seven bride-men, most superb dresses,—the bride's pearls cost 1500 dollars. They spend the winter in Charleston.

Yours ever,
Eliza S. Bowne.

New York, Dec. 1st, 1807.

Charles King will tell you all the news of the fashionable world. I have been to no parties yet. The Theatre is quite the rage—I have been several times. You have no idea how much it is improved, entirely altered,—looks light and gay,—a perfect contrast to its former appearance. Cooper draws crowded houses every night. I have been much delighted. Mr. Woolsey Rogers' approaching nuptials seem anticipated as the opening of the winter campaign. Of course the event is much talked of. Not a mantuamaker in the city but will tell you some particulars of the bride's wardrobe,—length of her train, etc., etc.—A fine lady here, as Mustapha says, is estimated by the length of her tail. If it was not for using a most homely proverb, I would say "Every dog has his day." Here was our friend John Murray and his bride last winter, making all ring;—this winter quietly settled in Nassau St., just what I call comfortable.

Jan. 24th, 1808.

My Dear Miranda:

Mr. A—— is here from Brunswick and will take a letter for me to any of my friends. I should not have been surprised any more to have seen the cupola of the college itself walk into the room than I was to see Mr. A——; I could hardly believe my eyes, but I could not but know him, as I know nobody like him; he always seems like a frightened bird—so hurried in his manner and conversation. How much he looked like some of Timothy Dexter's wooden men—at commencement last year! It came across my mind while he was sitting by me yesterday. 'Twas well I was alone, or I should have certainly laughed. Frederic,* I suppose is at home, tho' Mr. A. could not tell me. John and Charles King have some thought of going to Portland. I have told them they had better go some other time as they will find Portland so dull and none of you in quite so good spirits. James [King] is here and they return with him.

As to news—New York is not so gay as last winter; few balls but a great many tea-parties. I believe I told you Mrs. Gillespie has a daughter. You never wrote me anything about the muslin for Arixene† to work her a frock; 'tis so good an opportunity to send it that I have a great mind to get it notwithstanding. You say I have said nothing of Walter in any of my letters; he is so hearty and well I hardly thought of him when I wrote; he has not had a day's sickness since I returned. I send him out walking frequently, when 'tis so cold it quite makes the tears come. He trudges along with leading very well in the street. He never takes cold. He goes to bed at 6 o'clock, away into the room in the third story you used

* Frederic Southgate, Dr. Southgate's sixth child. He was for many years a tutor in Bowdoin College, and died unmarried.

† Arixene Southgate, a younger sister of Mrs. Bowne's, who married Henry Smith.

to sleep in, without fire or candle, and there he sleeps till Phœbe goes to bed to him. You know I am a great enemy to letting children sleep with a fire in the room; 'tis the universal practice here, and as long as I can avoid it I never mean to practice it; it subjects them to constant colds. They think I am very severe to suffer such a child to be put in the third story to sleep without a fire. I presume Aunt King and family are all well. They are going to have a fine *waffle* party on Tuesday. I wish you were here to go, for the boys want to have a fine frolic. Kitty Bayard * is to be married in April to Duncan Campbell, all engaged since Woolsey and Susan were married. Mary Watts † is engaged to the big Doctor Romaine,—that is quite a surprise to every one; this is rumor.

Adieu,

E. S. B.

Mrs. Bowne's second child, Mary, was born in September of this year, and after her birth her mother never recovered her strength. Fearing the effects of the winter, the doctors recommended a sea-voyage and a warmer climate to Mrs. Bowne, who, accompanied by her devoted sister Octavia and her husband, Mr. Browne, sailed for Charleston in search of the health which was past regaining, leaving Mr. Bowne to arrange his business-affairs so as to be able to join them later in the season. Mrs. Bowne's two children were left to the care of Miss Caroline Bowne, who devoted her life to her charges, and was well repaid by the affection always displayed toward her by "little Mary," who loved her as she would have done the beautiful young mother whom she had never known.

New York, Dec. 27th, 1808.

You are anxious, my dear Mother, to hear from my own hand how I am. Octavia has told you all my complaints. My cough is extremely obstinate; I have occasionally a little fever, tho' quite irregular and sometimes a week without any. I have a new Physician to attend me; he is a Frenchman of great celebrity, particularly in Pulmonary complaints and has been wonderfully successful in the cure of coughs; he keeps me on a milk diet, but allows me to eat eggs and oysters. He does not give any opiates. Paregoric and Laudanum he entirely disapproves of; he gives me no medicine but a decoction of Roots and Flowers.—The *Iceland Moss* or *Lichen* made in a tea he gives a great deal of, and for cough I take a 'white Pectoral lotion,' he calls it, made principally of White Almonds, Gum Arabic, Gum Tragacanth (or something like it), the Syrup of Muskmelon seeds. He thinks I am much better already. I have no pain at all, and have not had any. My cough seems to be all my disorder. He thinks he can cure that; indeed he speaks with perfect confidence, and says he has no doubt as soon as I get to warmer weather, my cough will soon leave me. Mr. Browne got here last night and we shall probably sail by Sunday at farthest. Octavia will write particularly. You will hear from me, my dear Mother, often,—at present my mind seems so occupied leaving my children, preparing to go and making arrangements to shut up my house. 'Tis quite a trial to leave the little ones; I leave them at their Grandmother's. My little Mary is a fine, lively child and thrives fast. Adieu, my Dear Mother,

Eliza S. Bowne.

The sea-voyage proved so weakening in its effects that from the moment that the travellers reached Charleston Mrs. Browne gave up all hopes that her sister's life would be spared, and only prayed that it might be prolonged so that Mr. Bowne might see his wife alive. This happiness was, however, denied to him, for, notwithstanding the haste he made to join them, Mrs. Bowne died before he reached Charleston. Mrs. Browne's letters are filled with descriptions of the devotion and kindness of the strangers among whom they were thrown. These kind friends did all in their power to alleviate the sufferings of Mrs. Bowne, and large

* Kitty Bayard, daughter of William Bayard, married, May 12, 1808, Duncan Pearsall Campbell, and died soon after. Mr. Campbell then married her younger sister, Maria.

† Mary Watts, elder daughter of Robert Watts and Lady Mary Alexander, married Dr. Romaine, and after his death Peter Bertram Cruger. Mrs. Romaine was seventy-three years of age when she remarried.

numbers attended the funeral, which took place on Mr. Bowne's arrival.

This beautiful and charming woman exercised a fascination over all who knew her; and for many years they preserved bright recollections of her winning personality, and often spoke to their children of the lively young girl, who seemed the more attractive by the side of her quiet Quaker husband. These letters were treasured by her mother, Mrs. Southgate, and were given to "little Mary," Mrs. Bowne's only daughter, to whose loving care we owe their preservation.

A SONG OF LIFE.

By Maybury Fleming.

Now in the new do we think of the old,
Of the mold and the odor of stones that stood
When the world was young, and men
Builded their souls in stone?

Ah, yes; but the old of our own new world—
The new to-day that is old to-morrow—
This is the joy that melts to sorrow,
With none for sweet temples dustward hurled.

Yet they who had made them loved the sun,
Trod fragrant grass in the perfumed air,
Were filled with the warm delight of life,
And laughed in their wit and their wilful pride.

The odor of stones and the roses' scent
Mingle to make us know the good;
Not less than ours, that old-time went
Hand in hand with men.

Rose-leaves fall and are dust. And we?
Dust. O sweet, sweet rose! O fair,
Fresh life, and the beauty of things that be!—
Dust, and the odor of stones.

Nay, what care we—O love and life,
Strong heart, and the deep lung's lusty breath!—
That there come to us once such a thing as death,
As came to the men who died?

SETH'S BROTHER'S WIFE.

By Harold Frederic.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE CORONER.

THERE was a short cut by which, using a rough back road across the hill, and then a dimly-marked bridle-path down the bed of the creek, one could get to Tallman's ravine in less than an hour on foot. Seth saddled the black mare, and brought her up on the meadow plateau overlooking the gulf, panting and white on breast and barrel with foam, inside fifteen minutes. He had galloped furiously, unable to think save in impatient flashes, and reckless alike of his own neck and the beast's wind and limbs. He reined up the plunging mare at the very edge of the ravine, where some score of farmers and boys were standing clustered under the trees, watching his excited approach.

As he threw himself from the saddle among them, and looked swiftly from face to face for the right one to speak to first, the attention of the elder bystanders concentrated itself upon the mare. They would have given their foremost thoughts to her anyway, for they were owners of live-stock even before they were neighbors, and her splashed and heated condition appealed in protest to their deepest feeling—reverential care for good horseflesh. But there was something more: the mare was strangely, visibly agitated at the sight of the glen before her, and reared back with outstretched, trembling forelegs, lifted ears, and distended, frightened eyes.

"By Cracky!" cried Zeke Tallman himself, "don't it beat natur'? This 'ere mare knaows what's happened! Look at her! She senses what's layin' down there at the bottom!"

"'N' yit they say dawgs has got more instinck than a hoss!" said a younger yokel. He kicked a mongrel pup which was lounging around among the men's legs, with a fierce "Git aout! yeh whelp, yeh! what d' *you* knaow abaout it?" to illustrate his contempt for this canine theory.

A third farmer, more practically considerate, took the shivering, affrighted beast by the bridle, and led it away from the gulf's edge, patting its wet neck compassionately as they went.

Meanwhile Seth had found his way through the group to his brother John, who stood with his back against a beech tree, springing from the very brink of the gulf, his hands in his pockets, his eyes on the trampled grass at his feet. A half circle of boys, with one or two girls of the school age, stretched about him at some distance, like the outer line of an open fan, mutely eyeing him as the second most important figure in the tragedy. They separated for Seth to make his way, and made signs to each other that the interest was doubled by his arrival. The brothers shook hands silently, and scarcely looked at each other.

There came the sound of a pistol-shot from the glen below; somebody said: "There! they've killed th' off-hoss. Ther' goes th' best matched team o' grays in Dearborn Caounty!"

"Have you been down yet, John?" Seth asked, softly, as the low buzz of conversation began about them once more.

"No, not yet. I suppose I could if I had insisted on it; but when I got here, twenty minutes or so ago, they told me here that Timms had got his jury together down there, and forbidden anybody coming down till they were through. So I've stayed here. Not that I care about Timms, but—I can wait."

"Let's go down!" As he spoke, Seth swung himself around the beech, and began the descent, letting himself swiftly down the steep mossy declivity by saplings and roots. His brother followed. One or two boys started also, but were roughly restrained by their elders, with a whispered "Stay back, can't yeh! Hain't yeh got no sense? Them's the brothers."

The scene at the bottom was not unlike what Seth's fancy had painted it,

adding the terrible novelties of the night to a spot he had known from boyhood. Half-shaded even in the noon sunlight by overhanging branches from the towering, perpendicular sides of the glen, the miniature valley lay, a narrow stretch of poor, close-cropped grass, with the spiral, faded mullein stalks, the soft, brown clumps of brake, the straggling, bloomless thistles, and even some tufts of glowing golden-rod, which push their way into unfrequented pasture-lands and encompass their sterility. The stream, which once had been a piscatorial glory of the section, but now, robbed of its water and its life by distant clearings, mills, and reservoirs, wandered sadly and shallowly on an unnoted course, divided itself here to skirt each side of the gulf with a contemptible rivulet—the two coming together abruptly at the mouth of the low stone culvert, and vanishing into its dark recesses, above which rose, sloping steeply, the high embankment of the road traversing the ravine.

It was over this embankment that horses, carriage, and owner had precipitately pitched; it was at its base, on the swale and gravel of the stream's edge, that the wreck lay, surrounded by a little knot of men. Vertical gashes in the earth down the bank, with broken branches and torn roots, marked the awful track of the descent; the waters of the brook to the right, dammed by the body of the horse killed in the fall, had overflowed the sands and made muddy rivulets across to the culvert.

The Coroner turned with obvious vexation at the sound of the brothers' approach. "I thought I gave word—" he began; then, recognizing the newcomers, added, without altering his peremptory, officious tone: "It's all right; you can come now, if you want to. The gentlemen of the jury have completed their labors for the present. I was on the pint of adjourning the ink-west."

The brothers joined the jurors, and dumbly surveyed the spectacle at their feet. One of the grays lay across the rivulet; the other, more recently dead, was piled awkwardly upon its mate's neck and shoulders, in an unnatural heap. The front portions of the buggy, scratched but not smashed, were curiously reared in the air, by reason of the pole being driven deep into the soft earth, between the horses; the rear wheels and the seat, broken off and riven by the violence of the shock, were imbedded in the marsh underneath. On the higher ground, close in front of the brothers, lay something decorously covered with horse-blankets, which they comprehended with a sinking of the heart.

"He lay in theer, part under the hind wheels 'n' part under the nigh hoss," explained the Coroner, with dignity. "The fall was enough to brek his neck twenty times over, let alone the hosses may've kicked him on the way down. We hev viewed the remains, 'n' we've decided ——"

"We ain't decided nothin'!" broke in one of the jurors, a serious, almost grim-faced farmer, with a bushy collar of gray whiskers framing his brown, square jaw. "How kin we decide till we've heerd some evidence, 'n' before the ink-west is threw with?"

"There's some men 'd kick if they was goin' to be hung. Did I *say* we'd arrived at a verdict? What I mean is, we've agreed to adjourn the ink-west now till arter the funeral."

"Well, why daon't yeh say what yeh mean, then?" rejoined the objecting juror. "They can't no cor'ner make up my verdict for me, 'n' you'll fine it aout, tew."

"The more fool me fur panelin' yeh!" was the Coroner's comment.

The brothers insensibly edged away from this painful altercation. A little elderly man in shabby broadcloth, which seemed strangely out of place among the rough tweeds and homespuns of the farmers, detached himself from the group of jurors, and came over to them, with a subdued half-smile of recognition. It was the Thessaly undertaker.

"Tew bad, ain't it?" he said glibly; "allus some such scrimmage as thet on every one of Timms' juries. He ain't got no exec'tive ability, *I* say. I'd like to see *him* run a funer'l with eight bearers—all green han's! I told him thet once right to his face! But then of course yeh knaow *I* can't say much. He's techy, 'n' 'twouldn't do fur me to rile him. We hev a kind o' 'rangement, you see. I hev to be on hand anyway, 'n' he allus puts

me on the jury; it helps him 'n' it helps me. I kin always sort o' smooth over things, if any o' th' jurors feels cranky, yeh knaow. They'll listen to me, cuz they reelize I've hed experience, 'n' then there's a good deal in knaowin' haow to manage men in hevin' what *I* call exec'tive ability. Of course this case is peculiar. They ain't no question abaout th' death bein' accidental. But this man you heern kickin', this Cyrus Ballou, he's makin' a dead set to hev' Zeke Tallman condemned fur hevin' his fence up there in bad repair. He 'n' Tallman's a-lawin' of it abaout some o' his steers thet got into Tallman's cabbages, 'n' thet's why——"

"I suppose we can leave this to you!" John broke in, impatience mastering the solemnity of the scene. "Have you made any arrangements? You know what ought to be done."

"Yes, my boy ought to be here by this time with my covered wagon—what I call my ambulance."

The brothers turned away from him. The little man remembered something, and hurrying after them laid his hand on John's arm.

"When I spoke abaout allus bein' on the jury, you knaow, p'r'aps I ought to 've explained." He proceeded with an uneasy, deprecating gesture. "You see, a juror gits a dollar a day, 'n' sometimes friends of the remains think I ought to deduck thet f'm my bill, but ef you'll jest consider——"

"Oh, for God's sake! leave us alone!"

It was Seth who spoke, and the undertaker joined his fellow-jurors at the foot of the hill forthwith. The brothers went back and stood again in oppressed silence over the blanketed form.

Dr. William Henry Timms meanwhile conversed apart with his panel. He was a middle-aged, shrewd-faced man, who, like so many thousands of other Whig babes in the forties, had been named after the hero of Tippecanoe. He was more politician than coroner, more coroner than doctor. He hung by a rather dubious diploma upon the outskirts of his profession, snubbed by the County Society, contemned by most sensible Thessaly families as "not fit to doctor a sick cat." But he had a powerful "pull" in the politics of the county, and the office could not, apparently, be wrested from him, no matter how capable his opponent.

In the earlier years of his official service he had been over-zealous in suspecting mysteries, and had twice been reprimanded by the Supreme Court Judge, and much oftener by the District Attorney, for enveloping in criminal suspicion cases which, when intelligently examined, were palpable and blameless casualties. These experiences had sensibly modified his zeal. He had put the detective habit of mind far away behind him, and, like a wise official, bent all his energies now to the more practical labor of dividing each inquest into as many sessions as possible. Had he been a Federal Deputy Marshal he could not have been more skilled in this delicate art of getting eight days' pay out of a three hours' case. A bare suggestion of mystery at the start, to be almost cleared up, then revived, then exploited carefully, then finally dissipated, and all so deftly that the District Attorney, who lived at Octavius, would not be inspired to come over and interfere—this was Dr. Timms' conception of a satisfactory inquest. Occasionally there would be the added zest of an opportunity to formally inflict censure upon somebody, and if this involved some wealthy or potential person, so much the better; to withhold the censure meant tangible profit; to sternly mete it (failing a fair arrangement) meant public credit as a bold, vigilant official.

Dr. Timms was still turning over in his mind the professional possibilities involved in Tallman's bad fence-building, and casually sounding his jurors as to their private feelings toward the delinquent; the brothers had followed the jury up to the meadow plateau, and were standing aloof yet from among their neighbors, answering in monosyllables, and following mentally the work of the undertaker's squad down in the bottom; the farmers were beginning to straggle off reluctantly, the demands of neglected work and long-waiting dinners conquering their inclination to remain—when a big carry-all from Tyre drove up on the road outside, and a score of men clambered out and over the fence to join the group. They had driven post-haste from

the convention, and among them were Ansdell, Beekman, and Milton Squires.

Mr. Ansdell came straight to the two brothers, giving a hand to each with a gesture full of tender comprehension. While they talked in low tones of the tragedy they were joined by Abe Beekman; upon the normal eagerness and wistful solemnity of his gaunt face there was ingrafted now a curious suggestion of consuming interest in some masked feature of the affair. He was so intent upon this, whatever it might be, that to the sensitive feelings of the other three he seemed to dash into the subject with wanton brusqueness.

"How air yeh, Fairchild?" he nodded to John; "I want somebody to tell me this hull thing, while it's fresh. Who knaows th' most 'baout it? Where's th' Cor'ner! What's he done so far?"

Obedient to a word from John, the Coroner dignifiedly came over to the beech-tree, where our little group stood, and listened coldly to a series of searching questions put by the Jay County magnate. When they were finished he made lofty answer:

"I ain't institooted no inquiries yit. That'll be arranged fur later to convenience the family 'n' the officers of the law. It ain't customary, in cases of accident like this, to rush around like a hen with her head cut off right at the start. The law takes these things ca'mly, sir—ca'mly 'n' quietly."

"But have you made an examination?—you are a doctor, I think," interposed Ansdell. "Have you satisfied yourself when the death occurred? Have you learned any of the circumstances of it? Were there any witnesses?"

The Coroner looked at the questioner, then at the brothers, as if including them in his pained censure, then back again at Ansdell:

"I don't know ez it's any o' *your* business," he said. "Who *air* yeh, anyway?"

Before anyone else could answer Beekman spoke: "He's the next Congressman from this deestrick—nominated by acclamation over at Tyre to-day—that's who *he* is. But never mind that; what I want to knaow is—air yeh sure he died from an accident? Kin yeh swear to thet ez a doctor?"

"Toe be sure I kin!" responded the official, in a friendlier tone. "He was simply mashed out o' shape by the fall. He come down forty feet, ef it was an inch, plum under the horses. They jest rolled over each other all the way down. And so this is Mr. Ansdell, I presewm. I'm proud to make yer acquaintance, sir. Only by the merest accident I wasn't at the Convention to-day, sir."

The undertaker came up now to announce that the first stage of his labors was completed and that the ambulance wagon was on the road outside, ready to start for the Fairchild homestead.

"We went up by t'other side, lower daown the gulf," he explained; "'twas easier, 'n' there was no shock to yer feelin's. Ef I might be 'lowed to s'jest, it 'ud look kine o' respectful to hev all these friends of the remains walk two by two, behine the wagon, daown to the haouse. Yeh might let the carryall come along arterwards, empty, yeh knaow, ez a sort o' token of grief."

The suggestion was passively accepted as the proper thing under the circumstances, and the little procession began to shape itself on the road outside. Seth was moving toward the fence with the others, when the thought of the black mare he had ridden to the scene occurred to him. A farm-boy was holding the animal a little way off, near some bars opening from the meadow to the road. Seth saw Milton getting over the rails—he had been busy on the outskirts of the assemblage gathering accounts from those earlier on the ground—and said to him: "Won't you get the mare, and ride her home, along with the carryall? I shall walk—with the rest."

The cortège had formed just beyond the fateful narrowing of the road, where it crossed the gulf, and the men who were to follow Albert to the homestead, including all the late comers from Tyre and a few neighbors, had looked down the steep declivity, and noted the new breaking away of earth on the road's edge, before they passed on to fall in line behind the black, shrouded vehicle. The procession had moved some rods when there came sounds of excitement from the rear; at these some of the walkers turned, then others, and even the driver of the ambulance drew up

his horses and joined the retrospective gaze.

The black mare was balking again, on the road directly over the gulf, and was crowding back with her haunches tight against the fencing on the side opposite to that over which her late master had fallen. It was a moment of cruel tension to every eye, for the fence was visibly yielding under the animal's weight, and another tragedy seemed a matter of seconds. Milton appeared to have lost all sense, and was simply clinging to the mare's neck, in dumb affright. Luckily a farmer ran forward at this juncture, and contrived to lead the beast forward, diagonally away from the spot. Milton sat up in the saddle again, turned the mare away from the gulf, and galloped off.

"Dummed cur'ous thet!" whispered Beekman to Seth; "does thet mare ack thet way often?"

"I never knew her to balk before to-day. She acted like that when I first brought her up to the ravine. It *is* curious, as you say. But animal instinct is a strange, unaccountable thing any way."

"Hm-m!" answered the Boss of Jay County, knitting his brows in thought, as the procession moved again.

CHAPTER XXVII.

ANNIE AND ISABEL.

ANNIE found the living-room of the Fairchild homestead unoccupied. She could hear Alvira talking with the Lawton girl out in the kitchen, and from the parlor on the other side there came a murmuring sound which she did not comprehend at once. As she laid her hand upon the stair door, with the purpose of ascending to Sabrina's room, this sound rose to a distinguishable pitch. It was a woman's weeping. Annie hesitated, listening for a moment; then she turned, rolled one of the parlor doors back, and entered.

Isabel lay buried in the blue easy-chair, her face, encircled by one arm, hidden against its back. The great braids of her yellow hair were dishevelled and loosened, without being in graceful disorder. Her whole form trembled with the force of her hysterical sobbing.

At Annie's touch upon her shoulder she raised her face quickly. It was tear-stained, haggard, and looked soft with that flabbiness of outline which trouble may give to the fairest woman's beauty when it is not built upon youth; over this face passed a quick look of disappointment at recognition of Annie.

"Oh, it is you!"

The almost petulant words escaped before Isabel could collect herself. She sat up now, wiping her eyes, and striving with all her might for control of her thoughts and tongue.

"Yes, Isabel. I *was* going up to Sabrina's room, but I heard you sobbing here, and I felt that I must come to you. It is all so terrible—and I do so feel for you!"

"Terrible—yes, it *is* terrible! It was kind of you to come—very kind. I—I scarcely realize it all, yet. It was such a shock!"

"I know, poor dear." Annie laid her hand caressingly on the other's brow. She had not come with over-tenderness in her heart, but this unexpected depth of suffering, so palpably real, touched her keenly. "I know. Don't try to talk to me—don't feel that it is necessary. Only let me be of use to you. It will be a dreadful time for you all—and perhaps I can spare you some. I sha'n't go to the school to-day. Oughtn't you to go up to your room now, Isabel, and lie down, and leave me here to—to arrange things?"

"No, not yet! Perhaps soon I will. My impulse is to stay down, to spare myself nothing, to force myself to suffer everything that there is to be suffered. I'll see; perhaps that may not be best. But not now! not now! No—don't go! Stay with me. I dread to be left alone; my own thoughts murder me!" She rose to her feet, and began pacing to and from the piano. "Let me walk—and you talk to me—anything, it doesn't matter what—it will help occupy my mind. Oh, yes—were you at Crump's last night? I heard them come by, late, singing."

"Oh, Isabel, how *can* we talk of such trivial things? Yes, I was there; I was in the singing party, too. It makes me shudder to think that at that very min-

ute, perhaps——" The girl paused for a moment, with parted lips and troubled face, as if pondering some sudden thought; then exclaimed, "*Oh–h!* the horse! Could it have been?"

"Could what have been?" Isabel stopped in her caged-panther-like pacing, and looked deep inquiry.

"But no, of course not! What connection *could* there have been? You see, after I left the wagon, to cut across by the path at the end of the poplars, a horse came galloping like the wind up the road, with some figure lying low on its back. We were too far away to see distinctly, though the night was so light"—she had insensibly drifted into the use of the plural pronoun—"but the thing went by so like a flash that it seemed an apparition. And, come to think of it, there was an effort to avoid noise. I know I wondered at there being such a muffled sound, and Seth explained——"

She stopped short, conscious of having said more than she intended.

"Seth was with *you*, then?"

"Yes—he met me, quite unexpectedly, by the thorns. He had been out walking, he said; the night was too fine to sleep."

"Yes, I heard him go out, an hour and a half at least before the singers came by. Did he say anything to you about what had happened, here in the house, during the evening?" Isabel's azure eyes took on their darkest hue now, in the intentness of her gaze into her companion's face.

"Only that he had had words with Albert—poor boy! how like a knife the memory of them must be to him now!"

"Did he tell you what the words were about?"

"No."

"Did he say anything else to you?"

Annie grew restive under this persistent interrogation. The habit of deference to the older, wiser, more beautiful woman was very strong with her, but this did seem like an undue strain upon it.

"Why, yes, no doubt he did. We talked of a number of things."

"What were they? What did he say?"

"Well, really, Isabel, I——"

The elder woman gave a little click with her teeth and, after a searching glance into the other's face, resumed her walk up and down, her hands clinched rather than clasped before her, and her movement more feline than ever. "Well, really you—what?" she said, with the faintest suggestion of a mocking snarl in the intonation.

The girl drew herself up. It was not in human nature to keep her tone from chilling. "Really, I think I would better go up to Sabrina. I fancied I might be of some service to you."

"Annie! Are you going to speak like that to me?—*now* of all times!" The tone was outwardly appealing. Annie's sense was not skilled enough to detect the vibration of menace in it.

"No, Isabel, not at all. But you make it hard for me. Can you wonder? I think to comfort a desolate, stricken woman in her hour of sorrow, and she responds by peremptory cross-examination as to what a young man may have said to me, in the moonlight. Is it strange that I am puzzled?"

"Strange! Is not everything strange around and about me? That I should have married as I did; that I, loathing farm life, should have come here to live; that I should be waiting here now for them to bring my husband's corpse home to me—is it not all strange, unreal? The conversation ought to be to match, oughtn't it?"—she spoke with an unnatural, tremulous vivacity which pained and frightened the girl—"and so while we wait, I talk to you about young men, and the moonlight, and all that. *Can't* you see that my mind is tearing itself to pieces, like a machine in motion with some big rod or other loose, pounding, crushing, right and left, like a flail! We *must* talk! Tell me what he said, anything—everything."

"Why, that isn't so easy," Annie replied, dubiously, much mistrusting the sanity of all this conversation, but pushed along with it in spite of herself. "He said something about a misunderstanding with his poor brother, and then—then something that I didn't at all understand about a temptation, a great temptation leading him to the gates of hell, he called it—but you know how Seth is given to exaggerate everything—and then——"

"He told you all this, did he? How confiding! How sweet! Go on—what *else* did he say to you—in the moonlight?"

Annie felt vaguely that the tone was cruel and hostile. As she paused in bewildered self-inquiry, Isabel glided forward and confronted her, with gleaming eyes and a white, drawn face.

"Why do you stop there?" she demanded, in a swift, bitter whisper.

"There *are* things which—a girl doesn't like to—have dragged from her in this——"

Even as Annie was forming this halting half-sentence, a change came over the elder woman. She dropped the hand which had been raised as if to clutch Annie's shoulder. The flashing light passed from her eyes, and something of color, or at least of calm, came back into her face.

"I understand," she said, simply.

"You can see, Isabel, that this is not a time I should have chosen to speak of such things to you, if you had not insisted. It seems almost barbarous to bring my joy forward at such a time, and appear to contrast it with your affliction. You *won't* think I wanted to do it, will you?"

The widow of a day was looking contemplatively at her companion; she had effaced from both expression and voice every trace of her recent agitation. "Are you sure it is all joy?" she asked, calmly.

"I wouldn't admit it to him. And at first I was not altogether clear about it in my own mind. Indeed, with this other and terrible thing, I can scarcely think soberly about it, as it ought to be thought of. But still—you know, Isabel, we were little children together—and I have never so much as thought of anybody else." Annie spoke more confidently, as she went on; the notion that there had been malevolence in Isabel's tone had faded into a foolish fancy: there seemed almost encouragement, sympathy, in her present expression. "I should have lived and died an old maid if he had not come to me. And it comforts me, dear, too, to think that in your great trouble I shall have almost a sister's right to be with you, and help you bear it."

Isabel did not respond to this tender proffer of solace. She still stood eyeing her companion reflectively. "You are very certain of being happy, then?" she mused.

A sense of discordance touched the girl's heart again—a something in the restrained, calm tone which seemed to sting. She looked more searchingly into the speaker's eyes, and read in their blue depths a mystery of meaning which froze and silenced her. While Annie looked, in growing paralysis of thought, Isabel spoke again, slowly:

"Your married life at least won't be deadly dull, as mine was. There must be great possibilities of excitement in living with a man who can propose marriage to a girl—in the moonlight—*on his way home from having murdered his brother!*"

Young Samantha Lawton, the member of the tribe who served as maid-of-all-work at the Warren homestead, had a mind at once imaginative and curious. From an upper window she had caught sight of the mournful procession from Tallman's ravine, winding its way down the hill, in the distance. She stole out from the house, whose bed-ridden occupant could at best only yell herself hoarse in calling if she chanced to need anything during her absence, and walked up the path by the thorns to the main road, over which the cortège would presently pass. Inside the sharp angle of shade made at this corner, where the thorns aspiringly joined the poplars, there was an old board seat between two trees, the relic of some past and forgotten habit of rendezvous, perhaps whole generations old. Samantha knew of this seat, and stood on it now; from it, she had a clear view of the road in front and, through the tangled thorns, of the meadow-path to the left, while there were branches enough about her to render her practically invisible. From this coign of vantage Samantha saw some things which she had not expected to witness.

Annie Fairchild came suddenly across the line of vision, from the direction of the dead man's house, and walked straight to the stile at the edge of the thorn row. There was something so curious in the expression of her face, as she advanced, that Samantha scented

discovery, and prepared on the instant an exculpatory lie. But Annie passed the one place where discovery was probable, and the hidden girl saw now that the strange look had some other explanation. She crossed the stile, and clung to the fence-post, as if for support; glanced up the road, where now the black front of the nearing procession could be discerned; then with a shudder turned her face in profile toward her unsuspected observer, and looked vacantly, piteously up into the afternoon sky.

Annie's face, with its straight, firm outlines, was not one which lent itself to the small facial play of evanescent emotions. Its regular features habitually expressed an intelligent, self-reliant composure, not easily responsive to shades of feeling. To see this calm countenance transfixed now with a helpless stare of anguish was to comprehend that something terrible had happened.

She stood at the stile, deperditely clinging to the rail at first, then edging into the thorns to be more out of sight, as the ambulance and the little file of friends moved slowly by. She noted nothing of the peculiarities of the procession—that most of the silent followers were strange men, in city dress—but only gazed at Seth, walking along gravely behind the vehicle, beside his brother John. She saw him with eyes distended, fixed—as of one following the unfolding of a hideous nightmare. So long as the party remained in sight, these set, affrighted eyes followed him. Then they closed, and the sufferer reeled as if in a swoon.

Samantha's first and best impulse was to get down and go to the agonized woman's aid; her second, and controlling, thought, was to stop where she was, and see and hear all that was going.

Annie seemed to recover her strength, if not her composure. She wrung her hands wildly and talked with strange incoherence aloud to herself. Once she started, as if to cross the stile again and return to the house of mourning, but drew back. At last, walking straight ahead, like one in a dream, she moved toward her home.

Samantha followed at a safe distance, marvelling deeply.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

BETWEEN THE BREAD-PAN AND THE CHURN.

"Well, I don' knaow's I go's fur's Sabriny, 'n' say ther's a cuss on th' fam'ly, 'n' thet M'tildy Warren put it there, fur, after all, three deaths hand-runnin' in tew years ain't an onheerd-of thing, but I don't blame her fur gittin' daown-hearted over it. Poor ole creetur, she's be'n a carryin' the hull load o' grief on her shoulders sence Sissly died. I shouldn't wonder if it'd be tew much for her naow."

Alvira sighed, and let her eyes wander compassionately from the kneading-board and its batch of dough to the old, cushioned arm-chair by the kitchen-stove where Aunt Sabrina customarily sat. This last bereavement had rendered the hired-girl almost sentimental in her attitude toward the stricken old maid—so much so that when young Samantha Lawton dropped in, toward evening, and offered to sit down in this chair, Alvira had sharply warned her to take another.

The girl had brought a note over from Annie to Seth, and was not a little vexed that Alvira should have taken it from her and gone up-stairs to deliver it herself, instead of allowing the messenger to complete her errand. She declined, therefore, to display any interest in the subject of the aged aunt, and warmed her hands over the glowing stove-griddles in silence. The elder Lawton girl, Melissa, resting for a moment from her churning, turned the talk into a more personal channel.

"Fur *my* part, I think it's a pesky shame, where there's three big, strappin' men 'raoun' th' haouse, to make a girl wag this old churn-dash till her arms are ready to drop off. 'N' I'll tell 'em sao, tew."

"I sh'd thought Dany'd done it fur yeh," said her younger sister, with a grin. "He allus seemed to me to be soft enough to do all yer work fur yeh, ef you'd let him."

"Not he! Both he 'n' Leander ain't so much's lifted a finger 'raoun' th' haouse to-day. They're off daown to th' corners, hangin' raoun' th' store, 'n' swoppin' yarns 'baout th' accident. *They* wouldn't keer'f I churned away here till

I spit blood. In th' mornin' he'll be awful sorry, of course, 'n' swear he furgot all 'baout Wednesday's bein' churnin' day. Thet's th' man of it!"

"'N' I s'pose Milton never does nothin' 'baout th' haouse naowadays?" remarked Samantha, interrogatively.

"No, siree!" snapped Alvira. "You bet he daon't! He's tew high 'n' mighty fur thet! Prob'ly he's furgot so much as th' name of a churn, even. He might git his broadcloth suit spotted, tew. I wouldn't dream o' askin' *him*. I'd ruther ask Seth any day then I hed Milton. *He* don't put on half so many airs, even if he does git thirty dollars a week in Tecumsy, 'n' live 'mong ladies 'n' gentlemen ev'ry day'f his life."

Melissa rested from her labors again, to say sneeringly: "Pritty ladies 'n' gentlemen he *use't* to travel with, there in Tecumsy, accordin' to all accaounts!"

Alvira paused in turn, with her arms to the elbow in the floury mixing, and an angry glitter in her little black eyes. "Ef I was *some* folks, 'n' hed *some* folk's relations in Tecumsy, 'pears to me I'd keep my maouth pritty blamed shut 'baout what goes on there!"

The retort was ample. There was no answering sound, save the muffled splash and thud of Melissa's vigorously resumed churning.

The lull in conversation was beginning to grow oppressive when the young visitor asked: "Haow does th' fine lady take it?"

"She seems more opset than anyone'd given her credit fur," Alvira answered, sententiously.

Melissa interposed to expand this comment, and rest her arms: "Yes, she *seems* opset enough. P'raps she *is*. But then ag'in, p'raps ef you was young 'n' good-lookin', with blew eyes 'n' a lot o' yalleh hair thet was all yer own, 'n' you hed a husban' twice as old as you was, 'n' he sh'd fall daown 'n' break his neck, 'n' leave you a rich young widder, p'raps you'd cry yer eyes aout—when people was lookin'—speshly if thet husban' o' yours left a likely young brother who was soft on yeh. When you git as old's I be, S'manthy, you'll learn ther's a good deal in appear'nces."

"When she gits as old as you air," broke in Alvira, sharply, "I hope she'll learn better'n to blab everythin' thet comes into her head! You'll let that cream break, ef yeh don't look aout!"

"I don't b'lieve it's within an 'aour o' comin'," said Melissa, wearily resuming her task.

"No, but—reelly," began Samantha, "*is* Seth——?"

"Never you mind whether Seth is or whether he isn't," answered Alvira. "A young tadpole of a girl like you's got no business pryin' 'raoun' older folks' affairs. You better go home! M'tildy may need yeh. Yer sister's got her work to dew, 'n' so've I."

This plain intimation produced no effect upon Samantha. She continued to warm her hands, which were already the hue of a red apple with the heat, and remarked: "No, she don' want me. Annie said I might stay's long's I wanted to. She said she wanted to be left alone. She's abaout the wuss broke up girl *I* ever sot eyes on. You ought to see the way *she* takes on, though. I bet the widder ain't a succumstance to her. Ef you'd seen what *I* saw, 'n' heern what *I* heerd this afternoon, I guess you'd think so tew."

The girl spoke calmly, with a satisfied conviction that nobody would tell her to go home again in a hurry.

"What was it?" came simultaneously from the kneading-board and the churn.

"Oh, I dunnao—I ain't much of a han' to blab everythin'. A young tadpole of a girl like me, yeh knaow, ain't got no business——"

"Come naow! *Don't* be a *fool*, S'manthy! Ef you've got anythin' to say, spit it aout!"

Thus adjured by the commanding tones of Alvira, the girl trifled no more, but related what she had seen while hidden behind the thorns. She had a talent for description, and made so much of Annie's stony face and strange behavior that she succeeded in producing an effect of mystification upon her listeners scarcely second to that under which she, as an involuntary spectator, had labored. The success of her recital was not lost upon Samantha, as she went on:

"Et was after th' undertaker's waggin 'n' th' men—some gallus-lookin' young fellers, f'm Tecumsy I guess, was amongst

'em—et was after these'd all gone by thet I heerd her talk. She kind o' hid herself in th' bushes while they was a-goin' by, 'n' stared at 'em like mad ez fur's she c'd folly 'em. Then she bu'st aout—not a-cryin', mind yeh, fur she never shed a tear—but wringin' her han's, 'n' groanin', 'n' actin's ef she was goin' to faint. I c'd see her jest ez plain's I kin see you stan'in' there naow, 'n' heer her, tew. All to onc't she up 'n' said——"

The girl stopped here in the narrative abruptly, with a fine disregard for the consuming interest with which her companions were regarding her; she lifted her nose, and drew two or three leisured sniffs. Then she bent down at the side of the stove and repeated them.

"Ther's somethin' burnin' in thet oven," she said at last, confidently.

"Et's th' barley. I knowed S'briny'd traipse off 'n' leave it. She allus does;" said Alvira, flinging open the oven-door and dragging out with her apron a smoking pan of scorched grain.

Through the dense, pungent smudge which temporarily filled the room, Samantha was heard to remark with offensive emphasis: "We allus drink genuwine coffee over to M'tildy's. She's mean enough 'baout some things, but she wouldn't make us swell ourselves aout with no barley-wash."

"'N' sao do we here, tew—all but S'briny!" retorted Alvira, indignantly. "She got use' to drinkin' it in wartimes, when yeh couldn't git reel coffee fur love n'r money, jes' ez all th' other farm-folks did. On'y she's more contrary'n th' rest, 'n' she wouldn't drink nothin' else naow, not ef yeh poured it into her maouth with a funnel. But go on 'th yer yarn!"

Samantha had to cough a little, on account of the smoke, and then it took her some moments to collect the thread of her narrative. But at last even the spirit of Tantalus could invent no further delay, and she proceeded:

"Well, she didn't say much, fer a fact, but they was business in ev'ry word she did say. Fust she hollered aout—right aout, I tell yeh: '*Et's a wicked lie! She's a bad, wicked woman!*' Then she stopped fer awhile 'n' put her han's up to her for'id—like this. Then she shuk herself, 'n' commenced to climb back over th' stile; but she seemed to think better of it, 'n' started fer her own haouse, like's ef she was a-walkin' in her sleep', 'n' a-groanin' to herself: '*Seth a murd'rer! Seth a murd'rer!*' Thet's what I heerd!"

The girl put both feet up on the stove-hearth, and tilted her chair back in conscious triumph. "Got 'n apple handy?" she inquired of Alvira, carelessly, in the tone of one whose position in life was assured.

To this strange recital, involving such terrible suggestions, there succeeded a full minute of silence in the kitchen, broken only by the ponderous clucking of the high wooden clock. Alvira and Melissa looked at each other dumbly—each for once willing to forego the first word.

"Well, what d'yeh say to *thet?*" finally asked Melissa.

After some reflection, Alvira answered, "I sh'd say S'manthy was a lyin'."

"S'elp me die, crisscross, I ain't!" protested the girl at the stove; "I've told it all, jest's it happened, straight's a string. Where's yer apples?"

Alvira meditated again for a moment. Then she said to her subordinate: "Go down 'n' git that sister o' yourn a Spitzenberg—'n' bring up some cider, yeh might's well, too."

When Melissa had gone, Alvira went over to the younger girl and gripped her sharply by the shoulder: "Look here, you, is what you've be'n tellin' us here honest? Don't lie to *me!*"

"Honest Injun! Alviry! ev'ry word!"

Alvira returned to her dough, and slapped it savagely into a huge, unnatural pancake. She maintained silence until Melissa had returned, and not only supplied her sister's wants, but poured out a cupful of the new cider for herself, as a proof of her appreciation of the Lawton family's supremacy over the existing crisis. Then Alvira spoke:

"I don't 'tach th' least 'mportance in th' world to what S'manthy heerd. Annie's a school-teacher, 'n' she's be'n workin' pritty hard, 'n' this thing's kind o' opset her—what with tendin' to her gran'mother, 'n' then this teachin', which is narvous, wearin' kine o' work.

Thet's th' trewth o' th' matter. *I* kin understan' it. She was jest aout of her senses. But other folks won't understan' it as I dew. Once a hint gits flyin' amongst outsiders, who knaows where it'll stop? Naow, girl 'n' woman, I've be'n in this haouse twenty year 'n' more. I'm more a Fairchile than I'm anythin' else. I remember th' man in there—layin' dead in th' parlor—when he was a youngster, comin' home f'm college; I remember Seth when he was a baby. I ain't got no folks of my own thet I keer a thaousandth part's much abaout, nur owe a thaousandth part's much tew, ez I dew this Fairchile fam'ly. *Well!* They've hed trouble enough, this las' tew year, 'thout havin' any added onto it by th' tattlin', gossipin' tongues of outsiders. I ain't goin' to *hev* it! D'yeh understan'! Ef I heer's much's a whisper of this yere crazy school-teacher's nonsense reported 'raound, by th' Lord above, I'll skin yeh both alive!"

"Who's *be'n* a-gossipin'?" asked Samantha, reproachfully. "I shouldn't never said a word, ef you hadn't insisted, 'n' called me a fool fur holdin' my tongue."

"I dunnao where you'll gao to when you die, S'manthy," said Alvira, reflectively. "But nao, girls, trewly naow, this mustn't be mentioned. Yeh kin see with half'n eye what a raow it'd stir up. Naow prommus me, both o' yeh, thet not a word of it shell pass yer lips. Yeh can see fer yerself haow foolish it is! Ev'rybody knaows he driv off th' raoad, 'n' killed himself 'n' th' hosses by th' fall. It's ez plain's th' nose on yer face. Still it's jest sech cases as this thet people git talkin' abaout, once they're sot goin'—so yeh *will* promise me, won't yeh?"

They promised.

"Hon'r bright, ye'll never say a word to nao livin' soul?"

They asseverated solemnly, honor bright, and Samantha had a doughnut as well as another cup of cider.

The tiresome butter came at last, and the dough passed into a higher form of existence through the fiery ordeal of the oven; supper was laid and silently eaten; two neighbors, volunteers for the night-watch with the dead, came, and were ushered into the gloomy parlor; while apples, cheese, doughnuts, and a pitcher of cider were placed on the table outside, for their refreshment in the small hours. Night fell upon the farm.

Melissa Lawton stole out-doors as soon as Alvira retired to her room, and made her way through the darkness to the barns. As Albert had done on the fatal previous evening, she opened the sliding door of the big stable and called up the stairs to Milton. There was no response, and investigation showed that he was not in his room, although the lamp was burning dimly. The girl stopped long enough to look over the coarse pictures on the walls and the shelf, and then crept down the steep stairs again.

As she groped her way through the blackness to the stable-door she came suddenly in contact with a person entering, and felt herself rudely seized and pushed back at arms' length.

"Who's here? What d'yeh want?" demanded a harsh voice, which seemed, despite its gruffness, to betray great trepidation.

"It's me—M'lissy!"

"Come along aout here into the light, so I kin see yeh. What a' yeh doin' here, praowlin' 'raoun' 'n th' dark, skeerin' people fur?"

The Lawton girl's native assurance all came back to her as she confronted Milton in the dim starlight outside—which was radiance by contrast with the stable's total darkness—and she grinned satirically at him.

"You've got a nerve on you like a maouse, I swaow! You trembled all over when yeh tuk holt o' me, in there. What was yeh skeert abaout? I wouldn't hurt yeh!"

"I wa'n't skeert," the man replied, sullenly. "What was yeh after in there?"

"I was lookin' fur you."

"What fur?" The tone was still uneasily suspicious.

"I got somethin' to tell yeh."

"Well?"

"D'yeh knaow, I more'n half b'lieve this thing wa'n't an accident at all. What'd yeh say'f it sh'd turn aout to be a murder?"

Even in this faint light Melissa could see that Milton was much taken aback

by the suggestion. He thrust his hands into his pockets, pulled them out again, shuffled his feet, stammered, and betrayed, by other signs general among rustics, his surprise.

"Pshaw—git aout!" he said at last; "what nonsense! Of caourse 't was 'n accident. Didn't th' Cor'ner say sao? Daon't ev'rybody knaow it?"

"Annie Fairchile don't say sao. *She* don't knaow it."

The girl went on to relate the substance of Samantha's revelations, adding, unconsciously, sundry embellishments which tended to throw a clearer light upon Seth as the chief figure in the mystery.

Milton listened with deep attentiveness. His slow, inefficient brain worked hard to keep up with the recital and assimilate its chief points. When the girl had finished he still thought steadily on this strange story, with its unforeseen, startling suggestions. Gradually two items took shape in his mind as most important: That Annie believed Seth to be the criminal, and hence would be estranged from him; and that if by any unexpected means people came to suspect foul play, here were the elements of a ready-made suspicion against Seth. The first of these was very welcome; it would be time enough to think of the other if a discovery were made.

"What dew I think?" he said at last, in response to the girl's repeated inquiries. "I think thet sister o' yourn lied, 'n' I think yeh better keep yer maouth, 'n' her'n tew, pritty dum shet, ef yeh don't want to git into trouble."

(To be continued.)

WHAT WORD?

By Edith M. Thomas.

Out of the West what word,
What word out of the West?
(O voiceful wind!)
Say—and thy flight be blest—
Say if the elfin bird
Still pours from its nest in the breast of my Best
Flute-note and carolled song,
All the day long!

Out of the West this word,
This word out of the West;
(O Lover blind!)
Sorrow, a sullen guest,
Hath hunted the elfin bird
Out of its nest in the breast of thy Best;
Silence there, and no song
All the day long!

THE INSTABILITY OF THE ATMOSPHERE.

By N. S. Shaler.

THE solid and relatively fixed mass of the earth is wrapped about by two great envelopes, the atmosphere and the waters, each characterized by a certain instability. The water-envelope is mainly gathered into the basins of the seas, where it has definite boundaries and a distinct uppermost surface. Still, a small portion of the water is constantly in the air; or, proceeding from the air to the earth, is making an often long-continued and roundabout journey over or through the superficial parts of the earth's crust on its way back to the seas. All our rocks contain a portion of water on its way to the ocean, or temporarily imprisoned in their interstices; so we may fairly regard the water of the earth as constituting an envelope of its whole surface, though the greater portion of the substance is in the sea-basins. The envelope of the air is also somewhat peculiarly distributed over the earth's surface, but the irregularity is much less pronounced than in the case of the water.

If the water came to a state of rest, it would all return to the seas and lakes, and would cover only three-fourths of the earth's surface; and under the same conditions of rest the air would cover the whole earth, but it would be densest where it lay on the surface of the sea, and thinnest over the surface of the land. These two envelopes are somewhat commingled; the water is more or less mixed with the air and with the solid parts of the earth, and the air is to a certain extent commingled with the water and enters even as much as the water into the interstices of the rocks. Both these envelopes are capable of taking some part of the other substance into their masses, but they differ much in the measure of this capacity. Water can take a large amount of solid matter into suspension by dissolving it, while the air can only receive and retain foreign matter when that matter is in the state of gas. We might very much extend this list of related and contrasted properties of the two great oceans, but for our purpose we need to note only the last and most important feature of contrast. The air is gaseous; it is normally composed of several commingled gases, while the water is a fluid having a more definite constitution and containing other substances in a somewhat unessential way.

All the possibilities of organic life which the earth presents, and which, so far as we can conceive, any other world can afford, depend upon the coincidence, on the surface of a sphere, of these contrasted and yet related masses of air and water. It is true that other materials, such as carbon, are also among the necessary conditions of organic development; but, though these mineral substances are found everywhere in the physical universe, they can only come into conditions where they may enter upon the form of living beings when they are associated with the enveloping oceans of air and water. Where these envelopes are wanting, as on the surface of the moon, the sphere remains without the possibilities of life. Even where these envelopes may happen to exist, it is only with the conjunction of certain temperatures that life can possibly develop. If the heat at the surface of the sphere remains below the freezing-point, or if it attains a temperature exceeding 150° F., the conditions of life disappear. Although the organic form of matter depends upon the conjunction, on the surface of a planet, of water, air, and a certain temperature, the dependence upon the air appears to be the most immediate, for to that element we owe not only the oxygen, but also the preserva-

tion of the temperature which makes life possible.

The maintenance of the temperature necessary for organic life on the earth's surface is a problem of singular difficulty. In the spaces between the planets we have a temperature of several hundred degrees below the zero of Fahrenheit, and in the sun a temperature which is probably to be measured by tens of thousands of degrees. The difficulty was to preserve on the surface of the earth a temperature which should remain, over the most of that surface, through all the geological ages, above the freezing-point of water, and yet below the temperature of one hundred and fifty degrees. We see the immediate effect of this combination of air and water when we consider the condition of the moon's surface. That sphere is without either atmosphere or oceans, yet in many other regards is much like our earth; but owing to this want of the envelopes of air and water it has remained a perfect desert. The heat flies away from it as fast as it is received from the sun; even during the long day it is doubtful if the temperature of the moon's surface rises above zero of Fahrenheit, and in the night it probably falls to near the temperature of space, or about six times as low as it ever attains on the earth.

The atmosphere serves to retain the heat of the sun by virtue of a singular feature of its structure. The direct rays of the sun pass through it to the surface of the earth with ease, and heat the superficial parts of the land and sea. These warmed surfaces seek to discharge their heat directly back into the celestial spaces by the process of radiation. If the way out were as easily traversed as the way in, the heat received from the sun would be removed as fast as it came, and the earth's surface would remain at the temperature of space; but the air is a trap. The radiant heat from the earth's surface cannot traverse it with the same speed as the direct rays from the sun; hence the layer of air next the earth's surface becomes warm in the measure which is necessary for organic life.

It is not easy to appreciate the delicacy of adjustment which is required to establish this temperature demanded by organic life, and to maintain it through the geological ages. Even in the permanent heat of the Equator, the zone of life-killing cold lies but four miles above the surface of the sea. As soon as night comes on, this dead-line begins to descend toward the surface; by morning it may have fallen to within three miles of the sea-level. A week of continued night would lock the tropics in a deadly frost and make an end of its land-life.

The geological record shows us clearly that, in the hundred million years which have elapsed since the plants and animals of the land have been in existence, the regions of the tropics have never been subjected to serious frost. From time to time during the course of the earth's development, glacial periods have originated ice-sheets about either pole. These sheets of ice have crept down toward the Equator, often attaining half the distance which separates the regions of greatest cold from the tropics; but the intertropical belt of land and sea, that great asylum whereunto resorts the life expelled from circumpolar regions by the glacial periods, never has been subjected to a deadly temperature. The evidence that goes to show this is simple and conclusive. Certain groups of plants—as, for instance, the tree-ferns—and many orders of animals are extremely intolerant of cold, yet the fossils show us clearly that, from the early geological ages to the present day, these forms have been continuously occupants of tropical districts. A very brief period of cold would have placed them among the extinct creatures of the past. An equally brief period of heat, provided it brought the atmosphere and the waters within a temperature of 150° Fahrenheit, would likewise have made an end of organic life upon the earth. It is therefore clear that the atmosphere is a conservator of heat, and that in this conservative work it has not failed in its function since the dawn of geological history. It is almost equally clear that the climate, in the earliest periods of the earth's development of which we have any record in the rocks, was, in a general way, essentially like that of the later geological periods, and even that of the present day. In certain peculiar con-

ditions glacial periods have now and again extended the ice-sheets from the poles for a considerable distance toward the Equator. In the periods which have intervened between these times of glaciation, the temperature of high altitudes has permitted plants which were clearly sensitive to cold to live in regions within the Arctic Circle. But apart from these great cycles of change, which give us in succession extreme and temperate climates about either pole, the evidence goes to show that the temperature of the earth has not undergone great variations.

There can be no question that this evidence leads us to the conclusion that the mass of the air has remained essentially the same during the period of that inconceivably enduring past recorded in the fossiliferous rocks. Any considerable change in the volume of the atmosphere, without a coincident alteration in the amount of heat it received, would be followed immediately by a change in the temperature of the surface on which the air lies. Whenever we climb a considerable mountain we make a practical experience of this protective effect of the atmosphere. For each thousand feet of that height—that is, for each considerable part of the atmosphere we pass through—we find the average annual temperature lowered by from three to six degrees. At the height of a few thousand feet above the Equator we pass from the tropical climate, and enter the zone where frosts make many forms of tropical life impossible. A little higher we pass beyond the possibilities of life at all, and enter into the region sterilized by perpetual cold. On the other hand, if we had a basin excavated to the depth of ten thousand feet below the plane of the sea, in the equatorial belt, the average annual temperature on its bottom would so much exceed the present heat of the equatorial lands at the sea-level that even the most heat-enduring forms of life would find it excessive and would perish. In other words, to preserve the temperature of the tropics as it has been preserved from a remote period in the past, the total volume of the air must have remained for all time about what it is at present; at most it can have undergone but slight changes in volume.

This permanence of the atmosphere is the more surprising when we consider not its mass alone but also its constituents. As is well known, the atmosphere of our earth consists in the main of nitrogen, a substance which has comparatively little direct relation to the chemical or organic work done upon the surface. This relatively inactive nitrogen amounts to about three-fourths of the weight of the air. With it are mingled two other very important gaseous substances, which, unlike the nitrogen, are of the utmost importance to animal life, and profoundly affect the physical history of the earth's surface as well. These substances are oxygen, which comprises about one-fifth of the weight of the atmosphere, and carbonic acid, a combination of one atom of carbon and two of oxygen, which exists in very small quantity at any one time in the atmosphere. At the present time the proportion of this substance amounts to a very small fraction of one per cent. of the total mass or weight of the air. These two gaseous materials, oxygen and carbonic dioxide, are constantly passing from the atmosphere to the earth's crust in such large amounts that it is very difficult to understand how the supply of them —a supply absolutely necessary for the important functions of the atmosphere —is maintained. Oxygen enters into the earth by the process of rusting and decaying which we see going on in the rocks about us, and in many other ways which are not manifest to the eye. Whenever a metal rusts, or a rock-mass decays, it almost necessarily happens that a portion of this oxygen becomes imprisoned in the earth's crust. The present store of oxygen in the atmosphere by weight amounts to about three pounds upon the square inch of surface, or about four hundred pounds to the square foot. In the processes of what we call decay—but which we would better term change—which have taken place since the beginning of the geological record, it seems certain that far more than the amount of oxygen now present in the atmosphere must have been imprisoned in the oxidized materials of the earth's crust.

As was long ago shown by the distinguished chemist, Henry Wurz, a very

small amount of the iron pyrite contained in the earth's crust would, in decomposing, absorb all the oxygen in the atmosphere. The chemical actions which serve to take oxygen from the free air into the prison of the earth's crust are numerous, and the gates of that prison are rarely unbarred. Once confined in the rocks there seems, practically, hardly any way in which it can be set free again; at least the possibilities of its escape are so limited, as compared with the imprisoning actions, that we cannot look to them for an effective restoration of this element to the atmosphere. At first sight it may seem possible that the atmosphere at one time contained within itself, in a gaseous form, a much larger proportion of oxygen than it does at present. May we not suppose that all the oxygen which, in the course of geological time, has been bound up in the earth was, at the beginning of that time, in the atmosphere, the original store having gone on decreasing as it was drawn upon to supply the needs of the underground actions? But here, as before, the evidence from past life serves to show us that the chemical composition of the atmosphere has changed as little as its mass. If in the early geological ages there had been on our earth an atmosphere charged with oxygen in the measure which the above statements would require us to suppose, animals could not have breathed; for, as experiments show, they are little tolerant of any material increase in the proportion of this gas. There is thus, from these limited considerations, a reason to believe that the insects and batrachians of the Carboniferous period found the air essentially the same as that breathed by their successors living at the present day. These considerations could be extended and enforced if space were at our disposal; but the reader may trust the geologist when he states that all the evidence indicates that the atmosphere, in times even antecedent to the Carboniferous period, did not contain a materially larger share of oxygen than it has at present.

The only way in which we can conceive the replacement of this life-giving oxygen, which the greedy earth is always claiming from the air, is through the action of the plants; each plant, in its process of growth, takes all the carbon of its woody matter from the air. This carbon it finds in the atmosphere in the form of carbonic dioxide—that is, a chemical combination where there is one atom of carbon linked with two atoms of oxygen. Absorbing this gas, it breaks up the union of the two elements, retains the carbon, and returns the oxygen to the air. In this way there is a constant return of the precious life-giving gas to the atmosphere. The carbon is, it is true, to a certain extent reunited with the oxygen when the wood decays; but in part this carbon goes into the rocks in the form of coal or limestone, and in so far it effects a substantial contribution of oxygen to the active supply on which all animal life depends.

If there were a source whence a supply of carbonic-acid gas could be obtained, it would be easy to explain the preservation in the atmosphere of both these substances which are so indispensable to organic life; for even the solar force operating through the plants would work to break up the union of the oxygen and the carbon composing this gas, and so afford a continual supply of these materials.

But now we find ourselves facing the great mystery of the atmosphere: Whence comes this ever-demanded store of combined carbon and oxygen? In what manner is it given to the atmosphere in such a well-adjusted measure that the plants always have their fit share of carbon, and the animals never any excess of the oxygen? The amount of this carbonic dioxide probably has never much, if at all, exceeded one per cent. of the atmospheric mass. Carbon is ever passing at a rapid rate from the air to the earth—our coal-beds are vast stores of it; our limestones, composed in the main of lime carbonate, contain far larger amounts than the coal; and in the decay of our crystalline rocks vast amounts of it are permanently laid away out of reach of the atmosphere. There can be no doubt that, since life began upon the earth, there has been taken from the air scores of times as much carbon as is now contained in the atmosphere. It was once supposed that this carbon was returned to the air in a

regular and full measure by the action of volcanoes. These vents do, indeed, throw out a certain amount of carbonic acid as a part of their emanations, but it now seems clear that they cannot begin to maintain the balance against the forces which tend to lock carbon in the earth. It was also for a time believed that the carbon now in our rocks, placed there since the beginning of organic life, was originally all in the atmosphere, and that it has gradually been taken thence into the rocks of the earth; but here again the fossils rise up and testify that the air in the most ancient days of land-life did not contain any such vast store of carbonic-acid gas. Careful observations show that the ferns and other allies of the plants which flourished in the time when the coal-measures were laid down will not exist in an air containing a great excess of carbonic-acid gas, and the abundant air-breathing animals of that time certainly could not have withstood any considerable increase of that substance beyond what the atmosphere at present contains. We are clearly justified in assuming that at no one time was there in the realm of the air the hundredth part of the carbon which is locked up in the stratified rocks. The difficult problem before us is to find some source of supply whence the combined oxygen and carbon can be derived in uniform quantities, as the needs demand. If such a source of supply could be found, we might then assume that from it the plants, by decomposing the elements of the gas, found the source of the carbon which has been stored in the earth, and that in obtaining this carbon they replenish the oxygen of the air.

Defeated in the effort of finding a terrestrial source of carbonic acid sufficient to supply the ever-current needs of the atmosphere, physicists have of late been driven to the hypothesis that this material comes upon the surface of the earth from the celestial spaces. Dr. T. Sterry Hunt, in his essay on the chemical and geological relations of the atmosphere,* after showing that the atmosphere could never have contained the thousandth part of the vast stores of carbon which have been drawn from it, proposes the theory that the atmosphere of our earth is essentially a local condensation of the gases which are, in a very attenuated form, distributed through the realms of space. From this vast outer realm the carbonic acid enters the atmosphere by a process of diffusion, thereby maintaining an equal supply of the gas which is the source of all organic life. This combination of carbon and oxygen being broken up by the action of organic life, the latter substance is set over to play its essential part in the support of animal life and in the chemical work of the inorganic world. Thus, as was suggested by Dr. Henry Wurz in 1869, the plants may be the agents by which the free oxygen is returned to the atmosphere after it has been imprisoned in the union with carbon. If this hypothesis be true, we would then have the following beautifully ordered series of actions: The celestial spaces, furnishing us the carbonic acid, afford at the same time solar force in the form of heat and light; the plants, making use of this force in their vital processes, break up the combination of carbon and oxygen, and so, not only supply themselves with material necessary for their sustenance, but preserve the balance in the amount of oxygen without which animal life cannot be maintained.

We cannot yet consider it proved that this balance of carbon and oxygen is preserved by the incoming of the combined material from the realms of space. There are, indeed, some difficulties to be explained before the hypothesis can be regarded as verified; yet it is by far the most satisfactory view which has been suggested as to the source of these aerial springs of life, which, though always drawn upon, seem never to run dry. There is indeed a fascination in the idea that our fuel, our daily bread, even the breath of life itself, as well as all force which is embodied in living beings, is constantly and regularly fed into us from these grim and seemingly inhospitable realms of space.

There is much support to be found for the foregoing hypothesis, as to the source of carbonic acid, in the evident uniformity in the supply of both carbon

* Mineral Physiology and Physiography, p. 30 et seq. 1886.

and oxygen which has been given to our atmosphere from the earliest geological times. Nothing could have so well maintained uniformity in the supply of these substances as the constant condensation of the materials from the spaces between the stars. If the restoration came through any such paroxysmal actions as are involved in volcanic explosions, it might well have happened that the variations in that amount contributed to the atmosphere would have been so great as to shock the delicate mechanism of plant and animal life.

We have now considered the stability of the air in its larger aspects; we have seen that it has probably remained substantially unchanged from an inconceivable period in the past. We may safely term this period a hundred million years; though as such a duration is quite inconceivable by the human mind, we do not help our statement by putting it in this form. Let us now turn to the more familiar phenomena connected with the atmospheric movements which we term winds.

Both the aqueous and the aerial envelopes of the earth's surface have a complicated system of circulation. In the water-envelope this circulation is accomplished in two ways. Within the sea there are extensive movements—those of the various classes of ocean-currents, which are mostly the product, directly or indirectly, of the atmospheric movements. When in the state of vapor, the water, borne about by the winds, circulates through the air until it finds its way back upon the surface in the form of rain, snow, or dew. These principal movements are brought about by the action of the sun's heat. A considerable part of the atmosphere is always contained in the water in what we may term a dissolved form, and so makes its way in the rain, in the rivers, and in the motions of the sea.

Although the winds are the most familiar to us of any of the larger phenomenal movements which take place upon the earth's surface, it was long before men came to anything like a clear understanding of the causes which produce them. It was not, indeed, until the barometer was invented, and until that instrument came into common use, that it was possible to begin a study of the causes which affect the motion of the winds. Although this instrument was given to us by the illustrious Torricelli in the seventeenth century, it was not until about the beginning of the present century that the observations with it became sufficiently extended to afford a fair clew to the nature of the atmospheric movements. Even in the present day a considerable number of the problems which we encounter in the study of the winds remain unsolved; still the general laws which induce their movements are fairly well known, and it is possible to give the reader a clew to the more important facts concerning atmospheric currents. It should, however, be understood that the statements concerning the wind which can be made within the limits of this essay are extremely brief, and cannot afford the reader more than the most general idea regarding the nature of these movements. It is not in our project to consider the physiology of winds, but only to view them as phenomena which affect our general conception of the atmospheric work.

We note at the outset that the winds are in a general way divisible into two groups—those which we may term continuous, and those which we may term variable. Though the line of separation between these groups is, as might be expected, obscure, it has a considerable value. The continuous movements of the atmosphere are represented by the familiar trade-winds which exist in certain parts of the open seas north and south of the Equator. There alone, on the surface of the earth, do these movements of the air have the permanence which we find associated with the larger operations of nature. The permanent winds of the upper atmosphere are probably more continuous and more extensive than those which are found upon the surface; but owing to their height, and therefore to the difficulties of observing them, their directions and velocities are not so well known as the less permanent currents which affect the very surface of the earth. We can best illustrate the nature of the trade-winds by an imaginary journey from high altitudes toward the Equator. A voyage such as is taken by every ship from

British ports, or from those of New England, on its way around Cape Horn, or the Cape of Good Hope, gives the observer an opportunity to study these winds. At the outset of such a cruise the mariners find themselves in a region where the wind "bloweth as it listeth," the uncertainty of the direction being the only foreseeable feature of the movement. There is in these winds a certain predominance of a movement to the east, which the mariner takes into account; but in the great atmospheric churn of the Northern Atlantic all the laws of wind-movement are concealed by the contentions between the diverse atmospheric influences which occur there.

As the ship works to the southward and out into the open sea, and comes near to the thirtieth parallel of north latitude, we find that the variable winds gradually die away, giving place, after a brief interval of calms, to a constant breeze from the east and north points of the compass. At first these winds blow in a faltering way; but shortly they increase in steadiness, and in the speed at which they move, until the whole air flows toward the southwest. This steadfastness of movement is maintained over the zone which occupies all the space of the sea except a relatively narrow belt near either shore. Very rarely do wandering disturbances mar the uniformity of this aerial tide, and, at most, they cause only a temporary break in the otherwise continuous movement. After passing through this belt of gentle easterly winds for a north and south distance of about thirteen hundred miles, or to within two or three hundred miles of the Equator, we find ourselves gradually entering a belt of calms, generally about three hundred miles in width. Through this region the sails are filled by the most fitful winds of the seas, severe thunder-storms with fierce squalls, alternating with long periods when there is scarcely any movement in the air. Availing himself of the perplexing accidents of the atmosphere, the mariner works his way through this disturbed region of alternating tempests and calms until he strikes the southern trades, the exact counterpart of the winds of the north. These southern trades blow from the southeast, as those from the north of the Equator from the northeast. The belt of southern trades has about the same width as that traversed in the north. Passing through it, the ship encounters again in the Southern Atlantic region a district of partial calms about the tropic, south of which it again enters upon a region of variable winds.

A north and south journey in the Pacific shows us the same arrangement of the permanent and impermanent winds which we find in the Atlantic. Though the energy of these winds is not the same as that of those in the Atlantic, they have an even greater steadfastness. The marvellous regularity of their movements was a delightful surprise to the early navigators. Varenius, exaggerating the truth somewhat, declares that on arriving at Acapulco, on the west coast of South America, the helm of the ship might be lashed and the sailors go to sleep, and they might still make their port in the Philippines, on the western side of that ocean. "The Spaniards called the trade-wind region 'El golfo de las damas,' for when once it was reached a girl might take the helm."*

It is evident that this distribution of the aerial currents is a permanent feature on the surface of the globe. The earliest navigators of the oceans found the constant and the variable areas exactly where we find them to-day. The ships of Columbus were borne westward by the northern belt of trades, and every sailor who since that day has traversed the field has availed himself of their movement. These gentle breezes are among the most steadfast features of the earth; they are older than the continents; they have indeed endured from the time when our geological records began to be written in the rocks. The primal cause of these constant winds, as well as of all the atmospheric movements of importance, is to be found in the unequal distribution of the sun's heat upon the earth's surface. If the earth presented, as men first imagined it did, a plane surface to the sun, there would be no such system of constant winds as we have indicated, for the reason that the heat would be equally dis-

* R. H. Scott: Elemental Meteorology, p. 244. London, 1885.

tributed, and there would thus be a want of the disturbing causes which set the air into these more ordered movements. But the spherical shape of the earth causes the sun's heat to fall in very different share on the equatorial region and in the districts about the poles. Within the tropics, where the sun is from time to time vertical, and at most departs but slightly from that position during the course of the year, far more heat falls upon the earth than comes to the surface within the polar circles. This greater amount of heat received within the tropical belt of land and sea by radiation warms the layers of atmosphere near the surface of the earth; the heated air expands, and is lightened by its expansion to a greater degree than is the air of regions nearer the poles. It was at first thought that this heat directly produced an updraught from the tropical regions, and that the air which becomes the trade-winds flowed in from the north and south to fill the partial vacuum. Although this direct method of operating may in a measure account for the rush of the trade-winds toward the Equator, it is by no means a sufficient explanation of the phenomenon. We can best get a clear idea of the action by a simple illustration. Let us conceive a tall chimney, such as is frequently erected about manufacturing establishments where it is desired to produce a strong updraught. For convenience, let us imagine that this chimney is closed at the top when we begin to heat a column of air within it which previously was at the temperature of the surrounding atmosphere. As soon as we have applied heat at the base of the column, it is evident that the air tends to rush upward in the shaft and brings an increase of pressure upon the summit. This pressure is due to the fact that the external air between the chimney-top and its base weighs more than the air within the chimney in its heated state. If now we remove the cap from the chimney, the air within this shaft will escape from the top; and if there be no wind, will flow off on every side over the surface of the colder air. Another familiar illustration may aid the reader to clear his mind as to the nature of this action. Let him imagine a trough-shaped vessel divided into three compartments, those at either end filled with water and the central space with oil, which, as he will remember, is slightly lighter than the water. If now we remove the barriers which separate the oil from the water, on either side, we shall see, as the eye clearly shows, that the water slips under the oil and the oil over the water. It is not necessary to try the experiment in order that it may be well conceived in that laboratory, the mind's eye. We have now only to suppose that by some process the oil should become water as it flowed toward either end of the vessel, and the water to become oil as it approached the central part, to construct a convenient image of the process by which the air rises over the equatorial belt, and so leads to a current toward the Equator, along the surface of the earth, and toward the poles in the higher atmosphere. Assuming that the reader now conceives how this primal difference in heat brings about the movement from high altitudes to low, along the earth's surface, and from low altitudes to high, in regions considerably above the earth, we may advance one step further in our considerations.

The next puzzling feature in the movement of the permanent winds is found in the fact that these currents do not move on north and south lines, as we should at first sight expect them to do, but the southward-moving winds, or those which in the northern hemisphere seek the Equator, blow from the points between the east and north; while the upper currents, which convey the air back from the Equator to high altitudes, move in the reverse direction, or from southwest to northeast. Although, as before remarked, our information concerning this upper air-current is limited, its constancy, swiftness, and general course are sufficiently proved by observations made on the summit of high mountains within the trade-wind belt, as well as by the movements of clouds in the principal regions of the atmosphere.

As long ago as 1735 an attempt was made to explain the origin of this deflection of the winds from the true north and south course. Although the explanation does not give a full account of

the phenomenon, it still retains a place in the most of our text-books. We owe this account of the trade-wind movement to George Hadley. His explanation rests on the fact that when a particle of air or of water, or any other matter, moves from the poles toward the Equator, or from higher to lower latitudes, it is constantly proceeding into regions having higher rates of movement, by virtue of the earth's rotation, than those from which it came, and so, by virtue of its inertia, it constantly falls away to the westward. The earth in its rotation slips to a certain extent beneath it. In the reverse way, a particle starting from the Equator, where it moves, by virtue of the earth's rotation, at the rate of a thousand miles an hour in an eastward direction, and proceeding toward the poles, where it will not have any translatory motion, on account of the revolution of the earth, is constantly coming into regions having a less eastward movement than it at the moment possesses, and so outruns the movement of the earth, inclining in an eastward direction. The reader can again illustrate this principle by an experiment, which he may try in practice, or essay in his imagination, by endeavoring to walk from the centre of a railway turn-table, such as is used for reversing the position of locomotives, to the periphery of that disk. He will conceive, or by an experiment he will have it proved to him, that he cannot walk on a straight line from the centre to the circumference when the disk is turning, but will attain a point on the periphery behind the point at which a radius of the circle intersects that line. Standing a moment on the periphery, so that his body may acquire the rotative movement of the disk, he will see that in walking toward the centre he again inclines to one side, because the momentum of his body makes it difficult for him to acquire the movement of the surface to which his successive steps bring him. When, however, we endeavor to apply the truth which Hadley discovered to the spherical surface of the earth, we find it insufficient to account for the deflection of moving bodies on that surface. Pendulum-experiments of the distinguished Foucault, made in the middle of this century, showed that, while Hadley's considerations were true, another principle is involved in the movement of the winds and of the ocean-currents. This principle is that, owing to the fact that the earth rotates from west to east, all bodies moving freely upon its surface will deflect to the right, the measure of the deflection being due to the latitude of the point and the velocity of the moving particles. It is so difficult to give a popular explanation of this principle, and its comprehension is so far unnecessary to the aim of this essay, that we may fairly ask the reader to accept this statement, or to look elsewhere for a detailed explanation.

It is worth the reader's while to conceive, as well as he may, the general principles which control the movements of the constant winds, for upon these movements in a great measure depends the whole system by which heat is distributed over the surface of the earth. This distribution is one of the many conditions on which the habitability of the globe absolutely depends. If the heat which comes upon the earth's surface from the sun stayed where it fell, if there were no machinery compensating for the irregularities arising from the excessive supply which falls in the tropics and the scant measure given to high latitudes, the equatorial region would be too hot for life, and the regions beyond the parallels of forty degrees north and south of the Equator would be too cold; they would be locked in eternal frost. This compensation, it is true, is only in a small measure affected by the winds themselves; for, although they represent the movement of a great body of air to and from the equatorial belt, this air has very little heat-storing power, due to its gaseous elements. The work of compensation is accomplished in the main by the ocean-currents which the winds induce. The trade-winds, moving the surface-waters over which they rub, drive along a broad sheet of the ocean's surface from either atmosphere toward the Equator. If these winds moved *squarely* down upon the Equator, the result would be that the waters would soon be heaped up under that line and the currents of the water would cease to flow; but as they move obliquely from the northeast and from the southeast to-

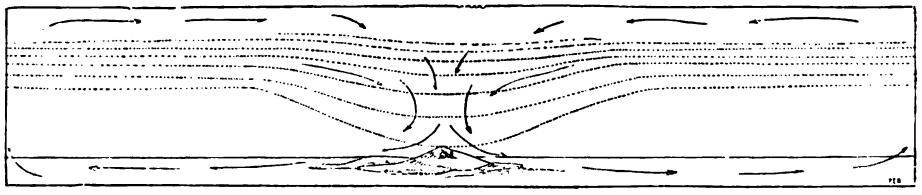
ward the equatorial belt, they produce at their junction a wide westerly-setting current which flows at the rate of two or three miles an hour. When this current comes against the shoals of a continent, as it does against South America, it divides and turns in two streams toward either pole. In the case of the gulf-stream the great equatorial tide sweeps on toward the northern seas, bearing with it a great store of tropical heat. To it Europe owes its habitability, and the region within the Arctic Circle receives from it more heat, as Dr. James Croll has shown, than comes to it from the direct rays of the sun. We see by this instance, one of many which could be adduced, that the atmosphere not only gives the primal conditions of life, but by its great movements secures to the larger part of the land and sea temperatures suited to the existence of that life.

We now turn to the second great group of atmospheric currents, those which constitute the variable winds. This group of air-currents affords a larger and more puzzling class of movements, more puzzling because they depend upon the interaction of many variable conditions. As to them all we may make the same general statement which we have already made concerning the constant winds, viz.: That they are primarily due to the excess of temperature in the lower regions of the atmosphere, caused by the fact that the incurrent heat from the sun passes more readily through the air than the radiant heat does. Starting from this general principle, we find that the inconstant winds fall naturally into two categories: First, those which are caused by the difference in the condition of the air over the land and over the sea; second, disturbances which are due to a violent movement of the heated air which lies upon the earth's surface, to escape into the upper regions of the atmosphere, whereunto its lightness, due to the heat it has acquired from the surface, makes it tend. The first of these two groups of inconstant winds affords us the class of what are commonly termed land and sea breezes, the effects of which, though interesting, are of relatively small importance in the economy of the world.

The simplest case arising from the difference in the condition of the air over land and ocean may be noted where a considerable island rises from a space of tropical open seas. A brief experience on such an island shows us that in the afternoon of each day a wind sets in from the sea and dies away about sunset. For a while the air is still, but toward midnight a steadfast current sets in from the other direction, namely, from the land, and blows until after sunrise. Thus the normal atmospheric conditions of the island give us alternating breezes enduring for about equal times, but moving in opposite directions. Here again we have to correct the usual statement as to the origin of these winds. It is generally said that the air, becoming heated over the surface of the land as that surface gains in temperature toward noonday, rises and so draws in the air from the sea, while at night the reverse action takes place. This theory is disproved by the circumstance pointed out two centuries ago by Dampier, that the sea-breeze begins in the offing and extends gradually to the coast, while the land-breeze comes off from the shore and forces its way out to sea. Dampier's statements about the sea-breeze are: "It comes in an even, small black curl upon the water, whereas all the sea between it and the shore not reached by it is smooth and even as glass in comparison. In an hour's time after it reaches the shore it fans pretty briskly, and so increases gradually until twelve o'clock; then it is commonly strongest and lasts until two or three, a very brisk gale!" * Although the difference in temperature in the surfaces of the land and sea is the important cause of these changing currents, the method of action is probably not that just stated, but comes about as follows: The air from the surface of the land, being expanded by heat, is raised more or less above the surface, so that the levels of equal barometric pressure are higher over the island than they are over the sea, as is indicated in the diagram. This difference in elevation of the levels of equal barometric pressure causes the air to slide off from over the surface of the island to the portion of the atmosphere above the surface of the

* R. H. Scott: "Elementary Meteorology," p. 286.

sea, thus increasing the pressure at the last-named points. This pressure directly forces the sea-air in toward the island. Gradually, after the sun goes down, the land-surface cools until its temperature is below that of the sea, when the foregoing process is reversed. neath that on the land, sometimes with considerable speed. It is interesting to watch the process of this movement, as it may frequently be observed along these shores, for it is the type of many of the aerial movements which are not so observable. Selecting a still summer day,

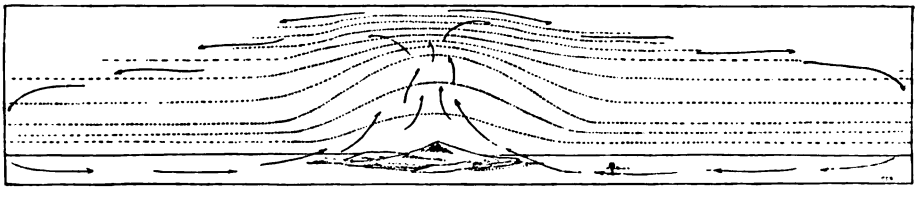


Land and Sea Breezes, No. 1. Currents of Air by Day.

[In this diagram, as in No. 2, the dotted lines represent like temperatures.]

The lines representing equal barometric pressure over the land come nearer together; the air then flows in from the upper regions of the ocean-atmosphere, weights the column of air, and forces the current out along the surface to the seaward.

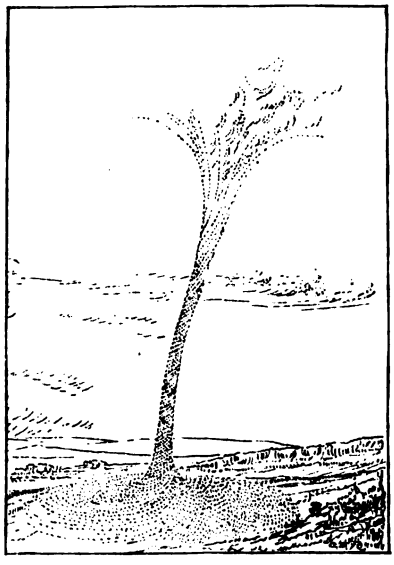
Along the margin of the continents we frequently find indications of land and sea breezes, which, although much more perturbed than in the case of oceanic islands, are still clearly due to the operation of the same forces. The east wind which, in the season of hot but still-aired summer days, creeps in upon the shore of New England and other parts and a point on the shore at the sea-level, we may await the coming of the aerial tide. It approaches the shore in the form of a wedge, which slips under the heated air of the land. At first the thin point of this wedge may be only a foot or two deep, and has only a very slight motion, as may be shown by the smoke of burning paper, or even by the effect of temperature on the hand when it is held near the ground. The cold air gradually becomes deeper, but for an hour it may, in some cases, not be fifty feet in depth; so that on the lower floor of a tall house we may find the cool air creeping in from the sea, and on the upper story we



Land and Sea Breezes, No. 2. Currents of Air by Night.

of this continent, is an instance of this action. In the months of May and June the sea-water off the New England coast is often as much as thirty or forty degrees cooler than the surface of the land, and the air over these surfaces for a considerable height above the sea differs nearly as much in its temperature. Whenever there is no wind from the continent this air from the sea flows in be- may note a reverse movement of the warm air from the land seaward.

We have now considered those movements of the air which are more or less constant or regular in their action. We therefore turn to the group of variable winds. It is characteristic of these winds that they are temporary in their nature, often very violent, therefore not to be predicted, as are the constant



A Dust Whirl.

movements of the atmosphere. Like the preceding class, they are due to differences of temperature of the air upon the surface, and in higher levels of the atmosphere brought about by the action of solar heat. They may, for convenience, be divided into three distinct groups, which receive, respectively, the names of whirlwinds, tornadoes, and cyclones. All three of these classes of inconstant winds are found both on sea and on land, but the two latter are much more common on the land-surfaces, or on the portions of the ocean near the shore, than in the open sea. All these groups of winds have certain common characteristics which indicate a likeness in the circumstances of their origin. They all exhibit a more or less distinct spiral motion in the air involved in their movements; they all show a distinct ascending movement of the air in their central parts. In all of them this central part, the shaft of the whirl, has a more or less forward motion, and in the larger whirls the direction of this motion is tolerably regular in each region where they occur.

The common cause of this whirling movement is the existence of a heated layer of air next the surface of the earth, which air, by virtue of its greater heat, tends to be more expanded, and therefore lighter than the overlying cooler mass of the atmosphere. With certain trifling exceptions, to be noted further on, the heat of this sheet of air next the surface of the earth is due to the fact that the direct rays of the sun pass more easily through the atmosphere than do those of the rebounding or radiant heat which flows from the earth's surface outward into space. The result is that the ground, becoming more heated than the overlying air, gives out its heat to the layer of the atmosphere just above its level, and so creates a heated stratum which, on account of its gain in temperature, seeks to find a way upward. For a time, if there be no wind, this buoyant air may be shut in by the layer of cooler air which overlies it, and through which it finds no open path; but as the sheet grows thicker it finally, by some chance, makes a way through the stratum which holds it down and escapes to the upper regions of the atmosphere, to which its buoyancy impels it. A little experiment will show the essential principles of this movement in substances which are more visible than these sheets of air, and on a scale more readily comprehensible. Placing a layer of oil on the surface of a flat vessel, it is possible, with great care, to float a sheet of water over it so that the superimposed water is of considerable thickness. We now have a lighter fluid below and a heavier above. This is an unstable condition, which naturally ends

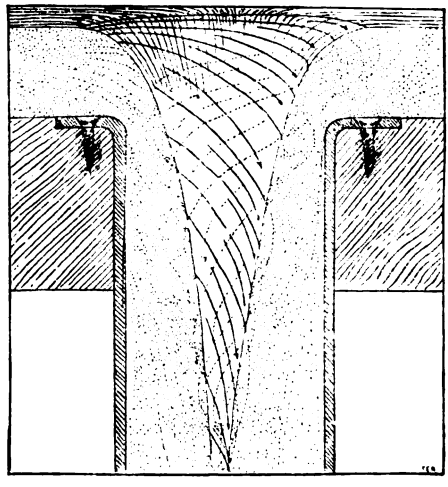
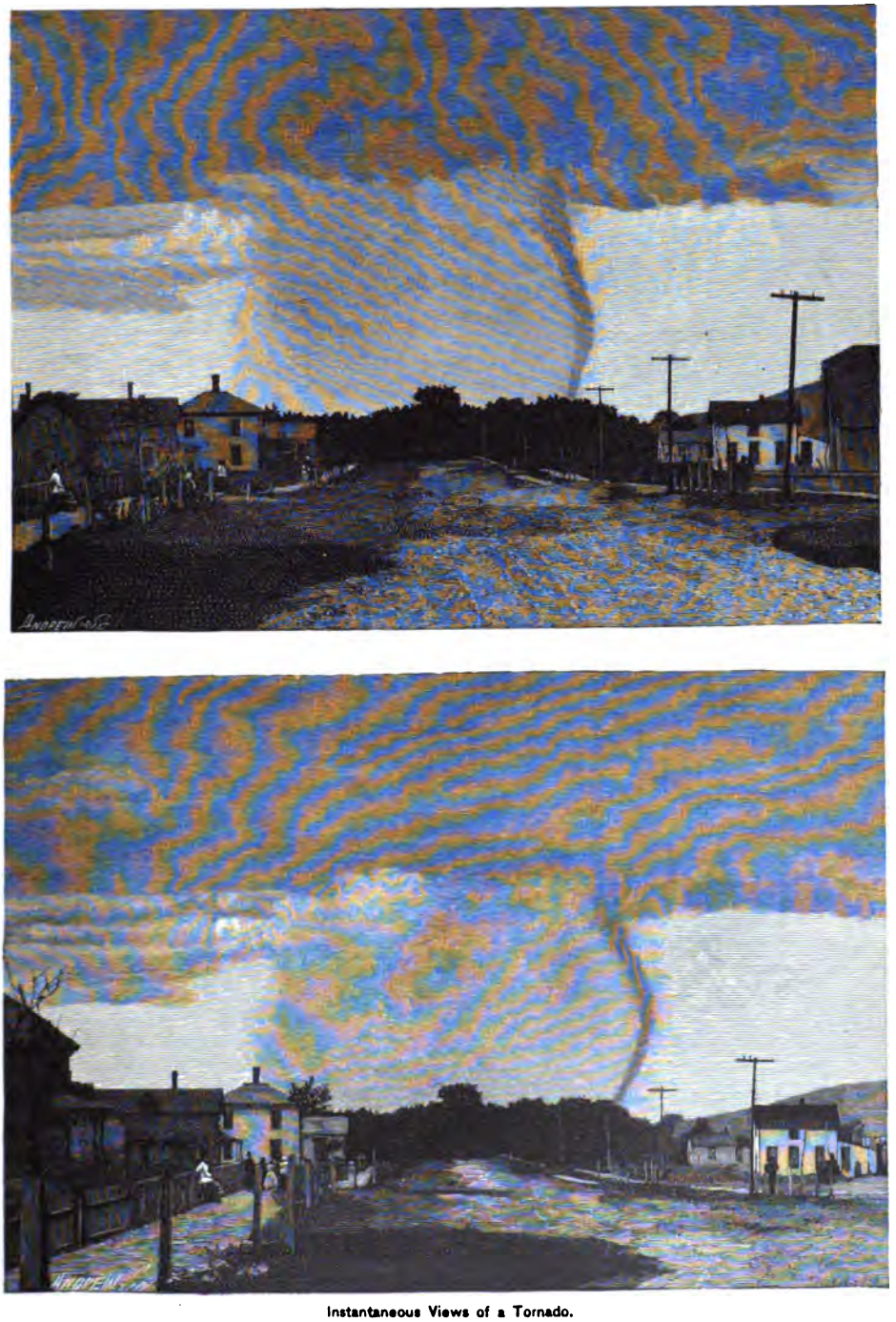


Diagram of a Sink Spout.



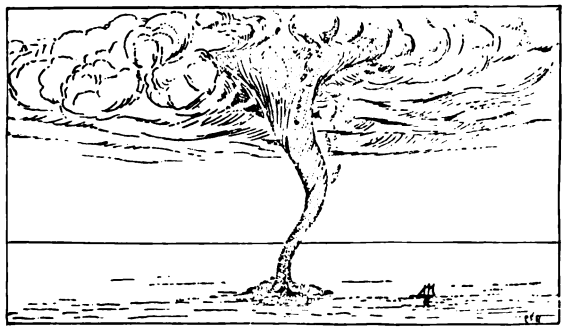
Instantaneous Views of a Tornado.

From photographs taken near Jamestown, Dak., June 6, 1887, by Mr. C. L. Judd, while the column was eighteen miles distant and rapidly receding. The upper picture represents the tornado at its fullest vigor; the lower, when it had begun to wane. The centre is shown by the dark line of the funnel, behind which trails the storm of rain and hail which is a usual accompaniment. In passing over a lake about two acres in area, this tornado sucked up all the water, leaving the ground "dry enough to be ploughed."

in upsetting the two fluids—a restoration of stability. As long as the overlying water is perfectly still, the tendency of the oil to rise may not cause any movement; but the slightest disturbance will determine the oil to break through the overlying water. If we pass a straw through the water and make a little stir in the two fluids, at once through the little gap a stream of oil sets upward. From all sides this oil slips to the path which we have formed, and in a few seconds the passage is accomplished and a stable equilibrium established.*

A Whirlwind.

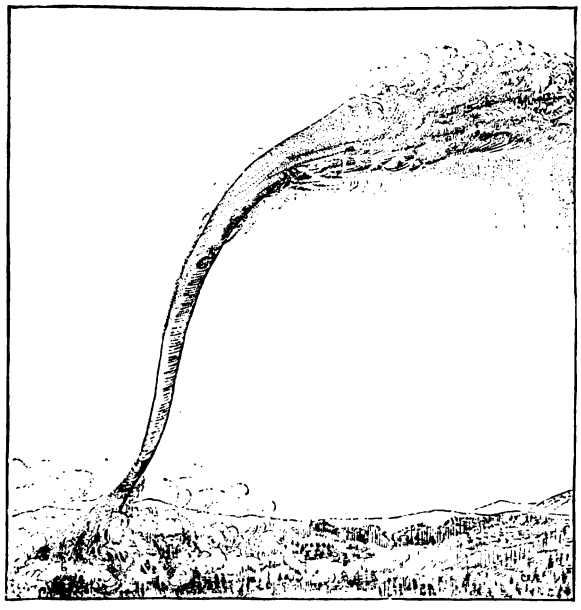
With this experiment in mind, let us proceed to examine any level surface, on a hot afternoon when the air is very still. It is necessary for the observation that it be made on some tolerably plain surface which is not covered with vegetation, for the leaves of plants radiate the heat which comes to them from the sun with great rapidity, and therefore the surface of the earth beneath them does not attain the high temperature which we find it to have in regions without verdure. Let us note that the air next the surface of the earth is vibrating with the heat, so that if we stoop down and look through the air, within a foot or two from the ground, we see that the shape of all objects dances and twinkles in the mirage which is produced by the boiling motion which the radiant heat produces. With a thermometer we may note that there is a difference of many degrees between the temperature at the surface of the earth and at the height of a few feet above it. The difference is so great that it often can be perceived by holding the hand, first at six inches from the ground, and again above the head.



A Water-spout.

Beginning at sunrise on a day of unbroken calm, this process of heating the air next the ground goes on until afternoon; the tension then becomes so great that the hot air because of its lightness breaks through the cold. The place where the weak spot in the overlying roof of cold air is found is determined by various accidents. Some heated tree-trunk or tall object of any kind, rising a little way through the cold layer, may at that point make the hot air thicker than elsewhere, and consequently the strain upward at this particular place will be greater. As soon as this bottom air finds a way upward it swiftly rushes toward the point of escape, as is shown in the cuts.

* This experiment can be more readily performed by choosing some oil which becomes partly solid at a temperature above the freezing-point, as, for instance, lard-oil. Warming the oil until it is transparent, we pour it into a flat-bottomed vessel, which must be warm enough to permit the oil to flow freely; then placing the vessel in another of cold water, we permit the oil to stiffen. Now pour in the water, place the receptacle in another basin of water, and warm gradually to melt the oil; then, as before, making a little stir, we determine the point at which the oil will rise through the superincumbent water, or we may wait for some slight jar to create the local disturbance, which will bring about the same result.



Smoke-whirl from Forest Fires.

Immediately after the uprush begins, the air streams in from every side toward the chimney, at first slowly; then, as it gains velocity, more and more swiftly. As it gets toward the centre its velocity is accelerated and the particles of air crowd against each other. As soon as the upward movement is established, we find that the particles of the atmosphere take on the whirling movement. It is not so easy to explain the cause of this whirling as it is to show the other circumstances of these centre-seeking currents, but we can easily note the fact that such movements occur in all cases where a fluid or a gas streams rapidly from a wide field through a small opening. Movements of this sort can be seen in a bath-tub where there is a hole in the bottom for the escape of the water. Filling the basin with water and lifting the plug, we see in a moment that the fluid begins to spin round as it flows to the centre. At first this whirling movement is along the bottom of the vessel only, but it is rapidly propagated upward until for the whole depth the water spins in the part next from the opening with such velocity that a conical hole is formed on the surface, which may extend downward to the outlet, and even for a little distance into the pipe which takes the water away.* Stirring the water with a motion of the hand, we can destroy this whirl, but it quickly is recreated. By giving the water about it a decided movement we can reverse the direction of the whirl, but in no way can we cause the water to escape without the rotatory motion. We thus see that, although the spiral movement is essentially the direction, whether to the right or to the left is a matter determined by circumstances.

The cause of this whirling movement, as far as it can be briefly and simply stated, is as follows: When the particles of air or water begin to rush toward the centre, the chance is infinitely great that they will not all follow straight lines leading directly to the middle of the column. Now, if any of them fail to go on the straightest lines, they will have to curve at the end of their course in order to join the upward march. They thus give a shove to one side of the delicately poised column, and so set it spinning round. As soon as the column begins to turn, fewer of the particles can move straightforwardly to the centre, and more press toward the side from which the column is turning and add their shove to the force which spins it. When it acquires a rapid movement, all the particles press on the same side, and so increase the velocity of its rotation.

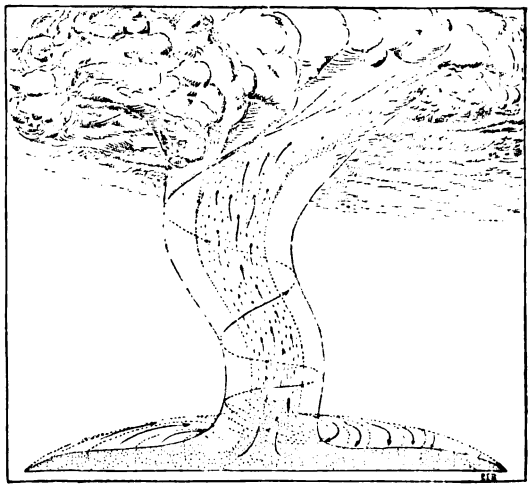
Returning now to the whirl of the air —the dust-whirl, as we shall for convenience term it—we perceive that on the surface of the earth there is a broad disk, a few feet in depth and, perhaps, a score or two in diameter, through which the air moves toward a relatively slender vertical shaft. If the column be very distinctly developed, and the dust it draws up large in quantity, we may be able

* It is important in this experiment that the exit opening shall be unobstructed. In most cases modern bath-tubs and wash-basins have partitions across the space, which divides the turning water into several streams. Each of these streams creates its own little whirl, but they react against each other in such a way that no considerable whirlpool is formed.

to perceive that at a few hundred feet above the surface the cylinder expands into a form substantially like that which it had on the surface. In other words, the dust-whirl has an hour-glass shape, but the tube which connects the upper and lower cones is relatively very long.

Whirlwinds may be formed by the heat of the earth's surface, which is not derived from the rays of the sun, but from terrestrial sources of temperature. They are extremely common over forest-fires, where the air lying upon a district of hundreds of acres in extent is much heated; the heated air seeking to break through the cooler air above, exactly as in the case of the dust-whirl, takes the form of a spinning column. Even in a large burning building careful watching will frequently show these whirls in the air above it. In volcanic eruptions they are also not uncommon; and on account of the intense heat arising from the emanations of the crater they are far more powerful than are dust-whirls or those developed by ordinary fires. The whirlwinds which attended the great eruption of Sumbawa, an island in the East Indies, in 1815, destroyed great areas of forests and drew up into the air the bodies of men and beasts, adding another source of havoc to that dire catastrophe. Where these whirls are formed over the heated surface of the sea they are often much more vigorous than the similar movements on the surface of the continental lands, for the reason that the air over the sea often remains for a long time calmer than over the land-surfaces. The greater energy of these whirlwinds over the surface of the sea may also be in part due to the moister nature of the air above that surface, which brings about an upward impulse in the column—in a manner to be noted hereafter. Where strong whirlwinds occur over the surface of the sea they produce the phenomena called *water-spouts*. The common notion that these marine whirlwinds suck up water from the sea to the clouds is almost certainly an error. It is true that the water leaps to the height of a few feet above the surface just beneath the central part of the column, but the cylinder of cloud is due to the rapid condensation of the moisture in the air which is drawn up through its centre—condensation produced by the cooling which the air receives as soon as it escapes from the thin, heated lower layer. As we shall shortly see, the prairie tornado has the same general aspect as the water-spout, though there is no sea below it from which it can draw its water.

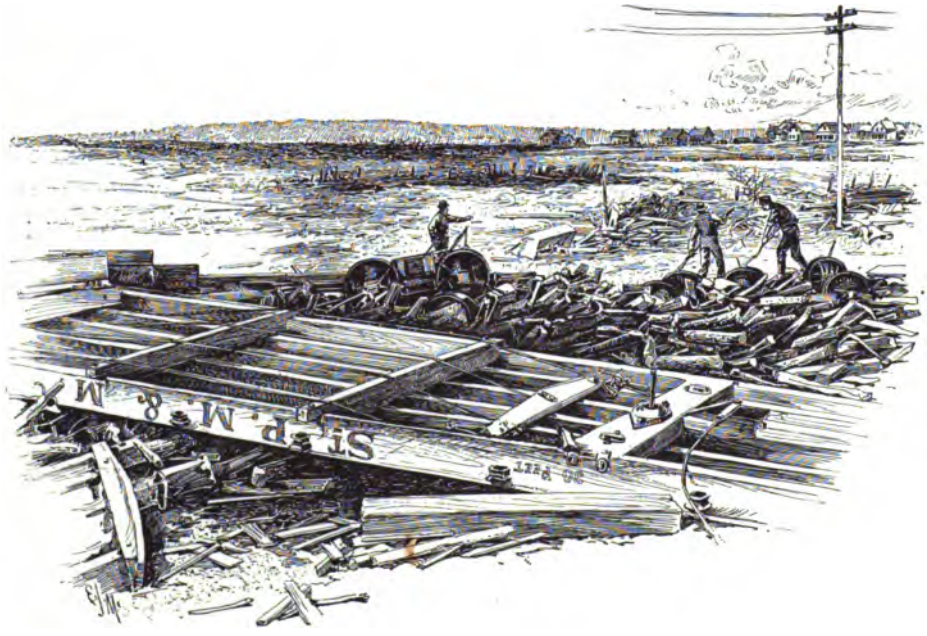
The passage from the sand-whirls of the streets and other desert places to the tornadoes such as ravage the central part of this country appears at first sight to be gradual; yet, as we shall see, though both depend upon the up-



Section through a Tornado.

rush of the warm air through the colder overlying mass, the conditions which produced the warmth, and thereby give rise to the current, are not exactly the same. The smaller dust-whirls occur everywhere in the world; tornadoes are limited to particular regions, and those of disastrous violence occur only in certain limited parts of the earth's surface. One of their seats of most energetic development is in the central and western parts of the Mississippi Valley. They are peculiarly frequent in the sections from Western Ohio to Colorado, though they occur occasionally in about all the level portions of the central trough of the continent, and also on the Atlantic slope.

They happen most frequently in the months of May, June, and July, but they occasionally occur at other seasons; indeed, they have been observed in every month in the year. They are



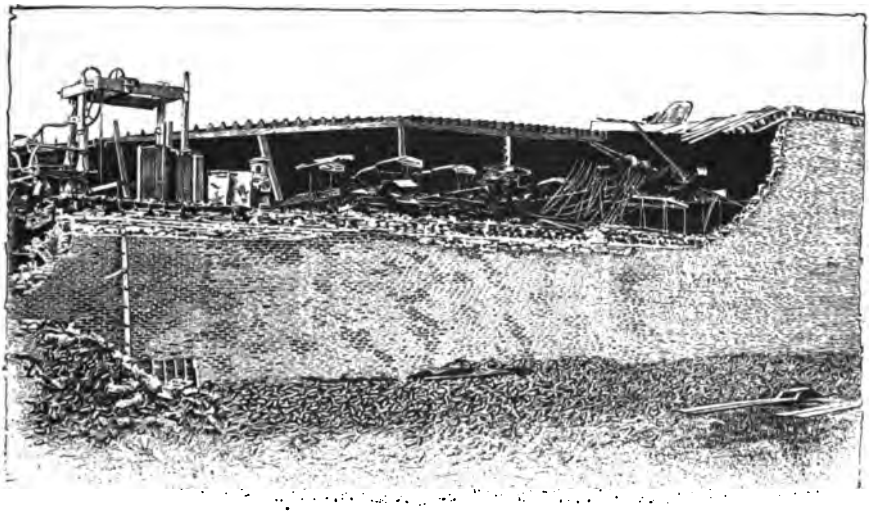
Effect on a Train in the Centre of a Tornado. From a photograph taken at Sauk Rapids, Minn., April, 1886.

commonest in the afternoons, but have been observed at other times in the day.

The way in which these tornado-whirls are formed differs in certain essential particulars from the way in which whirlwinds are created, as has been well shown by Professor Ferrel. The most important points of difference are as follows: The dust-whirls are due to the heating of a thin layer of air next the ground. The small mass of this layer prevents its upward whirling from bringing about any powerful movements of the atmosphere. In the tornado the heat of the lower air has a different origin. When a cyclone passes over the surface of a country, certain peculiar movements of the atmosphere which it produces bring large volumes of the warm and moistened air to the earth's surface and overlay them by a cool stratum. It is not necessary for us to describe the exact process by which this condition is brought about; it depends upon rather complicated reactions which take place within the cyclonic whirl. It is sufficient for our purpose to note that in this manner a deep layer of warm air is placed next the surface of the earth, and that it does not owe its temperature in any immediate way to the heat which radiates from the earth's surface. This layer of warm, moist air tends to rise up for the same reason that the thin layer of dry air which forms the dust-whirl is impelled upward, but on account of its great mass the intensity of the upward urgence is far greater.

In the sand-whirl the upward motion begins close to the earth's surface for the reason that the stratum which is impelled upward is very thin, but in the tornado the stratum of heated air is usually about a thousand feet thick; therefore its whirling action naturally originates at the upper surface of the hot layer, for it is at that point the upward motion begins. Starting in this upper region, the whirl extends progressively downward, just as in the bath-tub the whirl extends progressively upward from the point at which the motion originated, until the whirl may touch the surface

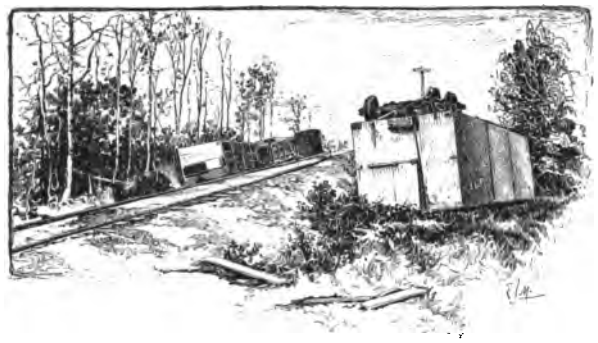
of the earth. When these whirls begin they only involve a small part of the air about the point of origin, and so the acquired velocity of the particles when they come to the centre is not great; but gradually they suck air from farther and farther away. As the field of supply becomes larger, and the particles move from a greater distance, they approach that centre with greater and greater speed, and the spiral widens and turns with accelerated velocity. The longer the journey of the particle, the swifter its whirling motion becomes. We may secure a familiar and fairly good illustration of this motion by whirling a weight on a string and at the same time allowing the string to coil around the finger, thus constantly weight attached to the string when it is coiled nearly to the finger. The result is a partial vacuum in the centre of the tornado-shaft which seeks to be filled. It must fill itself from either end of the cavity. It cannot draw air from above for the reason that there the atmosphere is so much lighter that it will not descend, but on the surface of the ground there is air which, though whirling, is not moving with anything like the speed that it has in the higher part of the shaft, for the following reasons: In the first place, the whirl begins high up and extends gradually downward toward the earth's surface, therefore the air next the ground, being the last to be set in motion, has not acquired the speed of that in the upper portions of the col-



Showing the Narrow Limits of the Destruction and the Completeness of the Ruin within the Limited Field. From a photograph taken at Rochester, Minn., August, 1883.

shortening the length of the circuit the weight traverses. We thus observe that the speed of the motion sensibly increases as the line shortens.

When the particles of air start from a mile away toward the centre of the whirl, they may move at the rate of a gentle breeze; when they have come to within a hundred feet of the centre the motion may have the speed of a hurricane. The more nearly the particle of air approaches, the stronger the centrifugal force becomes, and the air pulls away from the centre just as does the umn; furthermore, the air upon the surface is hindered in its movements by the great friction which the irregularities of the earth exert upon it—this friction in a tornado, as in an ordinary gale, reduces the rate of the motion in a surprising manner. The reader may readily observe this effect by noting the speed with which the scud of a storm flying at perhaps a thousand feet above the surface moves. He will often find a motion of fifty miles an hour or more indicated by this scud, while on the surface of the earth the speed of the



Effect on a Train close to the Centre of a Tornado. From a photograph taken at Grinnell, Ia., June 18, 1882.

gale does not exceed half that amount. This difference represents the effect of the earth's friction. The result is that this relatively quiet air next the ground is sucked into the tube with extreme rapidity, and mounts with much less whirling movement than we find in what we may term walls of the whirl—that is, the rapidly circling particles which lie on either side of the partly vacant central portion of the column.

Curiously enough, the uprushing air in the central shaft of the tornado obtains a certain access of heat from the upward motion of the atmosphere in the shaft. This gain of force is brought about in the following manner: The warm air, the rush of which constitutes the tornado, contains a considerable amount of water in the form of vapor. This water is held in the vaporous form by the action of the heat, which pushes its molecules apart. As soon as anything causes this vapor to condense in the form of visible water, the force which pushed the molecules asunder again appears as heat, and, by expanding the air in which the condensation takes place, causes it to retain its ascending force for a greater time than it would otherwise maintain it, and so intensifies and continues the uprushing movement of the column. In the ordinary tornado, owing to its relatively small size, and to the brief duration of its action, this force derived from the condensation-vapor has no very great influence on the violence of the movement; but, as we shall hereafter see, this peculiar effect of condensing vapor has a great importance in the cyclones, that last species of atmospheric whirls which we have yet to consider.

When the conditions of atmospheric instability have given birth to a tornado, the fact is announced to the observer by a sudden gathering of dark, swift-whirling clouds, from which depend a writhing, serpent-like body formed of condensed vapor. This writhing column extends rapidly downward until it touches the earth. When it attains the surface it becomes audible from the violent rending actions which it creates upon that surface. As soon as the whirl is created it begins to move away, generally toward the northeast,—for the evident reason that the upper cold layer of air against which it originates has, in the northern hemisphere, a movement in that direction.

In its path over the surface, the circling movement of the writhing air and the sucking action of the partial vacuum in the central portion of the shaft combine to bring about an extreme devastation. On the outside of the whirl the air, which rushes in a circling path toward the vortex, overturns all movable objects, and in the centre these objects, if they are not too heavy, are sucked up as by a great air-pump. Thus the roofs of houses, bodies of men and animals, may be lifted to great elevations, until they are tossed by the tumultuous movements beyond the limits of the ascending currents and fall back upon the earth. Where the centre of the whirlwind passes over a building, the sudden decrease in the pressure of the outer air often causes the atmosphere which is contained within the walls suddenly to press against the sides of the structure, so that these sides are quickly driven outward as by a charge of gunpowder.

It is not unlikely that the diminution of pressure brought about by the passage of the interior of the whirl over a building may be about as much as is indicated by the fall of four inches in the barometer. This is equivalent to a change in the pressure amounting to about three hundred pounds to the

square foot. This force operates to burst out the walls of a building. It is not improbable that the diminution of pressure may be much greater than this, but even the amount named is sufficient to account for the bursting out of the frail-walled structures which these devastating movements encounter in the western parts of the United States.

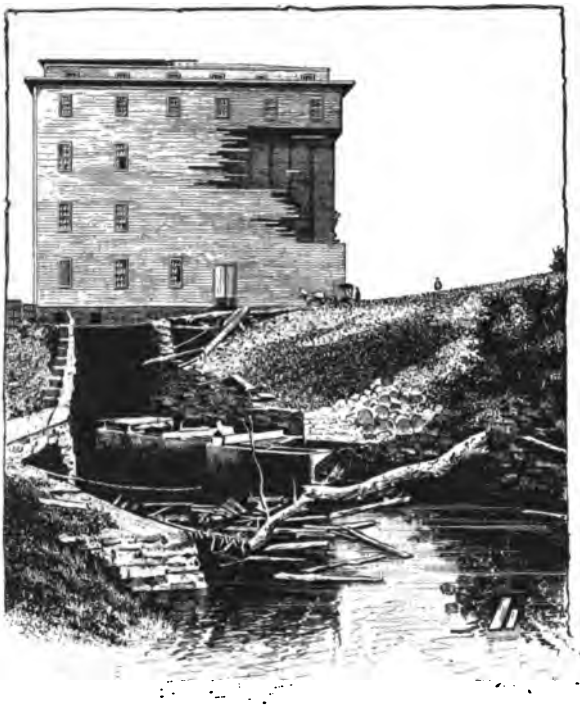
Fortunately the paths of these tornadoes are ordinarily very narrow—the widest have a diameter of less than two miles; the narrowest of only forty feet. In most cases a tornado is seriously destructive over a width not exceeding five hundred feet. The length of the tornado's path across the country does not commonly exceed thirty miles, and it generally traverses the distance in about an hour. When the upward corkscrew motion of the outer part of the spiral and the swifter uprush of the air through the central shaft have drained away the most of the warm air which gave birth to the motion, the tornado dies away. The equilibrium of the air-masses is for a time restored, the heavier air has fallen down upon the surface, and the warm air, spreading laterally as it attains the level to which it tends, comes into a state of quiet. Assuming the width of the destruction brought about by the storm at six hundred feet, and the length of its journey at thirty miles, we find that the area of its devastation amounts to about two thousand acres, or to a square area about two miles on a side. Over this area the destruction is ordinarily more complete than that which occurs in the most severe earthquakes.*

We have already noted the fact that these tornadoes are due to the presence of thick masses of warm and moist air next the surface of the earth which seeks a passage up through the superincumbent atmosphere. Recent discoveries have made it clear that these destructive whirlwinds lie within the field of certain greater whirls, known as cy-

Showing the Overturning Action of a Tornado on Buildings. From a photograph taken at St. Cloud, Minn., April 15, 1886.

* These tornadoes are, even in the present scattered condition of the population in the regions they afflict, a source of great destruction to life and property, and with the increase of population each year they are likely to produce even greater loss. The question arises, What can be done to mitigate these evils? It is evident that these devastations depend upon such great causes that we cannot hope in any manner to prevent their occurrence, but it seems possible in certain simple ways to limit the destruction they bring about. By far the greatest loss of life and property is caused by the frail nature of the structures—generally timber buildings of unsubstantial character—in which inhabitants of the tornado district dwell. These buildings, though well suited to resist the action of earthquakes, are utterly unfitted to oppose these convulsions of the air. A building intended to meet the tornado shock should, it seems to me, be constructed in the following manner: Where possible, it should possess thick masonry walls of stone or brick united by strong mortar. Masonry seems to be the preferable material, for the reason that the storm, owing to its rapid forward movement, acts on any one place having the area of a house for only a second or two; thus the inertia of the mass will serve to protect it from the ravage of the brief storm. If there are partition walls within the house, these partitions should be tied firmly to the outer walls by suitable bolts. There should be large windows in the cellars and in the house itself, which may be blown out with ease, and so afford egress

clones, and that it is to the action of these vast revolving storms we owe the atmospheric conditions which lead to the tornadoes. The peculiar movement of these cyclones crowds great masses of warm air toward the southeastern portion of their border, which masses are overrun by the cooler upper atmosphere, thus bringing about conditions which give birth to the tornado. It is readily seen that this discovery may make it possible for the meteorologist to predict, at least in a general way, the districts which are liable to tornadoes, but it is still far beyond his science to tell just where the blow will be struck.



Showing Explosive Effect of Air contained in the Hollow Wall of a Building. From a photograph taken at Rochester, Minn., August, 1883. [Note that the effect is limited to a small part of the edifice.]

In cyclones we find the largest manifestation of that energy by which the superheated lower air whirls upward from the earth through openings which it has rent in the higher cooler layers. In its fundamental cause the cyclone is essentially like both the lesser classes of whirls, the dust-whirls and tornadoes, but the field of its work is vastly greater, though the energy which it exercises at any one point is less. The conditions which lead to the formation of a cyclone are as follows: In those heated portions of land and sea where the circumstances permit the air to remain for a long time undisturbed it becomes very warm and charged with moisture; the hotter it becomes the more moisture it contains, and the less it permits the heat radiating from the surface to pass through its texture; at the same time the upper air, deprived of its usual share of radiant heat, becomes abnormally

to the expanding air. Roofs should be firmly tied to the outer and inner walls, and the attic space should be provided with windows which would similarly permit the egress of the air. The building should be of as little height as possible. There should be no external parts of the edifice which are not well secured to the main mass. Timber fences and other frail structures, which are easily torn to pieces by the storm, may supply débris with which the wind, by whirling about, may inflict damage. Such a house would be likely to survive the action of almost all the observed tornadoes. It would be well, however, for the occupants of even the best-constructed houses in districts much afflicted by tornadoes to have a refuge-chamber constructed a little below the surface of the ground, immediately adjacent to the *southwest side*, and readily accessible from the interior as well as from the exterior of the dwelling, to which they may resort upon the approach of the danger. An underground chamber, eight feet square and six feet high covered by three or four feet of earth, provided with one or two entrances of no more than sufficient size, without doors, would afford an absolutely safe refuge in the worst of these catastrophes.

The records of Western tornadoes show within the last ten years a loss of killed and wounded of between one and two thousand persons. By far the greater part of these accidents to life and limb might have been avoided if such provisions for refuge had existed. The loss of life from lightning in the same region has not been anything like as great, and yet almost every house has its provision of rods, which are much more costly than the storm-refuges which we have described, and are generally worthless for protection.

In the case of barns the part devoted to sheltering stock should be placed partly underground, and the portion above the surface should be banked up with earth as high as may be. The floor which parts the level of the stabling from the upper portion should be strongly secured to the lower walls. In this way the upper portion of the building may be abandoned to the chance of accident, while the part containing the beasts may be secure.

It is quite conceivable that something may be done by means of telegraphic communication to convey intelligence concerning the movements of these tornadoes, but the warning given by the roar of the movements upon the surface is, except in the rare cases where the catastrophe occurs in the night-time, sufficient, when taken with the long forewarning afforded by the aspect of the sky, to put people on their guard. The time is generally ample for men to return from the field and place themselves and their beasts in their respective shelters.

Showing Grades of Destruction from Centre to Periphery of Tornado. From a photograph taken at St. Cloud, Minn., April 15, 1886. [Note the relative immunity of the trees.]

cold ; finally, as in the dust-whirls and tornadoes, the lower air breaks through the upper and rushes toward the sky. Although at its beginning a cyclonic storm is probably of no greater size and of much less ascending force than a tornado, there are several reasons which make its history different from that of the cyclone upward. Both these forces, as we have already seen, appear in the tornado, but there the original heat of the lower air is the principal cause of the motion. The heat arising from the condensation of vapor is of considerable moment in cyclones, especially those which occur over tropical seas. Torren-

Showing Grades of Destruction from Centre to Border of Tornado. From a photograph taken at St. Cloud, Minn., April 15, 1886.

the smaller whirls. In the first place, the field of heated air which causes the cyclone is far more extensive than that which produces the tornado, though at the same time the difference of temperature between the upper and lower air may be less. The greater bulk of the lower stratum of hot and moist air permits the cyclone to grow larger, but the less ascensional force of the lower air makes it rather less violent in its movements.

As soon as the ascending current brings a portion of the heated air from the surface into the higher level it expands, and the force, originally in the form of heat, which kept it in the state of vapor serves to increase the ascending column just as much as would the direct application of heat sufficient to vaporize the water. Thus we have two sources of force to impel the air in

tial rains fall beneath the wide central shaft of the storm, and every particle of the falling water represents the conversion of energy which held the fluid in the shape of vapor to force which is added to the essential vigor of the uprush of air. To this cause we may perhaps attribute, in part at least, the long life of these cyclones, and the great size to which their whirls attain. Unlike the tornadoes, they often continue in existence for many days, have a width of several hundred miles, and sometimes pass over a course several thousand miles in length.

As in the case of the dust-whirl and the tornado, the ascending column of air, after attaining the height where it no longer tends to rise upward, spreads out over the surface of the sheet through which it has broken its way. When it has drained out all the air

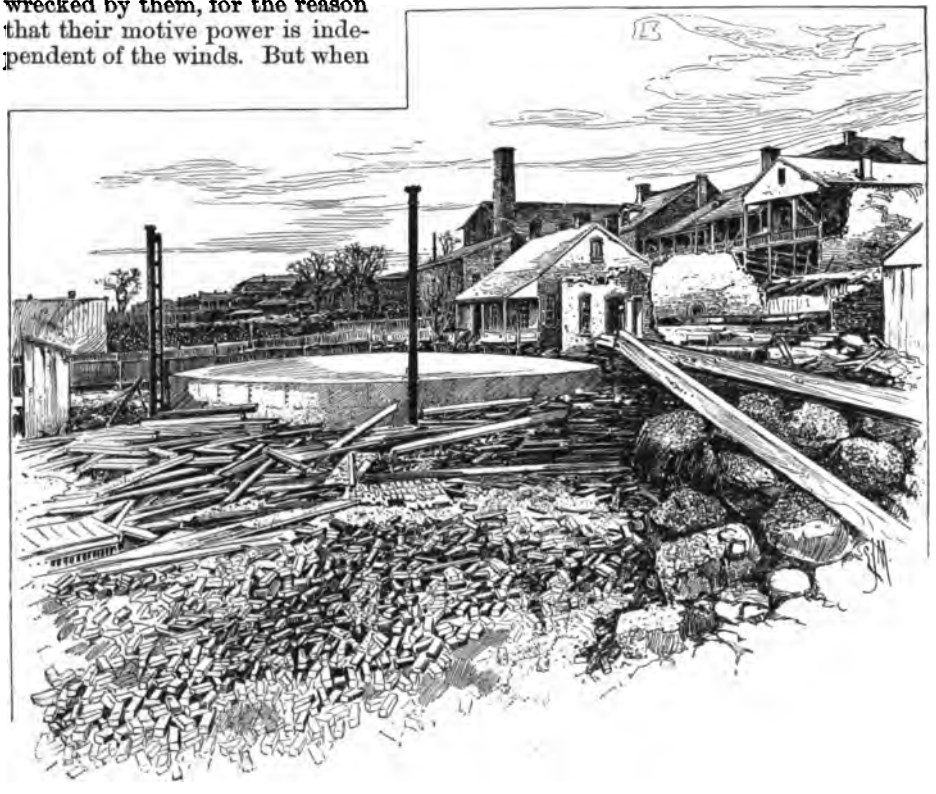
warm enough to rush upward, the disturbance ceases. All these larger whirling movements of the air, whether they occur on land or sea, move forward, in directions proper to the region in which they occur, at a more or less rapid rate,—in the cyclones these translatory movements of the storm being sometimes at the rate of fifty miles an hour. The principal cause determining the speed and direction of the movement is doubtless the course of flow of the great upper currents of the atmosphere, which, however perfect the calm of the surface, are always in motion in determined directions. This element of regularity in the movement of cyclones enables us to predict, in some regions with great certainty, the direction in which these whirls will move. Observations have also determined the regions where storms of this nature occur, and the seasons of the year when they may be expected. Science has gone still further, and shown the mariner how he may in most cases avoid the central portions of the storm-area, and so escape the dangers arising from the strongest winds.* The rotation of the earth so affects the movement of these great spiral ascending currents that in the southern hemisphere they always spin in the direction in which the hands of a watch turn when it is held horizontally, with its face toward the eye, while in the northern hemisphere they move in the reverse direction. On this general basis, rules have

Overturned Train; showing Effects at Some Distance from the Centre of a Tornado. From a photograph.

* The following account of the rules for avoiding the storms is extracted from Professor W. M. Davis's Whirlwinds, Cyclones, and Tornadoes: "The storm's earliest effect on the atmosphere is shown by the barometer. It is ordinarily stated that the first effect is seen in a diminution of pressure; but it is very probable, both from theory and from careful observation, that a slight abnormal increase of pressure precedes this diminution. The tropical seas, where cyclones are most violent, have, as a rule, very small and very rare irregular changes in atmospheric press-

been laid down for the direction of mariners when they find themselves in contact with these storms.

Great as is the damage done by cyclones on the sea, they are to our modern well-constructed steamships no longer so fraught with ills as in the old times when vessels were altogether propelled by the air. Our steamers are rarely wrecked by them, for the reason that their motive power is independent of the winds. But when these great whirls approach the shores, especially where these shores are low-lying and populous, the destruction which they bring about is sometimes frightful. On the delta shores of the Bay of Bengal, where these cyclones not infrequently occur, the destruction of human life is very great. Since the year 1700 over half a million lives have been lost in these catastrophes. The principal part of the damage is brought about in the following way: When the



Showing Sharp Passage from the Centre to the Periphery of a Tornado. From a photograph taken at St. Charles, Mo.

ure; and careful watching will pretty surely show a rising barometer as the annulus of high pressure that surrounds the storm moves over the observer. The weather may still be clear, and the wind moderate and from its normal quarter; but this change in the glass demands renewed watchfulness. Let us suppose that such an observation be made on board a vessel lying east of the Lesser Antilles. The chart shows the captain that he is in the stormy belt. He may be directly in the path of the advancing storm, where he will feel its full violence; and he must make the best of his way out of it. Following the rising pressure, three other signs of increasing danger may be observed: First, faint streamers of high cirrus-clouds may be seen slowly advancing from the southeast to the northwest, or from the east to the west, in the high overflow from the storm's centre: this unpropitious change may accompany the rising of the barometer, or may be first seen when the barometer is highest. Second, the barometer begins to fall, slowly at first, but more and more quickly when it reaches and passes twenty-nine inches; the vessel is then within the limits of the storm. Third, the wind has shifted so as to blow from a distinctly northern quarter, and its strength goes on increasing; this is the indraught, blowing spirally toward the centre. There is then no longer any question that a storm is approaching; and as soon as a heavy bank of clouds makes itself seen, moving southward across the eastern horizon, then the central part of the storm is in sight. These clouds are the condensed vapor in the rising central spirals, and rain is falling from them. In deciding on a course to be pursued, the first point to be determined is, where is the storm's centre? That being known, its probable path can be laid down with considerable certainty in this part of the ocean; and then, perhaps, the greatest danger may be avoided. But here a very practical difficulty arises. To find the direction of the storm-centre, we must know the incurving

storm-centre is over the land, the winds blowing toward that centre from the sea heap up the water against the shore. The rise of the ocean-surface along the shore-line is also favored by the low barometer which prevails there, and the relatively great atmospheric pressure on the periphery of the storm. These two causes tilt up the water next the shore and force the sea over the dykes, adding the destruction of floods to that brought about by the winds. Fortunately the conditions where these unhappy accidents of flood are to be feared are rare.

The principal atmospheric disturbances of the United States usually have a more or less cyclonic character, but they are rarely such regular whirls as those which form on the ocean. The numerous storms which move eastward from the plains at the foot of the Rocky Mountains generally have a distinct whirling motion, derived, perhaps, from an ascending movement. Still in many cases circumstances of their origin make it plain that they cannot be caused, as in the other type of marine cyclones, by the presence of relatively hot and moist air upon the surface. The causes which produce them have not been well determined. It seems likely that they have been originated in the Pacific Ocean, or are shaped by conditions derived from that little-known meteorological field. Although our weather-bureau has given them much study, these great land whirls afford still a wide field for research.

As we go from the Equator toward the North Pole the influence of the wide seas becomes less considerable, and the variety of conditions afforded by the crowded lands greater. The result is that the region about the North Pole has storms which are more irregular than those which we find in lower latitudes.

The foregoing account of the perturbations of our atmosphere is altogether insufficient to give the reader more than a general account of their primary conditions. We perceive that in the main they are due to the action of the atmosphere in resisting the escape of radiant heat, whereby its lower parts become too much heated to remain on the surface. Although these disturbances are often destructive to life, they arise from the operation of a mechanism upon which the existence of all life depends. If the air did not thus retain the heat which comes from the sun, the earth's atmosphere would rest upon land and sea locked in eternal frost. As the earthquakes are movements of adjustment which attend the changes of the crust,—changes which preserve our lands above the level of the ocean,—so these disturbances of the air are apparently inevitable actions arising from conditions which are essentially beneficent.*

angle of the wind's spiral—the angle of inward inclination that it makes with a circle whose centre is at the storm's centre. The earlier students of the question—Dove, Redfield, Reid, and Piddington—considered the course of winds to be concentric circles, or inward spirals of very gradual pitch; so that they said the inclination of the wind is practically zero, and a line at right angles to its course must be a radius leading to the centre. Later studies showed this to be incorrect. The inclination of the wind inward from the circle's tangent was found to vary from twenty degrees to forty degrees or fifty degrees, but it was thought that this inclination was symmetrical on all sides; so that, with an average inclination of thirty degrees, the storm's centre must always bear sixty degrees to the left of the wind's course. Finally, the most recent results seem to show that the wind's course is neither circular nor symmetrically spiral; that the wind's inclination is very distinctly different in different latitudes, on different sides of the storm, in the different conditions on sea and land, at different distances from the centre, and at different altitudes. In so complicated a case, much judgment will be required to find where the storm-centre lies."

* The reader who desires a sufficient and easily comprehensible account of these whirling movements cannot do better than read the excellent book by Professor Davis before referred to. If he can use the higher mathematics, he will find Professor W. Ferrel's Recent Advances in Meteorology, in the Annual Report of the Chief Signal Officer for 1885, Appendix 71, a complete discussion of the subject.

A PERILOUS INCOGNITO.

By Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen.

PART II.

IV.

EWALD returned from his visit to Fossevang in a very confused state of mind. He appeared to himself like a bad actor who has assumed a rôle that is too big for him. He felt that he ought to skip all the intervening acts and make a dash for the *dénoûment*, and he would promptly have done so if a new character had not unexpectedly entered and complicated his innocent plot until it was beyond his power to unravel it. Odd as it may seem, it had become an object of prime importance to him to appear admirable in the eyes of Olga Reimert, and as a preliminary step to this end, he telegraphed to an American friend in London, begging him to buy, for his account, two fine saddle horses, two carriage horses, and a light victoria. Scarcely a week had passed before a solemn English groom arrived with the horses in his charge. The irruption of these marvellous animals upon a peaceful and unsuspecting community caused a sensation which carried their owner to the pinnacle of local fame; and when he invited Captain Nordahl's niece to mount his superb roan and make a dash at his side up the valley, she felt herself aglow with an exultant joy in living. She, who had rather prided herself on her contempt for vain show, basked in the reflected rays of his magnificence. Frequently he took the captain for a jaunt in his carriage, and, it is vain to deny, began to relish the mystification as custom blunted the edge of his scruples. He seemed to himself the hero of an absorbing romance, and a kind of boyish delight in the merely unusual made him postpone from day to day the concluding chapter. A consideration which also had some weight with him was Olga's feelings toward the departed prodigal: he had every reason to believe that they were hostile, and that he might forfeit her regard by identifying himself too soon with a person of such ill repute.

After a fortnight's acquaintance, during which they had associated freely with the American, Olga and Captain Nordahl accepted an invitation from him to go salmon-fishing. The young lady, who was no novice in the art, swung a line as well as any man, and did not scream when she caught anything. She had extraordinary luck, landing an eight and a ten pounder before the others had had a bite. But then, Ewald neglected his fly, letting it dip when it ought to dance, and the captain could not, by reason of his defective eyesight, cut much of a figure as a sportsman. His fly was time and again sucked down into eddies and whirlpools, while he stood patiently watching some real insect, ascribing to his own skill its bobbing motion upon the current. He lost his temper with the dragon-flies, which hovered persistently about his head, and struck after them with his rod, entangling his line in the alder branches. Then he swore that fishing was an occupation fit only for imbeciles, broke a split bamboo rod which had been warranted not to break, and flinging the pieces into the river, wrathfully strode away into the underbrush. Ewald, noting the path he took, hastily reeled up his line, and explaining his intention to Olga, followed him. He found him, after a brief search, seated upon a log, in an attitude of deep dejection.

"You are not well, I fear, Captain Nordahl," he said, stopping in front of the old mariner.

The captain rubbed his forehead hard, as if endeavoring to drive away some troublesome thought.

"No, young man, I am not well," he said, with fierce earnestness, "and I never shall be until the bell rings for the last watch and I am permanently relieved from duty."

"I wouldn't be talking of the last

watch yet, captain. You are a strong man, in spite of your years: you will be making many knots before you turn into your final port."

"I am a-drifting like a rudderless craft, that is all. That craft sprung a leak some fifteen years ago, and no patching or coppering will ever get her afloat again."

Ewald grasped hold of the tree at which he was standing. A sudden mist blinded his eyes. His revenge, if revenge he had sought, was now fulfilled. If only out of pity, now was his time to speak. But Ewald could not speak. There was a lump in his throat, and his tongue seemed thick and unwieldy. The old man was watching his face, but saw it only indistinctly. The drag-on-flies, with their luminous green eyes, began again their circling dance about his head; but he did not heed them.

"I have thought of asking you, Mr. Graham," he began, huskily, "if you ever happened to meet in America a lad named Ewald Nordahl. He was my boy—he was the only one—I had."

At the last words his emotion overcame him; he shook his head with leonine impatience, and without awaiting any reply, arose and strode away through the forest. Ewald scarcely knew whether he ought again to follow him. While he was debating the question, he heard Olga's voice calling him from the river. She had caught her third salmon.

"I can't land this monster," she cried, as she saw Ewald's figure among the trees; "he is determined to pull me overboard."

"Hold on a minute," he called back; "I'll help you."

"I can't! My arms are numb!"

He saw the strained line and the rod, which was bent double, sway hither and thither as the salmon darted into the deep pools, leaped in the eddies, and zigzagged among the rocks in its efforts to escape.

"Give her line," he shouted, jumping out into the current, which broke in gurgling swirls about his knees.

"I have given her all there is!"

She was holding on by main strength, as a sailor holds a rope; but just as he was within twenty feet of her the rod slid from her benumbed grasp, and standing for a moment on end, bounded gayly down the river. It would perhaps have been prudent to count it as a loss, but prudence is not apt to be the uppermost emotion in the heart of a man in the presence of a woman whom he admires. With the same instinct that makes the male bird sing, and the male savage slay, for the gratification of his beloved, he plunged into the seething rapids; managed, with some difficulty, to keep right side up; caught the rod as it was making a gyration in an eddy; turned an involuntary somersault, in which the salmon at the end of the line, by its unforeseen pulls, assisted him, but gained the shore with salmon and rod in better form than might have been expected. He made light of his bumps, of which he had several quite painful ones, and presented, with true Californian *sang froid*, his prize to its rightful possessor.

"I didn't think Americans ever did such foolish things," she said, with admiring reproach.

"Americans do whatever the occasion calls for," he answered.

"But the occasion did not call for anything so foolhardy."

"That depends upon how you view it. I mean, of course, if you view it rationally. A sportsman's conscience, you know, is something peculiar. The loss of that salmon would have haunted my dying hour."

There was a dash of Bret Harte in the situation which, in spite of her better judgment, pleased and agitated her. In his blue flannel shirt, out of which rose the strong, sunburnt throat, and with his leathern girdle about his waist, and the broad-brimmed slouched hat, he might well have passed for one of those picturesque pioneers whom the California author has introduced to the favor of womankind. It was this very phase of him which attracted the adventurous side of her nature while it frightened the rational and matter-of-fact side. How was she to judge this enigmatical stranger who had come like a whirlwind into her quiet life—who did the most extraordinary things with a coolness as if he were handing her a cup of coffee?

Olga was so agitated that for the moment she had quite forgotten her uncle. She heard the continuous tramp of Mr. Graham's horses coming nearer and nearer (there were no other horses in the parish that tramped like that), and she presently saw the black hat of the severe English groom gleam among the alder leaves.

"What has become of our captain?" asked Ewald, shaking the beads of water from his beard.

"You saw him last," she replied, taking his hand and jumping to the next boulder. As they reached the highway, they found the captain already seated in the carriage, gazing with a vacuous stare into space. The afternoon sun struck athwart the valley, broke translucent tracks through the birch-leaves, and flashed here and there upon the tossing current. It struck the three silvery salmon, too, which gleamed upon their couch of green leaves and by their superb size filled Olga's heart with pride. They reached Fossevang in time to have one prepared for dinner.

V.

Two months after Ewald's arrival, when Syvert Gimse had made what he regarded as a snug fortune out of him; when half the population from "seven parishes round" had been to inspect his horses; when the foliage of the birches had grown dark and dusty—when, in fine, August was about to be gathered to its fathers, and September was preparing to mount his autumnal throne—two strangers arrived in the valley whose beards announced them to be Americans. No other people, however barbarous, ever wore a chin-beard with a shaven upper lip. The two men had coarse, commonplace features, and called themselves Beagle and Turner; but they might just as well have called themselves Higgins and Johnson, for there was something in their bearing which seemed to indicate that almost any other name would have fitted them quite as well. It was not only their names which seemed accidental, but their clothes, their occupations, their conversation, had an indefinable air of fortuity—of being not wholly their own. They took lodgings at Vik, the farm north of Gimse, but did, to all appearances, nothing except smoking and telegraphing. They called twice upon Ewald; and although avoiding all appearance of importunity, managed to make him feel extremely uncomfortable. His assumed name put him at a disadvantage, and made him feel ill at ease. The talk of the two men, their appearance, their chin-beards—in fact, everything connected with them—irritated him. He longed to pick a quarrel with them; he would have given years of his life for the privilege of flinging them downstairs. They were a blot upon Nature's perfect visage; they spoiled the valley by their presence. He wondered how God could ever have created anything so unqualifiedly obnoxious.

The little drama which he had plotted, and over each scene of which he had lingered with pleasure, seemed suddenly trite and absurd. He was now only in haste to make an end of it. He mounted his roan saddle horse, and like the rash knight in the ballad, hastening to the *rendezvous*, outrode not only his squire, but Fear and Prudence and Virtue, and all the other commendable abstractions that attempted to follow him. By inquiring of the servants, he found Miss Olga standing on a step-ladder in the orchard, with her head up among the branches of a plum-tree. Her hat was lying on the ground; her cheeks were healthily flushed, and her hair was a trifle in disorder. She had a large canvas pocket attached to the front of her dress, and an apron, with a delightfully domestic look, covered the bust, and was attached somewhere about the shoulders. Hearing Ewald's voice, she turned, with charming confusion, drew her dress about her ankles, and seated herself on the top of the ladder. A fleck of sunlight, glinting through the foliage, trembled in her disordered hair, and brought out a tawny tint which in ordinary light was hidden. Her face wore an air of half-amused defiance, as if she had been caught in a situation which was really beneath her dignity.

"Want a plum?" she cried, with half-boyish recklessness. "Here goes! Catch it!"

He caught the plum easily enough, but was not in a mood, just then, to enter into juvenile sports.

"Can I see you one moment, Miss Reimert?" he asked, lifting his hat with a seriousness that seemed a rebuke to her levity.

"Certainly," she answered; then, as if to furnish a transition from her own gayety to his solemn mood, she added: "You do wrong, however, to spurn my plums. My father imported this tree from Holland, and always set great store by it. The fruit has a flavor that can't be matched outside of Paradise."

"I have no doubt of it," he replied; "but I prefer the pleasure of your society to that of eating plums."

"Then you shall be doubly blessed," she ejaculated, laughing. "You shall have both."

"Thanks. I shall be content with one at a time."

She descended the stairs, handed her apron and the pocketful of fruit to a servant, smoothed her hair, and placed her hat at the proper angle upon her head. They sauntered slowly away over the white gravel-walks, in the dense shade of chestnut, maple, and linden trees.

"I thought I should like to have a little talk with you before leaving," he began, glancing admiringly at her fine, animated face.

"Before leaving! But you are not going away!" she cried, with quick alarm. "That is to say," she added, blushing at her impetuosity, "not so very soon?"

"Yes, quite soon! You did not expect me to spend my life salmon-fishing, did you?"

"No; but I am heartily sorry that you are going—on my uncle's account."

"Why so?"

"He has grown so fond of you. He sings your praises early and late. Since you came here he has scarcely had any of his bad turns."

It seemed difficult, after this digression, to find a transition to the subject of his errand; and he allowed some minutes to elapse before speaking. But the crunching of the gravel under their feet, and the humming and buzzing and whirring of the insects in the grass, the trees, and the air, filled the silence, and made it unnoticeable. And this summer mood of joy and love and fulness of life stole gently into Ewald's soul, and made his whole being throb with an indefinable tenderness and yearning. The sense of his own unworthiness, which had often painfully oppressed him in the presence of Olga, gave way to a serene enjoyment of her beauty, her voice, and the sweet privilege of her companionship. He was not aware that it was his deferential attitude toward her, inspired by his complete unconsciousness of his own merits, which had first aroused the impulse in her to exaggerate rather than to underestimate his claims to heroism.

"Miss Olga," he began, with an awkwardness which revealed depths of beautiful inexperience, "I am not much of a fellow for sentiment—that is, I mean, for putting things in fine words. But there are two things I have got to tell you before I go, even if I perish in the attempt."

He paused and gazed at her with an uncertain smile.

"They must be dreadfully hard things—those things you want to tell me," she exclaimed, with a nervous gaiety which imperfectly cloaked her excitement.

"They seem very hard to say to you."

"Then you ought to say them to somebody else."

"But don't you see, I shouldn't want to say them to anybody else."

They had reached an arbor at the end of the gravel-walk, and sat down on an old stone bench, dappled with patches of brown and yellow lichen. Above them grew two huge walnut-trees, whose big leaves cut off the sun from the thin, pale-green grass, which grew in scant scattered tufts out of the black mould. There was a humid, earthy smell in the arbor, and little chattering noises were heard overhead, where a couple of squirrels were chasing each other, and two solitary-looking brown birds were dismally hopping from bough to bough.

"Miss Olga," said Ewald, leaning forward and scratching the gravel with the handle of his riding-whip, "what would you say to me if you found that I had been deceiving you?"

"That depends upon what you mean by deceiving."

He caught a little green worm which was about to descend upon her shoulder by its shining thread and flung it into the road.

"It means this," he said, looking her full in the face—"that I am Ewald Nordahl, and that I love you."

Her surprise stunned her. She had expected the last declaration, but the first was so overwhelming that it set all her senses a-whirl. The world seemed a mist that swam in green, billowing lines before her eyes. She stooped down, covered her face with her hands, and strove hard to think. But the power of thought seemed dead within her. He was Ewald Nordahl—the prodigal son, to find whom she had once intended to devote her life! A revelation so startling, so fraught with consequences, put a new face upon everything. There seemed nothing to do for the moment but to give her agitation full sway. Then, when her feelings had grown clearer, she might trust herself to speak.

She raised her head, after a while, and saw two strange men standing at the entrance to the arbor. She saw her companion jump up and hasten toward them. His features expressed deep disgust.

"Mr. Graham," said one of the men, "I hold here in my hands the papers for your extradition."

"Extradition!" exclaimed Ewald, excitedly. "Is it a practical joke you are playing, or are you mad?"

"Your name is William A. Graham, is it not, formerly cashier of the Grand Consolidated Workingman's Bank of Chicago?"

The young man stared at the detectives (for such he now recognized them to be) with stupefied amazement. He felt as if he were struggling with some frightful nightmare, and that after a while he would wake up and find it all a dream.

"Are you, or are you not, William A. Graham of Chicago?" repeated Mr. Beagle, imperturbably.

"Oh, good gracious!" cried Ewald, seeing in a flash the labyrinth in which he had involved himself.

"I thought so," said Beagle.

"We've got to hurry," observed Turner; "we sail from Bergen to-morrow night."

That was a pleasant prospect indeed—to return home in charge of two detectives!

"I suppose it is of no use, gentlemen, for me to tell you that I am not William Graham," he remarked, with a severity matching that of the detectives.

"Tell that to the marines," said Beagle.

"Tell me one thing, however. What has Mr. Graham done, and why is he to be extradited?"

Instead of answer the detective pulled a paper from his pocket and murmured half aloud:

"Five feet and ten inches high—that fits to a T; thirty-three years old—that is about right too; blonde curly hair, straight nose, light mustache—reckon you raised the beard on the voyage; of slender growth—guess you've filled out some since you took to horseback riding."

He fumbled again in his pocket, and unfolded a sheet of paper in which Ewald recognized the leaf of the hotel register in the town upon which he had inscribed the unfortunate name.

"Is that your signature?" asked Beagle.

"It is my handwriting."

"Then I reckon we hain't got no call to tarry. Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars is a big defalcation; and with forgeries and crooked accounts, it ought to send you to jail for the rest of your natural life, unless the guv'nor pardons you out to vote for him at election time."

Ewald made no reply to this; and for a moment the three men stood staring at one another in silence. Olga had listened with a wild, pained intentness to every word they had spoken; and from somewhere in her soul a sudden conviction had sprung up that the man she loved was Ewald, her uncle's son. There was a frankness and open honesty in his face which could never deceive. The heroic element in her nature rose turbulently and swept away all petty calculation. All aglow with noble resolution, she stepped forward, put both her hands

upon the young man's shoulders, and gazing into his eyes, said:

"Are you, indeed, Ewald Nordahl?"

"I am."

"Then wait one moment, and I'll clear up this misunderstanding."

She was about to hasten away, but he seized her by the arm and detained her. "Promise me not to speak to my father," he said, earnestly. "I left him with a blot upon my name, and I do not wish to return to him under similar circumstances. Far rather I would never have him know me. I am going with these gentlemen to America; and there the mistake will soon be cleared up. Within two or three months I shall be back again. I will not even ask you for an answer, Miss Olga, to the question I have put to you, because it would be unfair to ask you to trust me, when appearances are so strongly against me."

"But I do trust you," she cried, clasping her hands passionately, as if arresting an impulse to throw herself into his arms.

"Thank you," he said, with a look of deep gratitude; "I have now no fear of going—or of returning."

The detectives, being connoisseurs of human nature, needed no knowledge of the language to interpret to them this scene. They looked at Ewald with a sly appreciation and half-envious admiration of his wickedness.

Yet, in his capacity as a representative of the law, Mr. Beagle felt called upon to interfere.

"Madam," he said to Olga, stepping forward and putting his hand on her arm, "he has a wife and four children in Chicago."

"*Kone—fire Barn,*" said Turner, who in the meanwhile had been examining his pocket dictionary.

"I reckon he is playin' it on you, bein' a long-lost brother, or sweetheart—somethin' o' that sort," Beagle continued; "that is a common trick of criminals, ma'am, to put justice off the track."

Upborne by her defiant conviction, Olga turned her back on the detective, deigning him no reply.

"If you must go, Mr. Nordahl," she said to Ewald, "will you not first say good-by to uncle?"

"I am unfortunately in the hands of my friends, as the politicians say," ejaculated the young man, pointing with a lugubrious smile to the officers of the law.

"But they will surely not prevent you from saying good-by?"

After a brief consultation the detectives gave their consent to the interview with the captain, on condition that they might be present. They found the captain pacing like a caged lion up and down in his library—a large room which was filled with globes, maps, compasses, and models of ships.

"Captain," said Ewald, as he entered, "permit me to introduce to you Mr. Beagle and Mr. Turner—both Americans."

The old man shook hands half wonderingly with the detectives and begged them to be seated. He scented at once something unusual, and sent Ewald a questioning glance from under his shaggy brow.

"Well, friend Graham," he began, "foul weather ahead, eh?"

Ewald explained that he was a victim of mistaken identity: that a man of the same name had embezzled a large sum of money—that he was obliged to return with the detectives in order to establish his innocence. Would Captain Nordahl, for any compensation that he chose to name, take charge of his horses during his absence, as he did not feel that Syvert Gimse was competent to care for them?

The captain listened with a problematic air to his story, and when Ewald had finished, seated himself at his desk and drew a heavy sigh. He opened a couple of drawers, took out some papers, and put them in the breast-pocket of his coat. Then he rose, walked across the floor to where Ewald was sitting, seized his hand, and shook it warmly.

"Mr. Graham," he said, "I have grown fond of you. You have come closer to me than any man ever did—since one—whom I lost. Now, him—the one I lost—I drove away from me—I did him a great wrong—it was a money affair, like this—and I may have driven him to destruction—by believing ill of him. Keelhaul a man, or give him the cat-o'-nine-tails, when he don't deserve it, and next time he will

make haste to deserve it. That's as sure as a change in the weather. Now, if you have done wrong, Mr. Graham—it is natural you should want to keep it from a friend—but tell me, can I help you? You are a young man, and have a long voyage before you;—I am old, and I've got more than I need. I have here some ten thousand dollars—would that do you any good?"

Ewald had risen. He struggled with his tears, but could not keep them back. He blessed even the wrong and the suffering it had brought, since it had afforded him so deep a gaze into his father's noble heart. The old man, who misunderstood his emotion, taking it for a confession of guilt, put his hand on his shoulder, and went on:

"It is a favor I ask, not one I confer. If I have plunged one into misery, since I cannot save him, let me save you. Let me rescue you from the misery of losing your self-respect. Let me make amends to you for what I sinned against him."

It was more than the son could bear. "Father!" he cried—"father!"

The old man fell back a step, with raised hands, and eyes full of joyous doubt and amazement.

"Ewald!" he shouted, with a tremor in his deep voice—"my son!"

He opened his arms and clasped his son to his breast.

A moment later, when Olga entered the room, they were standing, holding each other's hands and gazing with affectionate scrutiny into each other's faces.

"Is there a place for me, too, in this group?" she asked, smiling; whereupon each reached out a hand to her and drew her in between them.

"Father, she is to be my wife," said Ewald, radiant with tears and happiness.

"God bless you," said the captain, with a deep and solemn joy.

The old Dutch clock in the corner ticked off the time with demure regularity, but nobody except the detectives paid any heed to it. Then old Father Time came out himself and made six resonant sweeps with his scythe, making each time a sensation.

The captain turned around to the detectives and said:

"Gentlemen, we'll all go to America with you to clear up this difficulty. But I beg of you to remain my guests until to-morrow."

On the morrow a telegram was received from Cadiz, Spain, conveying the intelligence that Mr. William A. Graham, of Chicago, had been apprehended in that city and would within two days be on his way back to his defrauded creditors. And this was the reason why Messrs. Beagle and Turner crossed the Atlantic empty-handed, and in bad spirits.

THE REVIVAL OF HANDICRAFT.

By John F. Weir.

The term *handicraft* has its general and specific meanings. In a restricted sense the term is narrowed with the developments of specialism, while in a larger sense its meaning is broadened with the expansion of the idea that gave it birth. The meaning of such terms is sometimes radically changed with time, as in the use of the term "*manu*facture" —made by the hand—which now means a process of production by machinery as distinguished from hand-labor; thus a manufactured article is now recognized as a thing *not* made by hand. Handicraft has undergone no such radical transformation; nevertheless, in a general sense its meaning has so expanded as to include a wide range of skill. Specifically, the term marks a distinction between work that requires manual dexterity for the performance of its tasks and those forms of labor which are merely muscular or mechanical. In a broader sense the term is applicable to any form of art wherein manual skill is a requisite in giving expression to ideas or conceptions when *power* is manifested through the hand—for craft means power, strength, though the term is usually associated with skill or dexterity as the *sign* of power. The distinction between skilled and unskilled labor is so marked that they may be said to have nothing in common, and it is absurd to attempt to obliterate the distinction in the interest of the lower class of work. Any form of labor that is a merely automatic exercise of muscular or mechanical force, a mere routine, requires little exercise of thought, while skill demands the constant supervision of mind; the one class of work is mere servile toil, while the other is wholly dependent upon alertness of faculty guiding the operation throughout. Mere manual labor, therefore, requires no education for the performance of its tasks; while *handicraft* is in itself a means of education, in a true sense, affording exercise for the faculties throughout all its processes, and in its higher forms it is a very effective means for disciplining mind.

As education, either theoretical or practical, includes all good workmanship in any field whatever, from the schoolmaster to the craftsman, it is proper to define what is here meant by this term, since it forms part of the plan of this paper to emphasize the value of practical methods in disciplining the mind. There is a narrow view of education which associates the term wholly with institutional methods, with a system of instruction embodied in text-books, with the pedagogue, or teacher, who instils into the mind of the pupil an orderly method of discipline for the faculties. A young person is usually deemed "educated" when this system has been properly applied, with corresponding results. But there is a broader view of education than this, one that comprehends all exercise of mental faculty, especially in the higher occupations of life, as educational processes that tend to form the mind and discipline character in a very effectual manner. Some such idea, doubtless, was in the mind of Solomon, when he said: "Seest thou a man diligent in his business, he shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men."

Not infrequently the training afforded by the institution, when contrasted with the discipline of experience, appears as but a dream to the reality. Principles take on a ghostly form when viewed exclusively in the abstract, as expressed in *terms* of speech; but when embodied in *things* they have a living power, and impress themselves indelibly on the mind. Where human activities are involved, the theoretical often vanishes when the practical appears; for there is discovered in all the activities of life, between practice and theory, a deep gulf fixed, which the schools have been unable to bridge. It is a common experience, when a youth passes from the school or college to the activities of life in the world, that there is a period of

floundering, when there seems to be nothing solid underfoot; for a time it is questionable whether he will sink or swim; the air-bladders of theoretical attainment will not serve to keep him afloat. There is often discovered a lack of tangible substance in his training; and in his efforts to sustain himself, when weaned from the institution, he finds that he is actually undergoing a "new education," conning a new alphabet of *things* identified with practical uses. The difficulty experienced lies in the fact that the theoretical has absorbed his attention to the exclusion of the practical, in the previous discipline of faculty, through a questionable ambition of the higher education to ignore the fact that the true ideal may only be seen through the real. Thus the boy who stood at the head of his class, carrying away the highest honors in mental gymnastics, may be the last in the race of life; for the habit of mind thus formed often leads to the substitution of scholastic attainment for honest sense, unless a corrective be applied. Attainments due, for the most part, to powers of memory or abstraction, under a too exclusively theoretical system of teaching, may have their brief triumphs in the arena of educational institutions where the standard of merit is necessarily arbitrary in accordance with a prescribed system; but when these qualifications are tested by being brought in contact with the activities of life, they are by no means found to insure the requisite mental grasp that a realistic world demands. Too often the image has been mistaken for the reality, the shadow for the substance. Thus an education that is too exclusively theoretical; that is concerned with *terms* to the exclusion of *things;* that pursues truth in the abstract rather than in the concrete, and exercises the mind to the exclusion of sense, is apt to unfit one for action. While, therefore, education in some form is essential to the exercise of power and skill in the various activities of life, it is not alone by institutional methods that this end is accomplished, for a large share, perhaps the greater part, of the work of the world is done by those who have been educated in other ways; their course of discipline lay in the tasks set before them by destiny; their school was necessity—the mother of invention—and their lessons of experience were graven on their minds as with an iron stylus. They learned to think through *things*, and not through *terms* of speech; their tasks were object-lessons, and the thoroughness of the discipline was attested by success—even in the highest fields of thought. Judged by artificial standards they may be deemed uneducated, but under a truer estimate they were highly educated, trained to the greatest niceties of perception and judgment; their names endure with the most permanent in the annals of the race. The element of success lay in the fact that they became a law and a discipline to themselves, more exacting and severe than any schoolmaster; they held themselves persistently to tasks that would have discouraged most minds; observing closely, they perceived in *things* all that may be thence derived by thought—for the book of nature is the Infinite Mind bodied forth in forms, and through acute observation "man may think the thoughts of God after him."

Handicraft deals thus with *things*. Before we pass on to a more specific discussion of its recent revival, I would emphasize the value of handicraft, as a means of moral and mental discipline, by one or two examples with whom all are so familiar that attention will not be distracted by novelty from the special object I have in mind. Palissy, the potter, affords a striking example of one raised to eminence by the humble means of his craft, for his was a mind deepened and strengthened by the very nature of his occupation and the special task set before him in discovering for himself the white enamel for earthenware. It is the story of his life that has made Palissy famous, not alone the products of his art; for his life is an instructive drama of toil, struggle, and persistent patience in surmounting obstacles, ending in the triumphant accomplishment of his object. The products of his art are not, to my mind, objects of marked beauty, comprising as they do, in their ornamentation, the mere casts of natural objects—animal and vegetable—distributed rather formally over the surface of his earthenware; they are more curious

than beautiful. But it is not of these things we are reminded by the name of Palissy. It is the character of the man that awakens admiration; his persistence of aim, his indomitable patience and perseverance, his sure intuition that saw, through endless failures, the coveted gleam of success; his life was a drama such as the Greeks would have deemed it no unworthy thing for the gods to participate in. Every failure served but to rekindle his fires with fresh hope and renewed effort; and on one occasion, finding his fuel gave out when apparently on the eve of success, the potter tore up the floor of his dwelling and cast it into the flames, together with every available article of furniture that was combustible.

I call attention to this craftsman and his experience merely to show that the discipline of his life lay in his craft, which was, in effect, the means of educating his faculties and enlarging his sphere of knowledge; for, one thing leading to another, as a correlative of his craft he studied chemistry, mineralogy, and botany, and the liberalizing influence of those studies led him to think deeply on religious subjects and embrace the Reformation as a result of his convictions, the free expression of his beliefs causing his arrest and imprisonment. When liberated he was invited to Paris, where, under royal favor, he was lodged near the Tuileries, barely escaping the massacre of St. Bartholomew. There he opened a course of lectures on physics and natural history, and was the first person in France who applied sound methods and demonstration in explaining the phenomena of nature. He published several works on scientific subjects, and died in the Bastille, where he was imprisoned for his religious convictions. "He was distinguished no less for his virtue than for his talents." Such, in brief, are the principal events of the potter's career; and it is as a *handicraftsman*, the requirements of whose tasks proved to be an education and a discipline, that I make mention of Palissy here. For the very nature of the potter's work, usually deemed narrow, perhaps, and circumscribed, expanded with the breadth of Palissy's mind till it became a liberalizing means of self-culture and moral improvement;—this is the true lesson of his life.

Viewed in this light, the autobiography of Cellini is even more interesting and instructive; it has a high literary value, having proved a mine of wealth for the historian of the time. Cellini was a wonderful craftsman; he was likewise a braggart and a great stickler for the honors of his craft, compelling the acknowledgment of genius as a divine right. They who have not read his entertaining autobiography have missed one of the most extraordinary things in literature; it throws considerable light on the nature of the mediæval guilds as educational institutions for craftsmen —particularly the goldsmiths' guild, a school for the sculptors of the time. Cellini's art was but a circumstance to his character as a man of wonderful resources; he was a close observer, a person of decided intellect and power united with extravagant weaknesses. His life reads like a romance and has undiminished interest even for those who care little for art but find in his book a vivid picture of the man and the times. Cellini possessed creative genius of a high order, united with extraordinary skill in handicraft and unfailing readiness of resource. I allude to him here as, perhaps, the most remarkable example of what may be termed, in the highest sense, a "handicraftsman;" for while the products of his art, executed with the greatest skill in various metals, were beautiful, they were, for the most part, designed for *use*—salvers, caskets, salt-cellars, vases, pitchers, platters, etc., in gold, silver, and brass, exquisitely wrought. His skilful handicraft brought him in familiar relation with eminent men of his time, by whom his genius was honored; but his education was wholly through his art.

Of course it may be said that these examples were men of genius, possessing rare gifts, whose talents would have shone out under any adverse circumstances, and whose powers differentiate them from the average man under the most favorable circumstances—and so they do. Nevertheless, as with other men, they were under like necessities of training; their faculties required the educa-

tion that is due to persistent endeavor, close observation, and untiring industry in the pursuit of their crafts. I do not propose to dwell upon noted examples of craftsmen. These two instances are briefly mentioned merely to place a standard before the eye. The special object I have in mind in treating of handicraft is to show the connection therein manifested between the hand and the head, between the fingers and the brain.

It has been well said that the hand is, in a sense, but an extension of the brain; mind and manual skill cannot be arbitrarily separated, for dexterity of manipulation is but the expression of mental operations. It is the mind that shapes a conception by the hand. In the skilful it would seem that the whole body is the brain, so instinct with intelligence is the organism when acting responsive to mind. The touch of the musician corresponds to the most evanescent shades of feeling; emotional thought and instrumental execution are blended as one. In the presence of skill manifesting power, when of a superior order, admiration is spontaneous, homage irresistible; the horizon of knowledge seems enlarged, consciousness attains new heights, and freedom from bodily trammels seems at hand. On witnessing a skilful performance of any kind, that one thing for the time seems of all others most desirable to possess the power of doing, whether it be the performance of a musician, an actor, an artist, an orator, or a mere mimic or story-teller,—so captivating is *skill* spontaneously manifested. There is a certain power accompanying the performance of anything that is perfect of its kind; we spontaneously applaud a thing that is thoroughly well done. But there are all grades of skill, and I shall not dwell exclusively on the exceptional or rare; handicraft has its commonplace aspects, its everyday phases; it is humble in its minor walks, as it is ambitious when reaching up into the region of creative genius.

It may not be generally known that we are now in the midst of a great revival of handicraft, which has assumed the character of a practical protest against the dominant influence of machine-manufacture that tends to reduce distinctions of labor to a common level. This revival of handicraft may be said to have begun about eighteen years ago, with a movement initiated in London by William Morris, Dante G. Rossetti, and J. E. Millais, well-known names in the world of letters and art. A fund of some few hundreds, or thousands, of pounds was subscribed by those gentlemen and their friends, and a shop opened, with the sign, "Morris, Rossetti & Co.," for the purpose of rehabilitating handicraft and artistic design in various kinds of household art. The gentlemen named furnished the designs, and they were executed on the premises by skilled workmen, comprising various kinds of metal and cabinet work, which has since extended to a wide range of household art. The aim was to reassert the true dignity of *handicraft;* and, as I say, the undertaking assumed the form of a practical protest against the levelling and often tawdry influence of machine-manufacture in many kinds of industry, which obliterates all sense of the artistic, and is destructive of skilled craftsmanship. The activity of the time is marked by a moving forward of the mass at the expense of the individual, for the exclusively utilitarian aim of machine-manufacture tends to level all distinctions. The problem of the factory is to provide machinery to perform work; to feed this uninterruptedly, so as to produce the greatest quantity of any given manufacture at a minimum of cost—taking care not to overstock the market. While in successful operation the problem of machine-manufacture is to determine the exact ratio of values between the raw material, including the cost of manufacture, and the articles produced, it is purely a matter of forces and figures; there can be no sentiment in the business. The economics of the system necessarily embrace as one instrumentality the metal and the flesh involved. The printed *notices* to be seen in some large factories indicate the character of the enterprise as organized on strictly business principles: "No talking allowed on political, religious, or labor questions." No waste of time can be countenanced; the "operative" must take pattern after the machine and act accordingly. It cannot be denied that for

an undisciplined mass of crude humanity the system operates like the strict military discipline of a well-organized army; it subjects the raw material, the undisciplined mass, to a stern form of drill which induces obedience and self-control. Labor-unions are following in the same path, as a product of the system. But there is a limit to a tolerance of the system when the individual rises above it through the development of higher capacities, demanding greater freedom. For the more capable, the system is intolerable; and yet, until recently, there has been no way of escape from it, and the result is a wide-spread feeling of discontent. For it is one thing to find happiness in labor through work that engages the faculties and fosters skill; while it is another and distinct thing to toil merely to sustain life, standing by a machine, day by day, as a mere extension of the mechanism—an arm of flesh joined to an arm of steel. But happily a change is now being worked out for the more capable, and there is a prospect of possible freedom from this enslaving dominance of the machine. New channels for skilled labor are rapidly multiplying through an extensive revival of *handicraft*, and they who have watched the progress of the movement see in it something more than an ephemeral effect of present tastes. For this revival of craftsmanship, now everywhere manifest, discovers the fact that there is a large class, rapidly growing in numbers, whose taste and discretion will not accept machine-made things; they require in everything with which they surround themselves some expression of sensibility and thought, some thoroughness as to excellence of design and workmanship; in short, they demand that things shall be beautiful as well as useful, in imitation of that intelligence which "hath made all things beautiful in His time," deeming it to be through some such means, or worthy ambition, that society is raised above the bare needs of physical existence to a realization of the truth that "when first wants are satisfied, then the higher wants become imperative" as a higher necessity of human life.

The merit of machine-manufacture rests in the fact that the many are supplied with that which formerly was obtainable only by the few; production is greater because the power of the hand is multiplied a thousand-fold. There is no denying the vast benefit that has accrued from the stupendous re-enforcement of energy by this means, and it is only with respect to certain forms of machine-manufacture that the present revival of handicraft is concerned. But on purely utilitarian grounds there is a prevalent popular fallacy about things being very much cheapened by machine-manufacture; for, if one pair of hand-made shoes will outwear two pairs of the manufactured article, though the cost of the former be double that of the latter, the expense to the wearer is the same. And in contrasting factory-products—bedecked with superficial excrescences—with the better and more stable furniture of our ancestors, now being recovered from the garrets, a dealer in the former article confessed that it was not made for *use*, but made to *sell*. To effect that object it must have a certain appearance of fitness and stability; but it actually has no lasting quality when compared with the product of a genuine *handicraft*. Of course it is not intended to characterize all kinds of machine-manufacture as of this low grade; but the class of goods mentioned is very extensive, and its demerits are not always recognizable until a better standard is formed through skilled handicraft, which is superior to the best kind of machine-work and not much more costly—this, indeed, is the discovery that is leading many to reject many kinds of machine-manufactures, giving preference to the more tasteful and stable products of handicraft. It is, therefore, not wholly a matter of sentiment, but prudence dictates the preference given to skilled handicraft; thus there is at bottom a sensible and wise discretion, not to speak of good taste, which dictates this preference for the products of handicraft over machine-manufactures in many kinds of industry. A revival of handicraft may lead to no restriction in machine-manufactures, but it will certainly enable a large class of buyers to manifest a preference for something better.

It is the boast of the time that a material civilization has never hitherto

attained the heights that recent physical discoveries and mechanical appliances have developed. Through this order of activity the outward conditions of life are much improved; endless are the facilities for making things easy; while in reality life is thereby rendered more complex, and the result is that there is no epoch in history that is more widely separated from the happiness that is born of *hope* than the present time. This is confessedly an age of disquiet and discontent. Wealth, wages, or material comforts, plentiful as they are, and regarded by many as the supreme end of all activity and desire, are found to breed discontent with greater energy even than poverty. These benefits appear to foster a spirit that recognizes no state of contentment while there are others enjoying greater privileges of ease and material well-being; the strain is to live up to some arbitrary or artificial standard that is unnatural, and not warranted by circumstances, and thus the character as well as the mode of life is infected by false views. The age may be said to be overburdened with complexity; there is no repose, no rest, all is obvious discontent—a feeling which seems to pervade every class. And yet there never was a time in the world's history when the comforts of life were so widely diffused among all sorts and conditions of men. This fact tends to the conviction that the higher a purely material civilization is carried, the greater is the unhappiness and discontent that ensues; for while the desires are absorbed in the production and accumulation of wealth, and of the things thence derived, there are no conceivable conditions in which they can be wholly satisfied. A craving is engendered that knows no bounds to its appetites. So long as happiness is identified with outside things—with material wealth and physical comfort—it is the victim of a tyranny far worse than that of any human despot; for the *mind* as well as the body is enslaved, and the nobler instincts are dominated by the lower. It is claimed by calm observers that this standard is now uppermost, or most widely diffused throughout society; some such conviction is the refrain of Tennyson's new poem, "Locksley Hall, Sixty Years After."

When wealth and its attendant ambitions absorb the desires and aims, what can be more imperious than the demands that call for every sacrifice to that end? They who seek wealth for its own sake, or for the mere ease and luxury it brings, have effectually closed their eyes to that higher destiny of the soul which unfolds its inheritance to the eye of the spirit. But this craving for ease and luxury is not peculiar to a wealthy class, as such; for that class is in no greater degree a victim to a perverted view than is the poorest, whose aim or desire is the same. The equation is the same, whether the figures be large or small; and in the narrowest or most circumscribed lot the same contemptible passions may be manifested, in their degree, that find larger expression with larger means. It is not reasonable, therefore, that one class should manifest hostility toward another, *as a class*, because among them we may see on a large scale precisely that with which we are ourselves busy on a small scale, and which we covet the opportunity for manifesting in a similar way. But what really is needed in *all* classes of society is a just hostility toward those debased human traits that are manifest in the *individual*, whether rich or poor, in applying a pound or a penny, and which are hateful because they are selfish, debasing, and heartless. When we would identify the ills of life with a class; when we misinterpret "the sheep and the goats" as referring to good and bad *people*, who are to be separated at the end of the harvest, instead of the good and the bad in each one of us, the wheat and the tares in each individual soul, then we are in darkness and there is no reason, or courtesy, or judgment at the root of such estimates or hostilities. If each one will separately bend his energies to leavening himself, the whole lump will be leavened; but reforms that merely overturn society, without changing the nature of the *individual*, bring up from the bottom an evil seven times worse than the first, for the simple reason that it is wholly without judgment or discretion. The true seat of reforms, therefore, is in bettering the life and aims of the *individual*, and I think the subject I am discussing has its place in that economy.

If we contrast the *operatives* of the factory with the *apprentices* of the mediæval guilds, we do not find the lot of the former a happier one, but the contrary; our modern "operatives" have far less liberty and variety in work, for the slavery of the machine-system is very exacting. The one who serves a machine must be as automatic as the instrument, and no less constant in the performance of his part of the labor; for it is all estimated on a basis of exact ratios,—it is purely a question of figures, not of heart-beats. There are, in effect, but two classes of mind the higher faculties of which may be said to be profitably exercised in connection with this modern means—irrespective of wages—viz., the *inventors* of machines and the *organizers* of labor; but these two classes bear, numerically, a very small proportion to the hosts whom the system enslaves, and who are but as cogs to the wheels, or as arms to the mechanism. Of the vast majority of these it may be truly said that the machine they serve is the gauge of all their activities, both of mind and body. Doubtless the vast majority are not capable of rising above the situation, and hence the "wage question" is the only one that concerns these prisoners of toil. But for the more capable a remedy is found—not in legislation, which some fancy is the panacea for all ills; nor in labor-unions, that substitute one class of tyranny for another; nor yet in mere increase of wages, that can never reach the point of insuring contentment; but in that wide diversity of *handicraft*, that is now rapidly springing up all about us, which insures freedom of occupation and happiness in work by multiplying the ways of earning a livelihood. It is not a new creation, but a revival, and it promises to restore to the trades a lost power and prestige.

The blacksmith, in the days when that craft was not a lost art, worked at his anvil, welding his thought into the metal, hammering out his fancies in ingenious forms; every task was a problem, every stroke manifested skill; he was an inventor, a producer, a *craftsman* in the true sense. But machinery has supplanted all manual skill in this craft; the artificer now does little more than weld the odds and ends together; the master-workman has become a mere apprentice, for every article that formerly called for inventive skill in the making is now furnished the artificer by the manufacturer, ready-made. The smith is no longer a craftsman; he is become a mere jobber. The poet sang of the blacksmith as the type of "an honest man who looks the whole world in the face"—because of the manly integrity of his work. The nature of one's daily tasks has its influence on personal character; Shakespeare speaks of the dyer's hand as "subdued to that it works in"—a symbol of this influence. He who is engaged in original production is dealing directly with the impersonal forces of nature; he stands face to face with law; there is a healthy, honest activity put forth in wrestling with his tasks—a manly activity both of body and mind. The profit and reward is in the thing produced, no less than in its commercial value; for it is a product of thought, invention, skill—a thing created. A principle is involved in this order of work wholly distinct from that which governs the "handling" of the products of others' labor; and what this handling may involve is best known to those engaged in the business, for there are temptations encountered in trade of which the original producer knows nothing. In the higher aspects of trade, in its vast combinations of commercial interests extending over wide areas of the earth's surface, intricate problems are involved that call forth great faculties of mind; but in its narrower fields there are necessities that often tend to produce quite a different type of man from that formed by direct contact with nature's elements and nature's laws—for the sole end of the activities of trade is pecuniary gain. Certain forms of industry, therefore, involve greater moral strain than others, and it is a privilege, and should be so deemed, to labor in a field wherein pecuniary profit is not the sole reward sought.

The economic aspects of all labor questions, in accordance with the temper of the time, place man in the midst of a vast mechanical contrivance known as *law*, and the problems to be solved are purely mathematical and statistical; it

is a question of ratios, forces, profits, losses, means, and material benefit known as *wealth*. Whatever is not included in these elements is known as "sentimentalism," with which science, very properly, has nothing to do. Nevertheless, sentiment will continue to assert itself as perhaps the strongest force in the universe in its ultimate effects. And what the human heart now cries out against is the enslaving dominance of the machine in life, in labor, in art, in politics, in religion. Man, in his laboratory, has formed a creature that now has the mastery over him, that enslaves and uses him as a tyrant from which there is apparently no hope of escape. A machine is a working contrivance, with no insides—neither heart, lungs, nor liver. They who have fallen well in with the spirit of the age even maintain that the whole creation is just such a contrivance, without an inside, without a contriver, without heart or soul—and apparently they are pleased with the thought. But there are other philosophies and forces than the economic asserting themselves in the *unrest* which characterizes the times; and this may be due, in part, to the fact that "there is a spirit in man," a something that refuses to be absorbed in the economics of the machine, and which cries out for better privileges than mere wealth or material benefit. One of the forms of protest against this dominance of the machine is a revival of *handicraft*. The plea for the revival of handicraft is a plea for the moral improvement of no inconsiderable portion of the people; for if we contrast the moral effect of work sweetened by a pleasurable exercise of inventive skill with labor that is simply a monotonous toil for wages, it is apparent that there must result therefrom a marked distinction in the character that is formed under the two systems. For work that affords pleasurable exercise to the faculties in its performance tends naturally to contentment; the very nature of the work is profitable in its mental and moral effects, and this constitutes no small part of the reward—perhaps the greater part. But work that is mere drudgery, an unending grind of toil in which mind and body are automatically engaged, is naturally productive of discontent, for there is no interest in it but the *wage*, and where money is the sole object of labor —notwithstanding its representative value as a commodity of exchange— there can be no contentment; and this prevalent spirit of discontent may be said to be largely due to that system of labor which the machine has engendered.

It is a singular fact that all outward things unwittingly become, in a sense, representative of inward character through being brought in constant contact with it. The glazings and veneerings through which poverty of substance is skimmed over, in many kinds of machine-manufacture, intrudes its deceptions into the very thought of those who habitually live under its sway, and there is developed a mental and moral habit of "putting the best goods in the window," as the phrase is, as a mere pretence, or substitute, for merit and genuine attainment. It cannot be doubted, therefore, that a revival of handicraft will tend to produce a reaction against that prevalent flimsiness which has so long had its day in certain classes of machine-manufacture; as a reforming influence, therefore, this revival may prove a means for remedying some worse evils of mind and character. I have alluded to the craft of the blacksmith as a "lost art;" it is now reviving under this *renaissance*, with an evidence of skill such as has not been seen since the days of Quintin Matsys of Antwerp, or the metal-workers of the sixteenth century. Wrought iron and hammered brass may now be seen, here and there, amid the rubbish of apprentice-work, compelling one to pause and praise the skill of a revived handicraft that will surely tend to brighten toil by awakening a healthy ambition to excel. And the same thing is noticeable in other trades. The carpenter is coming to life again; it was only a few years since that every vestige of intelligence and manual dexterity had forsaken this craft. The carpenter, like the smith, got all his materials, ready-made, from the *mill;* he could neither devise nor execute the simplest moulding; he was literally a mere *joiner*, putting together materials already formed to his hand. As to invention or design, that was wholly gauged by the patterns of the machine; for, as we have seen, it

is the fatality of that order of supremacy that it operates on the *mind* as well as on the materials that come under its forming influences; the very thought becomes as mechanical as the machine itself, and all its products are devoid of taste. It is the very ideal of a mechanical age—if there be such a thing as an *ideal* under those circumstances—to sacrifice the individual to the mass, to reduce all things to a common level of mechanical mediocrity; and how effectually this has been accomplished may be seen in the ignorant and unskilful character of work performed by the so-called craftsmen of the last fifty years, throughout all trades.

But in more ways than one this revival of skill is now proving a benefit and a blessing. I have heard it argued with intelligence, by one extensively engaged in promoting handicraft among women, that if attention were directed to a revival of domestic industries among the Irish at home, in the making of certain fabrics that are now sought after, but which the machine long ago robbed them of, there would result therefrom no slight amelioration of the present distress of that people; for it would bring again into Irish households a means of independent industry, of which they were deprived by manufacturing processes carrying it elsewhere. Such a remark is based upon the fact that the number of those who prefer hand-made things to manufactured articles is rapidly enlarging and extending beyond the wealthy class.

The importance of tasteful design in all forms of manufacture and handicraft is now fully recognized. In France a large proportion of the national wealth is directly traceable to the taste displayed in their manufactures—silks, tapestries, calicoes, carpets, wall-papers, porcelains, glass, bronzes; everything, in short, in the making of which design fills a conspicuous place, and in the production of which taste is an important requisite. For there is a regular and progressive advance in competition in manufactures: first, competition in creating or in meeting a demand, and in controlling the production necessary to this end; then follows competition in the mechanical excellence of manufactured goods; and lastly, competition in the excellence and beauty of *design*. The ease of access and intercommunion among nations has extended competition over the globe. International exhibitions have proved a great stimulus to the advance of all industries; for when brought into such close comparison, placed side by side, the merits and demerits of manufactures and of handicraft are recognized at a glance. What was effected in England by the great Exhibition of 1851 has been repeated here by the Exhibition of 1876, the influence of which was immediately perceived throughout this country, tending to a recognition of the importance of *design* in manufactures. In certain domestic products, especially in silks and tapestries, and in certain kinds of porcelain, in household furniture and decorations, in stained glass, metal-work, and wood-carving, and in the work of some of our leading silversmiths, it is acknowledged that, with a revival of handicraft we are rapidly taking the first rank for thoroughness and excellence of workmanship. This is said in no vain spirit of boasting, but as the result of personal observation of what is being done on both sides of the Atlantic. There is a surprising readiness of adaptation, quickness of perception, and alertness of faculty, now apparent in all branches of American art that is very conspicuous, and which finds hearty recognition from competent judges abroad; and it is they who freely declare that, from present indications, the future of art is with us.

But then, it may be asked, What is the nature of that future, and what are the moving propensities that will bring it about? If the coming epoch is to rival the splendor of Venice in that palmy period of her wealth and power under the Doges, it may be even more pagan; for, with singular fatality, the inspiration is drawn from precisely the same oriental sources, made available then, as now, by open commerce with the East. The present indications are that it is a wholly external influence given over to the charms of sense, with not the slightest recognition of an inward impulse such as that we find manifested in the great ages of art and faith. It is an intellectual epoch, fortified by all the wealth and appliance of a luxuriant materialism which

seems capable of producing a very rank growth; for wealth must manifest itself in its own peculiar way, but its creations have always been distinct from those emanating from a spiritual source. It was wealth, as distinguished from spiritual aspiration, that transformed the purer art of the earlier Venetians into a magnificent but wholly sensuous *decoration;* and the leading tendencies of to-day appear to emulate that spirit. But it is not chargeable upon art that it is skilful without being sincere, or sensuous without depth, for the art of any time is but the expression of the leading tendencies of thought that characterize the aspirations and the life. It is only in a minor decorative sense that handicraft is again reviving, and its earlier stages must necessarily manifest crudeness and bad taste; but with the development of skill and judgment it will gradually attain excellence, even as it has already in certain branches of work. The importance of tasteful design is already acknowledged, and its influence is felt in all branches of manufacture, for taste is nothing less than artistic judgment with respect to the fitness of things. In decoration it determines what is ornamentally appropriate; and in so doing it judiciously decides, not how much, but how little, ornament will exhibit the forms to the best advantage, requiring, however, that this little shall be of the best, the finest in design. Without suppressing spontaneity, vivacity, or freedom, taste dominates the emotional in art, and reduces all to unity by means of harmony; and where the sensuous indulges in riotous display, taste is driven out by vulgarity. In all the finer products of handicraft, therefore, design is the dominant quality of excellence; and its merit includes all other values, for good taste requires that every part shall be genuine. By educating the taste, a love of the genuine is fostered, for all shams are repugnant to good taste; thus it becomes a matter of character and principle that everything shall frankly express what it really is, and the moral effect of striving for the attainment of the beautiful in all things tends to elevate the character and the life; they who enter into the temple of truth by "the gate that is called beautiful" are true worshippers of that which is infinite and eternal.

As a mere matter of discipline, when inspired by a worthy ambition to excel, all the arts are found to be educational processes, enlisting in their service the higher faculties of mind. The question has been extensively agitated of late, whether the methods now most in vogue for disciplining the faculties are not, in some respects at least, arbitrary and unnatural—contrary to the instincts of nature as manifested in the earlier years of childhood, before artificial methods are applied as a substitute. It is an effort of a more ripened culture to regain that original frankness and spontaneity which institutional methods of education often displace by a forced and arbitrary growth of mind. Emerson has somewhere remarked that great men are such simply because they look at things and speak of things with the frankness and simplicity of children. The path of discipline commonly in vogue carries the mind away from nature by substituting arbitrary methods for natural instinct, and while some few are lucky enough to find their way back to nature by a somewhat circuitous route, many are lost in the wilderness and never return. A mind formed by original observation and reflection will always secure an attentive ear, for we seem to be brought in closer contact with truth and reality by such means. It is under some such impression that recent tendencies are strongly set in the direction of remedying the defects of old methods of training by advancing new plans that are more practical. Whatever may be the issue of these experiments, it is a clearly recognized fact that the leading achievements of the modern mind have been almost wholly due to the persistent study of *things* by the inductive methods of modern science, establishing truth on an empirical basis of fact. The scientist in his laboratory is continually occupied with *things*, and throughout his observations and experiments he is necessarily more or less occupied with certain forms of *handicraft* in forming the necessary appliance for his investigations—often manifesting consummate ingenuity in devising the requisite aids and instru-

ments. Thus the hands and senses being constantly engaged in unison with thought and reflection, there is manifested a peculiarly vigorous exercise of faculty that stands in marked contrast with some of the old methods of deductive speculation. This employment of the senses in unison with thought, and a more strict adhesion to fact as a basis for theory, is the true safeguard against *à priori* tendencies in abstract speculation that have occasioned a marked reaction in the modern mind. It is a curious fact that the better order of speculative thought is often associated with some enforced occupation that engaged the senses of the greatest philosophers—as in the case of Spinoza, whose mornings were devoted to grinding lenses as a means of subsistence, while his afternoons were given to philosophical studies, resulting in his two little volumes which have moved the world. It would be of interest to know the precise relation that the remarkable clearness and precision of the philosopher's thought bore to his manual tasks. From excessive introspective tendencies, or a habit of abstraction, the mind appears to lose its hold on outward things; eventually, if the habit be carried to excess, the exterior world stands related to the mind only as expressed in terms of thought. Outward observation has then become so enfeebled or distorted as to be practically worthless; the avenues of sense being dulled by disuse, they fail to report things as in themselves they really are, for the faculty of original observation is as surely impaired by this means as are the muscular functions from lack of exercise. The origin of thought is in *things*, and it needs no argument to prove that if there were no senses there would be no thought, no activity of mind whatever; for it is through the avenues of sense that the brain is made active—at least all initial impulses are by that means—and when the mind ceases to gather fresh stimulus through original observation, temperamental bias will usurp its place until the rays of truth no longer can struggle through the haze, when it becomes necessary to return again to the original sources of knowledge in order to be rid of the empty and profitless abstractions that have foisted mere air-castles on the mind. Terms and mental imagery having become a substitute for objective realities, the world of sense eventually disappears altogether—to all practical purposes, so far as any shrewd outward observation is concerned—and there is called up in the mind, by association of ideas, a mere ghostly mirage, without substance or reality—the haunt of pale spectres of truth. As a mere matter of mental discipline, therefore, it may be regarded as profitable to cultivate some kind of manual craft, as did the Jews of old; not necessarily as a means of livelihood, but in order to develop skill and observation. The tendencies of reform are strongly set in this direction in the common-schools, and it cannot be doubted that a corresponding benefit will ensue; for the sphere of handicraft, when raised to its true dignity by bringing to it the educated mind, will then again become honorable and distinguished. A misdirected education—especially in a common-school system—may foster a spirit of discontent with these worthy forms of labor by inadvertently emphasizing the merely superficial attractions of professional or business pursuits, for which there may be no natural aptitude on the part of the pupil through heredity or previous condition of circumstance. When it is again recognized that there is equal dignity in all forms of ingenious labor that engage the formative faculties or develop skill, then handicraft will recover its lost prestige, and it will be found to be, as in the past—as shown in the case of Palissy and Cellini—a means for disciplining the mind and character, opening a path to honorable fame. If the present revival of handicraft, extending as it is with great rapidity, should so multiply the channels for skilled labor as to convert the higher class of "operatives" into *craftsmen*, it cannot fail to be a blessing by its rendering a life of toil more happy and contented. Of course, it can only affect the more intelligent, the capable, who are naturally apt and skilful; for it is a matter of personal enterprise or individual qualification. Neither of the means upon which the hopes of many now rest—no mere legislation, or labor-unions—can transform

an "operative" into an artisan, or convert muscle into skill. This must be effected by individual effort and personal improvement of faculty; but it is a great gain when it is known that the opportunities for self-improvement are close at hand in this revival of handicraft; hope then revives, and the day of contentment seems less distant. It is a rightful aim to seek happiness in work, to find some kind of occupation the reward of which is not wholly gauged by pecuniary profit; the ambition to excel in some form of skill manifesting power is a worthier aim than that of accumulating money. But in order to secure happiness in work one must find an occupation that is suited to the temperament, and this is not discovered by shifting about, trying this and that, but by starting right in obeying the promptings of early instinct. If there be a strong liking for any special class of work, uniting the will and desires on some one object, it is rarely that obstacles can prevent the attainment of a reasonable ambition, unless the will is weak, and in nature there seems to be a sure economy that withholds the will where there is no capacity for achievement. But when the purpose is strong, and, as Solomon said, when a man is diligent in his business, he will rise above all obstacles and mean stations by force of merit, and stand upon his feet in the presence of his peers. It is an instinct of the will to compel diligence as the ground of success. Of talent one can know nothing respecting its merit until by diligence the dormant capacities are brought to light; then it is as much a surprise for the individual concerned as for the world at large. In time of peace, when the propensities slumber through enforced idleness, one can know nothing of the capacities that shine forth in the successful soldier who rises to his place in time of war. So is it with all capacities—there must be occasion and opportunity to call them forth. Even of genius, which is a higher order of capacity than talent, a philosopher has said that it is simply "an inordinate capacity for taking pains;" though this is not an adequate definition, nevertheless it properly emphasizes the practical side. But whatever be the order of capacity there is a niche awaiting it, if there be wit to find it; and the surest means is by determining what are the strongest affections, dispositions, and the like; by following that cue it will be found to be the surest guide to success. Better let the vocation choose the man, than think that any random choice is possible when special aptitudes are all bent in one direction. They who are successful usually owe it to their good sense that they began their vocations in the conditions in which they were placed by natural antecedents, for it is quite certain that the instinct of destiny has determined the starting-point with some care and not by any so-called accident of birth. Then it is discovered that the initial capacities are all adapted to the situation, and the individual rises by regular and progressive steps that insure a permanence to success. The startling way in which some people tumble down from story to story in the world's tenement is due to the fact that they never properly observed the steps or stairs in going up, but venturing to climb in through the windows or down the chimney, and groping about, blindly, without knowledge of the premises or title of proprietorship, they "fell through." It is a common experience, and always to be expected where merit is not the sole ground of success.

COMPENSATION.

By Graham R. Tomson.

If Joy and Perfectness have crowned a day,
  Alas! we say, this gracious day is done,
  The gods will never send us such an one
Again, however we may strive and pray.
But if in woe that knoweth no allay
  Full slow the anguish-harrowed hours have run
  Our hearts grow lighter with the setting sun,
For then we feel that all hours pass away.

Now some are bound to Life with golden bands,
  And Life to these is passing sweet and dear;
  They fain would linger in each lovely year
And shun the pilgrimage to unknown lands.
  But souls that sorrow know not any fear
When Death draws nigh with healing in his hands.

REALISM AND THE ART OF FICTION.

By Arlo Bates.

I.

So much has been said, and some of it, on the whole, so well said, concerning the relation of realism to fiction, that it requires not a little hardihood again to take up a theme so well worn. Yet so vague and confused are the general ideas upon the subject that even Colonel Ingram's double might well find his famous excuse insufficient to support a refusal to add his ideas, did he have any, to the still scanty understanding of the matter. There is much talk of the "realistic school" nowadays, but seldom any very definite comprehension of what that phrase does or should mean; and the value of further discussion must lie in its making clear and exact opinions now hazy. The direction of the intellectual currents of an age is not to be altered by argument; but there is satisfaction, and even profit, in learning whither we are tending, and in the endeavor to measure the ultimate value of prevailing notions by such permanent standards as one is able to fix upon.

II.

At the outset of any study of theories or principles one is met by the difficulty of definition. Indeed, when once a definition is satisfactorily fixed upon, the whole matter may generally be regarded as settled; and could we at the outset of the present inquiry adequately and without challenge define realism and art, we should find all else self-obvious inference, and might contentedly end where we began. There are certain authors and certain books which are generally conceded to be "realistic," in the technical sense of that word. In

virtue of what essential qualities they are so is by no means well established. Working by elimination, it is indeed possible to arrive at some conclusions, but often the points which seem most clearly substantiated are liable to be disproved by the same process which established them. It is popularly assumed, for instance, that one marked characteristic of realism is absolute, literal fidelity of description; and yet the realists decline to consider Daudet a member of their sacred band, although he not only can be, but in books like "Numa Roumestan" is, as literal as Zola. In the case of Balzac they are forced to the rather uncomfortable device of considering him as only in his dull pages inspired by the spirit of truth, of which they yet hail him as an early, if paradoxical, prophet.

One soon discovers that it is rather unsatisfactory work attempting to get at the truth from examples, and in any case it seems better to be bold and to attempt at once the formulating of whatever general principles may seem to underlie the whole question. If these can but be discovered, it cannot be difficult from them to deduce the secondary and the particular. Such an inquiry, it is true, leads far back. It is necessary to consider nothing less than the *raison d'être* of all art, since this must serve as the foundation for the laws of any province of art. The question is an old and an elusive one; but it is, too, one of intense interest, in which even he who falls short of complete understanding can yet hardly fail of securing some grains of the genuine and pure gold of truth.

III.

The definitions of art have been wellnigh innumerable. Indeed, they are so numerous and they represent so many shades of opinion that to accept any single one may, in the present case, seem almost like begging the whole question. In the belief that it can be satisfactorily supported, however, let us take the phrase of Eugène Véron. "Art," he has said, "is the manifestation of emotion obtaining external interpretation." Herein seems to me to lie the core and the essence of the whole matter. Ethical considerations aside, the only good in life is emotion. Wealth, culture, learning, friendship, even love itself, are all valued ultimately only as they arouse in the human breast those subtile experiences of which the analysis baffles the physiologist completely, and with which even the psychologist is able to deal only in so far as he may by comparison and inference make them their own measure. It is for emotion that man lives, so far as he does not exist from simple inertia of being. Art is pre-eminent among human attainments because it alone exists solely to arouse and to sustain this final human purpose. The man of learning, of culture, of facility, phrases and sets forth the history and the facts of life; the artist voices and, in turn, appeals to the inner sense for which exists emotion alone, all else being of this supreme faculty the mere accident.

Had it not so recently and so conclusively been proved that no such thing as genius exists, it might at this point be remarked, in passing, that herein does genius differ from talent. Talent touches the intellect; genius speaks to the highest thing in man, the imagination, wherein lie all the possibilities of æsthetic emotion. The one we may admire; the other we feel. Talent gives to man a ladder by which to climb to measurable heights; genius takes him upon mighty wings and soars with him into the illimitable empyrean.

It is, then, necessary in discussing art-methods to insist that appeal shall be made to the emotion through the imagination, and to consider in what way the imagination is most surely to be reached. The artist who addresses himself to the intellect alone, no matter by what clever sophistries he may defend his work, is manifestly confining himself to the lower range of his functions. The possibility of awakening emotion through the understanding cannot, of course, be denied, yet there can be no question that far more surely and far more keenly are the sensibilities aroused through the imagination. Too obvious to need argument, moreover, is the fact that it is by dealing with the deeper and more poignant thoughts and

situations of human experience that the artist best accomplishes his legitimate object. It is this that Emerson must have had in mind when he wrote, "The poet gives us the eminent experiences only—a god stepping from peak to peak, nor planting his foot but on a mountain." This is by no means to be understood as signifying that art deals with the sensational, or even necessarily with the outwardly striking; it does mean that art has chiefly to do with the emotionally intense and significant. Millet painted the most commonplace of peasants, yet he did it so emotionally, so ideally, so burningly, that the critic could say of his "Sower" that it was revolutionary. It is the men who have chosen themes for their emotional significance who have moved the world. Much of the confusion which arises in discussing these æsthetic questions springs from the fatal error of forgetting that the ultimate judgment of a work of art can no more be arrived at on the strictly intellectual plane than can the conclusions of science be gauged upon the purely emotional.

It must next be considered that whatever thought or feeling passes from man to man must have its language. Every art, like every people, must have its own speech. Art has no mission to imitate nature—a task with which science and mechanics may concern themselves at pleasure; yet in most arts some species of imitation is the language which serves to embody and to convey the intention of the artist. "Painting which produces an illusion of reality," observes Alfred Stevens, "is an artistic lie." The reason is obvious—such painting would mean no more than the reality it duplicated. "The mission of art," said William M. Hunt, "is to represent nature, not to imitate her;" and he might have added that it pictures nature, not for the sake of nature, but for the sake of the emotions which are aroused by the message of which such representation is the vehicle. If one more quotation may be pardoned, the words of Fromentin may be added: "It would be idle to be a lofty spirit and a grand painter if one did not put into his work something which the reality has not. It is in this that man is more intelligent than the sun, and I thank God for it."

Too much stress can hardly be laid upon the fact that it is to the imagination that art directly appeals. Imagination is that paradoxical power by which the mind receives as real what it yet knows to be fictitious. It would, perhaps, be more exact to say that, for the sake of arriving at the inner significance of a work, the mind assumes the reality of the language employed, accepting this fictitious reality as an hypothesis from which to reach the intended conclusions. To produce genuine pain and joy in the personal sense in which they are caused by actual experience is manifestly not the aim of art. In cases where events have so strongly impressed a person that he cannot hold his æsthetic sensations separate from his personal feelings, he is unable to appreciate the production of the artist. Æsthetic feeling is that emotion which the imagination receives as genuine while the reason yet knows it to be artificial. Did we really hold art as true, who could find enjoyment in a tragedy? Did we not assume it to be real, who would be moved?

Diderot, in "The Paradox of Acting," comments upon the fact that the tears raised by a tragedy in real life and those caused by a touching narrative are very different, as if this were a limitation and indicated an inferiority on the part of art. In truth, it is herein that lies its superiority. Reality reaches the emotions through the passions; art, through the imagination. The latter involves the voluntary surrender of the mind to a fictitious interest, an experience which is valuable because it arouses that sentiment wherein lies all the savor of life.

Art, then, is the employment of conventions to arouse æsthetic emotions. Art which concerns itself with mere imitation loses sight of this fundamental principle and becomes a simple exercise in language, whether it deal with form, sound, color, or word.

IV.

Having thus glanced, albeit inadequately enough, at the whole field of art, we come now in our inquiry more

particularly to literature. Here we have simply to apply to the specific the principles which belong to the general; to repeat of literature, as of all art, that its purpose is to touch the æsthetic sensibilities.

We are at once exposed to the danger of confusion which arises from the conventions which form the language of this art. The musician, of all artists, is most nearly freed from the necessity of using conventions which, by association and use, are encumbered with empirical meanings; while the writer most of all is hampered by this difficulty. The poet is forced to make definite statements, to give tangible descriptions; the novelist has still to reproduce in set phrases the affairs and events of life. Constantly is each exposed to the pressing danger that the reader will receive the obvious meaning, which is the accident, and overlook the inner significance, which is the essential, and in virtue of which the work is art. How to overcome this difficulty is the most serious problem which confronts the novelist, and the success with which he solves it will, more than all else, determine the ultimate value of his work.

And this brings us face to face with that school of literature which it is customary to call realistic, and forces us at once to join issue with it. The artistic writer—for this word seems more truly applicable than the common and obvious terms "romantic" and "idealist"—never objects to the exact reproduction of nature, provided only that this be understood to be a means and not an end. The message of art he believes to be worthy of the most finished language. He believes thoroughly in having its conventions as perfect as possible, and he is keenly alive, moreover, to the delight to be found in technical excellence. He believes, in a word, that the more realistic a writer is the better, so long as he looks at his subject emotionally. This seems to me to contain the pith of the whole discussion. So long as is kept in sight the fact that the motive is emotion the workmanship cannot be too good. The realistic school, if it means anything different from this, is at direct variance with the fundamental principles of all art, and takes itself into the realm of what should, perhaps, be called scientific or philosophical writing.

It is very difficult to find a full and satisfactory definition of realism, given by a professed follower of the doctrine. The school has declared its principles, and at the same time betrayed its weakness, chiefly by claiming various writers; and the authors it has chosen are so fundamentally dissimilar in their methods that it is impossible that some of them should not be considered as far from being realists as Tupper is from being a poet. No man can read "On the Eve," or "Fathers and Sons," and then candidly deny that, however careful and faithful the details, emotion and passion are the author's first care; yet there have been those who have spoken of Tourguéneff as a realist. The *reductio ad absurdum* is easily reached by adding to the list of realists the name of Jean François Millet in a different branch of art. Count Tolstoï, it is to be presumed, has proved quite too much even for those most eager to enroll the brilliant Russian novelists of our day under the banner of realism, and the French Zola remains, perhaps, the most striking of foreign exemplars of the school.

Simply because no Frenchman is able to feel himself fully sincere in fiction unless he is indelicate, and because Zola is at once eminently sincere and boastfully realistic, it has sometimes been held that realism is necessarily unclean. So egregious a misconception may, of course, be passed over without argument. We may also waive at this point the obvious facts that part of Zola's repute has been prurient notoriety and part gained by the qualities he disclaims and disapproves. It is his place and his methods as a realist which concern us here; and, practically, his method is to attempt the telling of the truth and the whole truth, yet nothing but the truth as it is perceived by the outer eye. He seems to take the position that we really know nothing except what we see with the physical sight, of course intelligently and keenly used, and that, therefore, the novelist has no concern with surmises, conjectures, and deductions dealing with an inner world which may, after all, be purely visionary. Zola's fiction is, theoretically, a

branch of natural history, and a novel merely a more or less entertaining volume on ethnology. He has carried to their logical conclusions principles which Balzac held paradoxically with others absolutely incompatible; which Flaubert followed with a cynicism so cold-blooded that it would have rendered untrue the most exact and exhaustive treatise upon batrachians or ophidians, since even science, which at least differs from art in rejecting the intuitive, were helpless without imagination. The weakness of the position of Zola is evident. If art is not other than science, it is at best superfluous; if it is not more far-reaching, mankind has cherished a false ideal from the earliest dawn of civilization. Science has no desire to appeal to man's emotional nature; and, equally, art has no excuse for existence if it awakens no response save from the reason. If it be claimed that Zola's art may be exactly what he designs to make it, and yet reach the emotion, it is to be answered that it can do this only in the same sense as does the reality, and it has already been shown that it is not with personal, but with æsthetic, emotion that the artist has to reckon, and this is aroused only by the means of the quickening of the imagination. It is the artistic condemnation of the novel that really is written when it is commended because in reading it one feels that he has witnessed the career of a man as he "might have witnessed it in the world and not in a book."

Those who hold to the artistic school believe that the novelist should be of sufficient enlightenment to teach us truths which ordinary mortals could not themselves discover, however painfully they trained their powers of observation. The homely traits of vulgar persons, the *argot* of Paris slums, the outward characteristics of any place or people, are within the reach of any searcher; but the artist is not alone to be the observer, he must also be the seer. It is his mission to show from what hidden, inner courses arise these outer effects. Every human being may have within himself possibilities which will make him capable of recognizing the truth of all that the inspired artist exhibits; but only those rarely and specially gifted men who are endowed with an inner clairvoyance which it has been agreed to call genius possess the power of understanding, untaught, themselves and their fellows. It is one thing to acknowledge a verity when it is brought home to us, and quite another originally to perceive it through whatever obscurity. The realist takes the only position tenable for him when he denies the existence of genius, since to acknowledge such a quality would be to sweep away, at once and forever, the entire claims of the realistic school. No wonder that Henry James says of realism that "it was a good fortune for a charming story-teller to have come a little before it."

V.

The difference between realism and idealism, looked at from one point of view, is merely that of selection. No novelist can set down everything which would occur in a given life; and from all that goes to make up mortal existence, what shall be chosen? The realist would perhaps say, "The average;" the idealist certainly would answer, "The significant;" or if the former accepted the reply of the latter, the application would in one case be to the outer, and in the other to the inner, life—the result in practice being that the realist, once more to appropriate a happy phrase from Mr. James, contents himself with "the mere dead rattle that rises forever from the surface of life." Realism, in a word, concerns itself with how human nature appears; art, with what it is. It is the accidental *versus* the essential.

The novelist has really little to do but to suppress those facts and details which do not directly bear upon the point which he wishes to bring out; but this very suppression is regarded by the realist as an exaggeration, and as such is hateful to him. He strives for the confusion, the obscurity, the dull sense of baffled vision, which meet us in real life, and he ignores the fact that even in observing life we select and examine events and sequences of cause and effect by isolating them in the mind. The realists seem to have persuaded themselves that they are doing in fiction what the Dutch

masters did in painting. It is as if one, perceiving the great cleverness and fidelity with which details are rendered in the Dutch paintings, should ignore the fact that it is not for these things, but for the portrayal of light and of color, that the pictures exist. When Teniers or Jan Steen paints the shop of a butcher, or a scene of vulgar debauchery in a tavern where drunken clowns assemble, he renders everything with a literalness which would be dry and brutal realism alone; but these masters never lost sight of the fact that the intricate delicacies of light and of color were the language in which they were speaking, and that their art was an appeal to the imagination. The man who sees in the Dutch school, with its subtile and suggestive gradations of values and of tone, its delights of atmosphere, dusky or golden-tinted, of transparent mists, of lucent shadows, only the force of outer veracity, had better go and join himself to Peter Bell, and the strong bonds of mutual sentiment ought closely to unite the two realists!

I have spoken already of the relation between art and emotion. It remains to note that realism rejects æsthetic emotion, the product of the imagination, and easily enough perceives that the emotion of the passions—the phrase being meant to stand for those selfish and practically effective feelings which are aroused by real events—cannot be produced by a confessed fiction. It therefore is forced to take the position that to call the production of an emotion an essential in art is a fallacy. It makes its appeal to the reason, and rests content with that Philistine approval.

VI.

Another point is to be noted. The aim of art is not the expression of truth so much as the impression of truth. That work which, by whatever means, seems most true to the imagination best fulfils its art-purpose. It must not, by the very energy of its efforts to compass truth, draw attention to its necessary shortcomings. A colored statue may be more nearly true to life than one of unstained marble, but the very closeness of the resemblance forces attention to the lack of movement and of life. As Eastlake has said, it is the imagination, not the senses, that is to be cheated. It is a case in which art protests too much by half.

For the production of the impression of truth, moreover, distortion is always necessary. To act, move, speak on the stage, as one would talk and walk in real life would produce no illusion. The photographs of the horse in motion affect the imagination as pitiful and ludicrous lies. It is necessary to exaggerate to produce the effect of reality; to be inexact in order to seem true.

The observer is always unconsciously affected by the conditions of art; he instinctively allows for the conventions which serve as its language, and the realistic novel, making no allowance for this fact, produces in the end an impression inevitably false, because of the very care taken to render it true.

The aim of art being the effect of truth, it follows that all may be forgiven the artist so long as the imagination of the persons addressed is not offended by the falsity inherent in the conventions employed. We are accustomed to assume that the public to which the artists of the Renaissance addressed themselves were ignorantly blind to the anachronisms with which the works of the masters of that period abound. The assumption is manifestly absurd. The educated patrons of Titian, Raphael, and their contemporaries, were as well aware as are critics to-day that men in biblical times did not wear the Italian dress of the sixteenth century. They were so keenly alive, however, to the deeper intention of the painter that historical inaccuracy did not trouble them. They regarded not so much the language as the message it carried, the motive of the work. With imaginations alert to receive the art-thought embodied by genius, they were quickened and elevated where a realist, carping at the form, would simply have been critically offended. The same thing is to be seen very markedly in the Elizabethan drama. The brilliant coterie of learned wits who led opinion at the court of the acrid virgin queen were not blind through dulness, but through æsthetic indiffer-

ence to the absurdities of geography, history, costume, and speech, over which wiseacres gravely shake their heads nowadays whenever Shakespeare's plays come under their pedantic notice. These things they rightly regarded as accidents; and the fact that the Italians and the Englishmen of the sixteenth century found in art a meaning so important and so absorbing as to render them indifferent to the exactness of details should at least show the realist that upon him is forced the necessity of declaring that the art-criterions of that most fruitful of modern periods were false and futile, or of acknowledging that there are standards higher than that of slavish fidelity in trifles. In the same spirit we may question if the Apollo Belvedere would be improved by being reduced to correct human proportions, and whether the Parthenon would be nobler if, instead of being made by such devices as *entasis* and the inclination of its corner pillars to look geometrically correct, it had been made mathematically exact and appeared out of drawing.

An anecdote told of the French actor, Got, illustrates the same point, and is well worth repeating. When he was rehearsing the part of *Triboulet*, which he was shortly to create in Victor Hugo's tragedy, "Le Roi s'amuse," he was asked how large, in making up for the stage, he should have the deformity of the hump-backed character. "I shall simply elevate my shoulders," he answered, "in those scenes where I wish to call attention to the fact that *Triboulet* is hump-backed. The hump is not essential to the rôle. There are scenes where this hump ought to be forgotten by the public, and where it would obstruct the effect. If I made it part of my dress, I should be forced to keep it always the same; but if I have merely the appearance of a hump, I shall be able to make it disappear in those passages where *Triboulet* ought to be simply terrible and pathetic."

"Got," comments M. Sarcey, after relating this story, "as a great philosopher of art, subordinated the vulgar reality to poetic truth; he felt the necessity of translating for the eyes the idea of the poet, and he understood that to throw across it the image of a deformity was to disconcert the sight and the imagination of the spectators."

No two arts are to be too closely paralleled, yet each illustrates the others. There are essential differences, of course, between the novel and the drama; but the important principle that there is something more essential than the presentation of literal truth is common to them, because it is a fundamental condition of all art.

VII.

But even were all that has been claimed granted, the realists have still a mighty argument. Our age, they say, will not endure falsification even for the effect of truth. The idealist might ask who has made the generation thus wise in the secrets of art-craft; but he contents himself by allowing that the statement is most lamentably true. It is the age of Bunker Hill monument, in all its veracious ugliness; not of Cleopatra's needles, with their delicious melting curves which beguile the eye into believing them straight lines. However much worse it may be held to be for the age, the artist must certainly reckon with the conditions that exist; and undoubtedly there is a generation, albeit a froward one, that clings to the worship of literalism as men have been joined to the service of idols many a time before.

It is, in the first place, an age in which exists a mighty spirit of doubt and of negation, and such a period is slow to trust itself to any guide save cold-blooded veracity. A decadence in faith means always a decline in art; and, wide of the mark as the statement may at first appear, it is the doubt of the age which is responsible, however remotely, for the realism of to-day. When scepticism revolts against believing in the unknowable, there springs up always a pseudo-art which ignores or repudiates the unknown. Idealism presupposes unphrasable and indescribable emotions, which it may arouse, but not define. Realism, adapting itself to that state of unbelief which will not be troubled or concerned with what

cannot be made tangible, devotes its entire attention to what it is pleased to call realities because they are within the cognizance of the five senses by means of which man perceives the cruder manifestations of the eternal verities. It is the natural product of a bleak and unbelieving time; and although it takes to itself whatever honor should belong to that which leads, in reality it only follows, and follows blindly. In fact, it is far behind; for already the reaction from agnostic negation has begun, and in a thousand ways, some of them vague and fantastic enough, the longing human need of faith is reasserting itself.

This, however, while it may explain, does not by any means justify, the position of the realist. That the court of Charles the Second was unspeakably corrupt makes it evident enough why the comedy of the Restoration can hardly be read to-day; but what apologist would claim that, since the times were filthy, it was justifiable for art to devote itself to being filthy also. That a large part of mankind is to-day materialistic or agnostic explains how the artist is tempted to become realistic and negative also; but is the fact a sufficient excuse as well that he should violate the essential laws of art? The stronger the perversion of popular taste, the greater the need of strenuous efforts to correct it. In times of peace one might be forgiven some laxity of patriotism; in war the indifferent man is an enemy almost worse than the avowed rebel. Shall literature not only be robbed of all its claims to nobility of purpose, but must its spoilers also cry aloud its shame in the market-place, endeavoring to cover the dishonor of their treachery by specious pretence? Better a hundred-fold the nobility of aim of the idealist, though it were proved the most baseless delusion ever cherished by blind enthusiast, than the empty and artistically degraded theories of the realist!

The realist is the minister of the age in its own artistic debasement; he panders to a spirit which is the most absolute Philistinism, and which can have no other issue, should it be able to work on to its logical end, than the absolute subversion and extinction of fiction as an art altogether.

Mr. Howells, in what seem strangely self-contradictory terms, has introduced into his "Editor's Study" a noticeable passage, of which the core seems to be the same idea. "When realism," he writes, "becomes false to itself, when it heaps up facts merely, and maps life instead of picturing it, realism will perish." These words would seem, if they stood alone, a concession of all that the most exacting idealist could ask, especially as the writer goes on to add: "Every true realist knows this instinctively, and it is, perhaps, the reason why he is careful of every fact, and feels himself bound to express or to indicate its meaning at the risk of overmoralizing." This last sentence is remarkable, because it contains the important statement that the true realist must express or indicate the meaning of each fact that he chronicles; but it is impossible to doubt that, as a realist, Mr. Howells means the scientific and—he might, perhaps, say the moral—not the emotional significance. Another sentence of this rather remarkable paragraph may be quoted here, although it does not exactly fit into the sequence of ideas. "In life," Mr. Howells observes, "he [the realist] finds nothing insignificant; all tells for destiny and character; nothing that God has made is contemptible. He cannot look upon human life and declare this thing or that thing unworthy of notice, any more than the scientist can declare a fact of the material world beneath the dignity of his inquiry. He feels in every nerve the equality of things and the unity of men; his soul is exalted, not by vain shows and shadows and ideals, but by realities in which alone the truth lies" [May, 1886].

"Realities in which alone the truth lies;" if the realist perceives the fact that in realities lies something beyond and above them, and that the object of art is to present this truth, for the sake of which it concerns itself with what the senses feel to be actualities, he is not a realist at all in the technical sense of the word. The idealist it is who most earnestly and consistently insists that nothing in life is beneath the notice of art, but he adds that all shall be regarded and presented artistically, sig-

nificantly. The followers of the ideal or artistic method, however, are no more likely than a trained scientist to fall into the gigantic and irremediable error of regarding all things as of equal importance. "The equality of things" is a phrase in which is strikingly apparent the inherent weakness of realism. Certainly not from experience, not from reason, not from any examination of the principles of art, not, indeed, from any source save his own baseless theories, has the realist obtained the idea that all things are of equal importance in fiction; yet there is no tenet of its creed which in practice realism follows more slavishly. It has even, for the most part, gone beyond its own theory, and concerned itself chiefly with proving that the trifling things were equal to the most momentous experiences, being apparently convinced that the greater were able to take care of themselves.

VIII.

To return to the claim that the age will listen and give heed only to realism, there is at least sufficient evidence that the spirit of the time is not so powerful as to make it impossible for the writer of fiction to rise above it. The "Return of the Native," that novel of sufficient artistic merit to give distinction to the fiction of a generation, may serve as one modern instance; "Lorna Doone," with its warmly romantic heroism; "Guerndale," book of splendidly imaginative possibilities; "The Midge," tender as a wind-flower blown in a New England spring; "Ramona," in which even the obtrusively prominent philanthropy cannot smother the genuine passion; "Prince Otto," delicious idyl of royalty; "The Grandissimes," for the value of which there is no measure, unless we say it is worth the life of a score of men, with no mean number of other novels which will occur to every reader of fiction—show how possible still is artistic creation, despite whatever lack of favorable conditions. That the works of the idealist will be awarded a hearing is no less shown by facts. None of the books just mentioned has lacked for recognition, not only deep, but wide. "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel," that live coal from the altar of genius, was given to the world nearly thirty years ago; it is only to-day, when realism vaunteth itself in the streets, that this book has come to be widely appreciated and that new editions have been eagerly received on both sides of the Atlantic. How warmly have been welcomed, too, the recently issued translations of "Père Goriot," "Eugénie Grandet," and other of Balzac's tales in which even the realists are constrained to recognize—and, of course, to lament—the presence of emotion and romance. One easily recalls, also, the immense success of "Mr. Isaacs," which certainly had little to recommend it save that it was a protest and a reaction against realism; of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," least meritorious of the fictions of one of the greatest of living English writers, yet informed by a fancy so lofty as almost to reach to the heights of imagination; and of the popularity of even such sensational and rubbishy fantasies as "King Solomon's Mines" and "She." Realism has insisted so incessantly upon the need of being absolutely truthful that nothing short of the impossibility of its fulfilling its own demands could save it from becoming infinitely tedious, and the reaction from its tiresome restraint has carried readers even to extremes that might seem absurd. It is to art that humanity turns to be delivered from the self it would not be. Confronted with failures, shams, disappointments, and with that worst of earthly disillusions, the vision of self, it is for a promise of higher possibilities, for the assurance that better things lie within the limits of human achievement, that man turns eagerly to art. Hence it is that works which portray noble emotions, which prove the truth of strenuous ideals, can never fail of reaching humanity or of touching it deeply.

It has somewhere been said that "it remained for realism to assert that fidelity to experience and probability of motive are essential conditions of a great imaginative literature." As a matter of fact, the most that realism can claim to have done is to have formulated the obvious truth, already tacitly observed in the practice of the most

romantic of writers of note, that we live in an age which is acute in detecting faults of technique and not imaginative enough to overlook them. The entire grounds for objecting to realism might not unfairly be summed up in the charge that it is not imaginative literature at all. It is worth while to compare this statement with the remark of Henry James, apropos of "Madame Bovary," "that here the theory seems to have been invented after the fact." This is, in a manner, the whole secret. It surely can hardly be claimed that, until modern realism was shaped by Gustave Flaubert, the principle "that fidelity to experience and probability of motive are essential conditions of a great imaginative literature" was unknown. With Homer, Shakespeare, Goethe, Fielding, Thackeray, Goldsmith, and a host of others on our library-shelves, such a position is palpably absurd. It is only true that it remained for realism, having lost the practice of this principle, to endeavor to hide the fact by the more strenuously insisting upon it in theory. The age brought it forth and endowed it with a self-consciousness in virtue of which it quickly found itself naked and ashamed; and the garment of fig-leaves which it has woven is the theory by which it excuses its existence.

That the popularity and the influence of the modern realistic school are generally both somewhat over-estimated seems true, yet there are obvious reasons why it is to be expected that the error should be widely received. Uncultivated and unimaginative people find a simple and innocent pleasure in the recognition of the objects which an artist has made the language of his thought, and in detecting in them any sort of familiarity. Who has not at art-exhibitions seen the guilelessly silly women who eagerly point out one thing after another with the pathetically naïve exclamations: "See, there is a cow!" "Why, that is Bunscome's barn!" "Oh, do look! If here isn't the Public Garden!" It is to precisely this feeling, natural enough, but surely not artistically appreciative, that so-called realism chiefly appeals. It pleases the sluggish mind of the intellectual bourgeoisie to discover embalmed in print trifles which are obvious enough to be familiar to even their understanding, and small enough to come within the limits of their comprehension. It gratifies their childish vanity with all the sense of original discovery to find in the pages of a novel precisely the words a next-door neighbor said this morning. The words may have no especial significance, no beauty, no relevancy, but these worthy people know what they are and feel the rare joy of appreciation—a bliss which, in imaginative literature, would be utterly denied them; an emotion so shallow and so absolutely unæsthetic as to be as far beneath the dignity of art as the joy of an idiot over a bunch of windlestraws. "Small beer for small souls" would be a not inappropriate motto for these catalogues of commonplace nothings, recorded with painful minuteness.

IX.

One never gets very far in any minute discussion of realism without coming upon the question of plot. It is one of the whims of certain representatives of the school to insist that all stories have been told; but in reply it is surely competent to rejoin that every tale is like a sphere, in that it may be looked at from an infinite number of points, and that it is the writer's way of treatment which determines the value of a work of fiction now, as it did in the beginning. Indeed, the novelist of to-day has over his literary predecessors a definite advantage in the fact that the stories have been all told, since attention is now so much the less likely to be caught and absorbed by mere situations, by mere effective incidents, by the accidents of the novel; and there is, therefore, the better opportunity for the essential, the impress of the master's hand, to attract and to hold the attention of which it alone is worthy. Had marble figures been unknown before the days of Phidias, simple amazement and curiosity at the fact that of stone he had fashioned the likeness of a man would have obscured the beauty and worth of his work, so that its true artistic message might not have been perceived. The sculptor who desired to appeal only to the lower qualities of as-

tonishment and curiosity might regret that he was not the first to devise the use of the conventions of his art; and, in the same way, the novelist who addresses himself but to the surprise and to the superficial interest of his readers will have cause to lament that to him it is not given first to introduce his fellows to a novel tale. The true artist can afford to smile at such considerations, since he aims to touch higher faculties, and to impress rather by the way in which he does it than by what he does.

It is, of course, to something higher than to mere mechanical methods that this truth extends. Simple excellence of workmanship does, in and for itself, exert a certain influence upon the imagination by begetting pure sensuous pleasure; but the deeper intent of the artist, the means by which he speaks to the imagination, the emotions which it is his purpose to arouse, constitute the higher forms of his method, and in them lies the true essence of original genius. These things are developed rather than in any exact sense learned; and when appears a writer in whom show themselves strong powers of impressing upon the clay of human life, endlessly remodelled and reworked, the intents and desires of his mind and emotions, he is the true originator, the genius who gives a new revelation in each work that he produces. The stories may have all been told, but as he tells them they become as fresh as if then for the first time invented and narrated. There is no longer a question of novelty; this is the work of a master, and the work of a master is always new.

X.

A WORD should be said here, since it has not been said earlier, of the distortion of standards by realism, and its destruction of proportions. The attention of the writer being fixed on trifles, he unconsciously destroys all true values by giving to things unworthy of notice a prominence wholly false. Realism is apt, moreover, to substitute scruples for principles, conventionalities for convictions, and social canons for ethical laws; selecting here, as always, the outward and obvious rather than the inner and unseen. Even when it assumes to deal with great moral issues, it is usually quibbling in the most pitiably trivial fashion. The ethical principles with which it deals must be small enough to fit the slides of the microscope, and to the moral law, as interpreted by the senses alone, it is impossible to impart dignity or impressiveness. All great moral issues, moreover, call for heroism, and heroism is too unusual and eccentric for the realist's consideration. As a matter of fact, realism is not true to its own professions because this is impossible; but in so far as it is consistent it can do little more than to concern itself with such laws as obviously govern the surface of life which alone they grasp.

Looking at life, moreover, always intellectually, and never imaginatively, the realistic writer is untrue also in that he stands in an objective mood toward his characters. That we shall understand the true significance of a word or of an act, it is necessary to apprehend the mood of the speaker or doer, and that, too, in the most intimately subjective way. The expression of the first love of an ignorant, uncouth girl may, to one who does not imaginatively share her feelings, appear simply ludicrous; yet, surely, he who enters into the emotions of her heart will perceive that the maidenly shrinking and passion which struggle for expression are as glorious and as sacred as those shown by the sweetly tender murmurings of an Undine or a Hilda. Has realism compared the eternal truth, then, or merely a trivial shadow of passing illusion, when it so perfectly presents the outward form and appearance of such a confession that the inner secret is lost sight of? It is not difficult to make the accidents obscure the essentials, especially since the tendency to do this is the besetting sin of all careless observers of life. The fatal error of regarding the surface as more real than what lies below is common enough; but surely it should be the mission of art rather to correct than to foster this mistake.

XI.

MUCH might still be said of the faults of realism, but there is little need of

examining the minor defects of that which is already seen to be false in its essential principles. In the ultimate judgment the whole issue between realism and idealism must be decided upon the relative success of the two methods in reaching the emotion through the imagination. Time has hitherto decided always in favor of art which appeals to human feeling, and it has, for the sake of this supreme quality, forgiven much offence against the human intellect. If there were no other reason for this, it is to be remembered that the understanding removes constantly from point to point; advances, optimists believe; at least, remains fixed nowhere; while the emotions, the sentiment, the passions of mankind are essentially the same from age to age. We outgrow the knowledge of our ancestors, but the passion which their art embodies is our passion. Emotion is the salt of immortality, without which nothing can be preserved; and although the highest and most inspiring form of art is that in which the intellect has rendered the most effective service, it is by the force of the imaginative and the passionate qualities that it is immortal. Given this, it can hardly be made too intellectual, too exact, too realistic; but emotional it must be, first, last, and always.

All that has been said in this paper has been said a hundred times before, in one way and another, and one man—almost a god—has, in half a dozen lines, summed up the whole matter of the difference between the outer vision of realism and the inward perception of idealism. What are the dust and ashes of realism beside the living fire of these sublimely glowing words of William Blake?

"I assert for myself that I do not behold the outward creation; that to me it is hinderance, and not action. 'What!' it will be questioned, 'when the sun rises do you not see a round disk of fire, somewhat like a guinea?' Oh, no, no! I see an innumerable company of the heavenly host, crying, 'Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord God Almighty!' I question not my corporeal eye any more than I would question a window. I look through it, not with it."

FATHER ACACIO'S LITTLE GAME.

By Lizzie W. Champney.

FATHER Acacio paced the adobe cloister of Santa Cruz in much tribulation of spirit. The place was a Spanish mission in what we are accustomed to call the wild, new West, forgetting that Franciscan friars converted the Indians here before the Pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock. The pueblo of Santa Cruz was one of the towns of the building Indians, scattered up and down the yellow Rio Grande, not far from the ancient city of Santa Fé; and Father Acacio was pondering, as he walked, how best to teach his charge the dogmas of his holy religion, while in the east Miles Standish and the men of his ilk were solving the Indian problem in the more popular way—by "first falling upon their own knees, and then falling upon the aborigines."

One of our astute governors of New Mexico sold as wrapping-paper the old Spanish archives, so that little remains but tradition of the work of these early missionaries, beyond the history that certain "Friers of St Francis moued with a zeale of charity, and a desire to saue soules, craued license of the Vice Roy of Nueva Espanna to go to the sayd townes and to endeavour to learne their language to baptize them and to preach the holy Gospel unto them."

Tradition alone tells how the devoted band who followed the first explorers accomplished their mission, and we cannot vouch for the truth of this little story of Father Acacio; certainly his system was never approved by his superior or his fellow-laborers, and need cast no reflections on them, though a more honest man at heart, or one more zealous for his faith, never trod a mistaken path.

Father Acacio had been greatly aided in this enterprise by his friend the Spanish Governor of New Mexico, Don Juan de ——, who had his own reasons, based in worldly wisdom, for the converting of the savages who filled the pueblos around him. Don Juan had assigned him a large parish and a small chapel, and the good padre's heart had swelled with joy as he saw the fields about him white for the harvest. But now, after laboring for three years, he was obliged, with chagrin, to count his converts on the fingers of one hand; and of these, only little Candelaria, the chief's daughter, could answer a question in the catechism. Now, to complete his mortification, a runner had brought him a letter from the Bishop of Santa Fé, saying that he was about to start on a tour of the churches, confirming postulants, catechising and baptizing converts. He trusted to find at Santa Cruz a goodly number of catechumens as the fruit of Father Acacio's long ministry. The Bishop would begin in June with the lower Rio Grande pueblos, and would reach Santa Cruz about harvest-time. He would be accompanied in this tour by his excellency the Governor, who was eager to see what progress had been made in the Christianizing and civilizing of his Indian subjects. With this letter came a brief, confidential one from the Governor.

He wrote that the good Bishop, sainted be his name, was growing old and feeble, and was hardly sufficient for the place he occupied. The Governor had advised his choosing as a colleague the most successful of the missionaries in the surrounding pueblos, and it was the friendly intention of this letter to advise Father Acacio of the chances before him. The Governor hinted of the probable succession of the colleague to the bishopric, and recalled their old friendship when students at Salamanca. "Ah! my Acacio," he wrote, "what rare games of cards we used to have! There is no one in Santa Fé who has your skill. If I could but play with you once an evening, it would give new zest to life. Display now the astuteness for which you were so remarkable as a youth, and we shall enjoy many a game together when you occupy the highest clerical seat in New Spain." A sunny smile crept around the corners of Padre Acacio's mouth at this reference to their student friendship.

"I was the brighter then," he said to himself, triumphantly. "Ah! how many times I have beaten him at ombre behind the Capilla San Bartolomé. Sacred image del Pilar, but those were blessed days!" Father Acacio's hand sought the folds of his robe and brought from an inner pocket, not a breviary, but a well-thumbed pack of cards. He shuffled them in silence; and seating himself in a shady angle under a heliotrope over ten feet high, where the flaring Mexican sage of the cloister garden would not dazzle his eyes, then and there dealt himself a good hand. Then he replaced the pack, with a sigh, and passed into the church, remembering, as the bell pealed out, that he had set aside this morning for instructing his people in the catechism, and had made an especially eloquent appeal to all present on Sunday, had even sent the altar-boys through the pueblo with the announcement that indulgences would be granted to those who came. The cavernous mud church was quite empty as he entered, and his heart sank within him as he thought that even pretty Candelaria had deserted him. There was nothing for him to do but to wait. He sat down in the rude open confessional, and to pass away the time took out his cards again and began a game of solitaire.

Presently the bell ceased ringing, and he heard footsteps in the organ-loft (so called, though it boasted no organ)—light, skipping footsteps, not to be mistaken for the halting gait of old Isidor, the bell-ringer. Father Acacio had hardly time to hustle his cards into the sleeve of his gown when Candelaria was at his side.

"Why, child, is it you who have rung the bell?" the priest asked. "Where is Isidor?"

"Where everyone else in the village is," replied the girl; "at the ghost-gamble."

"The ghost-gamble! What, pray, is that?"

"It is a custom we have borrowed from the Northern Indians. When a man dies his property is arranged in bundles; his nearest relative takes the part of the ghost, and all others take their turn in playing with him, with marked plum-seeds, for the bundles."

"Is it a good game?" asked the padre, absent-mindedly. "How do you play it?"

"There are eight plum-seeds; two are black on one side and white on the other, two are marked with spots, two with the heads of buffaloes, two with half-moons. You rattle them in a box and throw them; each combination counts differently, but if you have up the two moons, and a buffalo's head, two plain ones and two black spots, that is best."

"I see," said Father Acacio, "it is a good game; but, Santiago preserve us! this people is entirely given to gambling. They would stake their souls with Satan; and win them from him, too, for they are not stupid at play. If they were only half as bright at learning the catechism! Well, there is one comfort, all the other missionaries have the same material to deal with, and no one of them can have such a promising neophyte as my Candelaria. Come, my child, recite to me the seven deadly sins."

Candelaria's fawn-like eyes assumed a look of mischievous pleading. "If I do not miss any of my seven deadly sins," she said, "nor the six sins against the Holy Ghost, my five sorrowful mysteries, my four sins crying for vengeance, the three evangelical counsels, my two prayers to the Virgin Mary, and the one original sin—"

Unconsciously, while she spoke Father Acacio was counting on his fingers: "Seven-six-five-four-trey-deuce-ace, that makes almost a sequence."

But Candelaria proceeded eagerly: "If I say all these, good Father Acacio, will you teach me the little game you were playing all by yourself just now?"

The worthy father started as though a tarantula had stung him. "What little game?" he asked, almost angrily.

"When I was ringing the bell in the organ-loft," Candelaria replied, humbly, but with gentle insistence, "I thought at first it was your breviary, for there were pictures of the saints. Is it not so? But I saw soon that it was a game, like ours of plum-stones, for you mixed them and counted them so. Ah! let me see the little pictures, good Father Acacio?"

Mechanically the padre took the cards from his sleeve and spread them upon his lap, while Candelaria, kneeling, regarded them with silent admiration. They were cards of the ancient pattern, bearing, instead of hearts, spades, diamonds, and clubs, cups, gold pieces, swords, and cudgels. These devices are still retained on Spanish cards, while other nations have adopted other signs.

Candelaria crossed herself in awe before a particularly ugly queen of swords. "It is the blessed Virgin of Dolors, is it not?" she asked; and he with the club is San Cristofero, and he with the cup San Ignacio, is it not so? And what do all the little pictures signify?"

"The cups," said the padre, "and the money stand for the two theologic virtues, Faith and Charity; the swords and clubs for the two cardinal virtues, Justice and Fortitude."

So far the father spoke truly, for this was the accepted derivation of these symbols; but when Candelaria clapped her hands in glee and exclaimed, "I perceive! I see! it is a little game to teach the catechism—is it not so?" then Satan entered into the priest (or was it, rather, an inspiration from his patron saint?) and he replied, "Yes, Candelaria, one may learn the whole way of blessedness from these little pictures. We will call them the 'Joyful Mysteries,' and, if you are very diligent, I will teach them to you." An old Dominican jingle, or numerical catechism, came to his mind, and laying the cards out in regular sequence he caused her to repeat after him:

"Dic mihi quid sit unus? Unus est verus Deus qui in cœlis regnat.

"Duo? Duæ sunt Moysis tabulæ.

"Tres? Patriarchæ tres.

"Quatuor? Quatuor Evangelistæ.
"Quinque? Quinque prudentes virgines.
"Sex? Sex hydræ positæ in Cana Galilæ.
"Septem? Septem sacramenta.
"Octo? Octo Beatitudines.
"Novem? Angelorum chorus.
"Decem? Decem præcepta Decalogi."

This he combined dextrously with the Mexican game of monte, so that in half an hour Candelaria was gambling skilfully—the father staking his money on the five prudent virgins, and Candelaria on the three patriarchs. At the close of the game Candelaria said she had never had so enjoyable a lesson, and was sure if the good padre would teach the catechism in that way, not the children alone, but the warriors, the medicine-men, and the chiefs would flock to the lessons. Father Acacio's heart sang jubilate; already it might be said that he "viewed his triumph from afar and seized it with his eye." He retired to the cloister garden, not to gather cactus for self-flagellation, but to elaborate his little game.

A little management was necessary to prepare the neophytes for their final examination, after the selections which he had made for them from the catechism had been thoroughly committed to memory, without betraying the machinery by which they had been learned.

The assistance of the object-lessons had been so implicitly relied upon that Father Acacio found it absolutely impossible to elicit an answer without exhibiting the cards. He at last hit upon the expedient of seating the Bishop and his suite in front and facing the congregation, and of secreting Candelaria in the confessional just behind them, where, like a jack-in-the-box, she thrust out the card or cards suggesting the required answer in full view of his people, but unseen by the catechists. Several rehearsals assured him of the success of this plan.

The great day arrived. The Bishop, a feeble, tottering old man, leaned heavily upon the padre's arm as he was shown the neat garden with its orderly rows of chilli and onions. He dozed comfortably in the garden-seat under the giant heliotrope, while the Governor slapped Acacio affectionately on the shoulder and told him of the ill-success of all the other missionaries whom they had visited. The good Bishop had been scandalized by the devices to which the missionaries had resorted to gain their converts. At Taos they had been permitted to as good as canonize their hero, Montezuma, worshipping him in equal honor with San Geronimo. At Laguna the festivals of the saints were celebrated with heathen dances, and the Zootheistic fetiches were allowed a place on the high altar.

Father Acacio professed himself greatly shocked at such crooked practices, and asked whether many of the converts had made commendable progress in the catechism.

"Alas! no," replied the Bishop, suddenly waking up; "they have with one accord relinquished attempts to teach the dogmas of our holy religion."

Padre Acacio smiled serenely and led his guests into the church, already filling fast with his spiritual children. He seated his guests, and the bombardment of questions and answers waged merrily, to the complete stupefaction of the Bishop, who could hardly believe his ears. The triumphant priest could not forbear occasionally casting a glance over his shoulder at his colleague, Candelaria, who smiled and nodded at him from behind the red-calico curtains. How clever she was, and how affectionate! He had hinted to her the possibility of his removal to a higher sphere of usefulness, and the tears had stood in her eyes. "Blessed father!" she had said, "how I shall miss you, and with whom shall we play the adorable little game?"

"Dear child," Acacio had replied, "we need not be separated. If you wish you shall go to Santa Fé with me, and teach the little game to Indian girls as the superior of a convent of holy nuns."

Father Acacio had painted Santa Fé in such brilliant colors that the girl had expressed her entire willingness to follow him thither. What a treasure she was! The padre could hardly keep his attention on the catechism for thinking of her, and yet his converts were doing him honor beyond his own expectation.

There were some slight slips, as when the head choir-boy, confused by the like numbers, gave Baptism, Confirmation, Eucharist, Penance, Extreme Unction, Holy Orders, and Matrimony as the seven deadly sins; and Pride, Covetousness, Lust, Wrath, Gluttony, Envy, and Sloth as the sacraments. Old Isidor, being asked "For what did Judas betray his Master?" fixing his eyes on the three ten-spots extended by Candelaria for his help, replied, "Ten gold pieces, ten cups, and ten swords." But as a general thing all went swimmingly. The Governor regarded his friend at first with pride and admiration, which changed after a time to surprise, and finally to a puzzled doubt and downright suspicion. These converts were too preternaturally bright, there must be some little game which did not appear on the surface. The answer proper to Purgatory might be given to the question, "What is the sacrament of Matrimony?" for he had himself found that relation "A place of punishment, where souls suffer before they go to heaven" (Doña Anastasia was dead now, rest her soul!); but when Wilful Murder, Oppression of the Poor, and Defrauding the Laborer of his Wages were given instead of Poverty, Chastity, and Obedience, as the particular virtues of a good friar, he began to feel a certain incoherence in the questions and answers. It was at this point that he followed Father Acacio's frequently returning gaze to the confessional, and thought at first that he saw a vision of angels in Candelaria's pretty face. From this time on, to the priest's consternation, the Governor paid no attention to the catechism, but watched with rapture the padre's charming accessory as she made her signals. At last Father Acacio's little game was perfectly clear to him, and he knew not which to admire most—the genius of its inventor, or the beauty of the chief assistant.

When, after the close of the exercises in the church, Father Acacio sought his friend, to bid him to a modest feast prepared in the refectory, he found him, after long search, playing monte with Candelaria behind the great cross in the Campo Santo.

"Not a word of this to the Bishop," he besought; and his excellency swore by all that was sacred that wild horses should not drag the secret from him.

But when, a little later, a commission came to Father Acacio, stating "That whereas he had shown such great zeale and good success in converting the savages, therefore it had been thought best to remove him to a fielde more commensurate to his talents—even to the distant towne of Taos, whose warriors were thought to be very ill affected to the Spanish government and were by some sayd to be on the verge of insurrection"—this paper, which, instead of calling him to the capital, banished him still farther into the wilderness, this paper was signed, not alone by the Bishop, but also by his perfidious friend the Governor.

Had he forgotten his former desire to have a partner at monte, with whom to while away the long evenings? Not at all; nor was Candelaria disappointed in her desire to see the capital of New Spain, Santa Fé, "the city of the holy faith." The ancient chronicles tell how more than one of the early officials "took to themselves wives of the chieftainesses of that countrie," and it is to be presumed that the Governor and Candelaria kept their knowledge of the catechism alive, and taught it to their children by the help of Father Acacio's Little Game.

LOOKING ACROSS THE PLAIN OF THEBES FROM THE TOMB OF THE PHARAOHS.

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THE MODERN NILE.

By Edward L. Wilson.

An Ancient and a Modern Egyptian.

THE Nile is the great gate-way which leads into the heart and history of Egypt. When the architect of old constructed a temple or Memnonium for his royal master, the propylon or entrance-gate received his first care; for it was the means by which the inner mysteries of the structure were reached. It was flanked on either side by a mass of masonry, and every available foot was covered with hieroglyphics—odes and offerings of praise to the gods, or narratives and representations of the life of the kings and their wonderful land.

So the Nile, like a great portal, is lined on both sides by long and narrow surfaces, which are covered with strange revelations, and is, moreover, the great door which leads us to them. Lake, lagoon, canal, sandy mound, green field, and mountain-range—all bear pages of the history of ancient Egypt, and tell of an abandoned civilization.

As the seasons change, so change the boundaries of land and river, and they are never twice the same; but these records of its history never change.

Vast treasures are strewn upon the soil. Tombs of kings and tombs of nations are hidden by it. Dead cities and the mummies of their monarchs are found there continually by the explorer. Sometimes the drifting, shifting sand also uncovers fragmentary passages in the history of the past; then as stealthily reburies them, just as the clouds often hide the phenomena of the heavens from the anxious vision of the scientist at the most vital moment.

The jagged mountain-ridges, bleak and bare, send forth echoes of a long-forgotten history which are as fantastic as their own outlines seen against the blue, unchanging sky. Added to these is the overpowering evidence of the ruined temples, tombs, and palaces, piled together in such incomprehensible confusion—proving how, through every vicissitude of power, of religion, of fortune, and of fame, this sunny land has followed on through tens of centuries.

Since Egypt fell from her place as a ruler among nations, an interesting people has inhabited the banks of the Nile, and they are found to-day living as they did centuries ago. It would be impossible to see these people of the Modern Nile, and to enjoy a journey among them, without combining them with the past. One may gather the fragments of a broken sphinx, or the remnants of a shattered obelisk and

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shape them into modern column or capital, yet there remains the ruddy sienite that was quarried under the lash of Pharaoh three thousand years ago. Past history will be reflected even from the modern polish.

A Nile journey, then, becomes the most interesting, instructive, and enjoyable possible. It is a continuous line of surprises from the Delta—a thousand miles—to the Second Cataract. It is a crooked line, however, and the scenes change as abruptly as do the colors of the blear-eyed chameleon which creeps about among the ruined temples.

Egypt is a land of contrasts. The traveller there must be prepared to have his thoughts of the severe grandeur and solemnity of the ancient temple interrupted by the comicalities of the present inhabitants. He must not be disappointed if the head of the modern Arab does not tally with the size of an antique sculpture.

The past was great, and the people aspired to great things. Their greatest hope was for immortality. But the Nile inhabitant of to-day is content with a small backsheesh, and cares but little for future or for fame.

There are two ways of navigating the Nile. The modern way is by a line of steamers owned by the Khedive. The "antique" method is supplied by the dahabeëh. The dahabeëh only provides that sense of dreaminess and slowness which one needs when journeying back into the centuries. But as things are done under the present dispensation, the traveller may, and commonly does, have opportunity to try both methods of travel during one journey.

The wind is not always good to the dahabeëh, and she is often glad to accept a tow at the stern of the more independent fellow-traveller. On these occasions there is a generous interchange of courtesies (so unusual on a marine voyage), and one may enjoy the privilege of pacing two decks on one and the same day.

A Nile Farm.

If the bustle of the steam-boat becomes too exciting for one's half-languid condition, there is usually a hearty offer made to share the quieter, dreamier, lazier going of the dahabeëh. Only a cable's tow separates them, and an Arab

crew is always ready with a small boat to undertake the perils of the voyage between.

In making a choice between these two methods the traveller may feel assured that in the preparation for the journey and in the start the excitement does not differ a piastre's worth. The difference, in fact, however, is this: The steamboat passenger may calculate fairly the time of his return to Cairo, but the dahabeëhist will escape that heart-sickness which comes from hope deferred, if from the first he abandons all expectation of returning at any time, certain or uncertain. From the moment he is pushed away from the quay until he returns, he is the vassal of the wind, and must bend his proud spirit to its whim.

The dahabeëh is conducted by a private dragoman and crew. They are yours. The steam-boat is a public conveyance, and is much less yours.

Hassan, the Coffee-miller.

The morning of departure arrives. The starting-point is the Cairo quay, at one end or the other of the Kasr-el-Nil—the long bridge which crosses the Nile on the road to the Pyramids. The waiting vessel rocks impatiently in the swift current. Her forward decks are crowded with all sorts of provisions, including living sheep and turkeys, chickens and pigeons. The upper deck abaft is supplied with hammocks, divans, and easy-chairs, and an awning is stretched over all. And there, too, is the gray-bearded pilot, whose handsome face and stately demeanor inspire immediate trust in him. In the cabin are all the comforts and conveniences of a sea-side home: Living rooms, large and light and airy; a drawing-room, and a dining-room, with divans at the sides, all draped with Arabic fabrics, and supplied with a library and antique bric-à-brac. There is comfort on every side.

Added to all these are the "manager" of the craft or the obese dragoman, the splendid crew, and a choice variety of servants. Here the Nile traveller comes to lounge and dream; to bury care, and to care not when the delusive life must end. Everything is done for him. He takes no thought, even for to-day; and as for to-morrow, that is always a great way off—a long, easy time coming.

Now the stake connecting the voyager with the present is pulled up; the hawser is hauled aboard, and the motley crew, with long poles, push the vessel away. There is as much noise from the congregated lookers-on as though the honest craft were infected

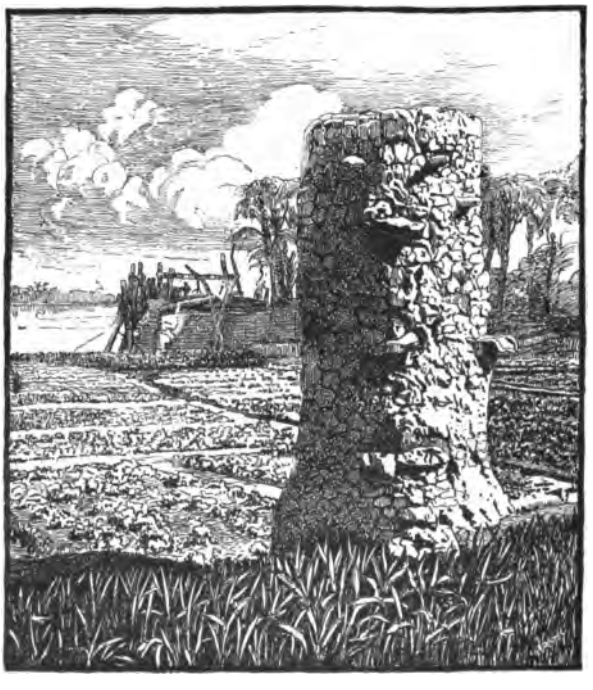
Adobe "Baby-protectors."

and were being driven off to quarantine by an angry and frightened populace. The excitement soon subsides, however. Having given the boat a good send-off, the noisy mariners leap into the stream, wade out to her, and are helped aboard. If the pilot is true, and the wind accords, the long, narrow craft is turned about without striking the bridge or colliding with the muddy quay. If not, the hawsers must be thrown ashore again; the people must pull, and the long poles of the sailors must once more be brought into action, while history just enacted is repeated.

All this over—the shouting, the yelling, and the appeals to Allah—the journey of a quarter-year or more is fairly and delightfully begun.

Now, what studies in color—what contrasts in chiaro-oscuro delight the vision on every side! Yet everything, seemingly, is going contrary. We are sailing back—into the ages of the past. The craft is moving "up" the Nile, and yet the journey is southward. The river is always in a hurry, plunging northward to the sea; yet must the traveller go slowly.

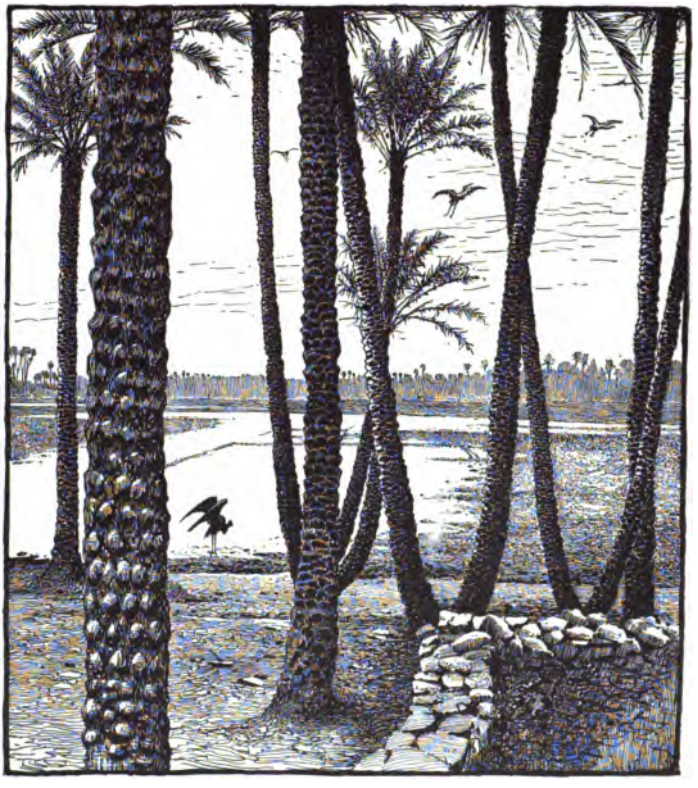
The Nile traveller will always turn back to obtain one last look at Cairo and her curious environs. The great bridge is the connecting-link between them. There are the palaces, the bazaars, and the minarets on one side, with the tremendous domes, dew-covered and glistening in the sun. On the other side are the borders of the Land of Goshen. The groves of palms and the avenues of acacias are fanning the air, while each moment some new sound comes from the farm-land beyond. The shout of the fellahin, the lowing of the buffalo, the bleating of the sheep and goats, and the never-ending squeak of the unlubricated sakiyeh follow with dreamy resonance. One catches the infection of indolence thus early in the day. There is no escaping it. All share it, and all know what it is; yet one falls back into its soft embrace as willingly and unresistingly as the palm-leaves cease their undulations when the breezes droop. There is no light, no shade in such an existence. It is all delicate, soft half-tone. And yet there is plenty of light and shade about the going, for



The Watch-tower.

sometimes the vessel moves as sleepily as the mist on the mountain, and at others flies like the scudding clouds.

Now the "stars and stripes," flaunting at the topmast, snaps a farewell to Cairo. Then bidding her adieu, the traveller focuses his eyes ahead for the stranger scenes of the Modern Nile. Away off on the right is the Great Pyramid, doubled by its reflection in a bit of Nile overflow, and looking as black as jet in its golden setting of desert sand, with the blue sky overhead. The other pyramids of Gizeh and those of Sakkarah are again and again indicated. Then comes the wish to see more than the back of that great warder of the desert, the Sphinx, and to know just how far below its mighty paws the sand has been swept away by the present excavator. On the opposite side is the island of Rhoda, where, tradition tells us, Moses was found by the lovely daughter of the Pharaoh whose mummy has recently been placed in the Bûlâq Museum as an "antique."



The Site of Memphis.

Now the fleet of Nile craft decreases, and the chaffing of the boatmen is almost hushed. How splendid are the scenes on every side! How they change every mile! The palms, the Arab villages, the minarets and domes of the mosques, appear in slow succession; again the pyramids are in view; and always is heard the sound of the busy shadoof and the dreamy squeak of the sakiyeh. The shores now reveal how Egypt was created, film upon film, layer upon layer. One marvels not that the people who live upon them, even now, look upon the Nile as "The Giver of all good."

It moves on and on before them as gently as the rays of the rising moon. It is always kindly. It gives water and food—gives life. Once a year it rises and widens, and almost entirely submerges the tillable land at its sides. What it does not so reach, it is made to reach by artificial means. The overflow is no misfortune to those whose homes are upon its banks. It is their best blessing. For the Nile well repays for the right of way during the inundation, by leaving a deposit upon the land which is worth its weight in gold. It does not change its habits; it never brings surprise and destruction. It is good to the people who trust in it. The sun always shines for them; and when unmolested and untrammelled their dispositions are sunshiny. They are hos-

pitable, generous, willing to serve the stranger, industrious, religious, misunderstood, brow-beaten, taxed, bastinadoed, and discouraged until their spirit is almost gone. And yet they are good-natured, patient, and seem to be happy!

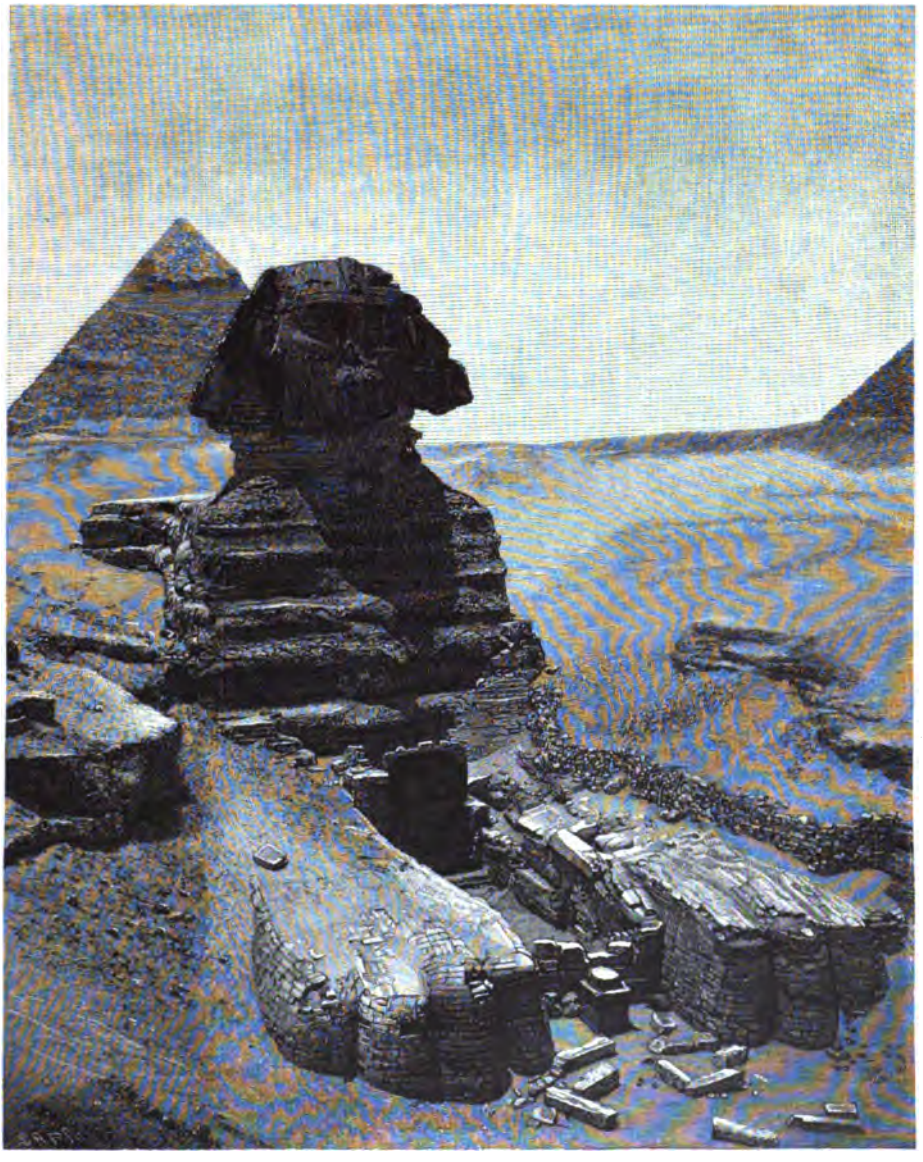
When the time approaches for the inundation the Arab farmer is all expectancy. His canals are cleared and he protects his home by dikes and walls of adobe. This done, seated at his door, he watches with satisfaction and gratitude the rise and approach of the water which holds his little wealth. It is several months rising to its greatest height, and then as slowly and gradually subsides. Then appears again to his delighted vision the husbandman's farm. His palm-trees seem to rise to a greater reach, and their waving branches add to the sense of calm and content which pervades all. Already his well-filled canals have defined themselves, and his irrigating machinery is at once put in repair. There is no more use for the boats which have served to carry him from place to place during the inundation. They are hidden among the rushes on the banks of the canal. Every available person is now pressed into the service. If the thin deposit of mud left by the departing river is kept moist, its value remains at par. If the hot sun is allowed to play upon it unopposed, it soon becomes baked and curls up into tiny cylinders; then, breaking into fragments, it falls dead and worse than useless. Therefore the process of irrigation must begin at once. The rude sakiyeh and the ruder shadoof are kept going night and day, and give employment to tens of thousands of the people and cattle as well. With these primitive appliances the water is lifted and emptied into the channels which have been dug or diked to receive it. From these larger receptacles the water is led to smaller ones, which, overflowing, cover the fields.

In a little time, then, a Nile farm becomes a rare beauty-spot, instead of a waste of mud; for now the crops are grown. The lentils bend with their heavy load and the fields of grain turn their well-filled heads from side to side that the ripening sun may change their green freshness into gold. What landscape, unadorned by art, can be more lovely than such a farm, narrow though its limits may be, with its grove of palms to fan the breeze and scatter their sweet fruitage into the lap of the happy fellahin? Here no weeds grow to annoy him. No stone-crops are belched to the surface each year to stop the plough. And this is good, for the Egyptian plough has no scientifically curved coulter or subsoil attachment.

But the Arab peasant does not thrive without a thorn in his flesh. His life is sometimes made a burden by the birds which come to steal his crops. Watch-towers are therefore erected in the fields, upon which the watcher is stationed to frighten away the wily robbers. These towers are seven or eight feet in height by a yard in diameter, and are made of adobe blocks. Bits of palm-wood or adobe are incorporated into their sides to serve as steps. Armed with a long-lashed whip and a goodly store of small blocks of adobe, the Arab boy climbs to the top and serves as a "scarecrow" from dawn until sunset.

When the crops are ripened the irrigation must rest a while, for all hands are pressed to help with the ingathering. Only the smallest children are excused. These are let down into huge cylindrical vessels made of adobe, covered over with a heavy disk of the same material to protect them from the hyenas while their mothers help gather the harvest. Tiny holes are bored into the sides of these "baby-protectors" to admit air, and to tantalize the howling thieves which prance around outside, head and tail aloft, thirsting for the blood of the frightened children.

Thus passes the life of contrasts shared by the Nile-dweller. What of those who preceded him? It is not the purpose of this paper to go into archæological details; but the past five years have witnessed more wonderful revelations in Egypt than any century before; and it is impossible for the traveller in this journey to the Second Cataract not to be strongly impressed by a few contrasts. During these years not only have the mummies of the Pharaohs been found and their faces made familiar to us, but the cities which they built, and over which they ruled, have been laid bare of their sandy coverings in the lagoons of



The Sphinx, Uncovered. 1887.

the Delta. Thus many a lost link of history has been recovered.

His temple and his tomb were the chief subjects of care on the part of a royal Egyptian. These form the interesting ruins upon the banks of the Nile, largely upon the western side, though, strange to say, almost all the building material of which the great structures are composed came from the quarries on the other side.

In the remains of the cities of ancient Egypt no greater contrast exists than between Memphis and the hundred-gated Thebes. Although Memphis was the larger and undoubtedly the older of the two, yet there is the least of it to be seen by the traveller on the Modern Nile. Not

Egyptian Children.

so much of it can be found as one may see of Tanis—the Zoan of the Bible—whose débris has been recently uncovered by the spade of the indefatigable explorer.* And now, when we stand upon one of the mounds of sand which almost wholly cover Memphis, all we can see through a screen of stately palms is the faint outline of a wall lifted so little above the Nile overflow as to make it difficult to trace its proportions; the shaft of a broken column here and there, and the half-buried colossal statue of Rameses II., which modern science is now trying to hoist once more to a perpendicular.

A town, a city, the residence of the Pharaohs, the seat of government of the kings of Egypt, enriched by palaces and famous for her pyramids and other tombs; invaded time and time again by the foe, and her bended neck placed under the yoke; subjected to the hate and spite of various people who overthrew and buried her splendid structures, hewed and destroyed her monuments, and tried to cover up every vestige of her; the site of temple, church, and mosque; the place where

* Pithom, Tanis, Naukratis, and Goshen have all been found and uncovered by Messrs. Naville and Petrie, under the auspices of the "Egypt Exploration Fund" of England and the United States, of which the Rev. W. C. Winslow, LL.D., of Boston, is the Honorary Treasurer for America.

the dynasties, the Assyrians, the Ethiopians, the Persians, the Greeks, all held sway—that was the Memphis which for many centuries exercised so profound an influence over the destinies of man.

It has often been asked why some of the temples of the Nile are in such a perfect state of preservation while others are so ruined. For example, the temple of Edfou is almost whole, while Karnak lies half upon the ground. Edfou, until within a few years, was covered over with the débris and remains of modern villages. Built against its walls, inside and out, these adobe houses, when decayed, were allowed to fall and others were erected upon their dust. The burial process went on in this way until the great temple was covered. It was thus preserved for centuries, until exhumed by Mariette, when it proved to be the finest and best preserved of all its class.

At Karnak the case was different. Time, earthquake, the iconoclast, and the vandal—all had turns with it, and its broken splendor tells a sorry tale. Yet there are the forests of columns standing where Ptolemy Philadelphus, Arsinoë, and Amenophis once promenaded in magnificence and state. As our boat passes along, the ruins of Karnak are seen, and its tall obelisks and immense hieroglyphed propylon look in the distance like a mirage. With a glass one may almost read the strange writing on the walls, and plainly see the sun-god hidden within the curve of the heavy cornice of the propylon. A day is needed to enable one to examine, even superficially, the ruins of Karnak.

At Thebes we get a wider comprehension of the civic splendor of the ancient capitals. If all the plain which stretches from the Nile opposite Luxor, back to the split and blackened rocks of Bîbân-el-Mulouk, the St. Denis of the kings of the nineteenth and twentieth dynasties, was once devoted to the city of Thebes, the world hardly ever saw a place of greater magnificence. The mind can scarcely comprehend it. But if the sight-seer will be content—as he wisely should when visiting a great picture-

The Temple of Edfou.

gallery—to select a few "bits" and devote himself to their enjoyment alone, he may get some satisfaction out of a panoramic view only of Thebes. Cross the plain; pass everything on the way; drive your donkey over the cliffs to Deir-el-Bahari, near where the "great find" of 1881 occurred, and, turning back look! The most magnificent of all views of the Nile will then be spread before you.

Curly-heads from Khartoum.

What ruins are included in that long line stretching from north to south! The cluster on the left is the temple of Qûrneh, erected as a vast cenotaph in remembrance of Rameses I. There his relatives gathered on certain days to evoke the memory of their dead as enjoined by the sacred rites. There, in the Memorial Chapel, is the family portrait-gallery. Statues of the kings, the queens, and the princes are there, and their genealogies are sculptured upon the walls. It is the site of the great Pharaonic "family-tree," and even now tells of the efforts made by this powerful dynasty to secure immortality.

Not far away, and next, is the Ramesseum, where the colossal caryatides and the stupendous columns have defied earthquake and the vandal for so long, though the great monolith which was erected there—the "likeness" of Rameses II.—the Sesostris of the Greeks, lies half-embedded in the sand, broken into fragments. The Ramesseum was erected during the lifetime of the king and under his personal supervision. After he died his mummy was brought across the plain and buried in his father's tomb, near the Ramesseum, his own tomb not being finished. When his mummy was found, about five years ago, it was carried back to the Nile over the same plain, in the sight of the Ramesseum, where the hieroglyphics yet remain which were cut in the walls by his direction to commemorate his piety, his glory, and his campaigns.

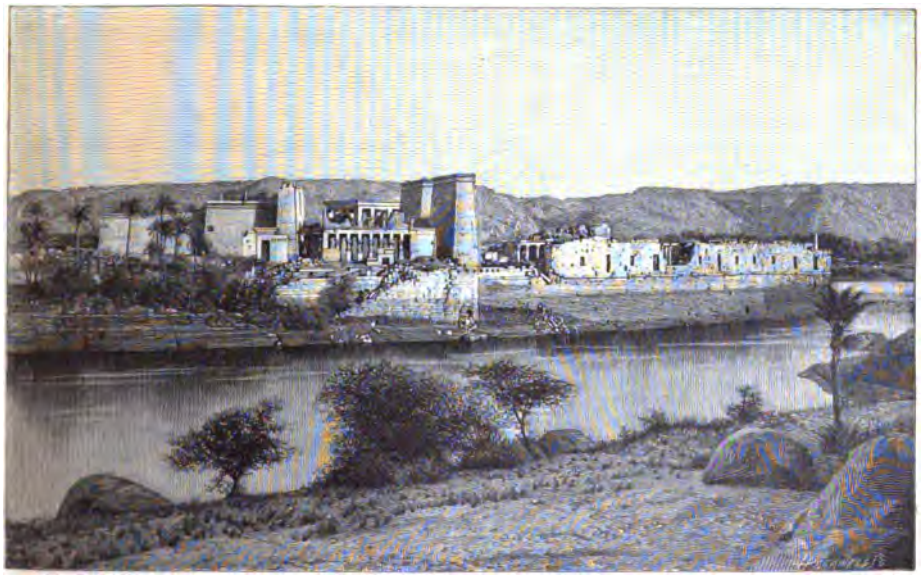
What wondrous faith in the doctrine of immortality this great king evinced, not only by securing, as he thought, the careful hiding of his mummy, but by a lavish supply of sculpture on a colossal scale! No king made such ostentatious show of his ambition. Of no king so much remains of craftsman's skill, of

artist's labor, and of poet's lore to perpetuate his name and fame. And now the tomb has given up the dead Pharaoh, and his mummy stands surrounded by some of the very works whose lustrous polish and exact engraving he caused to be done with so much care.

The temple of Deir-el-Bahari occupies the centre of the group. It is nearer to the great "Coffin Mountain," and its majestic débris is intermixed with the ruins of a Christian monastery. The perpendicular limestone cliffs near it run in a northwesterly direction down into the valley of Bîbân-el-Mulouk. To the glory of Hatasou, who was in turn queen, regent, and king, this temple was raised. The original plan of Deir-el-Bahari was a singular one. A long avenue of sphinxes led to it, and two obelisks stood at the façade. Magnificent terraces were stretched out in front, one court leading up to another by easy ascent. After Hatasou had long march to conquest, and how they conquered in the name of their fair ruler. Troops, sailors, ships, row-boats, merchandise, products of foreign lands upon which levy was made, animals from tropical countries—are all cut upon the walls of the various apartments of this magnificent pile. Some of the figures retain all the glow of rich color left upon them by the ancient painter.

The Deir-el-Medineh stands toward the south, almost hidden in a hollow, and is but a small structure. It was begun by Ptolemy Philopater and completed by his successors. It was likewise for funereal purposes. Osiris is among the deities mentioned by the inscriptions on the walls and columns. Its façade is one of the best preserved in Egypt, and of magnificent design. Quite as much of it lies scattered upon the sandy floors of its roofless apartments as stands erect.

Quite a distance farther to the south



The Island of Philæ.

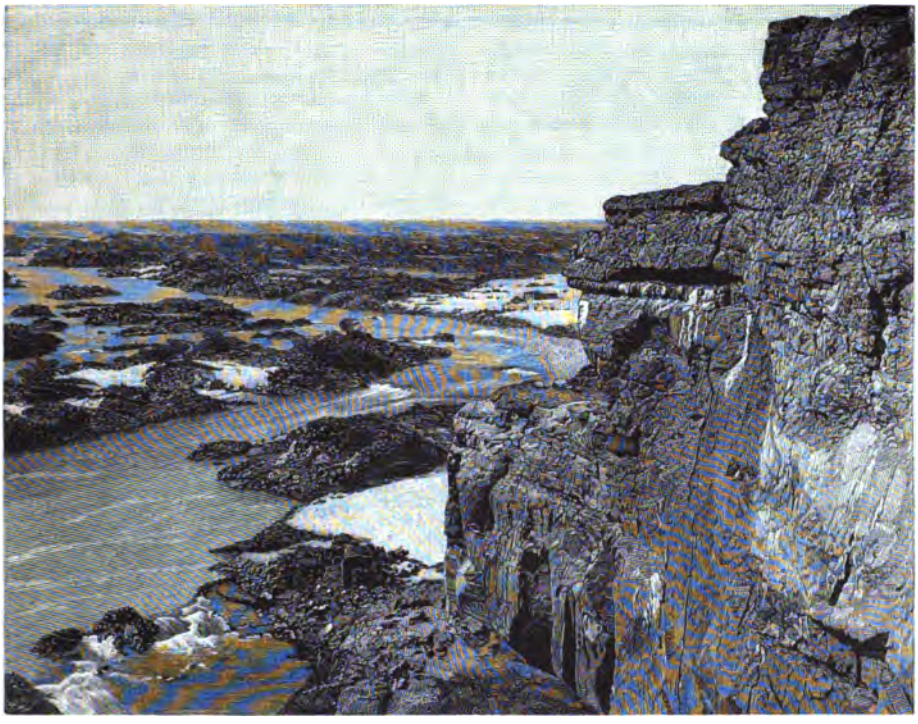
since passed away, and her devoted people no longer evoked her spirit there, her temple was used as a receptacle for the mummies of the Grecian people. The bas-reliefs of this temple describe how the willing subjects were wont to is a large, sombre-looking pile, from which emerge some constructions of still another and cruder variety. This unattractive collection is a Coptic village, which grew up here after the ancient rites of Egypt had been abandoned—all

around and above an almost buried temple, whose ruins still remain. The temple is that of Medinet-Abou, so named after the miserable village which, barnacle-like, had attached itself to the ancient walls.

Sometimes Medinet-Abou is called "the Versailles of Thebes." It was erected to commemorate the glory of Rameses III., whose mummy also was carried across the plain in July, 1881. But, instead of being a single temple, Medinet-Abou is composed of two separate ones—the temple of Thothmes III. and the temple of Rameses III. That Roman royalty also once flourished here is proved by the fact that on the walls of the first temple are inscribed the names of Titus, Hadrian, and Antoninus.

Enough cartouches of the more ancient rulers are found upon the walls of this smaller structure to call forth remembrances running from the time of Thothmes III. to Nectanebo II., 350 B.C. The larger temple of Rameses III. gives most pleasure to the average traveller, because it carries the mind away from the grim suggestions of the tomb to the more cheerful elements of a palatial home. For this was a palace and not a tomb. It had all the characteristics of a regal habitation. On the wall of one of the apartments the lovely daughter of Rameses III. is represented bringing flowers to her father. He is seen playing draughts with another, and is offered fruits by a third, whom he caresses in acknowledgment. There is a colonnade nearly 150 feet in length, whose lofty figured columns are 24 feet in circumference. The great court is 130 feet square. Splendid cornices, florid capitals, richly decorated courts, and vivid hieroglyphs—examples of the highest skill of the sculptor—here abound, in strange contrast with the remains of the modern buildings seen piled upon the roof. One of the apartments is called the "Christian Court." It was occupied by the early Christians as a church. Plenty of evidence proving this fact is seen. Not only did the fanatical iconoclasts plaster over the walls of the chambers "to cover pagan rites," but they tore down many of the fine columns and re-erected them, turning the hieroglyphed surfaces inside. When this could not be done, they hacked and defaced them with their axes until their ardor was cooled. Thus many of the most splendid monuments of Thebes and other sections of Upper Egypt were

Assouan, the Border Town between Upper and Lower Egypt.

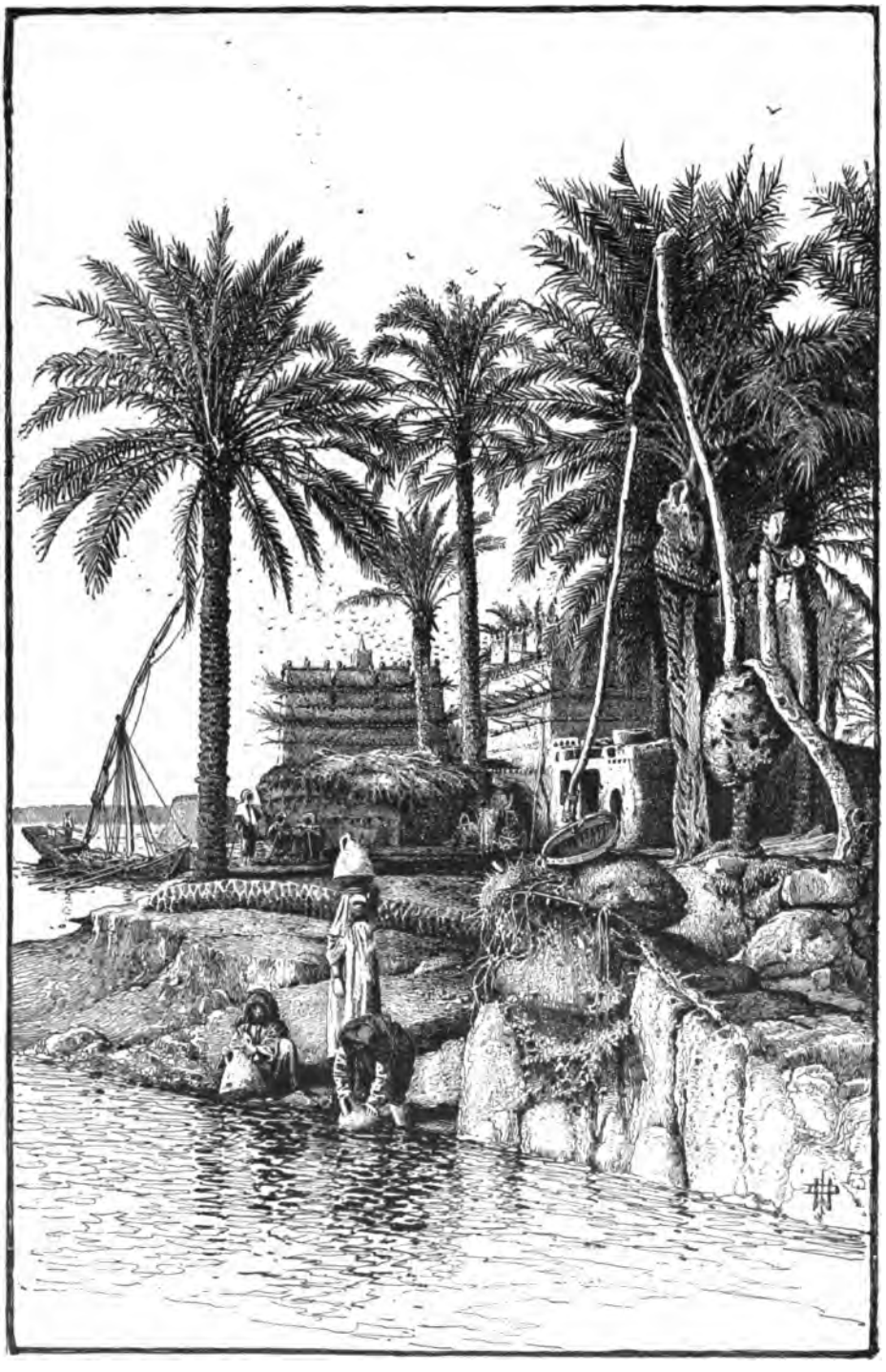


The Second Cataract, from the Rock of Abou Seer.

defaced or destroyed. Therefore the messages of the past gathered from these structures must be as fragmentary as are those obtained from the time-mouldered papyri.

In front of this succession of structures was the city of Thebes. Nothing else remains to represent it or to tell its tale, except the vast necropolis, on the west and north, and the twin colossi yet much farther to the south and east. When Thebes was destroyed, these two monsters guarded the approach to the great Memnonium of King Amenophis. His name is written upon their pedestals. They have remained at their station, facing the implacable sun, ever since. Earthquake shattered them somewhat, 27 B.C., but they look good for another thousand years. Their faces are by no means handsome; they impress one most when viewed from the back. Their very attitude is expressive of patience and quiet, and yet one is almost frightened at their size. The northern one is the famed "Vocal Memnon," which, tradition avers, once gave out sweet sounds of music at sunrise. Abundant testimony as to this is found engraved in line and verse upon its pedestal, by king, queen, prince, and poet, who made pilgrimages hither to hear the "heaven-sent voice" wail "when the sun left the majestic waves of the ocean, and, shooting forth his rays, announced the return of day to the mortals there assembled." Originally the height of the colossi was 64 feet—as high as a five-storied house.

We have now considered the ruins which remain in the great valley of Thebes. A city of equal importance existed in the bosom of the rugged limestone cliffs on the west—the great encircling wall of the necropolis of Thebes—Bîbân-el-Mulouk. Still the entrances to its subterraneous tombs are seen in the faces of the cliffs, looking like the port-holes in the sides of a ship-of-war—the gate-ways to the city of the dead. Not a thing of life is seen. All is dismal and gloomy—the very antipodes of our own beautiful cemeteries. The scorching sun seems to have levied



A Nile Village.

upon the hills for the last drop of moisture heaven gave them. Underneath are miles and miles of tombs now rifled, but once the resting-places of kings and people who shaped the destinies of the world for ages.

Now even the dead are departed. Although Sethi I., Rameses II., and Rameses III. devoted a large portion of their stay upon earth to the preparation of their tombs here in order to "secure eternal happiness to the soul after the many trials of life"—decorating the long subterranean entrances with persuasive passages detailing the goodness of their lives, "that the gods might see and have mercy"—their mummies were stolen from their tombs. Hidden by the frightened tomb-inspector in an inexpensive and obscure sepulchre, temporized for the purpose, their mummies were found by the modern Arab, rifled of their funereal accessories, and finally recovered and placed in the Bûlâq Museum for public inspection.

The story of an ancient city is well told even by this meagre representation. Could the earth be upturned and the exploring spade pushed deep enough, doubtless there would be found underneath, statues, sphinxes, obelisks, figured walls, and columns which would more than double our information concerning Thebes; but we must not go too far into the past, or forget that our present consideration is of the poor, crumbling, collapsing Modern Nile.

One of the incidents of the tour is a visit to Thebes at sunrise. The Vocal Memnon will not be heard unless a small Arab is hidden, in advance, in a break in the back of the Colossus, and instructed to pound with a bit of Theban débris upon a sonorous stone incorporated between the giant shoulders. But assuredly a sunrise visit to Thebes is well worth an effort. It is four miles from the Nile to the Ramesseum. The ride is across the plain, through dew-covered fields to the colossi, and then a turn is made northward. The sounds of the morning startle one as though never heard before. Something seems to be impending. How black and chill the colossi look! Everything, even the donkey-boy, is now quiet. The Ramesseum is reached, and you stand in the great hall of columns, frightened at their stately dignity, scarce able to make out the careful chiselling on the shoulders and crown of the fallen statue. The inner temples are almost as dark as night, and you shrink from the thought of climbing alone up one of the great stairways which spring from them, to say nothing of going down to the "holy of holies," where the king was accustomed to consult the deities in closest secrecy. No light enters except from the broken roof and the loop-holes in the walls. Suddenly a ray pierces the gloom. The giant columns in unison cast their long shadows toward the necropolis upon one another and upon the neighboring walls. Now the morning light pervades the place, and the stolid profiles of the Osiride columns, stationed there as if to guard the fallen monolith, are lighted with a rosy fire which accentuates the placid expression of their faces—each one "a likeness" of King Rameses II., the great "Pharaoh of the Bible." The sun grows stronger and the coloring is gone. But the contrasts of light and shade continue as they have done for long ages past, and will for ages to come.

You turn to go, and are startled by the fall of a little slide of débris and dust from among the dark shadows of the ruins above. Turning in the direction of the disturbance, you see two dark eyes fixed upon you. At once you come to the rather disagreeable conclusion that they have been watching you stealthily ever since you came. Your detection of his presence brings the swarthy owner of the eyes speedily to your side. He opens his robe slyly and quickly closes it again.

"Mummy, howadji," he whispers, and again reveals the features of a dark, dried head. "Want to buy?"

"No."

"How much you give it?"

"Immshe (get out)! I do not want the horrid thing."

A wider revelation is then made—the "antique" held disagreeably to your nose, and then, in low, confidential tone—

"Give it fifty francs?"

On the principle of never giving an

Arab what he asks, you say: "No! too much."

"Give it thirty francs?" pleadingly. Still too much.

"How much you give it?" I do not want it at any price.

"Give it ten francs?"

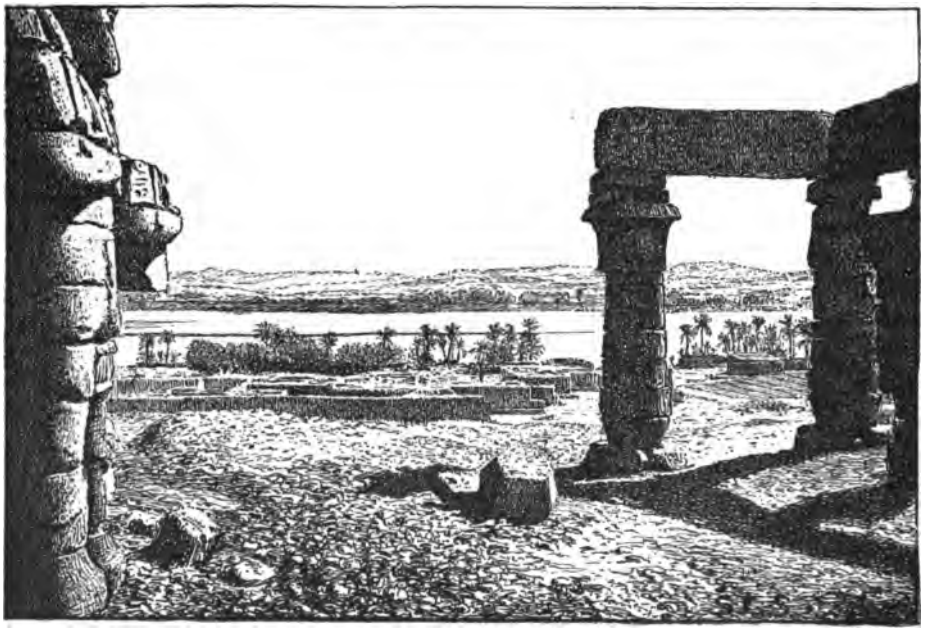
"No, I'll give you five francs."

"Give it," cries the tomb-breaker, who seizes your offered coin, throws the grinning head into your arms, and runs from you as though pursued, afraid lest you grow sick of your bargain—and you surely will, for the perfume of the Theban embalmer retains its strength forever.

To set foot in the tombs of the Pharaohs who withheld from the Hebrews their freedom is also a unique experience, and might follow the sunrise ride to the Ramesseum. A tiny, square, dark spot in the side of Bîbân-el-Mulouk is pointed out to you as the entrance to the tomb of Sethi I. Reaching it, a great descending passage is found, leading far into the mountain. On the left is a number of small chambers whose walls are covered with fantastic and chimerical engravings. Even the gods themselves assume grotesque forms. As we proceed, the heat becomes overpowering. The bats flirt out the torches and fly in one's face. Now the half-naked guides hold their flambeaux aloft and light up the hideous figures of serpents and dragons, beasts, gnomes, and scorpions upon the walls. You seem to be in the atmosphere of all the plagues of old, for here is darkness, and vermin, and insects, and moaning sounds like those sent up for the first-born slain. Dante must have sojourned here previous to writing his Divine Comedy; Virgil must have known each subterranean chamber. But they are more than the modern traveller can long endure. No wild nightmare can equal such a scene; no delirium is so awful.

Every sarcophagus is broken and empty. The image of the scarabæus is engraved here—there—everywhere. It was considered the emblem of Immortality. To it was attributed the power of imparting a new and vital force to the dead.

I did not find the modern scarabæi so generous. I caught a number of them on the sand at Thebes and placed them in a box in my cabin, meaning to "preserve" them at my convenience for an entomological friend. They seemed to guess my murderous intent; for at



The Nile at Kirscheh.

night, when I was trying to sleep, I could hear their frantic scramblings. Each night the noise grew less, and I began to feel that I should be spared a scene of slaughter. Imagine my chagrin, however, when, upon opening the box, I found only one scarabæus alive and in good health. He had eaten all the others (and had thus proved the truth of the antique doctrine of the survival of the fittest).

On the Mahmoudeeh Canal.

On the way back to Luxor you may have an illustration of the thrift and piety of the modern Theban. For example, you feel your donkey-driver's hand in your great-coat pocket or in your saddle-bag. You turn to punish him with your whip, when you see him prostrate upon the sand, his face turned "toward Mecca" in the attitude of prayer. His appeals to Allah are frantic, and are made with despair. No call from you will arouse him from his paroxysm. He seems to be in a trance. Now he rises to his knees with his hands outspread and held at the sides of his head like ass's ears. The fervor increases. The prostrate scene again takes place, and the rapid alternations are re-enacted with still louder appeals to Allah, in such heart-breaking tones, as to make you feel like a culprit for having suspected him, your faithful ally, of having had his hand in your pocket. And yet there, tucked in at his waist, is the red silk handkerchief given you by a friend when you left America!

The most refined and unique styles of mendicancy are also practised at Thebes and Luxor. A beggar will hoist one foot under his flowing robes, out of sight, and come limping toward you with an expression of pain in his face, pretending to be lame. Give him "backsheesh," and he will shamelessly drop the unseen foot and walk away a contented politician. If his comrades laugh at you, he will return one good act by another, and chase them out of your sight with his crutch. There are two or more sides to an Arab beggar. He can coax a piastre out of you with one side, and then, turning around, successfully beg backsheesh with the other. He begins work when the day begins. At the dog's first howl; long before the early call of the muezzin; ere the donkey's morning bray welcomes the coming of daylight; on, on he comes in great numbers. Wherever and whenever you go, you are sure to hear "backsheesh, howadji."

Now we untie from Luxor and push southward. The last cry comes from a curly-headed Soudanese girl. She tries to gain her livelihood by charming and selling hooded snakes, jackal pups, and chameleons. The latter she ties together in pairs by their tails and teaches them to catch flies. The chameleon lies with its throat flat upon the ground, protrudes its tongue, and exudes a seductive breath. As soon as the fly exhibits any evidence of familiarity,

the cunning animal traps its victim and runs back to the girl for approval.

What a sight is Luxor! Turn the head as you will, you are sure to see some picture altogether different from anything you had previously beheld, for Luxor is "the metropolis of Thebes." Here the strange people of all quarters congregate. It may be considered the fashionable town of the Modern Nile. The majority of sight-seers terminate their journey there, and so the natives make the most of their opportunities to sell their wares. The streets are of never-ending interest. One gets the impression that Luxor is the busiest mart in the world. Here are Nubian dancers; bead-sellers; sieve-makers; coppersmiths, who beat out their quaint vessels with the hammer; dealers in pottery; marble-cutters who, seated at the doors, let you into the secrets of Arab tombstone nomenclature; bean-breakers who, with huge mortars and iron pestles five feet long, stand in rows and crush the beans into a mass for the baker; coffee-breakers, whose method is similar; makers of donkey trappings; shoemakers; decorators of candles for use in the mosque; Koran-sellers; jewellers; money-changers and—idlers. What a bedlam and a Babel they make! And then comes along the jocular street-sprinkler with a skin of water upon his back. As he moves he turns from side to side and scatters the cooling element, strike whom it may.

A wonderful change of scene occurs when the muezzin calls the faithful to prayer. The windows and doors are closed, or a huge net is let down over the entrance to the bazaar, and you are told to "come and complete your bargain after prayer." Usually the merchant rules the mosque, and not the mosque the merchant. Here it is different.

The best view of Luxor is had at sunset from the Plain of Thebes. Then the massive columns of the Temple, the great propylon, and the magnificent obelisk of Hatasou shining like a shaft of ruby, are all seen at their best, with none of the noisy nuisances of the town to interfere. How lovely is the sky! How rich the rice-fields! How dreamy is everything! How the moon catches the rosy tint of the departing sun! How chilled everything becomes as the life-giving orb begins to disappear over behind the "Coffin Mountain!" What a pall falls over Thebes! How outrageously the wheels of the sakiyehs squeak! How clearly one can hear the voices of the sheep and goats as they are driven to their folds behind him, and the protestations of the camel which is made to carry home its own supper of freshly sickled clover a little while after regular working hours. The farewell glint of sunlight is seen caught by the apex of the obelisk, and then the shadows reverse in obedience to the moon. There is a strange difference between a "city" like Luxor and a Modern Nile village of the class so often found close to the borders of the river. And yet, in all these places there is life and activity enough for a metropolis.

I have in mind one which is a frequent place for a "tie-up." A grove of lofty palms stands close to the river —alas! too close, for the current has undermined some of the proud monarchs of the grove, and they have fallen. A shadoof adds to the variety, its clumsy parts hanging idle in the air. Beyond are the curious houses of the village, larger than usual, and higher. Their walls are garnished by protruding palm-branches, which serve as roosts for the pigeons so plentiful here. Other houses more squalid are also seen. The village may be asleep when you make fast to its mud, but you will be discovered before you are awake.

It will be worth noting how a day begins in one of these places. There is a deal of pathos about it. One's observations may be made from the cabin-window at first. There is no end to the comical pictures that are presented in quick succession. The inspection should begin while it is yet quite dark, for a part of the entertainment is to see everything asleep. But the Nile twilight is short. Suddenly the scene is touched by a glow of morning light. With the departure of the shades comes the life of the town. Now the cock crows—one of those on deck, doomed to a more dismal fate than his

cheerfulness presages. He startles one of the wolfish dog-scavengers of the village whose enterprise has caused him to sleep on the quay, so as to be early on hand for any morsel which might be thrown him by the cook. The alarm thus started is taken up by dozens of his fellow-conspirators, and resounds through the narrow streets. The quick responses are heard coming back like the answers of the guardsmen in the picketed field. Then follows the first infernal yell of the morning. Surely, you fear a murder has been committed! But your sympathy is wasted. It was only the milkman. He has come down to the dahabeëh with seven or eight cheerful, bleating goats, whose duty it is to deliver milk in person, in quantity to suit the purchaser. Now the neighborhood is fairly aroused. A brigade of donkey-boys next puts in appearance. One may never hope to slip up to a village quay so noiselessly as to evade them. They come with their donkeys, and at once begin to sound the praises of their mirth-provoking animals. Some of them actually try to push their little beasts down the slimy bank into the river, hoping to make them swim to you, but this variety of enterprise is discouraged by the quick and angry protestations of your dragoman.

Then the women begin to reveal themselves. Girls come bearing upon their heads and arms all sorts of articles for sale—eggs, cauliflower, oranges, buffalo-milk, lettuce, lentils, living fowls, and what not—such as are stored in abundance upon the deck. Even water is offered for sale. But the crowd which has gathered is far more interesting than their merchandise. The gang-plank is pushed out, and you reach the shore. A rush is at once made by the donkey-boys for the traveller, and not until the castigating bamboo of the learned dragoman has been applied to their bare, brown, Arab shoulders can the anxious searcher for experience be started up the quay on donkey-back for a "preliminary drive." The town is not yet all awake. Here and there a watchman is found sleeping on his wicker bed in the street or on the portico of a house or bazaar. Farther on groups of early risers are found squatted before a tiny charcoal fire, where they "pool" for breakfast and discuss a dozen dates or a few pumpkin-seeds while they watch and wait for the music of the coffee-pot. Even yet it is very quiet. The donkey-boy follows on behind, rather whispering his "oye-yah" than speaking it to his unwilling motor. Occasionally he drops a cabalistic word into the long ears which has the effect of increasing the donkey's speed. "Gehenna" is said to be that awful word. It always seems to be a surprise to the animal, at least, and sometimes causes him to lower his haunches and creep entirely away from his rider. Sorrow and repentance are sure to follow such an occurrence.

Now a swirling sound is heard in the air. Your donkey-boy pushes you with your donkey to one side. A lad clothed in white comes running toward you, shouting to you to "Get out of the way. Look out for your ears, your eyes, your neck, for my master is coming." Then a white ass appears, bearing the sheik of the town. This dignitary, hearing of your arrival, is hastening to the quay to collect his fee for the privilege of driving a stake into his mud. A return to the dahabeëh reveals a swarm of natives awaiting, all on the same mission as that of the sheik. The case is a hopeless one, seemingly, for there is more business than you can attend to and keep faith with the spirit under which the journey was undertaken. Your only salvation is in reciprocity. Hat in hand, and with heart-rending voice, therefore, beg backsheesh yourself, if you would drive the enemy from you long enough to escape to your deck!

Day by day these changing scenes occur. And the river changes its course as often as the incidents of travel change—as often as the prospect changes.

The border town of Lower Egypt is Assouan. At its port the traveller disembarks and takes to camel-hump or donkey-back, that he may ride around the First Cataract, which here stops the further passage of the larger vessels, except in the highest inundation time. This bit of desert travel is quite a relief from deck life. The journey is only about six miles. The route is relieved by huge rock piles whose picturesque

outlines are more suggestive of age and power than are the sun-baked houses of the rude villages one passes on the way.

On the left lies the great quarry of Syene, whence the renowned obelisks have been hewn, and where one, only three-fourths quarried, lies, half hidden by the drifting sand. An old excavated temple is passed, and a large burying-place where are some graves of Englishmen and Americans who have fallen by the way. Sand is sadder than the sea for a winding-sheet. Water is clean, and covers the dust of humanity once for all. But the sand is fickle, and flirts with one's bones; now covering, now uncovering them, even though fragments of sienite be piled upon them a foot high.

Philæ—the "gem of the Nile," the "Tivoli of Egypt"—is reached in about two hours from Assouan. The first glimpse of it is caught through the palms. Seen above their waving branches is "Pharaoh's bed," or the "Kiosk of Isis," a lovely little temple with columns all around. It lifts its florid capitals high, and is reflected in the water on the eastern side of the island. It seems like a romance to be here.

A flock of storks, startled by your approach, rises from the ruins. With their long necks to the fore and their superfluous legs aft, they leave their nests and fly toward the sun, careening like a hurrying cloud. One moment they throw a long, wide shadow over the templed island, and then far up in the light they soar, looking like a sheet of glittering silver. Now the roar of the cataract unites with the hoarse laugh of the jackal, and then the eastern side of the island comes into full view. No trailing vines, touched by autumnal tints are here; no snow-clad peaks or orange-groves to sweeten and to beautify. Yet where else are such glorious groves of palms? Where such graceful columns, propyla, and figured walls, whose weirdness has its effect on the most callous soul?

This Vatican of rare antiquities has no rival in the world. How like fairyland it is! Indeed, it is the spot where many a charming "Arabian Nights'" story is located. Here imperious Isis once held sway. Here Cleopatra and her horde of patrons once proudly ruled. Here came King Ptolemy to receive from Isis such help and sustenance as would give him wisdom and power to conduct the divine offices of priest and king. Through the dark halls of the temples, up their broad stone stairways he went alone, performing the solemn rites of his religion. Hither Romans came to plant the religion of Christ. From Philæ Romans took the rites of Isis back to Rome.

Clusters of lotus-columns, exquisitely sculptured, and no two capitalled alike, line great colonnades which reach from the southern end of the island to the lofty propylon of the temple of Isis. The gods Osiris, Hathor, and Isis were worshipped here. The Christian temple stood amid the ruins at the northern end. Here, each year, a golden offering was thrown into the river, in order to persuade it to give its overflow of life and blessing promptly. Now, only the smiles of Queen Arsinoë, hundreds of whose portraits line the walls, are given in exchange for the blessings of the willing river.

But we go too far from the Modern Nile. Philæ to us must be only an island of ruins, whose broken walls shine and sparkle in the sun, no matter whence we view them.

Opposite Philae, on the west, is the rocky island of Biggeh, which serves the double purpose of being the best point of view for Philæ and the home of some wretched Nubians (for now we are in Nubia), who float across the river on logs for the purpose of performing the only religious act they have inherited from their forefathers, namely, taking up a collection of backsheesh at every opportunity. They call it "bocksheesh," instead of backsheesh, as it is termed on the other side of the cataract.

Ruins, ruins, everywhere, and each foot of surface bearing a page of history!

The strangest contrast with Philæ is offered by the excavated temples of Aboo-Simbel. They are nearly four hundred miles away. There, with a huge glacier of golden sand sliding down between them, are two temples, wholly excavated from the mountain. No isolated propylon, no obelisks, no lines of sphinxes, no detached statues lead to their entrances, but their façades

show some of the most gigantic sculptures ever made under any monarch. Some of these have been exposed to the snubbing of the sand until they are quite defaced. One has partly fallen to the ground. Others, protected from sand and the southern sun by the buttresses, still hold their pristine beauty, and are fine examples of antique portraiture. So life-like are they that their eyes seem to twinkle, the dimples in their cheeks to change, and their lips to let go incautious smiles.

The north side of the great temple is so near to the sand, which flows down like a Niagara, that tons of the golden storm pour into the vast interior, until, sometimes, the entrance is nearly blocked. The great figures of Osiris which support the columns standing on either side of the entrance-chamber are embedded to their knees in sand. Hideous and homely these monsters seem, the more so because many a vandal has clambered to their shoulders and broken away parts of their bland expression. Yet, at moonrise, one obtains an experience here which no other temple affords. As the rising beams enter the solemn, grand interior, they seem timid lest they disturb the calm reflections of the immortal gods. Then, almost with a spring, they fall upon the stony faces on the north side and cast great silhouettes upon the figured walls. The effect is startling, expressive, beautiful. The same scene is more brilliantly colored by the rising sun. One must be seated on the sand by the door-way while the soft shades of twilight still hang like a veil over the colossal faces of the façade. The signal to move is given by a long cornice of monkey figures above, for they catch first the early sunbeams. The metamorphosis is now under way. By degrees the curtain of shadow is driven down to the sand and rolled out of sight. In its place comes a gauze of light, tinted with crimson. Then, as the sun comes on, it throws a nimbus of glory over the forehead and crown of the southernmost colossus. His eyes are fired with a new and kingly magnificence. New life and expression spring to his lips. The sunbeams scamper about among his dimples until the whole of the giant statue is in a glow; the shadows have all fled to one side to give contrast, roundness, and vigor to the portrait of Rameses II.; for he had his "likeness" quadrupled there. Now is the moment to creep quickly down the golden glacier to the door-way; then into the temple again. The flocks of bats are flying and flopping about, beating themselves against the stony gods, striving, surprised and blinded by the light, to find their sleeping-places, while Osiris seems to smile at their discomfiture and distress. The silhouttes hang a while upon the wall, and then the sun, rising, leaves the sombre interior in the half-light which it holds until the middle of the afternoon.

Forty miles from Abou-Simbel is Wady-Halfa, where donkeys are taken for the Second Cataract, six miles away. The "holy rock" of Abou-Seer, whence the best views of the cataract are had, is the end of the journey. The traveller usually goes the four hundred miles from Philæ in a smaller steamer. The dahabeëh is made to "shoot" the First Cataract, and is enjoyed during the whole journey. It is on the Upper Nile that the journey is apt to become tedious, and where a tow from the steamboat is most frequently accepted.

The donkey-ride to Abou-Seer is the hardest on the tour. It is through deep sand, and often the tiny donkeys sink until your feet so drag as to impede your progress. You cannot walk. In mercy to your donkey you wish you could. Your study of the poor animal convinces you that he has great patience. The driver is a model of forbearance; there is always, however, a perfect understanding between donkey and driver. Although the poor beast is continually goaded and his tail twisted to make him go, or else is pushed bodily to right and left, and even seized by the head and lifted to suit the inclination of the master—he bears it blandly and seems to feel that he must deserve it or he never would be so tortured. He is a fatalist, and believes that, after all, he is always a "good donkey" to his driver. For does he not hear his driver tell the howadji so, a hundred times each day? There are nearly a thousand synonyms in Arabic for donkey, all tender and endearing. And then do I not know

that when the noon muezzin sounds the donkey and driver retire to some quiet shade and have their loving make-ups? I have watched the human member of the firm as he came with the meal of chopped straw for his pet. I never saw such mutual coddling and love-signalling and tender understanding in all my experience. It is melting. The boy's face beams with smiles while he calls his donkey pet names in the softest tones; and the homely animal so shakes his head, snaps his eyes, and oscillates his neck as to brighten his humble physiognomy into a new expression.

The prospect from Abou-Seer is far more impressive than that at the First Cataract. It is made up of a grander rock display and more living water, while beyond is a fearful desolation—illimitable—broken only here and there by bright oases. The scene is one to be had in no other land.

The return journey is even fuller of enjoyment than the coming was. Now and then, after repassing Wady-Halfa, a swell in the river is met, surrounded by hills whose outlines are as glorious as those about the Italian lakes. Pelicans and cranes, waders and flyers, in tremendous flocks, add life to the narrow strip of land on each side, while an occasional crocodile is seen sleeping upon a sand-bar.

Only where the water can reach will anything grow. The Nile is "creator" here, they say. Break-waters of rocks are built in profusion to prevent the destruction of the precious soil, and vast groves of palms are grown to give fruit and shade. The castor-bean plant is cultivated by the fellahin to obtain oil for their plaited locks, but not one drop is devoted to the suffering, squeaking axles of the ungreased sakiyeh. The glow of sunrise and the glory of the sunset are sublime. It never rains in Nubia, but the cold wind blows nine months of the year. Like a lover's walk, no two turns in the river are the same. The whirlwind lifts the sand in great columns and then drives them across to the mountain-hollows, where they fall, and look like snow.

Whenever a stop is made for coal, the people flock to the quay with such assortments of "antiques" as they may have in the village. It is truly a pathetic sight. The poor creatures but rarely see a white person, and when they do they assume that he is in search of "antiques." They seemingly believe that whatever they offer will be snapped up as "antique." While the steam-boat coaled one day, I made the following inventory of articles actually offered for sale at a Nubian quay: Three straw mats, one calf, one lamb, a flint-lock gun, a photograph, a pistol, a sword with scabbard made of rags and with an old thimble at the point, two leather straps, four hens, one rooster, three necklaces, two pieces of matting, three pebbles, two pieces of sandstone, one stuffed fox, a gourd dipper, three pans of goats' milk, a living bird held by a cord fastened to its bill, two sprigs of henna, three castor-beans, three locks of human hair plaited and saturated with castor-oil, one starch-box label, one feather fan, a paper-collar box, three corn-stalk fiddles, a hair-pin, a cat, a cracked cornelian, a brace of pigeons, and an idiot child—all guaranteed "antique." The poor little creature last mentioned was offered more earnestly than the other articles, because it is considered "a curse" to have a child who is a mute or feeble-minded—and perfectly allowable to get rid of it.

And such are the people who have been evolved from the builders of the grandest structures in the world! They sleep on mats, eat no meat, are never clean, have no ambition, and love the Nile. They lift enough water from the river every day to expose one new sand-bar per mile through the travelling season. This causes the lot of the Nile pilot to be anything but happy. Any sand-bar that he passed going southward he feels acquainted with, and can avoid with tolerable certainty when he returns; but if new ones have made their appearance during his voyage to the Second Cataract (and they always do), he is sure to become dazed when he sees them, and quite as sure to run his boat afoul of them.

The steam-boat method is unique. The post of the captain is on the bow. On the bridge the second officer stands. Two miles ahead the captain discovers shoal water, and a sand-bar bent on mischief.

The captain cries out, "Affa-speed!" There are no signal bells, so the second officer receives the captain's warning and cries in turn to the pilot, "Affa-speed!" After mature deliberation the pilot shouts down to the engineer, "Affa-speed!" The shallow water is entered by this time, and the sand-bar rapidly approaches.

Captain: "Wady-easy!" Second officer: "Wady-easy!" Pilot: "Wady-easy." Engineer: "Wady-easy!" The sand-bar bravely stands its ground.

Captain: "Stop!" Second Officer: "Stop!" Pilot: "Stop!"

Passengers, one and all, in unison—"Stuck!"

The pilot and engineer light their pipes and praise Allah for his goodness, while the small boats are sent ashore with ropes, to be tied to all the fellahin farmers to be found, to help pull the boat off—usually an operation of six or seven hours.

On such occasions the dahabeëhist wishes for wind. A "running boy" is often put ashore to "run" to the nearest telegraph station to request any steam-boat coming along that way to bring help. Usually the "running boy" is picked up before he finds any help.

One of the sights of the return voyage is the constellation of the Southern Cross. If the manager of the boat is kindly, he will ring the dining-bell at your cabin-door when the constellation rises, say at 3 A.M., and at the top of his voice shout, "Southern Cross, please." And the same Greek will, at the proper time, request all to "remain perfectly quiet, for we are about to cross the Tropic of Cancer."

On the dahabeëh the dragoman always announces at the close of the day the proposed programme for the next, naming the places to be visited and the general order of exercises. He lifts up his swarthy hands, and then, bringing them together sharply to attract your attention, proceeds with his little address, his voice rising as he progresses:

"Ladeez and zhaintelmen—aff you pleeze.

"To-morrow morning—fustah bell seegks o'gluck.

"Sacondah bell—aff baz seegks.

"Breakfast—savennah o'gluck."

Then the proposed order of the following day is announced, and the patriarch retires.

The traveller soon grows into the feeling that no such magnificent set of sailors and oarsmen has been gathered together since the time of Antony and Cleopatra as those who navigate him up the Nile. Tall, slender-limbed, broad-shouldered, full-breasted, and brawny-armed, with good-natured faces and bright eyes. "What," you say, "are those Arab princes and patriarchs to become our boatmen?" How picturesque they are in their white turbans, red tarbooshes, and flowing robes! Why, you would insist on doing the lifting for them, had you not come to try how an indolent life would suit you.

The traveller may always amuse himself by watching Hassan, the "coffee-miller," as he sits upon the deck with his stone mortar between his feet while bruising the blessed bean to powder with a pestle longer than himself; or entertain the pilot; or go down below and study up Arabic patterns for cretonnes, calicoes, laces, linoleums, and oil-cloths from the designs offered by the bare soles of the sleeping cook, whose feet, having never worn shoe or sandal, have become as scarred and split and tough as a crocodile's hide, with an equal variety of lines and shapes.

If the traveller is philosophical and accepts the situation, even though the dahabeëh moves slowly and the oarsmen pull without avail, the wind being gone, he can always find much to entertain and amuse him. Sometimes there is a serious side to look upon. Occasionally the wind becomes so strong and the stream so turbulent that no craft may venture. The sands rise from the desert beyond the strips of soil on both sides, and cover the river with a pall. Quickly the sails must be furled; a boatman must leap into the river with rope about his waist, wade or swim to the shore, and press every shadoof toiler into the service of hauling the ungovernable craft to a place of greater safety. Sometimes it is worse than this, and life must be given up before the sudden storm is appeased. Never does the Arab crew appear so picturesque as during some excitement like this. The roaring of the wind, the

angry lashing of the water (for even whitecaps come), the swirling of the boat, the creaking of her spars, the snapping of the ropes; the men on deck, in the water, and on shore; the few creeping aloft—all confused by the shouts of their master on deck—form a scene that is nothing if not spectacular. And yet the finale is more likely a day of calm, or a sand-bar, or a delay in a mud-bank. Sailing and rowing and towing and calm are sure to have their turn, and so does the Ramadan, when for thirty days the men of our admiration must go from sunrise to sunset without eating. As much as they pride themselves in their work they never lose an opportunity to spend time ashore. At night they gather in circles on the quay, round a fire of palm-branches or lentil-stalks, and make their coffee. The glare of the red coals upon their bared shins and swarthy faces, and the glow upon their abas and heavy white turbans, is picturesque enough to tempt the richest colors of the palette. Then there is the snake-charmer with his trained reptiles, the fantasia dancer, the rude orchestras of the towns, and always the beggar, who is willing to dive for the smallest coin you may toss him.

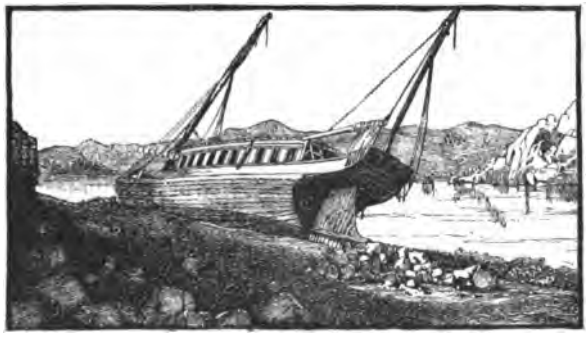
Thus diverted, the traveller floats down into civilization again, almost sure there is the most content where there is the least civilization. He has been among a primitive people, but a bright and happy folk, so far as he could see. The whole, long-drawn-out, double-lined picture is an enchanting one. But it is fast passing away.

As the thoughtless vandal breaks and defaces the precious monuments along the Nile, though with no bad intent, so the "march of civilization" is breaking and destroying the most lovely picture on the face of the globe. As the crocodile must leave at the approach of the steam-boat, so Egypt's heart seems to depart at the approach of civilization. The crocodile may move down during the inundation to quieter waters, but what is to become of the people of the Modern Nile when it becomes more modern?

One afternoon I rode my donkey up to the Citadel Hill in Cairo to enjoy a farewell view of the pyramids. When I arrived at the gate I found it guarded, and was forbidden to enter. I then rode over to the Mokattam Hills, which rise some five hundred feet high, east of the city. It is desert there. The vultures were wheeling about among the cliffs, waiting for the darkness to come, that they might the easier fall upon their prey.

There in the west was the Great Pyramid, hiding the sun from view, and utilizing the last departing rays to cast a great sharp shadow eastward across the necropolis of the desert, just as it has done ever since the slaves of Cheops placed the last stone upon its apex.

So always have the vultures swooped over, and the shadows fallen upon the oppressed thousands and millions of the orderly, cheerful, harmless people of this lovely land. First it was the Pharaohs; then the Romans; after them the Turkish wolves; contemporary with them the bond-holder, for whom they are yet taxed, bastinadoed, brow-beaten, held down, and decimated, until there is but little hope and but little spirit in them. Is there no hope for them? Let us hope for them, for the world owes them much.



The Wrecked Dahabeeh.

SETH'S BROTHER'S WIFE.

By Harold Frederic.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE BOSS LOOKS INTO THE MATTER.

"COUSIN SETH: There are reasons why I cannot come to the house again, even to the funeral, and why I shall not see you again during your stay. I think you will understand them. If you explain to Aunt Sabrina that I am ill, it will not be a falsehood. I have been, and am suffering terribly. But nobody can help me, save by leaving me to myself. I am trying to forget, too, everything that was said when we last talked together, and I shall succeed. Never fear, I shall succeed. A."

It was this note, scrawled in a hand very unlike Miss Annie's customary prim, school-teacher's writing, which Samantha had borne over from the Warren house. Seth had studied it, perplexedly, for a long time on the evening of its arrival. He ruminated now again upon it, as he walked along the road toward Thessaly the following forenoon. The temptation to confide the thing to John, who had stayed over-night with him at the homestead, and now was walking silently by his side toward the village, wavered in his mind. Perhaps John could assist him to comprehend it; but, then, it would be necessary to explain so much to him first. Finally the arguments in favor of confession triumphed, and with a "Here, old man; this is a letter from Annie. I want you to help me guess what it means," he made the plunge.

John read the note carefully. "What was it you talked about on this occasion she refers to, and when was it?" he asked.

"It was night before last, *the* night, and I asked her to marry me."

"And what was her answer? I'll tell you afterward how glad I am to hear what you've just told me."

"Well, it wasn't decisive—but she admitted that it made her very happy."

"And you haven't seen her since?"

"No—or, yes! I did. I met her just for a moment yesterday forenoon, as I was starting out from the house after hearing—the *news*. We only exchanged a word or two, though."

"Did she seem angry with you then?"

"Not at all!"

"Well, what can have happened since? Try and think! She has reasons, she says, which she thinks you will understand. When a woman says she has 'reasons,' she means that some mischief-maker has told her something disagreeable. Now——"

"Oh, my God! I see it now!" Seth stopped short in the road, and clinched his fists.

"Well, what was it?"

"She went into the house, and saw Isabel!" Seth continued, as if talking to himself.

"What has that got to do with it?"

Seth looked up at his brother with a blanching face, in which fright and amazement blended. "What is that line of Congreve's about hell having no fury like a woman scorned?" he asked, mechanically.

It was John's turn to stare. Gradually a light began to spread in his mind, and make things visible whose existence he had not suspected before. "Well, you *are* a simpleton!" he said.

"Don't I know it?" was the pained, contrite response.

The brothers walked on a few yards in silence. Then John said: "Of course, you needn't tell me any more of this than you want to; but at least I can ask you, How *much* of a fool have you made of yourself up at the farm?"

"That's hard to say. Just now I'm inclined to think that I am the champion ass of the world."

"Well, you're displaying some sense *now*, anyway. What have you done?"

"I haven't done anything. That's the foolish part of it all."

John stopped in turn, and looked his brother's face attentively over. "Go on, now," he said, "and tell me what there

is of it! There's no use in my butting my brains out against a stone wall, guessing at such an inscrutable mess as this seems to be."

"It's hard to tell—there isn't anything specially *to* tell. I simply got sort of sentimental about Isabel, you know—she was lonely and disappointed in life, and my coming to the farm was about the only chance for company she got, and all that—and then I found the thing might go too far and so I stopped it, and to clinch the thing asked Annie to marry me. That's what there is of it."

"That's good as far as it goes. Go on, youngster; out with the rest of it!"

"I tell you that *is* all."

"Humbug! Annie never wrote this letter on the strength of such philandering nonsense as that. You say Isabel must have told her something. What *was* that something? Do you know?"

"Yes!" The answer was so full of despondent pain that John's sympathy rose above his fraternal censoriousness.

"Come, my boy," he said, "you'd better make a clean breast of it. It won't seem half so bad, once you've told me. And if I can help you, you know I will."

"Well, I *will* tell you, John. Night before last, Monday night, I had hard words with Albert, up at the house. You know how he sent for me, insisted on my coming, and what he wanted. Of course I could only say "no," and we quarrelled. Toward the end we raised our voices, and Isabel, who was upstairs, overheard us. Just then he began about me and her—it seems he had noticed or heard something—and she, hearing her name, took it for granted the whole quarrel was about her. I went upstairs, and presently he drove out of the yard with the grays. I couldn't sleep, I was so agitated by the idea of our rupture, and I went out to walk it off. It was while I was out that I met Annie and had the talk I have told you about. Then I came home, went to bed, and slept till after ten—long after everybody else had heard the news. I heard of it first from Isabel, and she—she——"

He came to an abrupt halt. The duty of saying nothing which should incriminate the woman rose before him and fettered his tongue.

"And she—what?" asked John.

"Well, she somehow got the idea that I had followed Albert out and—and—was responsible for his death! *Now* you have it all!"

There was a long silence. They were nearing the four corners and walking slowly. Finally John, with his eyes on the ground, said: "And so that's what she has told Annie, you think?"

"That's the only way I can explain the note."

"But Annie couldn't possibly believe such a thing as that!"

"No—but there's an explanation for that, too. Come to think of it, I must have said a lot of things to her, that night, which seem now to her to fit in with this awful theory. Poor girl! I don't blame her."

John answered, after a pause: "There's no use of my saying anything to show you what a situation you are in, or to scold you for it. I suppose you realize it fully enough. What's more to the purpose, we must consider what is to be done. It is safe enough to assume that if Isabel thinks this, and has said it to one person, either someone else will think it, or she will hint about it to another. The thing is too terrible to have even one person, even if she were silent as the grave, think about it. The obvious thing, I should think, would be to have a post-mortem examination."

"I thought they always had them at inquests."

"No, the Coroner can dispense with one if he and the jury agree that it isn't necessary. Timms sent me word that he had decided to dispense with one in this case, 'out of consideration for the feelings of the family.' That means, of course, that he wants the *Banner* to help re-elect him next year. But now, out of 'consideration for the family,' we'll have to have one. Don't be so down in the mouth about it, boy; it will all come right, never fear!"

The brothers had reached the solitary building at the corners—a low, dingy store, with its sloping roof turned to the road, and a broad platform and steps stretching along its entire front. A horse and vacant buggy stood at the hitching-post. John proposed to go in and get some cigars, if Turner had any fit to smoke.

Their surprise was great at meeting on the steps Mr. Beekman, of Jay County, who was coming out. After terse salutations had been exchanged, Beekman said:

"Lucky you fellows come daown jest ez yeh did. I come over this mornin' a-purpose to see yeh, 'n' yit I didn't quite like to go up to th' farm. I've got ever so many things I want to ask yeh, 'n' say to yeh."

He led the way over to the farther end of the steps, and following his example of sitting down on the platform, they waited curiously for him to proceed.

"Fust of all, I was daown to Tecumsy last night, 'n' saw Workman. He said you"—turning to Seth—"needn't worry yerself 'baout comin' back till yeh was ready. They kin keep th' paper runnin' fur a week or sao, while you stay up here 'n' dew yer duty like a Christian."

Seth said he was much obliged, and then asked how it happened that Beekman had posted off to Tecumseh—over seventy miles—and returned so soon.

"Well, there was some things I wanted to see 'baout daown there, 'n' more thet I'm interested in keepin' an eye on up here. So I kind o' humped myself."

"I'm glad to see you taking such an interest in Ansdell's campaign," said John.

Mr. Beekman's gaunt visage relaxed for a second: "So yeh calc'late *thet's* what I am buzzin' 'raoun' th' State fur, do yeh? Yeh never's more mistaken in yer life. I've heerd reports circ'latin' 'raoun' thet ther'd be an election a fortni't or so from naow, 'n' thet Ansdell 'n' I was concerned in it, but yeh can't prove it by *us*. We ain't s' much as give a thought to politics sence th' Convention ended. *We've* got somethin' else to occupy aour minds with b'sides politics. I got a telegraph despatch from him, sent from New York this mornin', thet I want to talk to yeh 'baout presently, but fust——"

"Ansdell in New York?" asked Seth, all curiosity now.

"Yes, he went on daown, while I got off at Tecumsy, 'n' I sh'd jedge from his telegraph thet he'd be'n on the go some sence he got there. But what I want to ask yeh 'baout is this: Do yeh knaow haow much money yer brother hed on him night 'fore last, when was —when he met his death?"

The brothers looked at each other, then at the speaker. "No," answered Seth, finally. "We haven't the least idea. Why do you ask?"

"I'll come to thet bimeby. Naow, next, do you knaow where he was th' day b'fore th' Convention—thet is, Monday."

"Yes, I can tell you that. He was in New York. He only got back Monday evening."

"Pre-cisely. Well, naow, do yeh knaow what he went there for?"

"No. Something connected with politics, I suppose, but I can't say for certain. He had business there very often, you know."

"Yes, I knaow. But he hed very special business this last time. Naow, look at this telegram."

The two took the oblong sheet, and read:

"NEW YORK, October 21st, 9.42 A.M. Unexpectedly easy sailing. Found clew to money almost without looking. Fancy now must been sixteen instead ten. Hope return to-night. ANSDELL."

"Well, still I am in the dark," John said, after reading and rereading the despatch. "What is it all about? I suppose you understand it."

"I'm beginnin' to see a leetle ways threw th' millstone, I think, myself," replied Beekman. "But it's all so uncert'n yit, I don't want to say nothin' thet I can't back up later on."

Seth, too, had been busily pondering the despatch, and he said now, with a flushing face: "*I* know what you think! You and Ansdell have got an idea there was foul play!"

"Well, yes, it ain't much more'n an idee *yit*," assented Beekman.

"What do you base your idea on?" demanded John, full of a nameless, growing fright lest there *might* be something further which Seth's confession had not revealed.

"Jest you wait one day more," said the Boss of Jay County, grimly; "one day more'll dew. Then I miss my guess ef we ain't in shape to tell yeh. Fust of all, there's got to be a post-mortem."

John's impulse was to say that he and Seth had already agreed upon this, but a second thought checked his tongue.

"'N' it'll hev to be on th' quiet. Everything depends on thet—on keepin' it dark. There's some folks might get skeered, 'n' complicate things, ef it ain't kep' mum. 'N' thet's what I wanted to ask yeh 'baout. I've thought of Dr. Bacon over at Thessaly, 'n' Dr. Pierce daown at the Springs. They're both good men, 'n' got level heads on 'em. What d'yeh say to them?"

"I've no objection to them in the world, but the Coroner——"

"Oh, I know 'baout him. He's th' blamedest fool in th' caounty. Over in Jay we wouldn't elect sech a dumb-head to be hog-reeve. But you 'n' Ansdell kin fix it with him to-morrow; 'n' I'll drive to-day 'n' see both doctors, 'n' put 'em straight. 'N' naow yeh must prommus me, both of yeh, that yeh won't breathe a word of this to any livin' soul."

They promised, and he climbed into his buggy and gathered up the reins. "Oh, there's one thing more," he said, on reflection. "P'raps you wonder why I'm takin' so much on myself. I'll tell yeh bimeby. I've got my reasons. I'm mixed up in it, more'n you'd think."

He turned about, and drove off briskly toward Thessaly. The brothers stood in perplexed silence by the road-side for some minutes. There was surely enough to think about.

At last, with a frank gesture, John stretched his hand out to Seth:

"Old boy," he said, "I don't know how this thing is coming out, but we'll see it through together. You go down to the office and wait for me. You might do some things to fill up the paper this week, if you've got nerve enough. I'm going back to the farm."

CHAPTER XXX.

JOHN'S DELICATE MISSION.

While Seth tried to divert his thoughts at the *Banner* office by going over the freshly arrived batch of morning dailies, and fastening his attention upon their political editorials and reports of speeches instead of their displayed and minute reports of the sensational tragedy in Tallman's ravine, John Fairchild retraced his steps toward the farm. He had a definite purpose in his mind—to confront and silence Isabel—and he strove hard, as he went along, to plan how this should be done, and what he should say.

He felt that his dominant emotion was wrath against this sister-in-law of his, and he said to himself, as he strode along, that he had never liked her. He could recall the summer, a dozen years before, when she came to the farm as a visiting cousin. He had been civil to her then, even companionable, for she was bright, spirited, in a word, good company; but it seemed to him now that even then he had suspected the treachery ingrained in her nature—that he had been instinctively repelled by those hateful qualities, dormant in her girlhood, which were later to plot infidelity to one of his brothers, and lure into trouble, shame, perhaps even crime, the other.

This latter phase of her work was peculiarly abominable in John's eyes. He was not going to get up any special indignation on the first count of the indictment; a bachelor of nearly forty who marries a sentimental young girl does it at his own risk, John felt, and Albert had invited just this sort of thing by exiling her to a farm and forcing her romantic mind to feed on itself. But that she should have selected Seth—her own husband's brother, the Benjamin of the flock, a veritable child in such matters—to practise her arts upon, was grievously unpardonable. To be sure, Seth ought to have had more sense. But then John, habitually thinking of him as "the youngster," thought he could see how he had been led on, step by step, never realizing the vicious tendency of it all, until he had all at once found himself on the brink of a swift descent. Then, to do the boy justice, he seemed to have stopped short, turned his back upon the siren, and, for the sake of further security, irrevocably committed himself to Annie. He had been sadly weak in the earlier stages of the affair, no doubt; but this last course appeared manly and sensi-

ble—and wholly incompatible, too, with any idea of malice or crime on Seth's part. What fault there was belonged to the woman, and she should be told so, too, straight and sharp.

Thus John's thoughts ran as he entered the house and bade the Lawton girl tell her mistress he wished to speak with her. He had not seen Isabel since her husband's death—she having kept her room constantly—nor for a long time previous. They had, indeed, scarcely met more than half a dozen times since she came to live at the homestead, and then with considerable formality on both sides. As he stood by the stove in the living-room, awaiting her coming, he knitted his brows and framed some curt, terse words of address.

She entered clad in the same black and dark-gray wrapper, which his memory associated with his mother's funeral, and which gave the effect of height and slender dignity to her figure. Her face was pale and pathetic in expression, and the ghost of a smile which flitted in greeting over it for a second accentuated its stamp of suffering. She offered him her hand, and said, in a low, mournful voice:

"It was good of you to come to me, John. I have been expecting, hoping you would. Won't you take off your coat, and sit down?"

He had shaken hands with her, loosened his overcoat, and taken a seat before he had time to reflect that he ought to have ignored her greeting and her proffered hand. The sharp words, too, that he had arranged in his mind seemed too brusque now to utter to a weak, lone woman who was so evidently suffering.

"Yes," he said, "I thought I ought to talk things over with you. You've got nobody else."

"No—not a soul! I couldn't be more wholly alone if I were at the North Pole, it has seemed to me this last day. I have eaten nothing; I haven't slept an hour. So you must make allowances for me," she said, with a weak shadow of a smile, "if I seem nervous or incoherent. My mind goes all astray sometimes now, and I seem unequal to the task of controlling it."

He had thought at last of a question which might introduce the desired subject without wounding her feelings. "Do you happen to know," he asked, gently, "whether Albert brought a large sum of money with him from New York, Monday?"

"I haven't the least idea, I am sure. In fact, I only saw him for a moment after his return. And besides, you know, he never told me a syllable about his business arrangements. No one could be in more complete ignorance of his affairs than I have always been." There was the tone of resigned regret in her voice, which a wife might rightly use. "I do, indeed—there is one exception—know about his will. He told me that, not by way of confidence, but because it came out—in some words we once had about property of mine in New York. I might as well tell you. The will gives everything except my third to you and your aunt and—your brother. *He* has the lion's share. Don't think I am complaining, John. I wouldn't have had it altered if I could. I am more than independent, you know, apart from right of dower. If I had had the making of the will, it would have been just the same. It is only right that his money should go to his family."

John reflected for some moments before he answered. "I am almost sorry you told me," he said then. "It makes me wretched and ashamed to think of the injustice I have done him in my mind. It sounds brutal, in the light of what you have told me; but I am going to confess it to you—I suspected all along that he intended to come some game over us about the farm, and now, instead—. Oh, it's *too* bad! I wish he could hear me!" John continued, with a glance toward the folding-doors of the parlor, once more the chamber of death. "I wish he could know how I despise myself for having wronged him in my mind."

Isabel said nothing, but her responsive eyes seemed to express appreciation and sympathy. John lost all sense of wrath toward her as he went on:

"Yes, from the very start we wronged him. We didn't understand him. He was different from us. He was a man of the world, and we were countrymen,

and we thought all the while that he held himself outside the family. I never gave him credit for good motives when he came to the farm; neither did Seth. We both thought he was playing his own game, for himself, and nobody else. And here, by George! he turns out to have had more brotherly feeling, more family feeling, than we ever had. It makes me miserable to think of it. It'll break Seth's heart, too; he'll always torture himself with the thought that the last time he ever saw Albert alive they parted in anger."

The words were out before he realized their significance. He stopped short, and felt himself changing color as he looked at her to see whether she, too, was thinking about that terrible night.

She made a motion as if to rise from her chair; then dropped back again, and returned his inquiring glance with a fixed, intent look.

"So you know something about *that*," she said. "Did Seth tell you?"

"Yes!" he answered, falteringly. "Seth told me. We had a long talk this forenoon. I think he told me about everything there was to tell. In fact, that is mostly why I've come back now to see you."

She was silent, but her eyes seemed to John to be saying disagreeable things.

He began again to realize that it was his duty to be indignant in attitude and peremptory in tone, but he was also conscious of feeling very sorry for Isabel. The village editor often described himself, and was uniformly characterized by others, as being "no hand for women." His own brief career as a married man—it seemed almost a dream now, and a very painful dream, with a short period of great happiness, then a slightly longer season of illness, poverty, debt, despair, and then the rayless gloom of death in his scarcely established home—had taught him next to nothing of the sex, and inclined him against learning more. The impressions of womankind which clustered about the memories of his girl-wife were, however, all in the direction of gentleness and softness. As he reflected, it grew increasingly difficult for him to put on a harsh demeanor toward his sister-in-law. She might deserve it well enough, but it was not in his heart to speak ugly words to a pretty and troubled woman at such a time. He stumbled on:

"Yes, the youngster is fearfully cut up about the whole thing, and he *had* to talk to somebody. He's always been used to telling me everything. He is not a tattler, though, and I'm bound to say he only told me because I questioned him and insisted on his making a clean breast of it. Then I sent him down to the office and I came back here, thinking it might be best for all concerned to have a frank talk with you about it."

She had a course mapped out now in her mind. "I am sure that your motives are good, John," she said, "and that you will be fair and candid. I confess I don't see what there is to be gained, specially, but you no doubt know best. What is it you wanted to talk over?"

"Well, it isn't easy to state it offhand. Perhaps I might as well begin by speaking of motives, as you did. I own that when I came in I wasn't so sure that your motives were good, as you say you are about mine."

"That is candid, at all events."

"I want to be perfectly open and above-board with you, Isabel. You seem to have got into your head yesterday—I won't say you have it now—some horrible and ridiculously wild suspicion of Seth——"

"I know what you mean!" she interposed, with nervous haste. "You mustn't think of that at all! You mustn't blame me for it! I was simply distracted—mad—out of my senses. I don't know *what* awful thing my fancy didn't conjure up. Don't pay any attention to that!"

"But the mischief of it is that you seem to have spoken of this to—to somebody else. It would have been unimportant otherwise. *This* complicates it badly. Don't you see it does?"

She made no answer, and kept her eyes on the figures in the carpet.

"Don't you see it does?" he repeated.

"How do you know that I spoke of it to anybody?" she asked, after a pause, and still with downcast eyes.

"That has nothing to do with it, Isabel. It's true, isn't it, that you did speak of it?"

To his surprise and embarrassment, she began weeping and hid her face in her handkerchief. He sat mutely watching her, wishing that she would stop, and perplexed at encountering, on the very threshold of his inquiries and argument, this unmeetable demonstration of a woman's resources.

She presently sobbed out, from behind the perfumed cambric: "You *can't* hold me accountable for what I did yesterday, or what I said! I was beside myself! I scarcely know what I thought, or what I said! I acted like a crazy woman—and felt like one, too! It is easy enough for you to be cool and collected about the thing. You are a *man!*"

"Yes, I know, Isabel," he said, kindly, "I understand all that, and I can make all the allowances in the world for you, in your position. But still that doesn't alter the fact that the thing has been said, and the harm done. To be sure, I suppose the harm will be only temporary, but as it stands it affects the prospects of more than one person—of two persons, in fact, near to us—very materially. You know what I mean?"

"Yes."

"Well, what can be done to remedy it? That is the question. I am not going to blame you; but still the fault *was* yours, and the steps to set it right ought to be yours, too, oughtn't they?"

"What do you mean?" She looked up now, forgetting her tears.

"I am not quite sure what I do mean. I haven't thought over details. There is simply a given situation, with the question how to get out of it, and the onus of action on you. I want you to help me think what the best way will be."

"How logically you state it! Suppose I disavowed the whole thing, ignored it, refused to do anything or say anything. What then?"

"I won't consider that at all. You couldn't be so unfair as that—so ungenerous."

"Unfair! Ungenerous!" Isabel rose to her full height and frowned down at her brother-in-law, without a trace of tears in her eyes. "Fine fairness, distinguished generosity, have been shown to *me*, haven't they! There has been so much delicacy in regarding *my* feelings! I ought to leap at the opportunity of smoothing over matters between Mr. Seth and his lady-love. My husband's awful death, my position here, alone in the world, the shock and suffering of it all—these are mere trifles compared with the importance of seeing that their love-affairs are uninterrupted! Perhaps I might get a chance at the funeral to have them kiss and make up—or would you prefer me to leave my dead now and go——"

"*Your* dead!"

The brother had risen also, and taken his hat. The exclamation carried in its tone all the bitterness with which his mind had stored itself on his walk back to the farm. Pity for the woman, perhaps something, too, of innate susceptibility to beauty and grace, had restrained and covered up this bitterness so that he had supposed it gone. It flamed forth now, in wrathful satire.

As she put her handkerchief up again to her eyes, as a token of more tears, he went on, in a cold kind of excitement:

"You talk very cleverly—more so than any other woman I ever knew. But you should pick your strong phrases with more discrimination. For instance, when you want to produce a really striking effect upon me, it is unwise to use an expression which recalls to me at once things that you would rather I didn't think about. I wouldn't say '*my* dead' if I were you, especially when you are talking to his brother. It may do for outsiders, but here in the family it is a bad waste of words."

Her only answer was a gust of sobs. They failed to move him, and he went on:

"I don't know that I have any means of forcing you to do anything, or say anything, against your will. If you take that position, perhaps it won't be necessary. The wicked, ridiculous thing you thought, or pretended to think, and said to that poor girl, can be straightened out very easily. We can't prevent the pain it has already caused, but we can stop its causing more. But if you lisp it to another human being—well, I don't

know what to threaten you with. It isn't easy to guess what considerations will weigh with a woman who has your ideas of wifely duty, and of her responsibilities toward young and foolish members of her husband's family, and——"

"How *can* you be so cruel, so mean, John? What right have you to talk to me like that? Everybody attacks me like an enemy. You never have been decent to me since I was married. Your whole family has treated me like an outsider, almost a criminal, since I came here. Your old cat of an aunt never looked at me except to wish me evil. Your brother—yes, if he could hear me now, from where he lies, I would say it!—never was fond of me, never tried to make a companion of me, never treated me as a wife should be treated, or even as his intellectual equal. *You* avoided me as if I were poison. The neighborhood disliked me, gossiped about me, and I hated them. Only one there was of you all who was pleasant with me, and good to me—and now that you have turned him against me, too, you come and insult me because I was pleased and grateful for his friendship. That is *manly*, isn't it?"

John had listened to the beginning of this impassioned speech with a callous heart. But he was a just man, and he had in almost unmeted degree that habit of mind which welcomes statements of both sides of a controversy. He might have been a wealthier man, and the owner of a more thriving paper, if he had had more of the partisan spirit. But to be strictly fair was the rule of his being. He would not criticise political opponents for doing things which in his heart he approved, and on the same principle he would not condemn unheard even this woman, if she had any justification. As she went on, he began to feel that there was considerable force in her argument. She certainly had been most disagreeably situated, connubially and socially, and her definition of the Seth episode was plausible, if that were all there was of it. He softened perceptibly in tone as he answered:

"No, I am sorry if you think I wanted to insult you. Perhaps I did speak too strongly. I apologize for it. But I feel very earnestly on this subject. I've always been a sort of father and big brother combined to Seth, and the idea of his getting into a mess, or doing foolish or discreditable things, cuts me to the quick. You can see my position in the matter. I am anxious not to hurt your feelings, but my first duty is to him. Perhaps the two need not come into conflict. After all, no real harm has been done, I fancy, except in this one case of repeating your hysterical suspicion of him. *That* was inexcusable; can't you *see* that it was? I'm sure that if you'll think it over calmly you'll be disposed to do what is fair and right. I'm not blaming you particularly for the other thing. You might have remembered that you were older than Seth, to be sure, but then I realize that you were not at all pleasantly placed——"

"Never mind what you realize! We won't discuss that at all. There is nothing to discuss. You and your aunt seem bound to make yourselves ridiculous about me. I won't demean myself by answering—or, no! I *will* say this much to you. There has never a word passed between Seth and me that every soul of you might not have heard, and welcome. He was simply pleasant and friendly to me; and I was grateful to him and fond of him, as I might be of a brother. Where was the harm? In no decent state of society would anyone ever have dreamed of suspecting wrong. But *here*—why, people live and breathe suspicion! It is the breath of their nostrils."

"I thought you used to correspond," John said, tentatively.

"Correspond! There it is again! What of it, I should like to know? Why shouldn't my cousin, my brother, write to me? I have all the letters—you may see them, every one. They gave me a great deal of pleasure. They represented my sole point of contact with civilization, with fine feelings and pretty thoughts. But you can go over them all, if you like. You won't find a single whisper of proof of your aunt's mean suspicion. I am almost ashamed of myself for having stooped to defend myself—but it is just as well to let you know the truth."

"Yes!" John breathed a sigh which was not altogether of relief, but carried

a fair admixture of bewilderment. This ingenious explanation did not at all points tally with the inferences drawn from Seth's confession. Perhaps it was true enough in the letter, but he felt that as a revelation of the spirit it left much to be desired. He added:

"Well, I am sorry if I misjudged you. Probably I did. However, even if Seth had come near getting into a scrape, he's safe out of it now."

This complaisant conclusion nettled the woman. She went on, as if her explanation had not been interrupted:

"Of course, we had what you might call a 'community of grievance' to talk about, and draw us together. It wouldn't be fitting in me to say more now than that my life here was not congenial; you won't mind my saying *that* much? I had dreamed of a very different kind of married existence. Seth, too, had his trouble. In his boyhood, when it seemed assured that he was to remain the farmer of the family, his mother had planned a marriage for him. It isn't for me to say a word against Annie. She is a good enough girl in her way. But when Seth got out of his chrysalis, and learned what there really was in him, the thought that he was committed, in a sense, to marrying a farm-girl made him very gloomy. He used to talk with me about it, not saying anything against Annie, mind you, but——"

"That'll do!" said John, curtly. "We won't go into that. Evidently there was no limit to Seth's asininity. Let that pass. Whatever he said, or didn't say, during his vealy period, he's going to marry Annie now. There never was a time, and I fear there never will be one, when I would not call her his superior. The question is: Are you going to retract before her the false, cruel things you have said?"

"I am going upstairs again," she said. "I think I will lie down a while," and moved toward the stair-door.

The brother looked at her, amazed, pained, indignant. She had her hand on the latch by the time his emotions found words:

"I've wasted my time in pitying you. God forbid that any of our family, young or old, should ever fall in with such a woman as you are again!"

He pulled on his hat and left the house.

(To be continued.)

THE LOONS.

By A. Lampman.

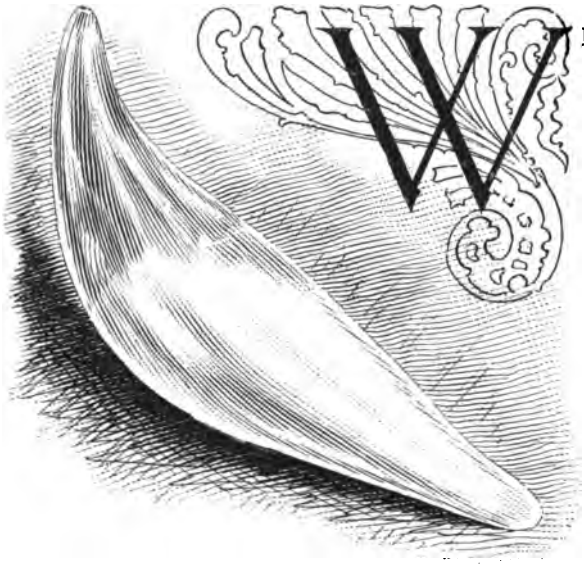
Once ye were happy, once by many a shore,
  Wherever Glooscap's gentle feet might stray,
  Lulled by his presence like a dream, ye lay,
Floating at rest; but that was long of yore.
He was too good for earthly men; he bore
  Their bitter deeds for many a patient day,
  And then at last he took his unseen way:
He was your friend, and ye might rest no more.

And now, though many hundred altering years
Have passed, among the desolate northern meres
  Still must ye search and wander, querulously
    Crying for Glooscap; still bemoan the light
  With weird entreaties, and in agony
    With awful laughter pierce the lonely night.

Glooscap, the benevolent god of the Wabanaki, whom Mr. Charles G. Leland calls "by far the grandest and most Aryan-like character ever evolved from a savage mind." "The loons, who had been the huntsmen of Glooscap, go restlessly up and down through the world, seeking vainly for their master, whom they cannot find, and wailing sadly because they find him not."—Algonquin Legends.

CAMPING AND HUNTING IN THE SHOSHONE.

By W. S. Rainsford.



A Grizzly's Tooth. Actual size.

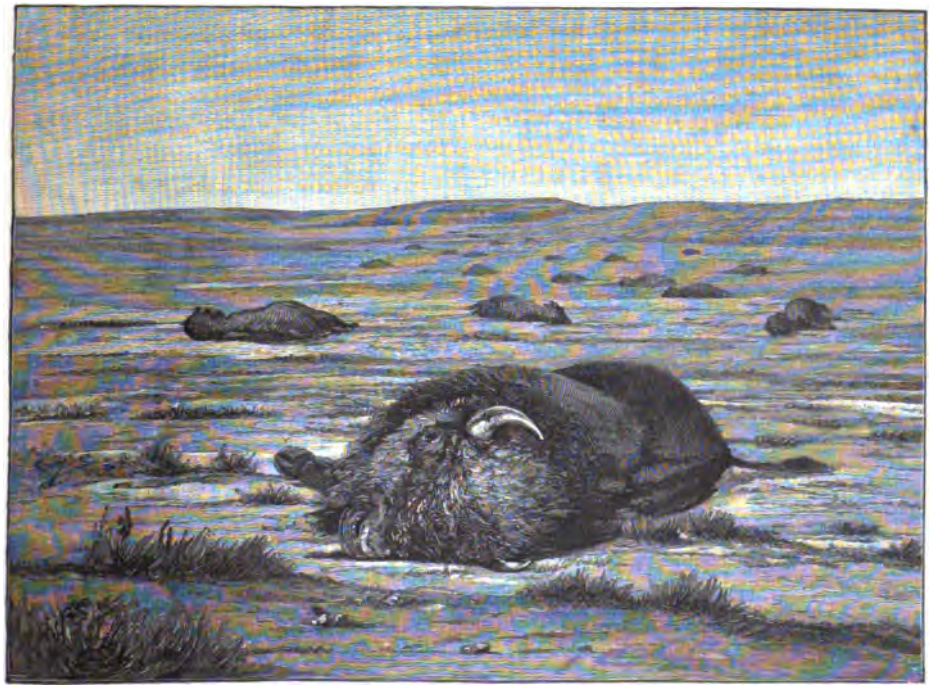
WHEN only eighteen I killed, or helped to kill, my first buffalo; and having tried in vain, like many another greenhorn, to cut out his tongue (by forcing the clinched jaws apart, and coming to the Irishman's conclusion that he died of the locked-jaw), was fain to content me with cutting off his tail. At that time (1868) I spent part of the spring and all of the summer, fall, and early winter on the plains and among the mountains of British North America. Ever since I was able to read, it had been my dream that some day I should see the countless herds of buffalo wandering in their dark, dusty, string-like bands on the boundless plains, and I shall ever be glad that I lived to see my dream fulfilled. Then there were plenty of Indians, and buffalo, too, especially in the northern part of the continent. On the great plains of the Saskatchewan both were abundant. The buffalo were not the poor, skin-and-bone, mangy remnant of a noble race that survived even till 1884, hoof-worn with perpetual and rapid journeying, ceaselessly seeking a rest they could nowhere attain. Then the great herds moved leisurely, and leisurely the plain-Indian moved in their wake. Millions of buffalo there were that had never heard the deadly crack of the skin-hunter's rifle; and there at least remained in those northern lands some thousands of Indians who had never tasted the deadlier whiskey of the free-traders, as the men were called who pushed their way into the great territories where none but the Hudson Bay Company had hitherto come. (Let me say, for the honor of the Hudson Bay Company, in those years at least, that they never, on any condition whatever, supplied liquor to the Indians.) I have said I shall always be thankful I saw the buffalo in their glory, and saw the Indian, too, as he was—not the ideal Indian, I need scarcely say, but yet certainly not the debased hanger-on of a frontier civilization that he is to-day.

To enjoy an old-fashioned buffalo-run—to start with a hundred and fifty almost naked men and boys, in a helter-skelter race of miles, over ground full of holes and covered with thundering herds, while hunted and hunters were rolled in clouds of dust—is to have enjoyed something that can never be enjoyed again. Who that once joined in such a chase could ever forget it? The strange, motley company—the old chief, armed and mounted as well as any man in the tribe, but taking small part in the charge or slaughter; the young warrior, stripped almost naked, meaning business, and looking, every inch of him, what he meant; too poor to use the costly ammunition, that the Hudson Bay Company could alone

supply him with, on buffalo, and so relying on his short bow; the boy of fourteen, just old enough to bestride "a runner" and bend a bow; and last, but not least, the motley band of squaws, some still carrying their babies—though for them this was no mere holiday pastime—leading and riding ponies behind which the long tepee-poles, fastened securely at the sides, trailed for fifteen feet along the grass; then the cautious approach, the old man leading and signalling each movement of all our band. My heart almost thumps against my ribs again at the very remembrance of how it thumped that morning when slowly our long crescent of riders rose above the last swell of the plain that hid us from the outlying bulls, scarcely four hundred yards away.

One yell and we were off, each man for himself and the devil take the hindermost—a thing he was apt to do, for in the shape of badger-holes he lay in wait for those unlucky ones who, choked with dust that hid both herd and ground, floundered in the rear. The safest as well as the pleasantest place was in front.

But I do not desire to write an account either of the sport or scenery I enjoyed in 1868; suffice it to say, I there and then fell in love with the Rocky Mountains, as almost all who have hunted, camped, or been hunted among them have fallen in love. I would rather give some results of the five trips I have made during the summer and fall, since then, to those mountainous regions, lying within the bounds of the United States, that may be readily reached by the Northern Pacific Railroad, for here await those who will take the trouble to seek them magnificent scenery and, as yet, fair sport. Why do so few of our young men go West for recreation? There is no land where nature recreates a man as she does there. You literally renew your youth. The climate is invigorating beyond words. For nervously exhausted men, for weary brains, there is simply nothing to touch it. I have gone to the mountains thoroughly fagged out, unable to sleep well or eat well—life a burden, and work an impending horror. In a fortnight I have been eating as many meals a day



The Slaughter of the Buffalo. Drawn from a photograph.

Head of a Black-tail Deer in Velvet.

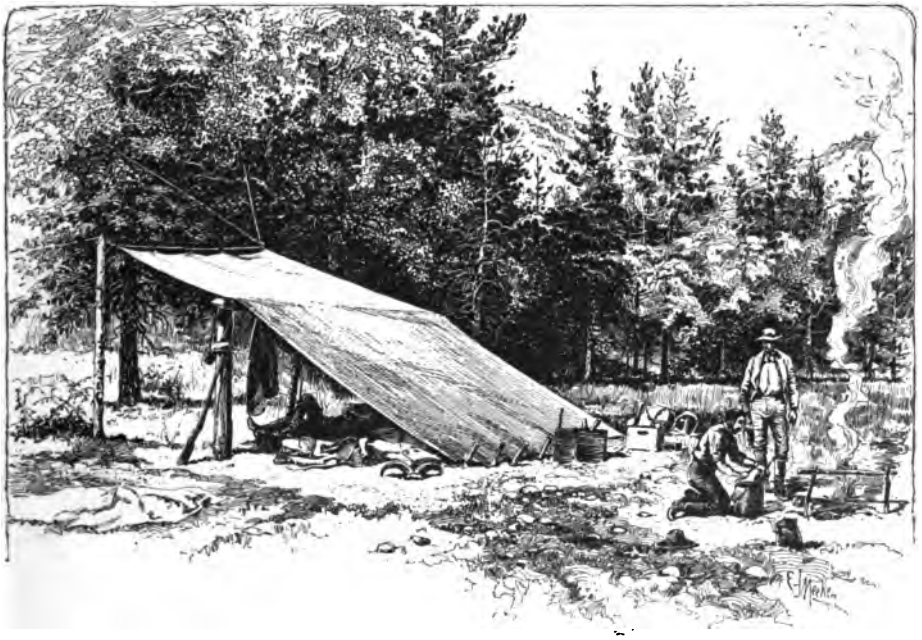
as I could prevail on my men to cook, and have been glad to fill up chance spaces in my internal economy with raw bacon. Yes, many a time, after a monumental dinner, when we have gone into camp at five in the afternoon, have I eaten with relish that most lasting of all provisions—a piece of raw bacon—before turning in. It is true, some, at first, find the rarefied atmosphere of the mountains trying to chest or heart, and many also complain of loss of appetite and loss of sleep; but if the man is sound in limb and lung, and if he does not overdo it or overexert himself at the very beginning, but does take regular exercise, in ten days or so all life seems to awaken within him; he may not sleep so long or so heavily, for he has probably camped at an altitude of eight or nine thousand feet (excellent camping-places are sometimes found at a height of ten thousand feet or over), and he does not need as much sleep as though he were at sea-level. He may puff and blow like a grampus as he faces a moderate hill; for he has scarcely realized yet that the atmosphere is so rare that he must boil his potatoes (if he is lucky enough to have any) for at least two hours, and he will do better if he boil them all the morning, and that he cannot, by twenty-four hours' boiling, make beans soft enough to feed to his horse. But he is growing younger, not older. The world of cark and care seems very far away, walled out by the heavy mists that roll up from the plains. What a fool he was to bother his soul, as he did, with a thousand useless things! Now, having a good, warm flannel shirt, plenty of blankets, good meat, good bread, and coffee to make glad the heart of man, thoroughly congenial companions, glorious days and nights—what more can he want? Now, he needs no longer to cry,

"Oh, that a man would arise in me,
That the man I am might cease to be!"

for he does not want the man he feels he is to cease to be. The man he now is he could afford to go on with forever; for he is a good-natured chap, who never did, or never will do, an unkinder thing to anyone than to laugh at him when he gets into a scrape. Every day he can walk farther and eat more. His shoulder does not ache, as it did, to the steady pressure of his rifle. Somehow, the ground up in the mountains does not seem as hard as it used to be those first few nights on the plains, after he left the railroad, and when, hunt as he would, he could not find a square inch of anything softer than a flint on which to repose his weary hips. And now that he is in permanent camp, and the boys have time to chop up and lay under his water-proof great armfuls of the sweet-smelling mountain pine-tops, no spring-mattress ever afforded delights comparable to those his couch yields to him.

From six weeks of such living one returns to his work a new man—his muscles set, his eye clear, and his hand as steady as his appetite—thankful for the good time he has had, and thankful, doubly thankful, for the home and friends, or perhaps wife and children, that make the thought of return again so sweet.

As to scenery, there is a grandness, a loneliness, a majesty about the views in the Rocky Mountains that cannot be surpassed. Here you have not snow to the same extent as in Switzerland, though I have seen a snow-field fully fifteen miles long and ten broad, and no one can guess how many hundred or thousand feet deep, in the almost unexplored granite range that lies between Clarke's Fork Mines and the Northern Pacific Railroad. But the rocky scenery is wonderful—wonderful in form, wonderful in color, and wonderful in size. The very solid earth seems sometimes to gape asunder; as you enter some cañon you can scarcely persuade yourself you are ascending, since the mighty walls of rock on either hand so lean over to each other that it seems as though the path led downward and not, as it does, upward. One of the finest bits of rocky scenery I remember to have seen anywhere is within three days' easy ride of the Northern Pacific Railroad, and on the road to Cooke City Mines. A long valley of some twenty-four miles leads easily up to the divide, from the East Fork of the Yellowstone, narrowing as it rises. Some seven or eight miles from Cooke, on the left as you ascend, a vast wall of basalt rises almost sheer from the bed of the stream. It cannot be less than three thousand five hundred feet in height, and I should fancy is over a mile along its base. When I first looked up at it, its great, dark breast was braided all over with a hundred milky, wavy, flashing water-falls. For a week we had almost continuous rain, and these warm showers, for it was July, had hastened the destruction of the snow-beds on its crown, and down to the valley fell or trickled, literally, hundreds of streams, separating, spreading, uniting, and spreading again, as they crept or thundered downward. No words can convey any idea of the mingled beauty and grandeur of falling water and immovable basalt, when smitten by the glory of the setting sun. One autumn evening, two years after, we camped at the same spot. We were smoking the last pipe of peace before turning in, when one of our party noticed a clear light falling on the summit above us. As we watched,



A Camping Outfit for Eight Men.

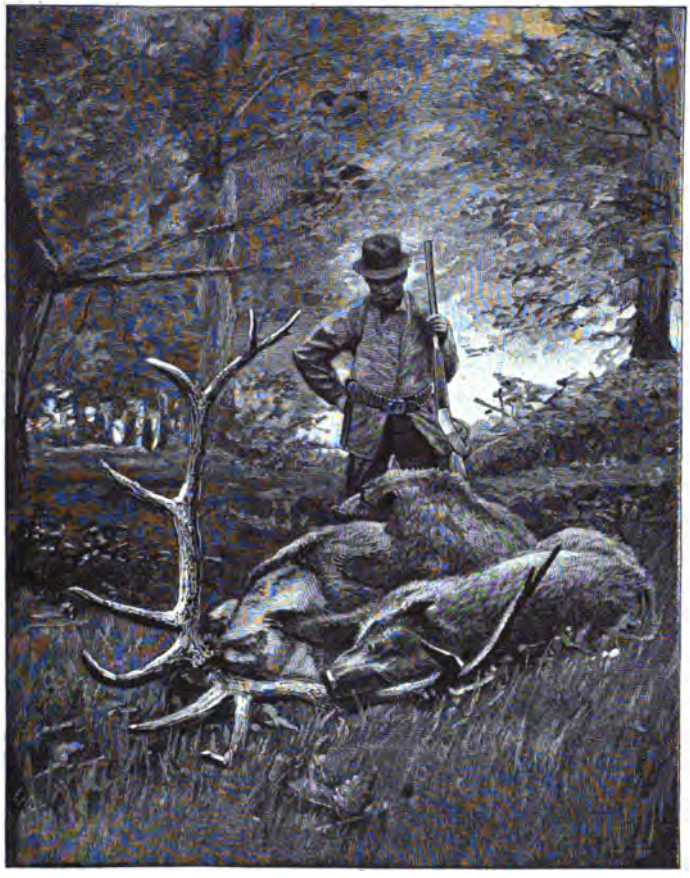
the light crept slowly downward; at first we scarcely realized that it was the moon. We were down, remember, in a veritable chasm, one side of which—the side before us—was about three thousand feet higher than the other, and thus the moonbeams lit up its edge long before they touched the little prairie at its feet, where our camp lay. A great belt of clouds lay on the rocky ridge at our back, and athwart these the moonlight passed, casting their moving shadows on the great, gray mirror we were looking up at. What grotesque shapes they took, as they wound and unwound their long folds! There we sat and watched them, until at last such moonlight as you can only see when you are almost seven thousand feet above the damper, denser air in which ordinary life is to be sustained fell full into the gorge.

I recall, too, another bit of rocky scenery as unlike this one I have tried to sketch as I can well fancy is possible, and I single it out of a possible score of such places because it, like the first, is accessible to ordinary travellers — the mouth of Clarke's Fork Cañon. Clarke's Fork River rushes to the plains through one of the grandest cañons in the Rocky Mountains. For fifteen miles an old and difficult hunter's trail leads down its precipitous sides; but this is not much used at present, such travel as does find its way to Cooke City Mines, from the eastward, going over the long, but comparatively easy, ascent of Dead Indian Mountain. At a first glance, the river-gorge is absolutely impassable; a sentinel-cliff seems to guard its mountain-solitudes and bar all human progress upward. I have heard my hunter say that, when trout-fishing in one of the deepest spots in that cañon, he saw clearly the stars at mid-day; and I believe it, for even where the steep trail passes—and it passes at a considerable height above the torrent, and so avoids the deepest gloom—it is murky enough.

But the view of the rocky gate-way to this chasm is alone worth a journey, and of it I wish to speak. Sheer from the water, without one break on its face, a silvery cliff, looking almost south, rises five thousand feet into the sky. I do not know, I am ashamed to say, the nature of the formation, but in the sunlight its sheen is most silvery. Opposite it stands a mountain so rocky and precipitous that no man or beast can ascend it—here and there belted with pine, and as dark as its brother-sentinel is fair. I saw these one early morning in September, when we had turned unwillingly homeward, resisting the strong temptation of a first tracking snow; saw them all crusted and crowned with their first winter icing. As we rode, we were not a mile from their bases, yet these were absolutely invisible, shut out by a solid wall of dense white cloud; but their heads, for the topmost thousand feet or so, were clear as sunlight could make them.

An ordinary hill of less than two thousand feet looks Alpine when you are near its base, if that base be hidden in fog and the crown be clear. Many who read this can doubtless recall experiences, on misty mornings, when on the canoe, or lake-shore or river-bank, they looked up at cloud-girdled mountains

Head of a Grizzly. (In the author's possession.)



Caught in the Act.

that, when thus seen, seemed so vast in their proportions they could scarcely believe them to be the old companions of the night before. But these rocky solitudes, seen as we saw them that morning—well, I can liken them to nothing I know of. We were not an especially emotional party; but they did seem to us that morning, as they towered aloft into the limitless ether, to belong to another "land that is very far off."

Where can a more lovely series of mountain-lakes be found than those that lie hidden in the great forests that stretch for a distance of, say, one hundred and fifty miles by one hundred over that central plateau where rise the Yellowstone and Snake Rivers? Till within a few years the region was almost unknown. In 1868 I met a hunter who claimed to have seen a great lake, more than twenty-five miles long, and almost as broad, in the heart of the mountains, on whose margin great fountains of boiling water spouted, and where no Indian dared to go. Of course, he yarned considerably about cañons where lay the bones of herds of petrified bison, and gaping cracks whence steam and boiling mud rushed forth. Allowing, as you must allow out West, for the play of a hunter's imagination, there was a considerable substratum of truth in what he said, but none of us, and, so far as we could learn, no one that ever met him, believed a word of it. Of course, the existence of the extraordinary region of the Upper Yellowstone was known to a few; but there was very little accurate

or certain knowledge of it. Indeed, the policy that the Government still pursues in regard to this great Alpine region seems curiously stupid. At various points, commanding natural western highways, are stationed small military posts; but the officers and men condemned to live in them, from year's end to year's end, are not only not encouraged to make themselves acquainted with the intricacies of the vast mountain-regions lying near them, but are so hampered by a cheese-paring policy that even a hunting-trip of a few weeks is almost an impossibility.

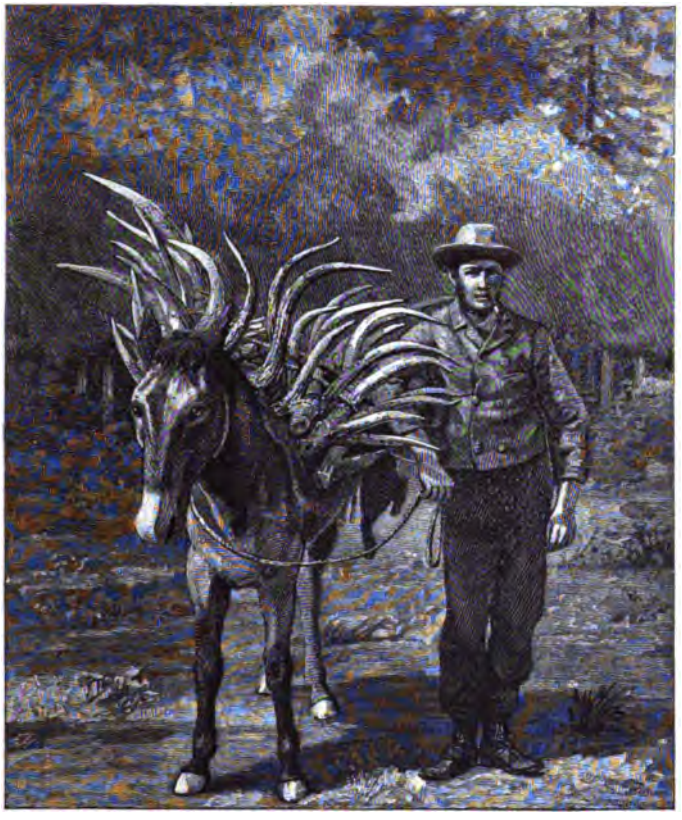
Now, an Indian outbreak may not be likely to occur in the future, but it is still far from impossible that it should occur. Were the Crows (who still have the best horses in the West, and claim perhaps three thousand warriors) to go on the war-path, there is no military force in that region that could prevent them reaching the mountains. Once there, for some months at least, they could subsist on scattered bands of cattle and game. Such an outbreak would be followed by terrible loss of life, for all the country is now studded with isolated ranches and small settlements, and to dislodge them from perhaps the most difficult natural fortress imaginable, with United States infantry, only accustomed to barrack-square tactics, and such cavalry as might be attainable, would be a costly task.

No smarter officers, no keener sportsmen, are to be found anywhere than can be found at our frontier posts, but, look longingly as they may toward the blue line on the horizon, transport is denied them; they are not, as a rule, men of large private means, and cannot afford to invest in transport for themselves, and so, if I may be pardoned the hackneyed quotation—metaphorically

> "Their limbs are bow'd, though not with toil,
> But rusted with a vile repose."

It is well known, out West, that nothing but a lucky hit of one of its best guides saved from complete annihilation, during the Custer campaign, a very important command that had ventured after the Indians into the Big Horn Mountains. The Sioux corralled the soldiers, who were in great danger, and only escaped at last by night, on foot, leaving their fires burning and their horses tied in the timber. Thoroughly organized pack-trains used to be part of the establishment of all military posts near the mountains. Now almost all these have been broken up, the packers attached to them dismissed, and the very complicated gear that is absolutely necessary to carrying supplies on mule or on horseback is in such a state that it is, to all intents and purposes, useless for emergency service. Neither mules nor packers can possibly be secured in a hurry for such a work as a mountain-campaign implies; and to send troops, no matter how skilful or how ably handled, into the field without them, would be to send them to defeat.

In a formation such as that of the Rocky Mountains, the unexpected is the common. A "divide" looks as though you could march a regiment along it; you get up there, and, lo! it ends in a knife-edge; a great river swirls deeply and quietly at your feet; its pathway downward surely can afford you a trail upward. You come to a dead stand-still in a mile or two; and the reverse of this is true. From Sunlight (a pretty name, I think, for a pretty place and a most forlorn little log shanty, of which I am in part the proud possessor) a long valley leads up to one of the grandest groups of peaks I know anywhere. This Sunlight is quite well known in the Clarke's Fork region. The old trail from Billings, on the Northern Pacific Railroad, to Cooke runs through it; and to go from the park to the Stinking Water country and Gray Bull, where there is now a considerable cattle industry, you must pass by Sunlight. Prospectors, the best of all mountaineers and explorers, are supposed to have gone over every foot of that valley and its bold sides. It used, too, to be a favorite resort of meat-hunters, when the first rush to the mines carried hundreds on to the head-waters of Clarke's Fork; and yet, for all this, no one ever believed that a pack-horse could be led up the mountain at its head and over into the park. Prospectors and hunters were fain to go back to Sunlight, and thence by Lodge Pole Creek round to Cooke Mines, and down by Soda Butte



A Load of Horns.

to the Yellowstone, a circuit of not less than seventy-five miles.

Two years ago we went up that valley after a band of elk, and, having killed some, set traps for bear and hunted sheep there for a week or more. One day Frank Chatfield, my hunter, and I discovered what seemed an easy pass up to the divide, and taking all the outfit along, soon after we easily made the ascent, without one mishap in a day's march. I mention this as an instance of the unexpected; for, standing ten miles farther down the valley, its head seemed one grand mass of precipitous rocks and snow-fields. We afterward came down from a camp, three miles on the other side of the divide, to Sunlight, making one of the longest mountain-marches I can remember having made in one day. It must have been thirty miles, if not more. I doubt if anyone since then has taken our trail. I know, at the time, none of the old-stagers thereabout would believe we crossed where we said we did. The old-time Tory is found out West, among hunters and prospectors, as he still survives in the more civilized East.

For several years Government surveys have been gradually mapping the Yellowstone Park, but the park itself (though here and there intersected or encroached on by mountains) is a great hollow, surrounded on all sides—more especially on the west and southwest—by a wilderness of the wildest mountains within our borders, almost unexplored, so far as the Government is concerned. Here only, in the park, so far as I know, has any thorough work been attempted. There are, of course, maps issued by the Office of the Chief Engineer, at Washington (the last one of these bears the date 1881); but to take a hunting outfit through the mountains by its help alone necessitates going

slowly and feeling your way. It would not be a safe guide by which to march a column of troops. The inaccuracies Once out for the day, men must stay together, and one timid or beaten man effectually clogs the movements of all.

The Outfit.

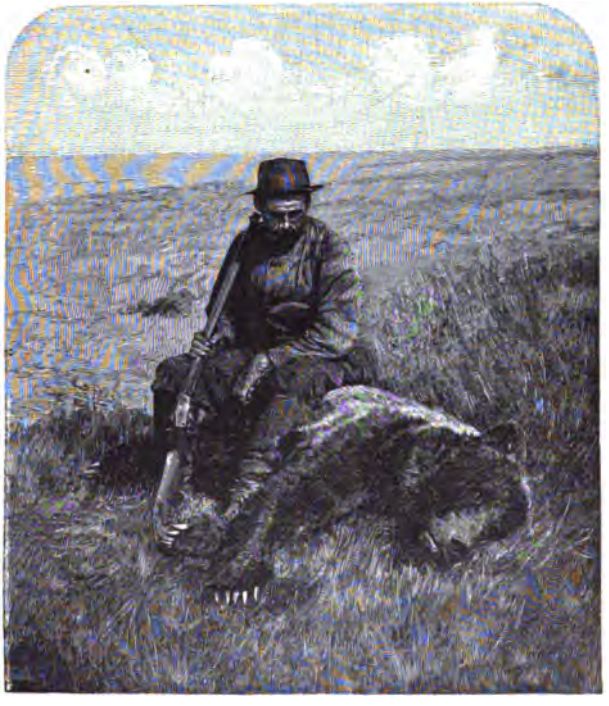
of these maps I know from actually having proved them.

Before I turn away from the region of Clarke's Fork, let me say, for the benefit of anyone who wishes to hunt sheep, that there are few places where he may hope for so good success. He is not obliged to invest in a large outfit, or undertake a long trip, since it is near the railroad. Five or six days from either Stillwater or Cinnabar would bring him well up Crandle Creek, or the north fork of Clarke's Fork; and on the heads of these streams, and a stream running almost parallel to them, called Dead Indian, there are to-day, and will probably be for years, a large number of sheep. During a trip of six weeks in that region my hunter and I counted over six hundred. Let him not, however, attempt this sort of hunting unless he is in pretty good trim and has his bellows in order; for, to hunt sheep with either success or safety, he must be able to carry both himself and his rifle up and down steeps as sheer as man can climb, for from eight to twelve or even more hours at a stretch, at a mean height of about nine thousand feet; not every man who comes West can do this. I have seen one who could hold his own with any in the Adirondacks play out utterly; and on these steeps, often slippery and very dangerous, over-fatigue adds an element of danger most undesirable, and spoils entirely the pleasure of the other members of the party. For this reason I never, when I can help it (*i.e.*, when I can get meat any other way), begin the trip by attempting hard sheep-hunting; better wait till regular and more moderate exercises have braced the nerves and muscles; better, too, wait till each knows pretty well what he can and cannot do. If you have patience, sooner or later you may get a ram in an easy place, and so secure your "head;" but remember that following this shyest and noblest of all Rocky Mountain game animals makes larger demands on your skill and patience, as well as on your steadiness of head and hand, than any other sport.

Three more pieces of advice let me briefly give: First, never go up or down any specially steep or dangerous piece of rock when you don't feel you can return the way you came. A fall on the rocks (like Mercutio's rapier-wound, that was not "deep as a well, but yet was enough") may not be from a height that you can call a precipice, yet may be quite sufficient to spoil the trip, not for yourself only, but for your companions as well. Second, be careful when you are on "conglomerate," a very common formation in mountains. No rock is so treacherous; its less compact formation admits of the loosening caused both by heat and ice. On limestone or on granite, or even on basalt, you can safely trust your weight to a very narrow foothold; not so with conglomer-

ate. Any tyro in mountain-climbing knows enough to make perfectly sure of his hand-grip before seeking a new rest for his foot; and then, again, make sure of the footing before reaching up or out with a disengaged hand. On the rocky formations I have mentioned there can be little danger if caution is not neglected, but on conglomerate extra care is necessary; hand and foot will sometimes give way suddenly and simultaneously. I had a fall in this way, two years ago, that came very near being serious; providentially, a heavy snow-field lay directly below me, and I plumped safely into its most charitable bosom. Charity was cold on that occasion, but more than comforting. It was entirely my own fault; I had broken the first rule of prudence, and had gone up a "chimney" where I could not possibly go down, and so was obliged to make a descent over a very dangerous and icy piece of conglomerate. I trust and believe I learned a lesson.

The third piece of advice is worth both the others: Go slow. Go slow when you are going up; all good walkers start slow. Once get thoroughly leg-weary, and all enjoyment for the day is over. I first learned the need of going slow in 1868; we were after goats, our first goats, too; there they were, not fifteen hundred feet above us, and an easy stalk. Between our camp and the mountain-foot a soft, boggy, mossy swamp, full of dead timber, stretched for above half a mile. We had Indians (never take Indians; they are not worth their keep as hunters). We had done nothing but ride for months; all our hunting had been on horseback, a poor preparation for work after goats. To make a long story short, those Indians started off on the dead-run. We had no fresh meat, I must say in extenuation of this proceeding. I fancied I could run if they could, and, too proud to confess my forebodings, I started off in their wake. Anyone who has tried running in a swampy Selkirk valley will sympathize with the experience I went through for the next fifteen minutes, and none who have not can. Suffice it to say, I got to the foot of the steep a badly pumped lad. There a youthful, fourteen-year-old urchin, weighing about ninety pounds I should say, and looking as fresh as paint, offered to carry my thirteen-pound double-barrelled Rigby. I blessed him and up we went, still at the run. What devilish power got into those Indians' legs I cannot, to this day, say; I only know that I went till first I could not speak, and then I could not breathe, and then I could not see; and when vision returned I was alone, without even the poor satisfaction of possessing a useless rifle. Of course, I never saw the goats again till they carried them into camp. But I learned two lessons—one, never to start off at a run, or



His First Grizzly.

even a very rapid walk; the other, never to let a hunter I paid go ahead of me when near game. A slow, steady pace is the pace to tell. Don't stop to get your wind; second wind will come in time. Let not scenery or any other device of the evil one tempt you to sit down, or look around, or chat, etc. When you are after game that is in sight, first make your stalk, go to the highest point; the scenery is sure to look, if possible, better still when you have your game at your knees, and frequent pauses, when you are doing the hardest part of the work, do not really rest you, and do waste a great deal of time.

Perhaps there is nothing so intoxicating as a snow-slide; to shoot down, down, over the cool, smooth surface for a thousand, yes, sometimes two thousand feet at a time, and just enough of risk to make it interesting; but here, again, a new hand must go slow. My hunter, Frank Chatfield, than whom there is not a better shot, a better mountaineer, a better tracker, or a better man in the mountains, is a terrible fellow down-hill. How he keeps his balance on a snow-field, turning one foot into a toboggan, the other cocked up in front, while he steers with his rifle-butt, is to-day a mystery to me. I rashly once, and only once, tried to keep up with him on a snow-slide, and only succeeded in making myself feel, from my head to my heels, like a very-much-grated nutmeg. I almost broke my rifle, did tear my hand, and so hopelessly damaged my single remaining hunting-suit that when, clad in what was left of it, a fortnight after, I humbly sought to claim a place in the Northern Pacific Railroad dining-car, the conductor was for summarily ejecting me, and said frankly that such as I had no right to come in there.

Lay the lesson to heart, therefore, and if you want to keep your clothes, or get your dinner, go slow on snow; keep both feet down, put on plenty of brake, and you will have a delicious slide on your way to the valley. In this way, snow-slopes that seem absolutely precipitous from below, and even from above look too steep for safety, may be descended at a considerable pace and without risk. They are, however, I must confess, a little scaring at first, and I don't think a team of mules could have dragged me down the first I tried, had there been a possibility of getting home any other way. They are very unlike the snow-fields in the Alps, where the snow is much softer, and where I have seen them not nearly so steep.

Before referring more specially to camping and hunting in this life-giving region, let me add one word about the lake-system of the Upper Yellowstone. Where can such lakes be found as these? The great Yellowstone, Lewis, Shoshone, Jackson, and Heart Lakes, all lying within an area of sixty miles square, clear as only Rocky Mountain lakes can be, full of trout, still reflecting the stately antlers of the elk, and now and then the uncouth form of the moose, and still affording a safe home to the much-persecuted beaver. Fortunately these lakes, excepting Jackson, are within the boundaries of the park. If the suggestions of the gentlemen who have done such valuable work in surveying that region are adopted by the Government, the park will be doubled in size, and thus a safe retreat and, what is of more importance still, a safe summer breeding-place will be preserved as an inviolate sanctuary for our noble American game. None of these lakes is so little known, or more worth the knowing, than Heart Lake. It is not easy of access, as it lies in a dense forest ten miles due south of the Thumb of the great Yellowstone Lake, hidden by a short but steep range of hills that rise over two thousand five hundred feet above the unbroken woodland.

We were bound to get to Heart Lake; none of our men had ever been there. For days and days we had been in the timber—timber that stood as thick as Yellowstone pine can stand—and often were without a sign of a trail. We were having terrible bother with our packs, and the men wanted to get out of the timber at any cost; nothing would do them but a direct ascent of the mountain-ridge which I have just mentioned.*

Up we got at last, and at our very feet lay the lovely lake, blue as cloudless sky

* If you want to get on with your men, tell them where you want to go, where you will go at any cost, and then don't bother them about the road. Most greenhorns drive their men wild with perpetual questioning.

and clear, unruffled waters ever looked. We had, as was not to be wondered at, a very bad time getting down, and then at the foot lay a "formation"—as hot-springs and geysers are called out there—full of treacherous spots. Into these, of course, two of the most troublesome pack-horses floundered. It was late in the day; the march had been long and very wearying, with constant shifting of packs in the timber and on the hill, and if there was a little more sulphur in the air, just for fifteen minutes or so, than the neighboring springs accounted for, Western men, at least, will make some allowances.

At last we were in camp, and such a camp! Circled by a belt of old pines, gnarled and twisted by the winter winds that had swept across the lake till their limbs were more like the limbs of oak than those of coniferæ. On one side a narrow strip of snowy sand; on the other a green meadow, down which flowed a clear stream, heated to about 70° by many hot-springs that flowed in farther up. The sandy shore ended in a little spit running out some four hundred yards into the water, and there, in perfect content and moved by a slowly awakening curiosity, sat a sedate family of geese—father and mother and some ten inexperienced but well-developed youngsters. South of us lay the water; east of us spread the unbroken forest, rising higher and higher till all vegetation fell away from the scarped and turreted summits of the main range of the Shoshonè; while on our right, to the west, sheer out of the lake rose Mount Sheridan almost ten thousand five hundred feet, its broad forehead still capped with snow, while a little farther on another summit rose, fiery red where the setting sun smote on its great cliffs, once clay, but now turned to red concrete by subterranean fire.

Our dinner of elk-steak, seasoned by one or two of the very last remaining onions, delicious bread (two parts flour and one part Indian corn), and, oh! such coffee, is a memory with me still. Then pipes were lit, and we laid us down "upon the yellow sand." And over the crest of the mountain peeped the horn of the new moon; not a sound broke the stillness, save when, at regular intervals of fifteen minutes, a geyser, hidden in the pines, about a half-mile away, burst into its brief tumult. Many lovely camps we remember, but, among them all, none were more beautiful than that by Heart Lake.

A Dead Grizzly.

My first ambition was, naturally, as I have said, to kill a buffalo; that task once accomplished, and repeated to the point of satiety, the aim and object of my life, during my two months' summer rest, was to slay a grizzly. My first hunting expedition included a trip from Saint Paul (then almost the eastern terminus of the railroad) to Vancouver Island, and during that long journey I never saw a grizzly. One day, coming on the very fresh trail of an immense

fellow, the Indians promptly refused to take any part whatever in investigating the neighborhood; and as I was a most untrustworthy shot, and had only a double-barrelled muzzle-loading rifle, all things considered, perhaps this action of theirs was an evidence of their proverbial sagacity.

My next essay was undertaken thirteen years after, in 1881. We had, my friend and I, a magnificent trip; rode all over the Big Horn Mountains, and killed plenty of game—indeed, we could not help it. In those days the mountains were full of deer, elk, and bear, too; but somehow none of us ever saw a grizzly. I cannot to this day understand our want of success. Four trips I have made since then, but I never saw half the amount of fresh signs which we saw on the western slope of those mountains, on a stream named, in the maps, Shell Creek. Had I known as much as I know now, I could have made a much larger bag than the one I made on my last trip, when I had extraordinary luck and killed eight grizzlies in three weeks, our party accounting altogether for twelve bear, two only of the twelve being trapped. I think this is the largest authentic score I have heard of, as made in late years, in so short a time.

I understand that the Big Horn region is still a good black-tail country, but elk are rare, buffalo extinct, and cattle have driven out bear. As a rule, you will only find grizzlies where elk are, or have recently been. The truth must be told: The first real grizzly we did see (we once shot a mule in mistake for one) was in a trap. In the Eastern woods bears are commonly trapped by baiting a pen, built of logs, with fish or offal, and setting before it a twenty-five pound spring-trap. I need not now speak of traps built of logs only, where a dead-fall is used; none of these are sufficiently strong to hold or to kill a moderate-sized grizzly. To these traps, as they are set in the East, a short chain is attached, and this ends in a ring; through the ring a strong stake is driven securely into the ground, and by this means the captive is held until his hour arrives. Out West the same trap is used, but instead of pinning it to the ground a long chain is attached, and the end of this chain is made fast around a log, with a "cold-shut" or split-ring, such as you put your pocket-keys on, and which can be fastened by hammering. As soon as the bear springs the trap, with either fore or hind feet, and so is fast, he begins to make things lively all around, slashing at the trees, biting at the trap, and dragging the log. This, of course, is an awkward customer to pull along, especially if it is made of part of a young, tough pine-tree, with the branches left on. It leaves a trail that is easily followed. Sometimes the bear will take in the situation very soon, and set himself to demolish, not the trap, but the thing that makes the trap unendurable. I have myself seen a pine-tree some fourteen feet long and eight or nine inches in diameter, perfectly tough and green, so chewed up that there was not a piece of it left whole that would weigh five pounds. In this case we were able to trail the bear by the trap-chain, and killed him farther on. The best way to fix a trap is the simplest: Scoop a hollow by the carcass of a dead elk, and, drawing up a pine, fix the end of it firmly to the trap. The branches of the tree half cover the dead game, and can be easily so arranged that, naturally, the bear will have, for his convenience, to approach on the side where the trap is set. Some old grizzlies, however, are extraordinarily cunning, and, though they cannot have had any extensive experience of traps—for none have been taken into the West till the last five years or so—seem to divine just where those dangerous hidden jaws lie, beneath the innocent brown pine-needles and bunch-grass. They will spring it again and again, and then feast to their hearts' content. One great fellow did this three times at the same carcass; and as we could not induce him to come during daylight, we had reluctantly to give him up. After carefully examining the jaws of the trap, which each time held a few gray, coarse hairs, and such small traces of skin as you see on a horse's curry-comb, we came to the conclusion, and I think the correct one, that the old fellow deliberately sat down on the whole concern.

My first grizzly was trapped on the

head-waters of the East Fork of the Yellowstone, within some few miles of a mountain called the Hoodoo. That country is now too well known and too much hunted to afford good sport; a blazed trail leads up to it from the park. Travellers who want to see an elk are almost invariably advised to go up there. It is a sort of jumping-off place. None of the park guides, I think I am correct in saying, know how to get out of it unless by returning as they came, at least they did not two or three years ago. In 1883 there was considerably more game in that region than can be found there now. Our party, the morning after getting into camp, separated; I went for sheep on the high ground, for there was plenty of sign, and my friend, taking an Adirondack guide we had with us, hunted the lower woody slopes. Toward evening I got back to camp, pretty well tired, having killed a ewe, for we wanted meat; and presently the rest of the party came in, almost too breathless to speak. They had seen a drove of bears, so they said; five of them, "and," added the Adirondack guide, "two were big as buffaloes." He had never seen a buffalo, and drew on his imagination for their size. This was exciting with a vengeance. They reported any amount of bear-sign on the slopes leading to the river. It was just before dark that they had seen this aforesaid family, which, unfortunately, at once winded them, and so quickly tumbled down the ravine, as only bears can tumble, and were lost in the cañon. We were poorly off for bait, but killed some porcupine and half roasted them (under these circumstances, I would have my readers remember that porcupine emit a powerful odor); and to these delectable morsels we added parts of sheep. Still it was a very poor bait. Bear will not, as a usual thing, come to a small carcass. We waited and waited, day after day; all the sheep cleared out of the neighborhood, and we, not having at that time one good hunter in the party, could not trail up any of the small, scattered bands of elk that kept, as they generally keep during the end of August, to the thick timber. Our grub gave out; our last morning came; and, save for that one brief moment, none of the party had ever seen a grizzly. All our impediments were stowed away, and nothing remained to pack but the forty-two pound traps. While the final tightening of the mules' *aparejos* was being done (we had a Government outfit on that trip), our guide rode off to see if the luck had turned. He was to fire one shot if the trap had been carried away. Fancy our feelings when, thirty minutes later, a single shot rang out on the early morning air. We made time to the ridge where the boys had seen the bear, and where the traps had been set fruitlessly for a week; and there, sure enough, he was—a fine fellow, too. He could not have been fast more than half an hour, for he had not gone far, but was "making tracks," dragging a great log after him, when the hunter saw him; and in an hour or two, at that pace, would have been well on his way down the cañon. Soon as mankind came in sight he took in the situation, and began to roar and growl. A grizzly's roar can be heard a long way in still weather. I must, in all truthfulness, say that that bear seemed to be thinking chiefly of his family. He made no charge; he wanted very badly to go home; and I ended his career with an express-bullet.

Not much sport in that, so it seems to me now. And yet, after longing and longing even to see a big bear, and never seeing him; after finding, sometimes, the ground near our camp all torn up over-night, as we used in 1868; after having had three bears cross the river I was fishing in, on Sunday morning (oh! charitable reader, a quiet little stroll by a silver, purling, singing mountain-stream, such as was Shell Creek, could not offend even the shade of Isaac Walton, though it were taken on Sunday)—yes, I went down that stream not more than three miles, and in the two or three hours I spent in filling my pockets with the trout no less than three bears, good-sized bears, too, by their tracks, crossed that stream behind me and between me and camp—after such a long time of probation, it was more than exciting, to see, here then, at last, the real thing, an unmistakable grizzly. There actually was such a thing as a grizzly in the flesh! We had begun to doubt it; not so big as a buf-

falo truly, now I came to see him in daylight, but weighing, I should say, fully six hundred pounds.

As to bears' weights, I confess myself sceptical about the existence of a bear in the Rocky Mountains, this side of California (I cannot say anything about California grizzlies), weighing over one thousand pounds. Colonel Pigot, the most noted bear-hunter in the West, who has claimed royalty, I understand, on seventy grizzlies, thinks he never killed any over that weight. I understand, from one of the men who accompanied Colonel Pigot, that he carries a steelyard that weighs up to three hundred and fifty pounds, and by this means has obtained an idea, and a fairly accurate one, of the weight of some of his largest trophies. My prize animal, killed last year, measured nine feet three inches from his nose to his heels, and certainly, though in good condition, did not go over nine hundred pounds. My hunter thinks he has never seen one weighing more than a thousand, and he has killed as many bear as most men—outside of story-books.

The largest bear any of us ever saw was a cinnamon that came within an inch of killing one of my men, a good hunter and first-class guide—Charles Huff. (I may refer to the big cinnamon, too, as an instance of the danger that sometimes attends trapping the bear.) He had set his traps near Sunlight, in the spring, and was unable to visit them for a week. When he got to the bait, trap and log were gone. After taking up the trail, he soon found the remnants of his log chewed to match-wood; the bear, evidently a large one, had gone off with the trap. He followed his trail as long as he had light, but found nothing, and had to return to camp. Next day, very foolishly, he took the trail again alone, beginning where he had left off. After a long march he came to the steep side of a hill; the bear had evidently gone up there; on the soft, snow-sodden ground the trail was plain. Just as he was beginning to ascend, there was a rush and a roar, and the bear was on him. He had no time to put his repeater to his shoulder, but letting it fall between his hands, pulled the trigger. The bear was within a few feet of him, and by a great chance the unaimed bullet took him between the eyes. He had evidently tried the hill-side, and, worried by the heavy trap, had come back on his trail and lain behind a great heap of dirt, into which he had partly burrowed, waiting for his enemy. Among the débris of spring-tide—fallen stones and uprooted trees—a bear could easily lie hidden, if he was mad and wanted to conceal himself, till the enemy was within a few feet. It was a terribly close shave.

All animals are at times strangely hard to kill; this, I fancy, is especially true of the grizzly. Again and again he will drop to a well-planted shot, as will any animal; nothing that runs can stand up long after it has received a quartering shot—*i.e.*, when the bullet is planted rather well back in the ribs, about half way up, and ranges forward to the opposite shoulder. Such a shot, especially if the bullet is a fifty-calibre, will drop anything; but the point of the heart may be pierced, or even the lungs cut, and bear will often fight.

We stalked two small grizzlies in the "open" one evening. They were busy turning over stones, in order to get the grubs and worms underneath, and when we managed to get, unseen, within forty yards, at first fire each received a bullet broadside behind the shoulder; but, seemingly none the worse, they both turned down-hill, as bear will when wounded, nine times out of ten, and made for the ravine, whence they had evidently come. This gave me a nice open shot as they passed, and No. 1 rolled over dead; not so No. 2. Before he got a hundred yards away I hit him three times. My rifle was a fifty-calibre Bullard repeater, the one I have used for years—one hundred grains of powder and a solid ball. At the fourth shot he fell all of a heap, seemingly dead. To save trouble we laid hold of the first one, which lay about seventy yards above the second, and dragged him down the steep incline to where this second lay, for convenience in skinning. We got within a few feet of the bear, when up he jumped, and, on one hind leg and one fore, went for Frank. The attack was tremendously unexpected and sudden. At a glance

you could see that the poor, plucky brute was past hurting anyone, for one arm was smashed and his lower jaw was shot almost completely away. Yet I tell the simple truth when I say that for a few strides he actually caught up to Frank, who made most admirable time; then he suddenly fell dead. We examined that bear carefully; he was a small one, not weighing more than two hundred pounds, and was shot all to pieces. Each of the five bullets I had fired had struck him; one hip and one forearm were broken, the lower jaw shot away; there was one shot in the neck, and one, through and through, behind the shoulder. It is never safe to fool with a grizzly; he may run away as fast as an elk, or he may not. He may drop to the first well-planted bullet, or he may stand up till blown almost to pieces.

I have used almost all sorts of rifles, and have satisfied myself that a good repeater is *the* arm—more accurate than an express, hitting hard enough to kill anything, and having nine shots instead of two. Very little observation or reading will satisfy anyone that the habits of game change considerably in a comparatively brief space of time. This is true of the grizzlies. Allowing for old hunters' exaggeration, and again allowing for the natural growth of the mythical, even in so far as it relates to *Ursus horribilis*, yet I think the modern grizzly is a more timid animal than his grandfather could have been. I have said it is not safe to depend on one of these animals retreating; but, unless wounded, if a path of retreat is left him, he will almost invariably take it. In the evening, on a trail, old hunters say that he often shows fight sooner than get out of the way. I have only once met a large bear alone in the evening, and on that occasion I did not wait to watch his movements, but fortunately rolled him over, hitting him in the heart with a snap shot.

The common idea still is that, in the fall, bear go down the mountains after berries. Some, I suppose, do; whether it is owing to the occupation of the river- and creek-beds (the usual place where choke-cherries and plums grow thickest) by cattle or not, I cannot say, but certainly the biggest do not seem to go down at all. They live on grubs, and more especially on pine-nuts—breaking up the stores which that pretty and provident little fellow, the mountain-squirrel, has laid by, and on his labor they grow very fat.

There is something to me beyond measure fascinating in hunting the grizzly, the hardest of all animals to approach, excepting perhaps the sheep; and the extreme difficulty of seeing him or finding him in the daylight, and the lonely haunts he has now retired to, make him more difficult to bring to bag than even the sheep. None seems in better keeping with his surroundings than he. It must be a poor, shallow nature that cannot enjoy the absolute stillness and perfect beauty of such evenings as the hunter must sometimes pass alone, when watching near a bait for bear.

One such experience I have especially in mind. What an evening it was, both for its beauty and its good-fortune! I think of it still as a red-letter day, and speak of it as

"One from many singled out,
One of those heavenly days that cannot die."

More than two thousand feet below, the head-waters of the Snake gather themselves, and in its infancy the great river sends up its baby-murmur. Behind me, the giant heads of the Teton cut the rosy evening sky, sharp and clear, as does the last thousand feet of the Matterhorn. I was comfortably ensconced in the warm, brown pine-needles that smothered up the great knees of a gnarled nut-pine, whose roots offered me an arm-chair, and round me, for the space of two or three acres, the short, crisp greensward, that is only found where snow has lain for months previously, was spangled and starred all over with such blue and white and red mountain-flowers as are nowhere else seen in this land.

I wish I had time and skill to write of those sweet mountain-flowers; there is nothing quite so beautiful in any other Alpine land I know of, our mountains altogether outstripping the Swiss or Austrian Alps in the wealth, variety, and sweetness of their flora. I don't know anything of botany, I am ashamed to say, but we have counted wellnigh a

hundred different flowers in bloom during one afternoon's tramp. Amid the lush green of the rich valleys great masses of harebell and borage and gentian carpet the ground. Here and there, beautifully contrasting with their fresh, vivid blue, wide plots of yellow, purple-centred sun-flowers stoutly hold up their heads; while on the border-land of these flower-beds of nature, where the grass shortens in blade, and deepens to an intense shade of green, the delicate mountain-lily, with its three pure-white petals, fading to the tenderest green at the centre, reaches its graceful height of some nine inches. All this one has abundant leisure to observe, as he sits well to windward, by the way, of the bait —in this case a dead elk.

On this occasion I occupied an unusually good point of vantage. My arm-chair not only commanded a little sloping prairie, but the heads of two deep ravines leading to it, and the crest of the ridge, some three hundred feet above me, to my left. Hour after hour passed peacefully by. I tried to read Tennyson (I had a pocket-volume with me), with but poor success, and so gave myself up to the beauty of the scene. I realized, without effort, what a blissful thing it might be—nay, sometimes is—simply to exist. Such hours do not come to any of us often; but when they do, with them surely may come an overmastering sense of that great truth Elizabeth Barrett Browning so tersely puts—

"Earth's crammed with heaven,
And every common bush afire with God;
But only he who sees takes off his shoes."

Without cant, I trust, that evening I took off mine, as the old prayer came to mind: "We thank Thee for our creation, preservation, and all the blessings of this life."

I was in a state of stable equilibrium, bodily and mentally (if it ever is given to a rector of a New York church so to be), when a mighty rumpus arose from the edge of the dark woods where our horses were lariatted, two or three hundred yards below. On his way upward, a big grizzly had been joined by a relative or acquaintance (history will never say which), and, as ill-luck would have it, they both came suddenly on the horses, hidden and securely tied in a little hollow. From where I sat I could see nothing, but running down a few yards I came in sight of two sturdy fellows surveying our plunging nags, as for one moment they evidently held a hurried consultation. The conclusion they arrived at was that they were out for venison, not for horse-flesh, especially when there was more than a suspicion of a dangerous smell around; in brief, they struck our trail, and scented the saddle, and so in an instant were off. Of course, we had settled on a spot toward which the wind blew from the ravine (Frank was a quarter of a mile away on the other side of the prairie); for bear almost always come up at evening from the deepest hiding-places,—and these bear ran off, quartering upwind, giving me a long, running shot, as they made great time among the tall, rank grass and flowers.

Sit down when you shoot, if it is possible. There is no better position than an elbow on either knee; you can shoot fast and straight, and the position is high enough to carry your head and rifle above small inequalities of the ground. I let drive and missed; shot too far ahead, I fancy. Always shoot too far ahead, rather than too far behind. Nine times out of ten a bullet plumped in front of running game will halt it for a moment; and so now it turned out. The leader reared up for an instant, and the instant's pause was fatal. The next bullet took him fair in the centre of the chest. He had just time to give his solicitous companion a wipe with his paw, that would have come near wiping out a strong man, when he rolled over.

Bear No. 2 concluded he had an engagement somewhere else, and was settling down to a business-like gait when he, too, came to grief. There they lay, not fifty yards apart—two in one evening, not so bad—though in honesty it must be confessed that such shots were more than ordinarily lucky. Skinning a tough hide is a very trying bit of work, but how willingly was it undertaken. What time we made down the mountain, tying first our trophies—heads left on—securely on the cow-sad-

dles! What cannot a good broncho do when he wants to get back to the herd! For a couple of thousand feet we led the horses, and then fairly raced. What fun is a good scamper home when you have a stanch pony between your legs! The sure-footedness and hardiness of a well-trained pony are simply marvellous; give him his head, and if there is a ghost of a trail he will take it. Many an evening did we race home against time, determined to get over the three miles of twisted and fallen timber before the last glow vanished. Once out of the timber we could sober down, for all was plain sailing. Three or four miles more—among old beaver-meadows, where every now and then we heard, loud almost as a pistol-shot, the beaver smite the water with his broad tail, as he went down into his own quiet, clear pool—and the welcome blaze of the camp-fire promised rest, after refreshing and sufficient toil, as well as good companionship.

There is among Western men much controversy as to the various kinds of bear inhabiting our Western Alps; but the number of those who, from personal observation, are capable of forming an opinion, is very small. In the first place, for all the sanguinary talk around the stove, there are not a great many men who have made a practice of hunting bear at all. One such incident as that which occurred, two years ago, in the Big Horn scares a good many. A poor fellow there came on a bear, a small cinnamon, feeding on an elk he had killed. He fired and wounded it; the bear retreated, and he followed. Coming up with it, again he fired, when the bear charged him. Trying to reload (he used, I heard, a single-shot Sharp rifle), the extractor came off the empty shell, and, of course, he was defenceless. He evidently drew his knife and used it desperately; for when they found him the bear lay near him, dead, with many knife-wounds in it, but it had killed him first. In short, both on account of the danger and by reason of the great difficulty of seeing them, it scarcely pays to hunt bear alone.

There are comparatively few men, I say, whose opinion is worth much; and some of these seem to have an idea that, for the credit of the mountain-land they love so well, they are bound to people it with as many different species of bear as they can. Now, as a matter of fact, I believe that almost all the bears ranging in the Rocky Mountains occasionally breed together; certainly, brown and black sometimes do. Our party once shot a black bear with a large brown cross, extending from the tail to the back of the head and down each shoulder. Just as certainly, the brown and grizzly on occasions intermarry. My hunter assures me he has shot gray cubs with a brown sow. I may be wrong, but I cannot myself see any difference sufficiently marked to warrant the idea that the cinnamon bear of the Rockies is not the coarser, larger brown bear, the result of some crossing between the grizzly and the brown.

Then, some men insist that among the gray bear there are no less than three distinct varieties—silvertip, roachback, and grizzly. As I have said before, I cannot say anything about the California grizzly, though I do not think, from skins I have examined, he differs materially from his neighbor of the mountains; but as to these differences of color indicating a distinct variety, I cannot believe it. We shot three bears, feeding on one carcass, last fall, all three years old, and evidently of the same litter, and you could scarcely find greater varieties of color than those they represented. One was almost yellow, one a dark silvertip, and one almost brown. There is, among bear, a considerable variety in shape and outline sometimes, and, back of the tusk, in the lower and upper jaws, some few grizzlies seem to have a lesser and second tusk instead of the usual molar; but this is a rarity, I fancy. I only found it twice, and our men could not remember having seen it before.

I will end this rambling paper as I began it. Why does this splendid Alpine region of ours, so rich in beauty and in all varieties of interest, attract so few? For a party of two or three, a trip of seven or eight weeks amid its solitudes need not cost each one more than many spend during a couple of months at some fashionable sea-side resort.

To get competent guides is the chief difficulty. The men who can or will take an outfit through a mountainous country, where they have never been before, are few and far between; and the so-called certificated guides, numerous enough in the park, know little or nothing of the country beyond it. The charges, too, in the park for transport are excessive. Cooke City, Gallatin County, Montana, the mining-camp I have referred to, is the best place I know for securing men. A railway will soon connect it with the Northern Pacific, and meanwhile, from June till December, a stage runs three times a week to the Mammoth Hot Springs. But some good hunters are still to be found at Billings and Bozeman on the Northern Pacific Railroad. On one of the most successful trips I ever made we had no guides at all. I steered the party by such aid as the map afforded. So long as we went slowly, sending one of the party forward, day by day, to hunt a trail, we did very well. We only got into one scrape that might have ended seriously, and that came from foolishly venturing down a cañon none of us had ever explored. Go slow; and go nowhere unless you are sure you can, at the worst, retrace your steps, and you will enjoy your trip.

Though a guide is not a necessity, a couple of first-class packers are. Any man, with some little experience of roughing it, can guide a party fairly well; but no mortal man, not to the manner born, can pack. No baby is more dependent on its mother than is the tenderfoot upon his packer. Day after day he stands, in wondering admiration, and sees this individual "throw" the marvellous diamond hitch-knot that fastens, as nothing else can fasten, the strange assortment of everything, from a Dutch oven to a stag's head, that may chance to form the pack; and when he has mastered the secret of the diamond hitch, he is still years from being a thorough packer. To see all the *impedimenta* of a hunting-camp for a party of four travellers and their men quickly done up into the neatest and tightest packages imaginable, and then bound, as none but a Westerner can bind them, on the back of an ill-conditioned Indian pony, to stay there, as I have seen packs stay, all day long, with just one tightening up, as up and down we go over rocks and against trees, is a wonderful instance of skill and careful planning.

Some days, of course, the packs won't "ride;" sometimes the devil has completely mastered the natures of horse and mule, as long ago he did the pigs. We once started from Big Timber Station across a level and stony plain, at five o'clock sharp, on a sweltering August morning. By four that evening we had made precisely two and a half miles. I think the outfit's survival as an outfit on that occasion is due to the fact that the clear stream of the Bowlder (full of trout, by the way) did not flow another quarter of a mile farther off from our starting-point than it did. I never had better packers or better animals than those we had for that trip; but we put too much on the mules. They were a splendid band, but had not been packed for two years, and so were soft and resented packing; and there just happened to be an evidence of advancing civilization, in the shape of half a mile of the newest and most barby barbed-wire fencing, midway between the railroad and the woody bend of the stream that was the goal of all our hopes. Against that half-mile of wire every one of those mules in turn lay down, stringing themselves well out, so that they would not be inconveniently close together, this manœuvre, of course, resulting in the rending and cutting of all that was cuttable about them, including their hides; and, in all honesty—for one must try to be honest even to a pack-mule—I must say, they rather seemed to like to have their hides cut, if they were only sure of cutting every flour, sugar, oatmeal, and coffee-sack, to say nothing of letting daylight into water-proof, tarpaulin, clothes, etc.

It is something to have had an exhaustive experience of any sort; and after going through those eleven hours of unceasing toil, during which I had ample opportunity to see what a mule could do, and to hear how thoroughly trained mule-packers could express their sentiments regarding everything and every person in general, and those immediate mules and circumstances in particular, I have

no hesitation in affirming that in both these directions my experience *is* exhaustive.

Dead-beat and almost dumb, one of the men, sitting on a newly prostrate mule's head, summed up the situation concisely as he said, glancing at me reproachfully, "It's enough to make a minister of the gospel swear;" and had I gone through half the poor fellow had endured, I have no doubt I should have agreed with him.

THE SONNET.

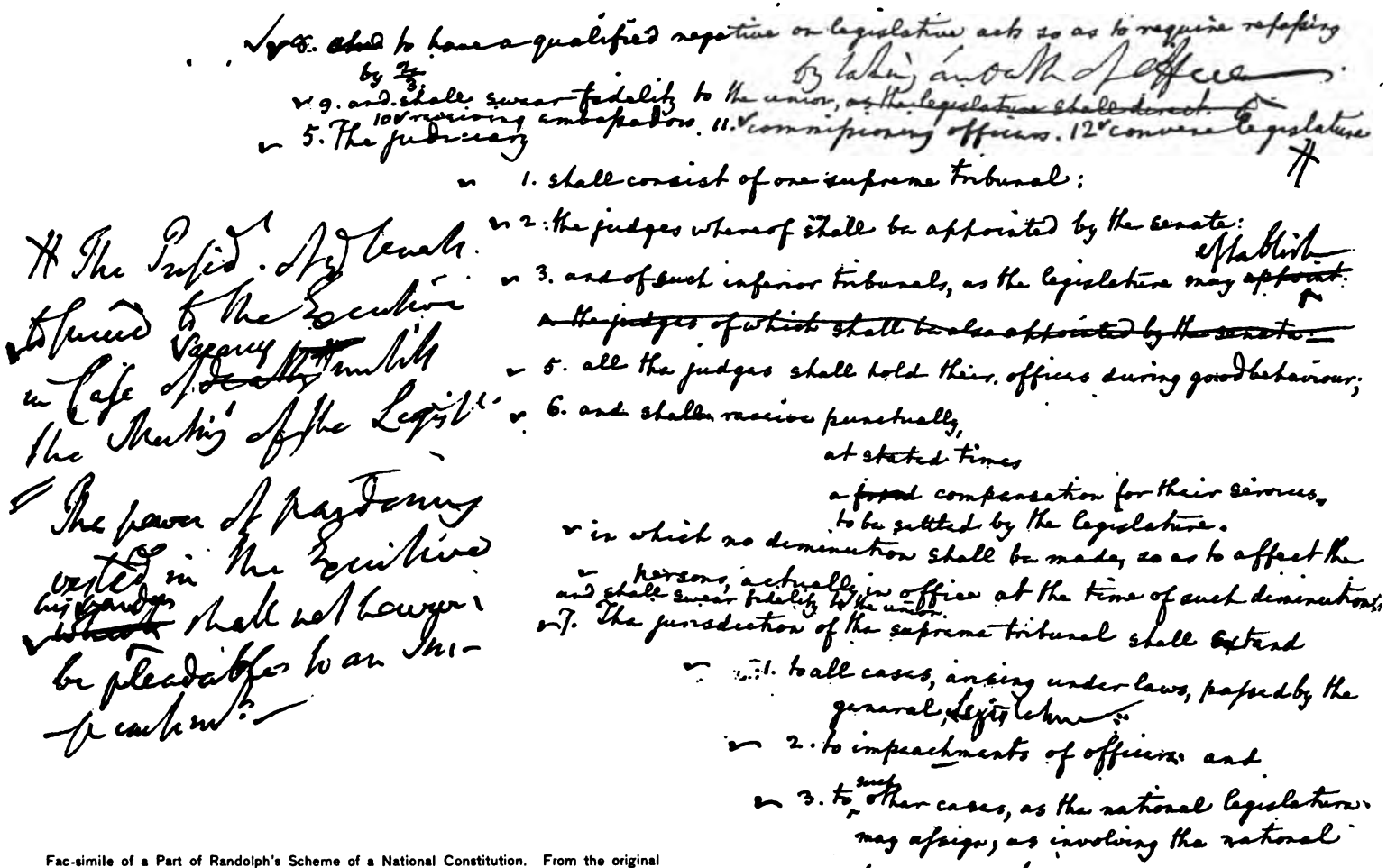
By Julia C. R. Dorr.

TO A CRITIC.

"It is but cunning artifice," you say?
"To it no throb of nature answereth?
It hath no living pulse, no vital breath,
This puppet, fashioned in an elder day,
Through whose strait lips no heart can cry or pray?"
O deaf and blind of soul, these words that saith!
If that thine ear is dull, what hindereth
That quicker ears should hear the bugles play
And the trump call to battle? Since the stars
First sang together, and the exulting skies
Thrilled to their music, earth hath never heard,
Above the tumult of her worldly jars,
Or loftier songs or prayers than those that rise
Where the high sonnet soareth like a bird!

TO A POET.

Thou who wouldst wake the sonnet's silver lyre,
Make thine hands clean! Then, as on eagle's wings,
Above the soiling touch of sordid things,
Bid thy soul soar till, mounting high and higher,
It feels the glow of pure celestial fire,
Bathes in clear light, and hears the song that rings
Through heaven's high arches when some angel brings
Gifts to the Throne, on wings that never tire!
It hath a subtile music, strangely sweet,
Yet all unmeet for dance or roundelay,
Or idle love that fadeth like a flower.
It is the voice of hearts that strongly beat,
The cry of souls that grandly love and pray,
The trumpet-peal that thrills the battle-hour!


8. shall to have a qualified negative on legislative acts so as to require re-passing by 2/3
By taking an Oath of Office
9. and shall swear fidelity to the union, as the legislature shall direct.
5. The judiciary 10. receiving emboluments. 11. commissioning officers. 12. convene legislature
1. shall consist of one supreme tribunal;
2. the judges whereof shall be appointed by the senate:
3. and of such inferior tribunals, as the legislature may establish
the judges of which shall be also appointed by the senate:
5. all the judges shall hold their offices during good behaviour;
6. and shall receive punctually, at stated times a fixed compensation for their services, to be settled by the legislature.
in which no diminution shall be made, so as to affect the persons actually in office at the time of such diminution;
and shall swear fidelity to the union.
7. The jurisdiction of the supreme tribunal shall extend
1. to all cases, arising under laws, passed by the general, Legislature.
2. to impeachments of officers: and
3. to such other cases, as the national legislature may assign, as involving the national peace and harmony,
* The Judicial Authority to appoint to the Executive Vacancy in Case of Death will be in the Meeting of the Legislature
The power of Pardoning vested in the Executive shall not however be pleadable to an Impeachment.

Fac-simile of a Part of Randolph's Scheme of a National Constitution. From the original manuscript discovered among the papers of Governor Mason.

AN UNPUBLISHED DRAFT OF A

NATIONAL CONSTITUTION BY EDMUND RANDOLPH.

FOUND AMONG THE PAPERS OF GEORGE MASON.

By Moncure D. Conway.

At the close of the Constitutional Convention of 1787, its Secretary, William Jackson, made a holocaust of the papers on his table. Many interesting materials of history so perished. But fortunately there were some who realized what momentous history was made in those months, and there has been found among the papers of George Mason, author of the Bill of Rights, a document of great importance. This is the draft of a national constitution by Governor Edmund Randolph, with annotations by James McClurg, one of his colleagues in the Convention of 1787.

I had already become convinced, in the course of the biography of Randolph, on which I have been engaged, that some such document had existed as this, which a descendant of the statesman of Gunston Hall has now placed in my hand. On April 8, 1787, Madison wrote from New York to Governor Randolph: "I am glad to find that you are turning your thoughts towards the business of May next. My despair of your finding the necessary leisure, as signified in one of your letters, with the probability that some leading propositions at least would be expected from Virginia, had engaged me in a closer attention to the subject than I should otherwise have given. . . . I think, with you, that it will be well to retain as much as possible of the old Confederation. . . . I am also perfectly of your opinion that, in framing a system, no material sacrifices ought to be made to local or temporary prejudices. An explanatory address must of necessity accompany the result of the Convention on the main object. I am not sure that it will be practicable to present the several parts of the reform in so detached a manner to the States, as that a partial adoption will be binding." These phrases suggest that Randolph was engaged on a constitutional scheme, and some of them that he had submitted to Madison parts of the draft now discovered. In it Randolph speaks of the plan as "the reform;" he urges the necessity of a Constitution that can be "accommodated to times and events;" he outlines "an explanatory address." This scheme cannot be confused with the general resolutions introduced by the Governor, as leader of the Virginia delegation, at the opening of the Convention, of which he said, "details made no part, and could not perhaps, with propriety, have been introduced." The document just discovered is one of details as well as general principles, and covers nine long folio pages in Randolph's small handwriting. It has evidently been used as a working draft, no doubt in Committee of Detail, each item being ticketed off when disposed of. There are numerous erasures and interpolations of his own, besides the notes of McClurg. There are indications of blank spaces afterward filled up. At one point the first legislative branch is styled "House of Delegates," at another "House of Representatives," and there are other vestiges of the development of the scheme at Philadelphia.

The title "House of Delegates," is one of several indications that the Governor began on the basis of the Virginia Constitution which he helped to frame in 1776, his twenty-third year. Now, in his thirty-fourth year, he was the most successful administrator of the State he had help to found. Dr. James McClurg, to whom this draft was submitted, owed his nomination to the Convention to Randolph, as did Richard Henry Lee. The Governor wished to give fair play to federalist and anti-federalist. For McClurg, six years his senior, Randolph

had great regard, though their roads diverged a good deal in the Convention. After graduation at William and Mary (1762), he (McClurg) had studied medicine at Edinburgh and Paris, had written a celebrated medical essay, become Professor of Anatomy and Medicine at William and Mary (1779), and published a volume of *vers de société*. He had also served as a Member of the Executive Council. Madison wished to have him appointed Secretary of Foreign Affairs. Although his voice was heard in the Convention but three times, then in few words (Madison attributing this to his modesty), the annotations on this Randolph Constitution show that Dr. McClurg had carefully considered the questions which came before the Convention. He was, it seems, a federalist of the Hamiltonian, rather than of the Randolphian school; that is, he was inclined to repose national supremacy in the executive, rather than in the legislature.* These notes, and Randolph's spontaneous alterations—changes suggesting consultations with one or another leader—make this old document in some sort a composite Constitution, and it is rather in its relation to the forces and factors at work in the Convention, than to its connection with Randolph individually, that its chief interest lies.

The instrument opens with suggestions of a general kind. "In the draught of a fundamental constitution two things deserve attention. 1. To insert essential principles only, lest the operations of government should be clogged by rendering those provisions permanent and unalterable which ought to be accommodated to times and events. 2. To use simple and precise language, and general propositions, according to the example of the constitutions of the several states.

"1. A Preamble seems proper. Not for the purpose of designating the ends of government and human politics: this display of theory, however proper in the first formation of states' governments is unfit here; since we are not working on the natural rights of men not yet gathered into society, but upon those rights modified by society, and interwoven with what we call the rights of states. Nor yet is it proper for the purpose of mutually pledging the faith of the parties for the observance of the articles: this may be done more solemnly at the close of the draught, as in the Confederation. But the object of our Preamble ought to be briefly to declare that the present federal government is insufficient to the general happiness; that the conviction of this fact gave birth to this Convention; and that the only effectual mode which they can devise for curing this insufficiency is the establishment of a supreme legislative, executive, and judiciary. Let it be next declared that the following are the Constitution and fundamentals of government for the United States. After this introduction let us proceed to the

"2. First resolution. This resolution involves these particulars: 1. The style of the United States, which may continue as it now is. 2. A declaration that the supreme legislative, executive, and judiciary shall be established. 3. A declaration that these departments shall be distinct, and independent of each other, except in specified cases."

It is one thing to aim at "essential principles only," another to detach such from the incidents which events have raised into a semblance of eternal principles. No doubt it is largely due to the long struggle of the Virginia Burgesses to keep Governor Berkeley and his royal council out of their House that severe severance of the three branches had become the political creed. Like most creeds, it had to be harmonized with practical necessities. "Soup is not eaten so hot as it is cooked." Even in the Virginia Constitution of 1776 the independence is qualified: "The Legislative, Executive, and Judiciary Departments shall be separate and distinct, so that neither exercise the powers properly belonging to the other; nor shall any person exercise the powers of more than one of them at the same time, except that the justices of the county

* It has been generally supposed that Dr. McClurg's motion that the President should be chosen for life or good behavior was meant as irony. The notes he has added to this Randolph Constitution suggest that under his humorous phrase was a serious sympathy with the Hamiltonian principle. He was compelled to return to Virginia some time before the close of the Convention, which accounts for his signature not being appended to the Constitution.

courts shall be eligible to either House of Assembly." Governor Randolph wished to make further exceptions from the creed, in the United States Constitution, but the doctrine had to be laid down. And next to it the doctrine of a bicameral legislature. "The mind of the people of America," said George Mason, "is unsettled as to some points, but settled as to others. In two points I am sure it is well settled—first, in an attachment to republican government; secondly, in an attachment to more than one branch in the legislature." Against the bicameral system Franklin stood alone in the Convention, where it was accepted almost without question. The first provision of this Randolph Constitution is for a Legislature which "shall consist of two branches: viz. (*a*) a House of Delegates; and (*b*) a Senate." The use of this word Senate might point Lord Bacon's famous saying about the power of words to entangle strongest men. I have before me a manuscript fragment by Edmund Randolph in which, alluding to the framers of the Virginia Constitution, (1776) he says: "The young boasted that they were treading upon the republican ground of Greece and Rome, and contracted a sovereign contempt for British institutions." "It may surprise posterity that in the midst of the most pointed declamations in the Convention against the inequality of representation in the British House of Commons, it was submitted to in Virginia without a murmur." Some of these young Romans lived to find housed in their "Senate" a peerage of States by which Delaware was made equal with Virginia. But the bicameral system did not originate in State equality, as is sometimes said; that equality of votes might have been combined with proportional representation in the House of Representatives, as it now is when a presidential election falls to that House.

"2. The House of Delegates shall never be greater in number than ——. To effect this pursue a rule similar to that prescribed in the 16th article of the New York Constitution." This New York article limited the Senators to 100, the Representatives to 300. In 1801 the Senators were further reduced to 32, and the Representatives to 150; twenty years later the latter were set at 128. The plan involved repeated redistributions. For its application to the United States Randolph proposed that "each state shall send delegates according to the ratio recommended by Congress: to ascertain this point let a census be taken," etc. The qualifications for Congress were to be twenty-five years of age and citizenship. Whereto Randolph appends: "Qu: if a certain term of residence, and a certain quantity of landed property, ought not to be made by the Convention a further qualification." The "delegate's" tenure was two years; the elections being held biennially, on the same day throughout the same State, at a place fixed by each Legislature, from time to time; or, in their default, by the national legislature. "The qualification of electors shall be the same with that in the particular states, unless the" [national] "legislature shall hereafter direct some uniform qualification to prevail through the states." Here are suggested as qualifications: "Citizenship; manhood; sanity of mind; previous residence of one year, or possession of real property within the state for the whole of one year, or enrolment in the militia for the whole of a year." But someone has run his pen through all of these except the first two, as "not justified by the resolutions." The Delegates choose their presiding officer. They shall vote by ballot, unless two-thirds choose to vary the mode. "A majority shall be a quorum for business; but a smaller number may be authorized by the House to call for and punish non-attending members, and to adjourn for any time not exceeding one week." "The house of delegates shall have power over its own members." "The delegates shall be privileged from arrest (personal restraint) during their attendance [and] for so long a time before and after as may be necessary for travelling to and from the legislature." To this is added, but struck out, "and they shall have no other privileges whatever." They shall be ineligible to any office under the authority of the United States during their term. Vacancies shall be filled by writ of their State governor or speaker. The two Houses were arranged much in the same way in the

original draft, the provisions being quite legible through the multitude of erasures which followed the victory of unequal representation in the Senate. Until then "the Legislature" was written of as one body, and the only functional privileges of the two branches are, that the first is to have peculiar powers concerning money-bills, and the Senate those relating to treaties—of commerce, of peace, and alliance. The Senate is also to appoint the judiciary, and send ambassadors. The present rule of rotation in the Senate is taken literally from this Randolph scheme. The provision for its constitution was: "The Senate shall consist of—members, each possessing a vote." Each State was to use its own discretion as to the time and manner of choosing these "members," presently interlined "Senators." Dr. Franklin, having vainly appealed to the Convention to invoke divine assistance in settling the issue between the large and small States, proposed, as a compromise, that the latter should have their equality of representation if they paid for it. Randolph arranged another compromise, by which the States should vote as equals on a number of subjects that might affect them as States. But when he brought this into the Convention the small States had already gained the day. George Mason, with whom Randolph nearly always agreed, intimated a willingness to make this concession to the small States for the sake of the Union; but, in thus yielding, neither of these men contemplated the further powers presently vested in the Senate in combination with the Executive.

A curious provision was struck out of this document by which the Senators were to be paid per diem the average value of a fixed number of bushels of wheat, on the basis of its value for the previous six years as declared by a special jury of merchants and farmers summoned by the Supreme Court. In this the old tobacco payments of Virginia survive. The legislative power to raise money by taxation, "unlimited as to sum, for the past and future debts and necessities of the Union, and establish rules for collection," is given under exceptions: direct taxation must be proportioned to representation; any capitation tax must apply to all under this limitation, and every indirect tax be common to all. The power to "regulate commerce" is made (by McClurg) to include "foreign and domestick." Randolph having provided against duties on exports, and prohibitions or prohibitory duties on "importations of inhabitants," McClurg changes this to "no prohibitions on such inhabitants or people as the several States think proper to admit." This looks as if McClurg did not share the hatred of the slave-trade expressed by his colleagues. Randolph was a radical anti-slavery man for the time, and his clause about "inhabitants" (foreigners) had nothing to do with State privileges or with slaves. To include these, McClurg adds "people." When this McClurg clause was before the Convention, Randolph declared he would rather risk the Constitution than accept it. No navigation act is to pass unless by consent of eleven States (McClurg says, "two-thirds of the members present"). All war powers are intrusted to the Legislature; "it is to make war, raise armies, equip fleets; to provide tribunals and punishments for mere offences against the law of nations." It is to appoint tribunals inferior to the judiciary; "to adjust, upon the plan heretofore used, all disputes between the States." McClurg adds, "respecting territory and jurisdiction;" wherein he came in collision with Mason's protest against the doctrine that the territorial sovereignty claimed by the crown had descended to the Federal Government. To Randolph's provision that the Legislature shall have the exclusive right to coin money McClurg adds, that no State shall emit paper bills of credit without approval of the National Legislature, or make anything but specie a legal tender. It seems probable that, by granting the Legislature power to "coin money," Randolph wished to bear testimony against paper money, but perhaps not wishing absolutely to tie the hands of the general government on the subject—this being the position taken by Mason. The powers exercised by Congress under the present Constitution are here for the most part enumerated, and need not be recited.

Governor Randolph was sharply asked in the Convention of 1787, by Pierce Butler, whether he meant to abolish State powers altogether. Although he honestly disclaimed such an intention, he shared with Hamilton—perhaps with Washington—the hope that the National Government would become, to use his own similitude, as a great oak beside which the State governments would appear as shrubs. Even in this scheme for a "reform" of the Confederation, he would ordain a "supreme" government—his word being struck out in the Convention. But he differed from Hamilton and Washington as to the nucleus of the central supremacy; he would vest it in a legislature, carefully filtered and checked, but independent of State governments still semi-colonial. But after the decision of the Convention giving equality of suffrage in the Senate, the States were all summoned "to their tents." "The vote of this morning," said Randolph, "has embarrassed the business extremely. All the powers given in the report from the committee of the whole were founded on the supposition that a proportional representation was to prevail in both branches of the legislature." Among several alterations in this Randolph scheme which followed that memorable July 16th may have been the erasure of the following: "All laws of a particular state repugnant hereto shall be void; and in the decision thereon, which shall be vested in the supreme judiciary, all incidents, without which the general principle cannot be satisfied, shall be considered as involved in the general principle." Now that the Supreme Court was to be appointed by the Senate—exclusively, as he supposed—such a clause might place a State at the mercy of a minority of the nation. The statesmen who wished to develop a strong popular government of the pure republican type, and those who desired a strong personal government, were henceforth compelled to sit aloof and silent while others framed on paper an impossible combination of State and National authority. The late Mr. Sothern, being driven one night, by a tipsy cabman, aimlessly about some London square, cried out at last, "Cabman, keep on in this square; I've been here so long, I begin to like it." "Do you mean," asked the man, "for me to go on driving round this square?" "Yes, as much as a man *can* drive round in a square." Since our constitutional fathers started to drive their ancient State chariot round in a square of national supremacy the inevitable corner collisions have come; but even now, so strong are political survivals, it is improbable that a constitutional amendment denying the right of State secession could be carried.

Along with this Randolph Constitution was found a carefully prepared paper, in the handwriting of George Mason, expressing his views in favor of a plural executive, as "the most effectual means of checking and counteracting the aspiring views of dangerous and ambitious men." Like everything else that came from that man the argument is vigorous, and no doubt it will appear in the coming biography of Mason by Miss Kate Mason Rowland. Since perusing that argument I have no doubt that Randolph's conversion to the idea of a plural executive—his advocacy of which made such an impression on Franklin—was due to Mason, and subsequent to their arrival in Philadelphia. The governor's draft now before me provides for a single executive. The title of the Executive appears to have been a matter of much discussion. Randolph (MS.) says that after the revolution many retained the use of titles because of "pride which would not suffer the new government to carry with it fewer testimonies of public devotion than the old." He here ignores every title, but McClurg suggests: "Governor of the United People and States of America." Randolph provides for election of the Executive by the National Legislature; McClurg adds—"By ballot, each House having a negative on the other." Randolph provides for a seven years term, with ineligibility thereafter. The Executive is to command and superintend the militia, to direct their discipline, and to direct the executives of the States to call them, or any part, for the support of the National Government. But McClurg would substitute: "To be Commander in Chief of the Land and Naval Forces of the Union and of the

Militia of the several States." Randolph, like Madison, relied much on the power of impeachment. The Executive is to be removable on impeachment by the House of Representatives, on conviction of malpractice or neglect of duty, before the Supreme Court. For "malpractice or neglect of duty" McClurg substitutes, "treason, bribery, or corruption." Randolph would probably not have accepted this limitation, and he certainly did not agree to the doctor's proposal to give the Executive the pardoning power, even though one not pleadable to an impeachment. With Mason he tried hard to except treason from the offences open to presidential clemency. Many in the Convention recognized the danger of investing a President with the power that may be used to shield his own guilt. Madison soothed his fears here, as in the face of other risks, with contemplation of the tremendous efficacy he attributed to the menace of impeachment. Moreover, these patriots were in despair of finding any safer depository of the pardoning power. The time was not ripe for inquiring whether that power is not in itself an anomalous survival from the ages of autocracy, and whether it is wise to raise any individual into a Supreme Court of Appeal, able to revise and reverse decisions of the highest tribunals in criminal cases. However, Randolph may be credited by the heretical on this point with having omitted all mention of any pardoning power. Probably he would have reposed it, if anywhere, in the Chief Justice of the United States.

Randolph's long training as State Attorney—for a time he was also a judge—enabled him to prepare a scheme for the judiciary which met with general acceptance. Several powers, however, intrusted to the Supreme Court in his scheme, were taken from it, the most serious, perhaps, being its jurisdiction in cases of impeachment. The mention of "cases of impeachment" in the present Constitution, Article III., Section 2, defining jurisdictions of the court, looks like a relic of this original arrangement. The proceedings of the Convention with regard to the judiciary were followed unwearièdly by this Virginia lawyer, and, as he had contributed so much to lay its foundations, he was summoned by the first President to assist, as first Attorney-General, its organization and inauguration throughout the country.

The next part of Randolph's draft is devoted to "Miscellaneous Provisions." The admission of new states is much the same as that finally adopted. McClurg requires a congressional majority of two-thirds for each such admission, and Randolph is careful to reserve full legislative discretion in each case. On the vexed question of "the guarantee," Randolph's Constitution engages the national government to (1) prevent the establishment of any government not republican; (2) to protect each state against internal commotion, and (3) against external invasion; (4) "but this guarantee shall not operate without an application from the legislature of a state." Although it is not quite certain how much was included by the words "this guarantee," in the last clause, it looks as if Randolph meant to empower the general government to interfere in the internal commotions of a state without any demand from the state, the latter condition being requisite only in case of external invasion. McClurg, however, has modified the section so that the guarantee against "internal commotion" shall operate only after application from the state legislature. So it now stands in our Constitution, with the proviso that aid may be invoked by the executive of a state when its legislature cannot be convened. But any internal commotion which should hinder a legislature from meeting might involve an executive also. Randolph's original plan does not appear to have been improved. At several periods of our history it has been shown that the national government might be seriously hampered under the vagueness of this clause, which may yet open visions to some fanatical or anarchical mob, headed by a governor, in the recess of a legislature.

There is a notable omission from this draft of any provision for religious freedom and equality. From an unpublished letter now before me, written by Randolph to Madison, I infer that Randolph had considered this whole subject, and reached the conclusion that religious

liberty and equality could be best secured by absolutely ignoring the subject in the Constitution. Referring to the provision in Article VI. ("no religious test shall ever be required as a qualification to any office or public trust under the United States"), Randolph expresses to Madison his fear that this clause may be interpreted as implying some general governmental power on the subject. This led to their agreement on the sixteenth and twentieth amendments which accompanied the Virginia ratification, and were combined in the first article added to the Constitution.

Randolph's Constitution provides carefully for ratification by the states, and amendment on application of two-thirds of the legislatures. It is somewhat amusing to find here and there the phrases "reform," "proposed reform," "ratification of the reform," surviving in this full-grown and powerful Constitution from the time when, as he tells us, he believed the confederation not so eminently defective as had been supposed. It was while writing this same draft, corresponding with and consulting the ablest representatives of the country, that he became "persuaded that the confederation was destitute of every energy which a Constitution of the United States ought to possess." The explanatory address with which the draft concludes was evidently written at an early stage of the production, and possesses a certain charm of simplicity.

"The object of an address is to satisfy the people of the propriety of the proposed reform. To this end the following seems worthy of adoption: 1. To state the general objects of a confederation. 2. To show by general but pointed observations in what respects our confederation has fallen short of those objects. 3. The powers necessary to be given will then follow as a consequence of the defects. 4. A question next arises whether these powers can with propriety be vested in Congress? The answer is, they cannot. 5. But, as some states may possibly meditate partial confederations, it would be fit now to refute this opinion briefly. 6. It follows, then, that a government of the whole on national principles, with respect to taxation, etc., is most eligible. 7. This would lead to a short exposition of the leading particulars in the constitution. 8. This done, conclude in a suitable manner.

"This is the shortest scheme which can be adopted. For it would be strange to ask for new powers without assigning some reason, it matters not how general soever, which may apply to all of them. Besides, we ought to furnish the advocates of the plan in the country with some general topics. Now, I conceive that these heads do not more than comprehend the necessary points."

In the beginning of this century, after his retirement from public life, Randolph employed himself in writing a history of Virginia. It has never been printed, but is of extreme interest. The picturesque conjunction of the queen's jubilee with the centennial of our Constitution lends a special interest to the following passage: "It has been often doubted, too, whether a written constitution has any superiority over one unwritten. This is a point of comparison between the English constitution and that of Virginia. An unwritten constitution can, upon the appearance of a defect, be amended without agitating the people. A written one is a standing ark, to which first principles can be brought as to a test. Whatever merit is due to either opinion, it should not be forgotten that the spirit of a people will, in construction, frequently bend words seemingly inflexible, and derange the organization of power. This has happened in Virginia, where the line of partition between the legislative and judicial departments has been so remote from vulgar apprehension, or plausible necessity has driven such considerations before it."

These words find imposing illustration to-day in the unwritten Constitution of the United States, under which some portions of the written one have succumbed. The glimpse obtained, through the draft just reviewed, into the workshop of the framers of the Constitution shows how much they depended on things destined to be transient. "Impeachment" is now a rusted blunderbuss. The plan of presidential electors, hailed as a means of securing independence, both of legislative cabal and the *popularis aura*, has proved the cumbrous fifth wheel to a

coach. Despite the virtuous First Amendment, chaplains have their traditional "cakes and ale" in the capitol. Notwithstanding the constitutional testimony against titles of nobility, "His Excellency" of the White House demands audience of "Her Majesty" on her jubilee, and is the more powerful person of the two. Mason, Randolph, and Franklin, having vainly sought to distribute executive power so that no man should glory in the face of the republic, tried hard to surround the president with an executive council. The individual president is still able to glory, even all the more that he is surrounded by a cabinet—unknown to the Constitution—among whom he may distribute responsibility for his blunders. Some unwritten articles of our Constitution fulfil the hopes of the purest republicans of the Convention. The third-term heresy has been discredited; the right of the American people to their union has been affirmed; the right of the republic to protect the New World from encroachments of foreign despotism has become a doctrine. Lord Tennyson recently expressed his envy of the conservative restriction in our Constitution on change in the organic law; but the laureate sees us through illusions of distance. People have little more difficulty in reading their prepossessions into a constitution than sects have in finding their several creeds in the Bible.

A BRIDE OF A YEAR.

By Mrs. Fields.

SHE is white and slender and fair,
  Her eyes are aflame with desire,
Bright with lustre of youth is her hair,
  She is dew, she is starlight, and fire.

Thou birch-tree swayed by the wind!
  More gently swayed is her form,
For a breath can move her or bind,
  And his love is her sunlight and storm.

Her life is a vision, a dream,
  She sitteth apart with her joy,
Or down day's tumultuous stream
  Guides a shallop that none can destroy.

Her smile is the smile of the morn,
  Her beauty the coolness of eve;
O morning, art ever forlorn!
  Why, spirit of evening, dost grieve!

A COLLECTION OF

UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF THACKERAY.

VI.

[Fragment.] PARIS, 1851.

A Story with a Moral.

Last night I went to a party at the house of my mother's friend Madame Colemache (who introduced me to Madame Ancelot the authoress, who was dying to see me, said Madame Colemache, only I found on talking to Madame Ancelot that she didn't know who I was, and so was no more dying than the most lively of us) and coming down stairs with my Ma I thought to myself, I will go home and have an hour's chat with her, and try and cheer and console her, for her sad tragic looks melted my heart, and always make me think I am a cruel monster; and so I was very tender and sentimental and you see caressed her filially as we went down. It was a wet night and the fly was waiting, and she was just going to step in —but there entered at the house door a fiddler with his fiddle under his arm, whom when dear old *Mater dolorosa* beheld, she said, "O! that is Monsieur *un tel* who has come to play a duo with Laure; I must go back and hear him." And back she went, and all my sentimentality was gulped down and I came home and sent the fly back two miles for her, with Jeames to escort her in the rain. The Moral is that women with those melancholy eyes, and sad, sad looks are not always so melancholy as they seem; they have consolations, — amusements, fiddlers, &c.

. . . . . .

I am happy, as happy as I can be here, which is pretty well, though I am bored daily and nightly, and drag about sulkily from tea party to tea party. Last night my mother had her little T, and they danced, and it was not at all unpleasant *quand on y était.* I found an old school-fellow, looking ten years younger

Drawing by Thackeray in Mrs. Brookfield's possession. (Perhaps Lady Castlereagh ?)

than myself, whom I remember older and bigger than myself twenty-eight years ago; and he had got a charming young wife, quite civilized and pleasant to talk to, and the young ladies had their new frocks and looked tolerably respectable, and exceedingly happy. They are to go to a party on Monday, and another on Wednesday, and on Thursday (D. V) we shall be on the homeward road again.

I had cuddled myself with the notion of having one evening to myself, one quiet dinner, one quiet place at the play; but my mother took my only evening and gave it to an old lady whom I don't want to see, and who would have done very well without me,—was there ever such a victim? I go about from house to house and grumble everywhere. I say Thursday, D. V., for what mayn't happen? My poor cousin Charlotte has a relapse of rheumatic fever; my Aunt is in a dreadful prostration and terror. "If anything happens to Charlotte," she says, "I shall die, and then what will Jane do?"

. . . . . .

There's a kind of glum pleasure, isn't there, in sitting by sick beds and trying to do one's best? I took the old G. P. to dinner at a *Café* yesterday, before the *soirée;* he is very nice and kind and gentle. . . . . .

Well, on Wednesday I am going to dine with the Préfet de Police, and afterwards to Madame Scrivanacks ball, where I shall meet,—I, an old fellow of forty—all the pretty actresses of Paris. Let us give a loose to pleasure. . . . .

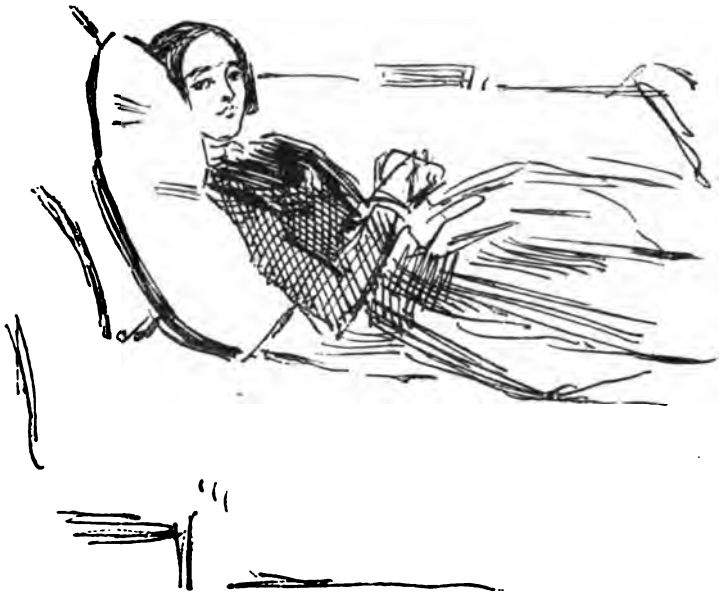
Mamma and I went to see the old lady last night,—Lady Elgin an honest, grim, big, clever old Scotch lady, well read and good to talk to, dealing in religions of many denominations, and having established in her house as a sort of director, Mr. C. one of the heads of the Irvingites a clever, shifty, sneaking man. I wish I had had your story of Manning; that would have been conversation, but your note didn't arrive till this morning. Thank you, and I hope you are very well. . . . .

I hope you will like good old Miss Agnes Berry; I am sure you will, and shall be glad that you belong to that kind and polite set of old ladies and worthy gentlemen. Mr. Williams too, will approve of them, I should think. I don't know any better company than Foley Wilmot and Poodle Byng. Pass quickly Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday. Shall I let Kensington, with ten beds, to an Exhibition-seeing party and live alone? Will you take a lodger who will lend you a fly to go to the parties which you will be continually frequenting? Ah! that would be pleasant.

My cousin Charlotte was much better yesterday, thank God, and her mother quiet. I have been visiting the sick here,—one, two, three, every day. I want to begin to write again very much; my mighty mind is tired of idleness, and ill employs the intervals of rest. . . .

W. M. T.

—— and I are going out for a little ride in half an hour, so that I have plenty of time to send a letter to you. The place here is a neat little thing enough, small and snug, with a great train of *maison* and not more than twenty thousand acres about the house; nothing compared to Gulston, Rumbleberry, Crumply, and most of the places to which one is accustomed, but very well, you understand me, for people of a certain rank of life. One can be happy with many little *désagrêments*, when one sees that the people are determined to be civil to one. Nobody here but —— and the Duchess, who don't show at breakfast, and—no, I wont go on writing this dreary nonsense, which was begun before I went out for a long walk and then for a ride. Both were exceedingly pleasant, for there is a beautiful park and gardens and conservatories, and only to see the ducks on the water, and the great big lime trees in the avenue, gives one the keenest sensual pleasure. The wind seemed to me to blow floods of health into my lungs, and the man I was walking with was evidently amused by the excitement and enjoyment of his companion. I recollect His Reverence at Clevedon being surprised at my boyish delight on a similar occasion. It is worth living in London, surely, to enjoy the country when you get to it; and when you go to a man's grounds and get into raptures concerning them, pointing their



Sketch by Thackeray, belonging to Mrs. Brookfield.

beauties out with eagerness and feeling, perhaps the host gets a better opinion of his own havings and belongings.

At this juncture I actually fell asleep, being quite tired out with walking, riding, and fresh air. What a gale there is blowing, and what a night your sister must have had to cross! My lady has been uncommonly gracious, and has one of the sweetest voices I ever heard, "an excellent thing in woman." But I am not at my ease yet with her, and tremble rather before her. She is in a great state of suffering, I can see though, and fancy I understand the reason thereof. . . . . .

I rode with Lord Ashburton to Alresford, where I heard the magistrates' sessions held, and saw the squires arrive. It was very good fun for me. There was a sentimental case, which somebody would have liked; as handsome a young couple as I ever saw—the girl really beautiful, and the man a deceiver,—and, and,—there was a little baby, and he was condemned to pay 1/6 a week for keeping it; but Lord, what it would be to live in that dreary old country town! It is good to see though, and to listen to the squires, and the talk about hunting, and the scandal, and admire the wonderful varieties of men. We met the little girl and the baby trudging home, sometime afterwards, and the curate in her wake. There seemed no sort of shame about the business, nor love, nor tears, as far as one could see; not a halfpenny worth of romance; only when the child squalled, the mother, who was very fond of it, nursed it, and that made a pretty picture.

What a stupid letter I am writing! I have nothing to say; I left my portmanteau in London, at the station, and was obliged to dine in a frock coat. I hadn't enough clothes to my bed, and couldn't sleep much. . . . .

A Fragment.

FROM THE GRANGE.

The Bishop and a number of clergy are coming here to-morrow and so I stay on for a couple of days. Yesterday it rained without, and I was glad to remain in my room the greater part of the day and to make a good fire and prepare myself for work. But I did none; it wouldn't come—sleep came instead, and between it and the meals and reading Alton Locke—the day passed away. To-day we have had a fine walk—to Trench's

parsonage,* a pretty place 3 miles off, through woods of a hundred thousand colours. The Poet was absent but his good-natured wife came to see us;—by Us I mean me, Lady Ashburton, and Miss Farrer, who walked as aide de camp by my lady's pony. How is it that I find myself humbling before her and taking a certain parasitical air as all the rest do? There's something commanding in the woman (she was born in 1806 you'll understand) and I see we all of us bow down before her. Why don't we bow down before you ma'am. Little Mrs. Taylor is the only one who doesn't seem to Kotoo. I like Taylor,† whose grandeur wears off in ten minutes, and in whom one perceives an extremely gentle and loving human creature I think—not a man to be intimate with ever, but to admire and like from a distance and to have a sort of artistical good will to. . . . We have Carlyle coming down directly the Taylors go away. Major Rawlinson arrives tonight. . . . I've been reading in Alton Locke—Baillie Cochrane, Keneally's Goethe—and a book on the decadence of La France proved by figures, and showing that the French are not increasing in wealth or numbers near so fast as the English, Prussians, Russians. Baillie Cochrane is an amusing fellow, amusing from his pomposity and historic air; and Alton Locke begins to be a bore, I think; and Keneally's Goethe is the work of a mad-cap with a marvellous facility of versifying; and I should like Annie and Minnie to go to my dear lady on Wednesday if you will have them.

1852.

March 18th, 1852, KENSINGTON.

MY DEAR WM.:

I have just received your kind message and melancholy news. Thank you for thinking that I'm interested in what concerns you, and sympathise in what gives you pleasure or grief. Well, I don't think there is much more than this to-day: but I recall what you have said in our many talks of your father, and remember the affection and respect with which you always regarded and spoke of him. Who would wish for more than honour, love, obedience and a tranquil end to old age? And so that generation which engendered us passes away, and their place knows them not; and our turn comes when we are to say good bye to our joys, struggles, pains, affections—and our young ones will grieve and be consoled for us and so on. We've lived as much in 40 as your good old father in his four score years, don't you think so?—and how awfully tired and lonely we are. I picture to myself the placid face of the kind old father with all that trouble and doubt over—his life expiring with supreme blessings for you all—for you and Jane and unconscious little Magdalene prattling and laughing at life's threshold; and know that you will be tenderly cheered and consoled by the good man's blessing for the three of you; while yet, but a minute, but yesterday, but all eternity ago, he was here loving and suffering. I go on with the paper before me—I know there's nothing to say—but I assure you of my sympathy and that I am yours my dear old friend aff'tly,

W. M. THACKERAY.

[1854]

I hope you will not object to hear that I am quite well this morning. I should have liked to shake hands with H. before his departure, but I was busy writing at the hour when he said he was going, and fell sound asleep here last night, after a very modest dinner, not waking till near midnight, when it was too late to set off to the Paddington Station.

What do you think I have done to-day? I have sent in my resignation to *Punch*. There appears in next *Punch* an article, so wicked, I think, by poor——— that upon my word I don't think I ought to pull any longer in the same boat with such a savage little Robespierre. The appearance of this incendiary article put me in such a rage, that I could only cool myself by a ride in the Park; and I should very likely have reported myself in Portman Street, but I remembered

* The Rev. R. C. Trench, afterwards Archbishop of Dublin, was at Trinity College with Mr. Thackeray.

† Henry Taylor, author of Philip Van Artevelde,—afterwards Sir Henry Taylor.

Sketch by Thackeray (his daughters and Major and Mrs. Carmichael Smyth). In Mrs. Brookfield's possession.

how you had Miss Prince to luncheon, and how I should be *de trop*. Now I am going to work the rest of the middle of the day until dinner time, when I go to see *Le Prophète* again; but it would please me very much, if you please, to hear that you were pretty well.

Always faithfully *de Madame le serviteur dévoué*

W. M. T.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—For the purpose of keeping together in a single number of the MAGAZINE the letters from America which form the remaining instalment of those selected by Mrs. Brookfield for publication, the Editor has printed this note on the *Punch* resignation here, though in strict chronological order it should follow and not precede the American visit. For the same reason he has placed here some recollections of Thackeray taken from an unpublished manuscript of Miss Kate Perry, which Mrs. Brookfield had arranged to accompany the publication—as a glimpse of "his charming ways amongst his intimates," which she felt would give pleasure to those who had been interested in the letters.

By the present arrangement the concluding (October) instalment will consist entirely of those Letters written from America in 1852–53.

In addition to the anecdotes quoted from Miss Perry, Mrs. Brookfield herself sends two of the early days of her acquaintance with Mr. Thackeray, which are thoroughly characteristic:

"When, soon after our marriage, Mr. Brookfield introduced his early college friend, Mr. Thackeray, to me, he brought him one day unexpectedly to dine with us. There was, fortunately, a good plain dinner, but I was young and shy enough to feel embarrassed because we had no sweets, and I privately sent my maid to

My dear Madam
It was as I feared
on Friday, the
little Printers
devil barred
my door and
I could not
come out
as I should have liked very much to meet Colonel
Crowstade Colonel Bowman I mean, whom I have
already had the pleasure of meeting at your house
with an exterior wh. the world would call cruelty

A Note and Sketch sent by Thackeray to

the nearest confectioner's to buy a dish of tartlets, which I thought would give a finish to our simple meal. When they were placed before me, I timidly offered our guest a small one, saying, 'Will you have a tartlet, Mr. Thackeray?' 'I will, but I'll have a two-penny one, if you please,' he answered, so beamingly, that we all laughed, and my shyness disappeared."

"On another occasion, also very early in my friendship with Mr. Thackeray, he was at our house one evening with a few other intimate friends, when the conversation turned on court circulars, and their sameness day after day. A few samples were given: 'So-and-so had the honor of joining Her Majesty's dinner party with other lofty and imposing personages,' invariably ending with Dr. Pretorius. 'By

I know of no person who is invariably so richly endowed as M. de Cromtade.

Meeting Kinglake yesterday (after the day before) in the Park, he agreed that I should ask you if you would be so good as to receive me at dinner, or T. if your table is full, on Friday: it is the first day I have known I am disengaged.

As I am in the act of writing this very last line the post man brings me your note. But on Wednesday I am going to a party of authors: and must not be faithless to my friends & brethren. Is there still hope for me dear Miss Perry?

Always most faithfully yours

W. M. Thackeray

Mrs. Elliot. (In the possession of Miss Kate Perry.)*

the way, who is Dr. Pretorius?' somebody asked. A slight pause ensued, when a voice began solemnly singing the National Anthem, ending each verse with,

"God save our gracious Queen,
Send her victorious, happy and glorious,
Dr. Pretorius—God save the Queen."

"This was Mr. Thackeray, who had been sitting perfectly silent and rather apart from those who were talking, and had not appeared to notice what was said."

* This note and sketch, and the two which follow were written and drawn for my friends Mrs. Elliot and her sister Miss Perry, who has kindly sent them to me, to add to my own letters, as they belong to the same period of Mr. Thackeray's life. The little sketch of the cupid [p. 328] was sent to Miss Perry unfinished as it is, as an acknowledgment for some grapes which she had given to one of his daughters who was not well. J. O. B.

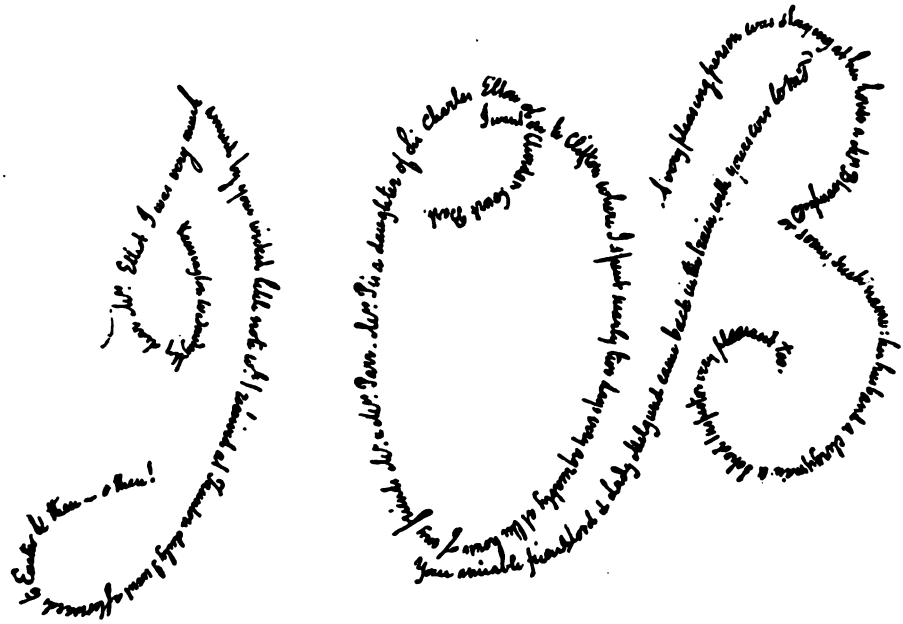
EXTRACTS FROM MISS KATE PERRY'S RECOLLECTIONS OF MR. THACKERAY.

My acquaintance with Mr. Thackeray began at Brighton, where I was staying with my eldest brother, William Perry. In most cases there is a prelude to friendship — at first it is a delicate plant, with barely any root, gradually throwing out tender green leaves and buds, and then full-blown flowers—the root in the meanwhile taking firm hold of the earth—and cruel is the frost or

cutting wind which destroys it. But Mr. Thackeray and I went through no gradations of growth in our friendship; it was more like Jack's bean-stalk in a pantomime, which rushed up sky-high without culture, and, thank God, so remained till his most sad and sudden end.

In the earliest days of our friendship he brought his morning work to read to me in the evening; he had just commenced "Vanity Fair," and was living at the Old Ship Inn, where he wrote some of the first numbers. He often then said to me: "I wonder whether this will take, the publishers accept it, and the world read it?" I remember answering him that I had no reliance upon my own critical powers in literature; but that I had written to my sister, Mrs. Frederick Elliot, and said, "I have made a great friendship with one of the principal contributors of *Punch* —Mr. Thackeray; he is now writing a novel, but cannot hit upon a name for it. I may be wrong, but it seems to me the cleverest thing I ever read. The first time he dined with us I was fearfully alarmed at him. The next day we walked in Chichester Park, when he told all about his little girls, and of his great friendship with the Brookfields, and I told him about you and Chesham Place." When he heard this, and my opinion of his novel, he burst out laughing, and said: "Ah! Mademoiselle (as he always called me), it is *not* small beer; but I do not know whether it will be palatable to the London folks." He told me, some time afterward, that, after ransacking his brain for a name for his novel, it came upon him unawares, in the middle of the night, as if a voice had whispered, "Vanity Fair." He said, "I jumped out of bed, and ran three times round my room, uttering as I went, 'Vanity Fair, Vanity Fair, Vanity Fair.'"

Afterward we frequently met at the Miss Berrys', where night after night were assembled all the wit and beauty of that time. There was such a charm about these gatherings of friends, that hereafter we may say: "There is no salon now to compare to that of the Miss Berrys, in Curzon Street." My sister and I, with our great admiration and friendship for Mr. Thackeray, used to think that the Miss Berrys at first did not thoroughly appreciate or understand him; but one evening, when he had left early, they said they had perceived, for the first time, "what a very remarkable man he was." He became a constant and most welcome visitor at their house; they read his works with delight, and, whenever they were making up a pleasant dinner, used to say: "We *must* have Thackeray." It was at one of these dinners that Miss Berry astonished us all by saying she "had never read Jane Austen's novels, until lately someone had lent them to her. But she could not get on with them; they were totally uninteresting to her—long-drawn-out details of very ordinary people," and she found the books so tedious that she could not understand



KENSINGTON, Wednesday.

MY DEAR MRS. ELLIOT,

I was very much amused by your wicked little note, which I received at Taunton duly. I went afterwards to Exeter, & then—O then! I went on to Clifton where I spent nearly two days very agreeably at the house of my friends Mr. & Mrs. Parr. Mrs. P. is a daughter of Sir Charles Elton of Clevedon Court, Bart. A very pleasing person was staying at her house, a Mrs. Bloomfield, or some such name: her husband a clergyman & School Inspector, very pleasant too. Your amiable friends Lord and Lady Melgund came back in the train with yours ever

W. M. T.

Note sent by Thackeray to Mrs. Elliot.

their having obtained such a celebrity as they had done. "Thackeray and Balzac," she added (Thackeray being present), "write with great minuteness, but do so with a brilliant pen." Thackeray made two bows of gratitude (one, pointing to the ground, for Balzac). Those who love to pore over old memoirs will find Miss Berry's name associated with Horace Walpole's; but when they met he was very old, and she was very young. She accepted his admiration with pride and gratitude, but had no aspiration to be the mistress of Strawberry Hill.

Miss Agnes Berry adored her elder sister; *she* had considerable clearness and acuteness of perception, and Thackeray always maintained she was the more naturally gifted of the two sisters. In her youth she was a pretty, charming girl, with whom Gustavus Adolphus danced at one of his court balls, and was admired and envied by the other ladies present. These two remarkable women lived together for nearly ninety years.

Thackeray's love of children was one of the strongest feelings of his heart. In a little poem, "The Golden Pen," published in his "Miscellanies," which is, perhaps, the truest portrait of him which has ever appeared, he writes:

> "There's something, even in his bitterest mood,
> That melts him at the sight of infanthood;
> Thank God that he can love the pure and good."

This sympathy with the little ones was not only proved by his immense devotion to his own most gifted children, but extended to the little "gutter child," as the trim board-school girl of today was called then. For this waif of society he felt the tenderest pity and in-

terest. He used often to visit a school where my dear sister had collected nearly three hundred of these neglected children, feeding, teaching, and clothing them, and, with the help of other kind souls, preparing them in some degree to fight the battle of life, in which there are many crosses—but few Victoria ones. Turning his steps one day to this large, rough-looking school-room, he entered it just as these little Arabs were commencing, with more heartiness than melody, Faber's beautiful hymn :

"O Paradise! O Paradise!
Who doth not crave for rest?
Who would not seek the happy land,
Where they that love are blest?"

He turned to the lady superintending them, and said, "I cannot stand this any longer—my spectacles are getting very dim."

One day, some few years later, I had been engaged in summing up the monthly expenses of the same school, and had left open on my writing-table, the much scored-over Soup Kitchen book. Mr. Thackeray was shown into the room, and was for some minutes alone before I joined him. After he left, I resumed my labors, and found on the first page of the book a beautifully executed pen-and-ink sketch of little children crowding round the school-mistress, who was ladling out, into mugs of various sizes and shapes, the daily meal of soup, above which was written, "Suffer little children, and forbid them not."

Another day, I found a sovereign under a paper containing the names of some friends of the school who had joined in a subscription to give the children a day's holiday in the country. I said to my servant, "Mr. Thackeray has been here," and found from him this was the case. I knew my instinct was right, that it was his hand which had placed the money there. His charity was very wide, in the fullest sense of the word. He has been known to discover, in some remote corner, the hapless artist or dramatist who in his palmy days had not thought much of that night—old age—"when no more work can be done." Thackeray would mount the many steps leading to the desolate chamber—administer some little rebuke on the thoughtlessness of not laying by some of the easily gained gold of youth or manhood, and slipping, as in one instance, into an old blotting-book, a £100 note, would hurry away.

"I never saw him do it," said poor old P——. "I was very angry because he said I had been a reckless old goose—and then a £100 falls out of my writing-book. God bless him!"

These good deeds would never have come to light but for the gratitude of those who, though they had the gentle rebuke, received also the more than liberal help. I know he has been accused of extreme sensitiveness to blame, either about himself or his writings, but the following story proves that he could forgive with magnanimity and grace when roughly and severely handled. This once occurred at my sister's dinner-table. Thackeray, who was almost a daily visitor at her house, for some time took it into his head, to be announced by the name of the most noted criminal of the day. Our butler did this with the greatest gravity.

On this occasion Thackeray had been asked to join some friends at dinner, but not arriving at the prescribed hour, the guests sat down without him. Among them was Mr. H——, the author of some of the most charming books of the day.

The conversation being more literary than otherwise, Thackeray (then at the very height of his fame) came under discussion, and, some of his greatest friends and admirers being present, he was spoken of with unqualified admiration. Mr. H—— was the exception, and dissented from us, in very unmeasured terms, in our estimate of Thackeray's character. Judging, he said, "from the tenor of his books, he could not believe how one who could dwell, as he did, on the weakness and absurdities and shortcomings of his fellow-creatures, could possess any kind or generous sympathies toward the human race." He concluded his severe judgment by saying that, "He had never met him, and hoped he never should do so."

We were all so occupied by this fiery debate that we did not observe that, under the sobriquet of some jail-bird of the day, Thackeray had slipped into his chair, and heard much that was said, in-

cluding the severe peroration. A gentle tap on Mr. H——'s shoulder, and, in his pleasant, low voice, Thackeray said, "I, on the contrary, have always longed for the occasion when I could express, personally, to Mr. H——, the great admiration I have always felt for him, as an author and a man." It is pleasant to think they became fast friends thereafter.

I find it difficult to check my pen from being garrulous as I remember the many instances of the kindness and generosity of his nature, though, at the same time, I feel how inadequate it is to do justice to all his noble and delightful qualities. His wit and humor and playfulness were most observable where he was happiest and most at ease,—with his beloved daughters, or with his dear friends the Brookfields, who were the most intimate and valued of those he made in middle life. I am proud to say, also, that he was aware of the admiration in which he was held by every member of my sister's home, where his ever ready sympathy in all our troubles and pleasures was truly appreciated—and when he passed away, and the place knew him no more, a great shadow fell upon that house. KATE PERRY.

BANKRUPT.

By Louise Imogen Guiney.

PAST the cold gates, a wraith without a name,
Sullen and withered, like a thing half-tame
Still for its jungle moaning, came by night;
Before the Judgment's awful Angel came.

"Answer, Immortal! at my high decree
Glory or shame shall flood thee as the sea:
What of the power, the skill, the graciousness,
The star-strong soul the Lord hath lent to thee?"

But the lone spectre raised a mournful hand:
"Call me not that. Release me from this land!
What words are Heaven and Hell? They fall on me
As on a sphere the fooled and slipping sand.

"Discerning, thou the good mayst yet belie;
By last, large tests, the sinner sanctify.
My guilt is neutral-safe, like innocence!
No boon nor bane of deathless days gain I

"Whose life is hollow shell and broken bowl,
Of all which was its treasury the whole
Utterly, vilely squandered. O most Just!
Put down thy scales: for I have spent my soul."

By E. H. House.

I.

BOUT an hour after noon, on one of the sultriest summer days of 1880, a group of anxious and agitated women stood clustered upon a small plateau of one of the hills which encircle Kioto, the ancient capital of Japan. They were perhaps half a score in number, and the natural and genuine youthfulness of their appearance was exaggerated to almost an infantile effect by the circumstance that the hair of every one of them was cut close to the round little head. Certain peculiarities of their costume indicated a condition of life entirely apart from ordinary Japanese society. They chattered with purposeless volubility, as is the habit of their race under excitement, while some of them endeavored by signals of alarm to hasten the approach of two members of the party who had fallen behind the main body.

The elder of this couple was a striking and truly majestic figure—one of the few, probably, in all the land to whom such a description could be accurately applied. She was not tall, but the dignity and loftiness of her bearing denoted a character in which the lighter graces of her sex had but a slender share. The

lines upon her brow told of a careworn and burdened mind, but her beauty was nevertheless of a rare and impressive quality. She was attired like the others, excepting that she wore a coif of rich crape upon her head.

The younger, a girl of seventeen, was a charming representative of the fairest type of youthful Japanese womanhood. That she was her companion's sister was apparent from the resemblance between the two, but her bloom and buoyancy bore testimony to a joyousness of disposition which no sorrow had clouded. Her dimpled face shone and sparkled with varying expression, like a fountain dancing in the sunlight. Of all the party, she alone retained her abundance of glossy hair, and her dress differed in no respect from that of her countrywomen in general.

As these later comers reached the spot of level ground, the confusion of voices was stilled and a space was opened, disclosing the object of solicitude. It was a young foreign gentleman, stretched motionless upon the ground, his head uncovered, and a thin stream of blood trickling from his forehead.

"Oh, *nei-san* (elder sister), is he dead?" whispered the young girl, in awe.

The stately lady, whose supremacy over the others was obvious, bent beside the prostrate man and examined him intently. Kneeling, she touched his pulse, laid her hand lightly on his chest, and cautiously raised his eyelids.

"The wound is nothing," she said; "only a scratch caused by his fall. It is the heat that has stricken him down, and the blow is heavy. Go you, Shodo San, to the nearest house for a water-vessel. Kogen San, dip your scarf in the stream beneath the tree, and bring it quickly. You, Rioi San, hasten to my father, and ask him to come hither; then go onward to the Scottish doctor, Donnell, and beg him also to attend. Take a *jin riki sha* for speed. Jionin San and Suisho San, you are strong; help me to lift this sick man's head and open his *kimono*. That is well."

She placed him in an easier position, and moistened his face with the wet cloth that was brought her.

"Will he recover, Teishin San?" inquired the younger sister, her voice tremulous with compassion.

"I trust so, but perhaps not soon."

"Can I do nothing?"

"If he becomes conscious you can speak to him for me in English, but there is little chance of that at present. Let me consider."

She drew her brows closely together, and appeared to reflect deeply. After a short space she said, in a tone of resolution:

"Antoku San, you will go to the farmer Harada and tell him I need the service of two of his men. Take them to Torin Ji, and let them bring hither the longest *kago* (litter) that we have. Give instruction that the south room in the new building be made ready for an occupant."

The messenger started at once upon her errand, but a murmur of amazement was heard from those who remained.

"Is it possible, *nei-san?*" exclaimed the young girl; "will you take a stranger —a foreigner—to Torin Ji?"

"Shall we leave him to die, Ina?"

"Oh, no; I spoke unwisely; it was only my surprise. I am glad that he goes with us."

"There is no cause for gladness; I hope there will be none for regret. It has never been done, but we must loosen our strict rules when life is in danger. If it is wrong the fault is mine, and I shall atone for it by prayers and penance."

"Shall I hasten forward and prepare the room?"

"No; if he speaks you will be needed here."

But the sufferer opened neither mouth nor eyes; nor did he betray a sign of consciousness while he was raised upon the palanquin and carried by stout peasants along the course designated by the lady in command. Diverging from the main pathway of ascent into a lane shaded by bamboos and tall camellia, trees, they soon entered a richly carved gate and, passing through a spacious garden, in the exquisite design and arrangement of which it would have been hard to find a flaw, reached a neat and graceful structure that seemed to stand in some subordinate relationship to a much more extensive mansion nearer

"The stately lady bent beside the prostrate man and examined him intently."

the portal. Here the living burden was deposited on a veranda, and thence drawn carefully to the bed awaiting it. A crowd of light-footed, gentle-tongued women, all as destitute of capillature as those who had made the first discovery on the hill-side, looked on in wonder and pity, and exchanged subdued ejaculations until the hand of authority waved them away with a quiet gesture. Then all was silent, excepting the rustle of branches stirred by the wind without, and the faint echo of voices at a distance, rising and falling together in a plaintive chant whose cadence was accented by the soft vibrations of melodious bells.

II.

Bryan Halithorne was a young American, pleasantly on the way to the age of thirty, who, more or less wearied by what he felt to be the social monotony of his own country and Europe, had come to Japan to spend some of the leisure which weighed heavily upon him elsewhere, and of the money which he possessed in rather unnecessary profusion. His plans were originally laid for a visit of perhaps three months, but the fascinations of a single city—the Eastern capital—and its environs had held him for two years in agreeable detention. Recognizing the expediency of extending his range of observation, he had recently made the overland journey from Tokio to Kioto, and had no sooner arrived in the noble old home of the Mikados than he lamented his failure to acquaint himself with its beauties at an earlier period. Thereupon he began a course of exploration on a scale wholly unsuited to the physical powers of one unused to the exhausting summer heats of that locality. On the day when this record opens he had undertaken, alone, a tramp to the summit of Dai Yama, one of the chain of giants which guard the valley wherein Kioto lies. Long before reaching the steepest part of the ascent he paused in the shadow of a pine-tree which overhung the road, and thus opened conversation with himself:

"This is slow business. I ought to be at the top by this time. See what comes of crowding the work of a month into six days. I must give it up."

He seated himself on a convenient bowlder, removed his hat, which he proceeded to use as a fan, wiped his forehead, and continued to soliloquize.

"Halithorne, my man, you are overdoing it. The long journey from Tokio should have taught you a lesson. Human endurance has a limit, and you will find it out some day."

Searching his pockets, he produced a flask, which on examination proved to be empty.

"Reserves exhausted," he resumed. "That settles it. I'll go no farther. Of all absurdities, the worst is to wear one's self out seeking for variety in a region where every single point of view commands a hundred lovely outlooks. What can I want better than this?"

He set himself to enjoy the prospect, his face lighting with enthusiasm at the enchanting scene before him. Presently he became conscious of an obscurity in the distant outlines.

"Rain on a day like this? Impossible!"

He gazed more intently, and the misty shadows disappeared. At the same instant the buzzing of insects seemed to ring in his ears, as if he had intruded upon a mass-meeting of disputatious locusts. A minute later he felt himself gently sliding from the rock on which he was resting.

"Hold fast! This will never do," he exclaimed, recovering his balance with an effort. "I must get myself to the inn. I was a fool to leave it in this blaze."

Thrice he attempted to rise, and thrice he fell back, his legs refusing to sustain him. The first failure vexed him. The second alarmed him. At the third he was conscious only of a mild surprise, mingled with curiosity at the unwonted activity of the landscape, which began revolving about him with singular celerity. Then a dull cloud came over his senses, and he ceased to concern himself with passing events.

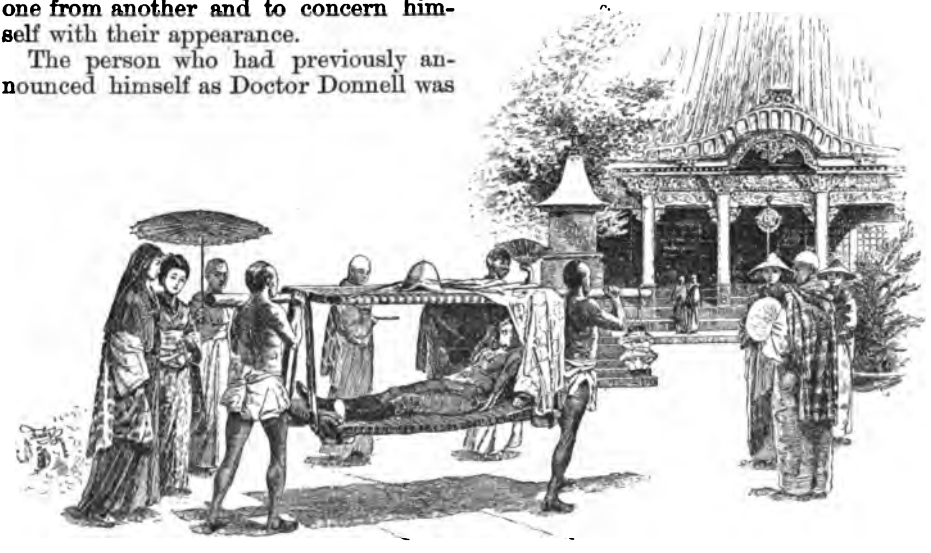
After an interval, the duration of which he had no power to compute, he was aroused by the sound of voices. Opening his eyes, he found himself no longer beneath the pine-tree, inhaling its aromatic fragrance, but lying upon cushions in a bright and daintily decorated

Japanese apartment, the atmosphere of which was pervaded with a subtle and unfamiliar perfume, and in the presence of four individuals who regarded him with interest and compassion. One of these, an elderly foreigner, at once addressed him.

"Ask no questions, my friend; I will tell you all that it is good for you to know. I am Doctor Donnell, and you are under my care. You have had a sunstroke and a touch of fever, but you are in excellent hands, and we see our way quite clearly. In a day or two, perhaps to-morrow, you shall talk, but not now."

Having neither strength nor inclination to disobey, the patient closed his eyes submissively. When next he looked about him, his situation was unchanged, and the same persons surrounded him. Whether a day had passed since he last saw them, or only an hour, he could not tell. But his sight was certainly improved, for he was able to distinguish one from another and to concern himself with their appearance.

The person who had previously announced himself as Doctor Donnell was



of the usual type of "medical missionaries," but, as was afterward apparent, considerably above the usual standard in scholarship and acquirements. Beside him stood a middle-aged Japanese gentleman, benign and intelligent of aspect. At a distance two young women knelt upon the floor. One of these impressed the invalid chiefly, at the moment, by the statuesque severity of her demeanor. Concerning the other, who appeared to him little more than a child, he declared to himself that her smile was the sweetest he had seen in a land where sweet smiles seem to come by nature and bear no trace of artifice or pretence.

"Come, we are getting on," said Doctor Donnell; "now you may ask as many questions as you like."

If the doctor had been alone Mr. Halithorne might have felt himself unequal to the strain of conversation; but when his eye rested upon the kneeling figures he became sensible of a marked augmentation of resources.

"Tell me everything," he murmured.

"What, everything? Well, to begin, let me make you acquainted with your friends and protectors. This gentleman is my colleague, Shiroyama, who has watched your case with me from the beginning. This lady, Teishin San, is his daughter, and, for the present, your hostess. The little one is her sister, O-Ina San—or we will call her, as she speaks English, Miss Ina."

The father bowed courteously, and the sisters bent forward slowly, touching the mats with their foreheads.

"But when—how——" stammered Halithorne, bewildered.

"Listen to me, first," said the doctor.

"These ladies, with some attendants, came upon you by chance, a couple of weeks ago, as you were stretched insensible on the road-side, about an eighth of a mile from this spot. They didn't much like the looks of you, to tell the truth, for foreigners lying speechless in mura's inn; we know that much. By the by, your traps have been brought over here. There is nothing in the way of your getting well, now, wherever you may be, but I advise you not to leave your present quarters. The house is full of the nicest nurses; Teishin San is

Japanese thoroughfares are not, as a rule—but never mind that. Teishin San has a steadier head than most of us, and when she saw you were really ill and suffering, your removal hither followed as a matter of course. I must say you were in great good-luck, Mr. Halithorne. If you had been left alone, or had fallen into unskilful hands, you would—we should have had trouble with you."

"Then you know who I am," said Halithorne.

"They gave me your name at Nakaas good as a doctor any day, and Miss Ina, here, will interpret for you and make you at home."

Mr. Halithorne might have said, with truth, that the lady's services in that capacity would be superfluous, but he was too languid to assert and demonstrate his acquaintance with the Japanese tongue. Moreover, it occurred to him that if the doctor's beneficent project were really to be carried into effect, such an avowal might rob him of the companionship prescribed for him. So he simply asked:

"Are you in earnest, sir?"

"We are all in earnest, friend Halithorne; are we not, O-Ina San?"

"Oh, most truly, in very earnest," replied the young girl, blushing to find herself called upon except as a medium of communication for others.

"And is this lady, Teishin San, willing?"

"I will answer for her," said Doctor Donnell. "You have been here a fortnight already; why not another week or so?"

"But, excuse me, can I be sure it is with their father's sanction?"

"I am glad to hear you ask that, but Doctor Shiroyama shall speak for himself."

The question, being translated, was answered with a warmth and profusion of affirmation which left no room for suspicion of insincerity, and the invalid, whose heart was touched by the unlooked-for kindness, attempted to express his gratitude in becoming terms. But after a few incoherent words his lips refused to execute his purpose, and tears began to roll down his cheeks; whereupon Miss Ina's bright eyes promptly overflowed, obedient to a law of sympathetic contagion almost universal in Japan, and her father, advancing, imparted confidence and composure by alternately patting the sick man's shoulder and feeling his pulse. The elder daughter looked on in undisturbed serenity.

"Never mind, my poor fellow," said Doctor Donnell, "a week hence, with Ina San's aid, we will have you as lively as her own little self. Why, Ina, what is the matter?"

"Do not heed me, young lady; the only trouble is I don't know how to thank you," said Halithorne, bringing into play the skeleton of a smile, in response to which the little maid smiled quite cheerfully again.

"Not 'young lady,' if you please; I am Ina," she answered; "and to speak of thanks—oh, never! Always glad, too glad, if we can only help."

"Good girl!" said Donnell. "You see you are in clover, Mr. Halithorne. I shall not be needed, except to look after your food for a day or two. I wish you could get some honest red wine, but that is a luxury you haven't money enough to buy in this city. Come, good people, our patient has had enough of us. Be near at hand, Ina, but do not let him talk much."

The ladies bowed once more, rose, and withdrew. Shiroyama followed them, and Donnell would have done likewise had not Halithorne begged him to remain. As soon as they were alone the invalid exclaimed, in an eager and excited tone:

"I don't understand this, doctor; I don't understand it at all. Tell me what it means."

"Why, surely, Mr. Halithorne, you ought to be satisfied for one day. Wait till to-morrow."

"No, don't trifle with me. How is it that strange Japanese, in a strange place, treat me with such kindness? I believe they have saved my life."

"There's not a doubt of that—they have."

"But why? What claim have I upon them? Who is this lady, Teishin San? Has she a husband? Whom shall I thank, first of all?"

"Only herself and her associates. The place is under her command."

"But there is her father."

"Oh, he has no control. He does not even live here, though of course his influence counts. They all wish you well; make yourself easy."

"I never thought to find such hospitality—such humanity—in a Japanese house."

"I don't see why not. But in fact you are not in an ordinary Japanese house, that's the truth."

"Doctor Donnell, no more concealment, I beseech you. Tell me where I am."

"There is no concealment. You are in a Japanese convent."

Feeble as he was, Halithorne almost sprang from his bed.

"It is incredible," he cried; "you are mocking me!"

"It is perfectly true," replied Donnell, "though I do not wonder at your surprise. Of course this is an unusual proceeding. No foreigner has ever before seen the inside of this little nunnery, except as a casual visitor. To speak plainly, it is not every foreigner I would

willingly see brought to such a place, no matter what the extremity might be. But when that high-souled creature found you senseless in the road, her first thought was to get you here and to rescue you from death. These people are not like most of their sisterhood, who merely practise

religious formalities and cling to unmeaning ceremonies. They are known everywhere as healers of the sick. Teishin San took it for granted that you must be kept till you were cured, and when Shiroyama and I saw the plight you were in we had to give our approval. I don't expect you to discredit my indorsement, after what Teishin has done for you. She is a noble woman. They are all good as gold, every one of them."

"And the little one; she who speaks English?"

"Ina? She, too, is a gem. She is not one of the band, or at most she is only a novice. Her sister means to make a nun of her, in good time, but not yet—not while she is such a child. And by the by, Mr. Halithorne, I wish you to understand that they are all children, in a sense; that is, they have absolutely no knowledge of the world—our world. No honorable man could fail to respect their simplicity and guilelessness. They are ladies by birth, and have the education which belongs to their station. That isn't much, as you probably know; but they have at least been taught to do all the good they can, in their modest and humble way. Don't forget that they are children—all except Teishin San, who has had a larger range of experience."

"I shall remember everything you would wish me to," said Halithorne, not a little moved by the earnestness and feeling which the doctor threw into this admonition.

"I am sure you will," answered Donnell. "And so, good-by for twenty-four hours."

III.

When he awoke the next morning, after a dreamless and refreshing sleep, the invalid's attention was caught by a tray at his bedside, upon which were

grouped several articles of usefulness and ornament, evidently with care, but not displaying precisely the taste in selection and harmony of arrangement that usually distinguish the Japanese handiwork. Delicate Kioto cups stood in coarse saucers of British importation. Exquisite native flowers were clustered in cheap tumblers from afar. Sheffield knives and forks protruded their ugly handles from a bowl of matchless Satsuma ware. To a tiny bronze bell, faultless in form, and curiously inlaid with gold and silver images, a roughly improvised wooden handle was attached. The most prominent object was a tall bottle, plastered with mendacious labels, and filled with the horrible crimson fluid which dwellers in the East are called upon—not always, unhappily, in vain—to recognize as the wholesome product of Burgundy or Bordeaux.

While he gazed at this incongruous array, he noticed that one of the *fusuma* or sliding-doors at the end of the room was moving noiselessly in its groove at the rate of perhaps half an inch a minute. Watching its silent progress, he presently discerned through the slender aperture a section of a human face, with one eye turned full upon him. Without waiting for further disclosures, he waved his hands and cried:

"I see you, O-Ina San; come in, if you please."

The *fusuma* were pushed aside, and the young girl entered, all brightness and vivacity.

"Oh, you have wakened yourself," she said. "Good-morning, Mr. Ha'-thorne. It pleases me very much to see you better."

"I am better," he answered; "I shall soon be quite well, thanks to you and your sister."

"No, no; not that," she protested; "it is all the wise doctor. We do very little." Then, turning her pretty head aside, like a bird, she added, somewhat laboriously:

"It is our fervent supplication that within an abbreviate period the powerful constitution shall restore the deprived invigoration."

"Oh!" said Halithorne, "exactly. And I am persuaded that your gracious solicitude will contribute materially to the realization of that same beneficent supplication."

She looked puzzled for a moment; then, observing the expression of his countenance, laughed gleefully, clapped her hands together, and exclaimed:

"He has found me out! That is too bad. But was it not right? I made it last night from my conversation-book. I thought it was beautiful."

"So it was, O-Ina San; nothing could be better. Only I saw it was not your usual way of speaking, and so I had my jest. Pray forgive me."

"Oh, never ask such a thing. I shall tell sister; it will make her smile. But now you must take food—some breakfast. We have eggs for you, and milk, and tea—yes, our tea is truly good—and I can make toast. There is also the wine, which you need. I shall pull away the cork."

"Don't think of it," said Halithorne; "I can't touch that."

"I hope you will," she said, earnestly; "it is all for you, because you are sick."

"But indeed, Ina San, it is impossible; you do not understand."

"Yes, I understand," she replied, hastily, while the color deepened in her cheek. "This wine, it is not—it costs not—it is paid. You will not be displeased; I have bought it. I know it will help you. Do not deny."

The sensitive child made no effort to conceal her disappointment. Her lips trembled as she spoke.

"The fates be merciful to me," said Halithorne to himself. "I suppose it is rank poison; but I can't resist that pleading face."

"Not one little cup?" she persisted.

"Why, surely," he answered, "since you have taken so much pains it would be very ungrateful in me to refuse. Of course I will drink it."

"So glad, so glad!" cried the creature of impulse, quite joyous again. She ran out, and speedily returned, accompanied by several of the convent sisters, each of whom brought some contribution to the morning meal. They were all blithe and beaming with good nature, and while their guest enjoyed his repast with the keen appetite of convalescence, they sought to entertain him by various ver-

bal courtesies, of which O-Ina San was the transmitting channel.

"How kind they are," said Halithorne; "bless their smooth, shining little heads —and warm hearts."

"Shall I tell them that?" inquired Ina San, doubtfully.

"Dear me, no; they might think I intended to be disrespectful."

"Never, Mr. Ha'thorne; they would not be so rude as to think that."

"A lesson for you, Bryan Halithorne," said the young man to himself. "Here are people who call it rude merely to admit the suspicion of rudeness in others. And I pretend to belong to the most civilized race in the world."

"I meant," he continued aloud, and somewhat lamely, "that it would not be proper to allude to their—to their want of hair."

"Why not?" she responded; "they would not care."

Turning to the assembled nuns, she said in Japanese that the visitor was talking of their shaven heads. They laughed in chorus, and some of them vouchsafed explanations.

"They say it is simply their habit," translated Ina San; "and by and by it will be mine."

"Yours," cried Halithorne; "oh, monstrous thought! Do not dream of such a thing."

"But I cannot become a priestess of Fudo Sama and keep my hair."

"Who is Fudo Sama?"

"He is the God of Fire—the deity of this temple."

"Ina San, the idea is dreadful."

"Why dreadful? I do not understand?"

"In the first place," ventured Halithorne, not quite sure of his ground, "consider the cold in winter."

"Oh, in winter we have *zukin*."

"Yes, you have *zukin*, certainly. I suppose they do keep your heads warm, and I know they are infinitely becoming to those who wear them properly. But you cannot have them on forever. And then—the heat in summer."

"In summer we have fans and umbrellas."

She drew from her girdle one of the first-named agents of protection, which in Japan is even more an instrument of all work—or all play—than in Spain, and, opening it, proceeded to ward off imaginary rays of the sun, with graceful poise of arm and turn of wrist.

"That is very pretty," said Halithorne; "but you need not cut off your hair to show that you know how to use a fan. And, pardon me, Ina San, the ugliness of it. Now, I know I am rude, but I cannot bear to think of such disfigurement for a face like yours."

"You must not say those words to me," she protested, a pretty and honest confusion stealing over her countenance. Then addressing her companions she remarked:

"He says I shall be ugly with my hair cut."

This was accepted with the extremest good humor.

"Are we ugly?" they demanded, unanimously.

"Of course not; how is it possible? You are all so young—by the by, Ina San," he inquired, seizing the opportunity to escape from a difficult position, "how is it they are all so young—even your sister? Does nobody grow old here?"

"Oh, yes," she answered, with a hesitation which he afterward had reason to remember; "many of us are old. You have not seen—perhaps hereafter——"

"Ina San," said Halithorne hastily, "if I ever say anything I ought not, you will know it is because I am ignorant of your customs. Do not suppose I could willingly make you uncomfortable."

"Who could be so unjust?" she said, simply and sweetly; and was about to proceed when the colloquy was interrupted by the entrance of the head of the establishment, gravely affable, but still impassive and reserved to a degree which seemed curiously inconsistent with her obvious youth and her personal comeliness.

She questioned the patient kindly and intelligently, and congratulated him on the prospect of a rapid recovery. It should be her duty, she said, and that of her associates, to minister to all his wants; and in order to keep him from lapsing into gloom or melancholy, she added, with a slight relaxation of her stern features, she should trust to the

little butterfly who served him as interpreter.

The butterfly fluttered with something like anxiety as Teishin San's eyes rested upon the bottle of hypothetical wine near Halithorne's elbow. The elder sister was evidently surprised at the sight, but remarked only that such beverages should be used with caution. In due season, breakfast being at an end, the ladies took their leave, and a body of servants appeared, to paint the lily and gild the refined gold of neatness and cleanliness everywhere prevalent. Half an hour later Ina came once more upon the scene, laden, on this occasion, with books that had been sent by Doctor Donnell. Her instructions were, she announced, to leave the patient to the tranquil and solitary pursuit of literature, or to "burden him with her foolishness," as he might elect, until he should be overcome by sleep. So far as he was able to understand his own case, it was imperative that he be burdened with her foolishness, as she had chosen to put it; or, as he more gallantly expressed it, he should die of low spirits if he had not the sunshine of her brow and the music of her speech to encourage and sustain him.

Perhaps she was not very wise, this little bud of tender humanity, and certainly she was not learned; but in her frank simplicity and the innocent unshrinking trustfulness of her nature the foreigner found a charm which he did not remember to have encountered in the sphere of his conventional experience. For an hour or more he chatted with her, constantly diverted with the quaintness of her outspoken fancies, sometimes vividly interested by the keenness and activity of her intelligence, and often touched by the modesty and humility of her disposition. Notwithstanding an instinctive feeling that he was pushing inquiry beyond the boundaries of delicacy and discretion, he reverted to a subject which had taken a prominent place in his reflections.

"Then it is settled, Miss Ina, that you are to become one of the ladies of Torin Ji?"

"It is settled, but I shall not join this year, nor the next, I believe."

"You think it will be a happy life for you?"

"Surely it ought; look at my friends, are they not all happy? If I can be as good as they, I hope to be as happy."

"Do you really imagine, now, that it is possible for you to be good under any circumstances?"

"You say that in sport," she answered, smiling; "but I may listen seriously. I must grow much better and wiser before I am worthy to serve Fudo Sama."

"Are you so full of faults, Ina San?"

"I feel that I have many. Now, as I talk with you, I remind myself of a great one."

"Then I am to blame for suggesting it."

"Not so; but when I speak English I remember my pride and joy at school; my hopes—oh, such wild and foolish hopes—I am not peaceful when I look back to them. Yet they are all to be forgotten."

"Why so, Ina San; why should your innocent ambition be crushed out? It is a sin."

"It is a sin for a priestess to think of vanities like that, but it is not easy to lay them aside. My sister knows how hard it is, and she helps me with her strength and courage."

"Sheer barbarity, I call it!" exclaimed Halithorne, giving freedom to his indignation.

"What does it mean?" said Ina, not clearly comprehending, but a little frightened at his vehemence.

"I was wrong to speak so violently," he said; "forgive me, but do your wishes count for nothing in all this?"

"My father and my sister know what is best. I have no wishes but to obey them. And I might tell you—but I am not sure——"

"Say nothing, Ina San; I have asked too much, I fear."

"No; for myself I have no secrets, and you are like a friend, Mr. Ha'thorne. But I am a girl who knows so little. Never in my life before have I spoken to a stranger—a gentleman—except once or twice in Tokio, long ago. So you will not be angry if I am silent. Only about this—nothing besides."

"You are wholly right," he replied; "let us speak of other things."

But his mind persistently returned to this single theme, and the conversation gradually languished until he contented himself with watching her complacently while her nimble fingers flitted over the work on which she was engaged. After a time the unwonted exertion of the morning began to tell upon him, and, yielding to a lassitude which he was as yet unable to control, he fell asleep.

He was alone when he awoke, but the sound of voices in an adjoining room assured him he was still under guardianship and surveillance. The superior of the convent and her young sister were conversing in their own language. As every word was audible through the thin partition, he felt himself bound to announce without delay that he was not as unfamiliar with their speech as he had carelessly allowed them to suppose; but the dialogue suddenly took a turn which he could not bring himself to interrupt. Fair or unfair, his curiosity must be gratified, and he would take a more convenient opportunity to settle with his conscience.

"The guest has asked me a difficult question," said Ina. "He wondered why the sisters were all young. I was obliged to tell him there were some older, whom he had not seen. He will think it singular if the days pass and they do not go to offer greeting."

"If necessary," replied Teishin, "we will make excuses for them."

"They would go if you requested it," suggested Ina, timidly.

"It is true, but I do not wish to urge them against their convictions. Even his admission here has caused them great sorrow."

"I am glad, *nei-san*, that you would not listen to them."

"I could not do that, Ina, as you know. Your instruction in foreign schools has taught you what I have learned from other sources—the error of evil superstition."

"Those lessons did not harm me, *nei-san*."

"Do not pain me, Ina. I understand you well, but I have no power to sanction other studies than those of our religion. I could justly oppose the narrow views of these aged nuns, for I have the authority of Shaka for practising mercy and charity to the unfortunate; but I cannot make my own sister an exception to the ancient rules of Torin Ji. All would rise against me, not the elders alone. Nor would my solemn judgment approve. The thoughts of a young priestess must not wander from her duty."

"You have made us happy in our duties, Teishin San, by allowing us to help those who suffer."

"That shall always be the law of Torin Ji, whether the sufferers be lofty or lowly, of our own land or strangers from beyond the seas. The frown of Fudo Sama will not threaten us, although these venerable women are in terror lest his fiery breath consume us in punishment for what they call my rash defiance of the sacred precepts."

"If they should see the sick man they would not be so wickedly unkind."

"Hush, Ina; they have no wish to be unkind. They are not of our day, and the path they walk in is not broad, but their experience in holy things is large, and their piety entitles them to our respect. When the visitor leaves us they will be at ease again, and Doctor Donnell says he need not long remain. Did you give him the books the doctor sent?"

"I did."

"And the wine; I saw you had given him that."

"Yes, *nei-san;* but the doctor did not send the wine," said the young girl, in an altered tone.

"How, then, did it come?"

"Doctor Donnell said it was necessary for our patient's cure. He was very particular about that. And since it was so important—you heard him say how important it was?"

"I heard something, but I did not think he considered it important. It does not matter, Ina; go on."

"So I thought if I should bring it he would be made well sooner."

"Where did you get it, Ina?"

"At the shop of Yoshimura, below the hill."

"It would have been better to let a servant bring it. I did not know you had money enough to buy wine. What was the cost?"

"One *yen* and a half," replied Ina, after a moment's pause.

"One *yen* and a half! Surely you had no such sum. You know that by our rules it is not permitted to purchase without immediate payment."

There was trouble in the young girl's humble tone as she answered:

"I did pay—at once."

So long a silence followed that Halithorne was on the point of calling out and taking a part in the discussion; but before he could shape the intended phrase the elder sister spoke again, this time with more than her customary gravity.

"You do not wear your coral *kanzashi* (hair-pin) to-day. It is the first time I have seen you without it."

"Oh, *nei-san*," said the child, in piteous accents, "do not speak coldly. Have I done wrong? I did not mean to do wrong. He is poor; the good doctor told us so. 'Poor fellow'—those were his words. And he said the foreigner had not money enough to buy wine. It is nothing to spare the *kanzashi* for a few days. Do not be displeased. If you are harsh I shall be so unhappy."

"Am I ever harsh to you, Ina? If your sister can help it you shall never be unhappy. No, you have done nothing wrong. My *imoto* cannot be wrong; but she is young, and may make mistakes, and for that reason she should take no strange step without consulting those who know better what is prudent. It is easy to make mistakes and sometimes hard to repair them. Who told you that you could borrow money by means of your coral?"

"Haru; she took it to the pawning-place for me."

"Haru! Do not again confide in a servant. We have money enough; come always to me when you wish for any. And at all times remember that I am now your mother as well as your elder sister. Hide nothing from me. Let me know all that is in your heart."

"You will forgive me, Teishin San?"

"There is nothing to forgive, truly nothing. But it will grieve me if you forget what I have said. Now, where is Haru?"

"Pray do not chide her; the fault was wholly mine."

"I know; it is hard for any of them to gainsay you. I shall not chide her—this time. But I must send her to bring back the *kanzashi*."

Halithorne had listened with a variety of sensations.

"The dear little soul," he meditated. "She gave up her treasure, the pride of her toilet, in order that I might have the wine which she thought I was too poor to buy. What am I to do? I can't tell her, now, that I know all about it. Since that adamantine abbess has laid down the law, she will be overwhelmed with shame. Then there is the objection of the old ladies to my presence here—another cat let out of the convent bag. I must question Donnell about that; we can reconcile the difficulty in some way, I fancy. It would torment the child if she suspected I had heard. But I will not let her fret herself with the delusion that I am poor—the dear, generous little soul."

"Are you near me, Miss Ina?" he presently cried out.

She came, upon the word, though not with her wonted gayety.

"Are you busy?" he asked.

"I am not busy unless I have something to do for you," she answered; "that is my only duty to-day."

"Then you can listen when I tell you what I have just been dreaming. I thought I was rich."

"That is pleasant to dream. I wish true, also."

"Yes; I imagined I had bought this beautiful temple, with all the gardens—there are gardens, of course?"

"Many gardens. By and by you will see. But there is no clover."

"No clover?"

"Clover does not grow here; the doctor forgot. He said you were in clover. I am very sorry. Is it a beautiful flower?"

"Oh, he did not mean that. Don't you know, Ina San, what an idiom is?"

"I do not know 'idiom.'"

"Come, have you never been told about figures of speech?"

"Yes; that I understand—a little."

"The English language is full of them. Our words have often many different meanings. You have studied wonderfully well; but there are a few things you will yet learn."

"It cannot be so, Mr. Ha'thorne."

"Shall I not teach you a little, while I am here?"

"I pray you not to speak of it."

"Well, well; let it pass. Doctor Donnell wished to say that I was very comfortable here, nothing more. And so I am. I think I have never been so comfortable anywhere else. Suppose I carry out my dream, and build me a place just like this, and live forever on a mountain-side in Kioto. Would you come to see me sometimes?"

Ina's eyes expanded.

"But that is too much to dream. Nobody is rich enough to make a place like Torin Ji."

"What would it cost, do you think?"

"How can I tell? More than I can guess. *Dai-koku* (the god of wealth) alone knows. Perhaps five thousand *yen*."

"Then I will build it this very year, and you shall be the chief priestess, as your sister is here. That is settled."

"What wonderful things you say in sport."

"This is not sport. I am in earnest."

"But, oh!—the money; is it true? Are you so—so——"

"Why, Ina San, all countries are not alike. In America, a man may have five thousand *yen* to spare, and not be a miracle of opulence."

"Not be—I beg your pardon, Mr. Ha'thorne?"

"Not be very rich, I mean."

Her face grew red and pale alternately.

"I thought you were poor," she said. "I was sure of it. The doctor called you 'poor fellow.'"

"Very likely he did. That was another idiom. When we say 'poor' we are not always thinking of poverty. Sometimes it is a term of pity."

"How stupid I am," she faltered; "I am a simpleton. I should have asked. Oh, if you knew what I—but I did believe you were poor. If I had only understood!"

"You don't despise people for being poor," he said.

"Despise," she exclaimed; "never say such dreadful things. But you are not in earnest now. It is not possible."

"You are too good a child for this naughty world," said Halithorne. "But you won't despise those who are not poor, I hope. That would be hard upon me."

"Surely not; I think it is very fine to be rich. If we were rich we might have many—perhaps ten—schools. We have only one, now."

"Well, we will turn the new temple into schools—ten schools—and you shall teach them all."

"Now you are laughing at me. I shall go and tell Teishin San that you are quite well, and making mirth of everybody."

"I have taken one weight from her precious little heart," reflected Halithorne. "She will not make herself miserable with the notion that her patient is a pauper, any more."

In truth, the girl could not readily have told whether she was miserable or happy. New thoughts were growing in her mind, and new influences, which she could neither understand nor control, were hovering about her. She was glad the strange gentleman was rich—of that there could be no doubt. But it had been a joy to believe that he was poor, and that she could help him from her vast abundance. She could never have that pleasure again. Had she known, in all her life before, a pleasure equal to it? Yet, as she now reviewed her act, a little intrusive sense of shame came creeping over her. She had done a foolish thing. Her sister had reproved her, and if the foreigner should hear of it, he would deride her. That would be a hard punishment for her error. Perhaps it might be better if he had indeed been poor. Then he would not be offended — not much. Would he be *very* angry now? The question filled her with sadness.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE AMERICAN UNIVERSITY.

By George T. Ladd.

NEITHER of the two most attractive and promising methods which ordinarily lie open for the discussion of a question like this, can in the present instance be followed exclusively. These two methods may be styled the descriptive, or historical, and the speculative, or ideal. By following the first method one would be led to state what the university *has been* and *is* in this country, and in other parts of the world whose civilization most nearly resembles our own ; and then to show by what modifications the institution, as it now exists, might be made what it should be. Even in this way, however, it is plain that one would have to set up some ideal standard, in accordance with which any proposed modifications should take place. In following the second method one might feel emboldened at once to state what the prevalent form of the university *ought* to be ; but one would then have to show how our existing educational institutions may be changed in order to bring them into conformity with such an ideal standard.

Now, in this country, up to the present time, there has existed no form of an educational institution which we can call "the American university," if by this term we intend to designate something other and higher than "the American college," with its possible attachment of one or more professional schools. Anyone possessed of the requisite information knows at once what is meant by the university of France, the English universities, or a German university ; but no one can become so conversant with facts as to tell what an American university is. It would by no means be fair, however, to sum up the history of the development of this institution with the curt sentence : "There are no universities in America." To be sure, it is hardly twenty years since the rector of Lincoln College, Oxford (Mark Pattison), wrote : "In America scientific culture has never been introduced. It has no universities such as we understand by the term." But the same writer speaks of Yale University as "stated to be a poor and hard-worked seminary," and marvels at the extent and variety of its required curriculum. Since Mr. Pattison's writing, a large number of schools have sprung up in our West, some private and some State institutions, most of which have but veiled thinly over their deficiencies in scientific quality, equipment, and force and aim in teaching, by putting on the title of "university." Yale (and, to a greater extent, Harvard) has changed rapidly in the effort to validate this title. Johns Hopkins has made a noble start toward the realization of a high ideal, and various other institutions have given notice of their claims to be, or intentions to become, genuine universities. Still, it is scarcely less true than it was a score of years ago that, although there may be universities in America, no one can tell what an *American* university is.

On the other hand, there is no lack of theory and counsel as to the important inquiry, what the American university should be. Perhaps it would not be unfair to say that, as a rule, the less the amount of study which a man has given to the many difficult problems that enter into the development of the highest-class educational institutions, in this country, the prompter and more certain is his response to this inquiry. Men who have a million or two of money, and who, from the training of their lives, have come to think all things—save heaven, and scarcely save that—purchasable with so goodly a sum, are peculiarly tempted to try the experiment of founding and calling by their name the one genuine and great American university. If the general theory of the purchasableness of all things which enter into a university were true, it would

still have to be said that the ordinary estimate of the amount required is inadequate. But surely, as long as the primary and indispensable prerequisite of a genuine and great university, wherever under the sky it may be located, is a body of teachers and pupils rightly trained, and united and animated by the right spirit, the actual result attainable by merely giving large sums of money will not fulfil a worthy ideal.

The speculative method, when employed by persons informed in the principles and practice of education, is, of course, far safer and more valuable than when employed by the ignorant. Yet I can never forget that institutions, unlike systems of abstract truth, are not wisely treated in the purely speculative way. A university is, at most, an *institution;* it is a complicated system of means through which one set of persons operates upon another set of persons for the accomplishment of certain ends. But every means must afford an answer to four inquiries: Out of what material can it be constituted? Who or what is to use it? Upon whom or upon what is it to be used? For what end is it to be used? To inquire as to what the American philosophy should be, savors of irrationality; and the inquiry would have the same savor if it took the form, What should the Scottish, or French, or German, or Sandwich-Islands philosophy be? For the only answer to all these inquiries is that philosophy is not a matter for adjustment, as a means, to national requirements, but every nation and individual that cultivates philosophy should aim at having a true philosophy. On the contrary the inquiry, "What should the American university be?" is not an irrational inquiry, for it is an inquiry after the best means to an end. For the same reason it cannot be raised and answered as a purely speculative inquiry; since the nature of the material out of which the American university must be constituted, if it is constituted at all, imposes upon every ideal some very hard and unavoidable limitations.

Accordingly, I shall abstain as carefully from speculating about an unattainable ideal as from describing a nonentity. Since neither the historical nor the speculative method can be pursued exclusively to their final results, let us be content to go only a little way into the subject by the use of both methods. For although there is no history, as yet, of the development of the American university, there are colleges and professional schools and other institutions of the so-called higher learning in this country, and all these institutions have a tolerably rich and instructive history. If we are ever to attain a distinctive university education, such as can be properly called "American," these institutions, their existing and prospective structure and work, must be chiefly taken into our account, for they furnish the material from which, and the conditions on which, the development of the university must, for the most part, take place. If this material and these conditions are dealt with ill, no amount of talk and enthusiasm will save us from pursuing an unattainable or an unworthy ideal.

One word more should be premised upon this point. The American university must be developed on its own soil, and out of the existing materials, and under the existing conditions. It cannot be imported, or constructed *de novo*, as it were, from the brain and purse of any one man, or of any small number of men. "The University of Oxford," says Mr. Maxwell Lyte, "did not spring into being in any particular year, or at the bidding of any particular founder; it was not established by any formal charter of incorporation." Particular institutions bearing the name of universities may, of course, be founded in this country in a particular year, and at the bidding of a particular founder. But these will not give us the true norm or type. This will come only as the result of a living development.

Nor can I believe that it will be possible to create our university by using large importations of finished foreign goods. Would that the German model might furnish us certain of the more important and vital factors of the ideal toward which we resolve to grow! Yet the proposal at once to import largely from the methods and constitution of the German university would be likely to result in failure. There are many features of the University as already es-

tablished in Germany, which we should not wish to imitate if we could. The more important commendable factors—the thorough secondary education of those who matriculate, the scientific character of the teachers and the scientific and free quality of their teaching, the relative disregard for what we incline so much to overestimate, namely, the pursuits that fit directly for some form of practical life (*Brodstudien*)—we can gain only in time and by paying the price for them. Many things in the French university system, also, and especially what Matthew Arnold calls "too much requiring of authorizations before a man may stir," unfit it to be our model. Nor can we think of taking very freely and directly from those great English institutions of Oxford and Cambridge, to which we should most naturally look for our models. The expensive character of the education they impart, the dominance of the tutorial system in their colleges to the detriment of the university, the large amount of sinecurism which they permit and encourage, the distinction between "pass" and "honor" examinations, and between the one-quarter who come to study and win prizes and the three-quarters who come chiefly to gain the social distinction of a degree—prevent our imitating them. As to the Scotch universities, I cannot avoid thinking that following them is most of all to be deprecated. For this reason it should not escape our notice that certain modifications now taking place in the constitution and working of the American college are liable to encourage in this country some of the worst features of the Scotch universities. At present, however, it is safely within the limits of truth to say that the degree of M.A. in a Scotch university does not necessarily signify (with the exception of logic and metaphysics) so much of training or acquisition as is required for admission to a first-rate American college. To model after the Scotch universities would accordingly be to lower the college as we already have it, and not to develop the university as we should desire to have it.

The development of the American university involves the progressive settlement of two questions concerning the best general method of education, which have been of late much discussed both here and in Europe. These are the nature and amount of choice which the person under education shall exercise as to the subjects and method of his education, and the kind and proportion of knowledges and disciplines which ought to enter into a so-called "liberal" education. In this country both these questions have generally been debated in a rather narrow way. The first has ordinarily been proposed as follows: How much of the college curriculum should be required, how much optional? The second has ordinarily been reduced to a strife over the point, whether Greek is necessary to be studied by everyone who shall be entitled B.A. The limits of this paper do not, of course, permit me to elaborate and argue my opinion on either of these two questions. Nothing more than an intelligent and defensible *opinion*, appealing to probabilities in the light of past experience, can be gained upon such subjects of discussion. The purpose before me, however, makes it desirable that I should briefly state my opinion upon both these subjects.

The question as to the choice which the person under education shall have in the material and form of his education is one both of degrees and of expedients—that is to say, it is a question as to how much such choice shall be allowed, and at what time it shall begin, as well as a question concerning the best means for guiding the choice and for taking the expression of it.

For the sake of convenience I will speak of the grades of education which may be secured at present in this country as four in number; these are the primary, the secondary, the higher, and the university education, the last being understood to be in a very inchoate and unformed condition. By the primary education we will understand such as, whether gained in public or private schools, deals with the most common and elementary subjects, and is not designed in itself to fit the pupil for the higher education. By the secondary education we will understand such as is expressly designed in preparation of the higher education; this will include those courses in the best high-schools and

academies which fit pupils to enter the colleges and first-rate scientific schools of the country. These latter (excluding all *merely* technical schools) give what is entitled to be called the "higher" education. Beyond all this lies so much of the more strictly university education as is mingled with the later years of the higher education, or is taught in so-called "graduate" courses or in professional schools, so far as the latter are conformed to the university idea. It will appear in the sequel that one difficult problem connected with the development of the American university concerns the right separation of the higher education into the two parts of which it has actually come to consist, so that, by combining one of these parts with the secondary education as it now exists, we may gain a broad and solid foundation upon which to build the university education. The university part of the higher education as it now exists will, of course, then have to be joined with the other kindred elements in so-called "post-graduate" courses, so as to furnish a genuine university education in the greatest possible wealth and solidity. When this problem is practically solved, therefore, we shall have three instead of four grades of education; these will be the primary, the secondary, and the higher or university education, but the two latter will probably have far more of significance than they now have.

Looked at in the light of the foregoing distinctions, the question of the place and amount of the pupil's choice which should enter into his education appears to me not so difficult of solution. With regard to the strictly primary education no choice whatever should be permitted, either to the pupil or to his guardian—that is to say, I would have each youth compelled by the State to go to a certain distance along paths common to all, without permission to decide whether he will go at all, or whether, if he go, he will go by just such paths rather than others. Of course, the guardian of the pupil should have the exercise of discretion as to the mode of teaching, whether public or private, and perhaps as to the age at which the primary education shall have been accomplished. Opportunity for exceptions in the cases of the incapable or sickly should also be given. But the State should compel so much of education as seems necessary for the safe and intelligent exercise of the citizen's rights, and for his decent intercourse with his fellows. No doubt opinions will differ as to the amount and kinds of subjects which should be included in the primary education, and as to its methods, text-books, etc. But the settlement of such questions should not be left to the dull or dishonest wits of the successful politician of the ward or district; they should rather be settled by commission of the most notable experts in education, appointed for that purpose by the highest authority of the State.

The element of the pupil's choice should enter somewhat largely into the secondary education, but even here by no means in an unlimited way. In the first place, liberty of choice should be allowed in deciding whether the secondary education will be entered upon at all or not, and also, if entered upon, to what extent it will be pursued. In my opinion, also, near the beginning of the secondary education there should be given that opportunity for "bifurcation" which must certainly come at some time in the course of mental training. The principle of this bifurcation is now tolerably plain and pretty generally acknowledged. In the words of Matthew Arnold, the prime, direct aim of education is "to enable a man *to know himself and the world.*" Corresponding to this twofold aim of education there is in most men, dormant or already dominant, one or the other of two great "aptitudes;" these are the aptitude for the more subjective and reflective studies, and the aptitude for the studies of external observation. In other words, among youths who take to anything in the way of study, some take more naturally to letters and philosophy, and some take more naturally to physical and natural sciences. The secondary education should recognize this difference in aptitudes for one or the other part of the prime twofold aim of education. Such recognition should provide for two main courses of study, in one of which letters and the so-called humanities should predominate, and in the other

mathematics and the physical and natural sciences. These courses should themselves, however, be fixed without making a frequent appeal to the choice of the pupil; they should be fixed in accordance with the world's accumulated wisdom as to the best way to teach a man "to know himself and the world," in harmony with his particular aptitude. The secondary education, in all cases where it is to lead up to a university education, should be long and thorough enough to secure what the Germans strive to secure as a preparation for their universities—namely, the general scientific culture, or formation (*allgemeine wissenschaftliche Bildung*), of the pupil.

The higher or university education should permit and encourage the greatest possible freedom of choice on the pupil's part; but it should not be open (except as a matter of courtesy or privilege of visitation) to those who have not satisfactorily finished the secondary stage. To this subject, however, I shall return later.

A word is pertinent in this connection as to the much-debated question of the amount of optional courses to be allowed in the present college curriculum. The American college was formerly a secondary school, pure and simple, and properly, therefore, did not admit the university method and the university idea. The American college has now developed out of the stage in which it was strictly a means for secondary education, without having yet developed into the higher or university stage. It contains, however, certain elements of the university idea. These elements are to be welcomed as existing in the place of something better but yet unrealizable. In so far as the college can wisely admit into itself, for a time, the elements of a university education, it may have, and should have, so-called "optional" courses. But the education which most American colleges give is still chiefly of the secondary order and kind. This is necessarily so, because the opportunity for such an education as should already be possessed by every candidate for matriculation in university courses cannot be obtained in this country outside of the colleges.

The chief part of the present college curriculum, therefore, cannot wisely be made optional, for it belongs on the other than the university side of the college; it belongs to the secondary education. It is an indispensable part of that training which enables the youth, where universities do exist, to exercise such choice of subjects and teachers (*Lernfreiheit*) as belongs to the university education. To make this part of the college education optional would not advance us one step toward converting the college into the genuine university. My objection—and it is an objection which seems to me unanswerable, except by raising greatly the standard of secondary education outside the college—my objection to making the entire college curriculum elective is the necessary sequence of the facts. The freshman in the best American college, irrespective of his age and his wisdom, whether in his own eyes or in the eyes of others, has not had (except in rare instances) a secondary education of sufficient extent or thoroughness to fit him to enjoy the privileges of the university idea. Place the average Harvard or Yale student who has just passed his entrance examinations beside the German student who has just gone through with his *Abiturienten-Examen*, and compare the two. The latter is greatly superior to the former in respect of "general scientific culture"; he is even superior to the average Harvard or Yale junior in this respect. However, we are rapidly approaching the time when we may make the secondary and relatively compulsory education end earlier than it now does; unless, alas! we lose our fast-ripening fruit by plucking it prematurely.

Into the question of the means by which to secure and guide the pupils' choice I shall not attempt to enter. To permit the student who is really in the secondary stage of education to make up from term to term, or year to year, whatever *potpourri* he will of elective courses, is perhaps of all methods least likely to prove satisfactory. It should also be noticed that the effort to secure the right kind and amount of work in the secondary stage of education solely or chiefly by insisting upon "pass" examinations results in making "crammed"

men instead of "formed" men. *Perverse studet qui examinibus studet,* Wolf used to declare. "The country of examinations," says M. Laboulaye, speaking of Austria, "is precisely that in which they do not work hard." But the remedy does not consist in abolishing all examinations, but rather in stimulating thorough teaching and in requiring from the pupil the preparation of daily and organically ordered tasks.

The question as to the amount and kind of knowledges and disciplines which are necessary to a "liberal education" is, both in theory and in fact, closely connected with the development of the university. No one would think of claiming that the university man ought not in all cases to be a man liberally educated. But one essential part of the idea and practice of a genuine university education is freedom of choice, on the pupil's part, as to the kind, if not the amount, of knowledges and disciplines in which he will attain his scientific culture. If, then, any particular knowledges and disciplines are to be required as *necessary* for a liberal education, the enforcement of this requirement belongs to the secondary rather than to the university stage of education. In other words, if one hold that a "liberal education" should comprise a certain knowledge of, and training in, any branches of learning, one must also hold that such branches of learning should be rigidly required of the pupil in the preparatory school and early years of his college course. For, as we have seen, the preparatory school and the early years of the college course have hitherto constituted, and do still constitute, our means of secondary education in this country.

I have no hesitation in stating my conviction that a goodly amount of certain kinds of knowledges and disciplines is necessary for every education worthy to enjoy the distinction of being called "liberal." Therefore I am compelled, also, to hold that both the main courses of secondary education should require of all their pupils at least a certain amount of particular kinds of mental acquirement and culture, as a prerequisite to entrance upon university studies. This amount should be notably greater than that now exacted for admission to our highest-class colleges. In my judgment, it should be even somewhat greater than that now attained by the average junior in such colleges.

It is at once objected, to the proposal to enforce a considerable amount of training in definite branches of learning and culture upon every pupil, that the number of modern sciences is far too great to require even a smattering of them all in the secondary education. And, it is added, a smattering of many sciences is equivalent to no science; it is even positively injurious to the mind of the learner, while the attempt to enforce it makes a *potpourri* of education which is quite as unreasonable as that composed for themselves by some of those pupils who enjoy the freest exercise of choice. All this and more is undoubtedly true in objection to a certain way of working the principle of compulsion through the whole of the secondary education. But I have not urged that a certain large number of particular sciences should be enforced in the secondary education of every pupil. I have only spoken of an amount and number of knowledges and disciplines which *are* requisite for such a secondary education as will serve for a foundation to a genuine university education. If there is any such amount and number of studies, then we cannot successfully develop the American university without settling this basis of requirement upon which the development must rest. The settlement of this question will not take place, in fact and life, through the dictum of any one man—not even though that man be learned in the theory of education or in a position favorable for forcing his convictions upon others. The settlement of this question will come only in time (and perhaps in a long time), as a growing *consensus* of the opinions of those most competent in such matters. The opinion which I have to express shall be modestly expressed; at most, it is only one man's opinion, *except so far as it is in accord with the consensus of opinion* already formed on the part of the most competent authorities.

A "liberal education" seems to me to include, of necessity, a goodly amount of four great branches of human knowledge and discipline—these are language,

including literature; mathematics and natural science; the science of man as an individual spirit who feels and thinks and acts in relation to the world of nature and of his fellows, and to God; and the development of the human race in history. All education preparatory to the university should require these studies to have been already pursued liberally; but the education of the university should leave every learner free to follow any special examples of one or more of them, according to his aptitude and choice. At the same time, even in the secondary education, a generous allowance should be made—as I have already said—for differences in aptitudes, in view of the twofold aim of all scientific culture. But this allowance should not be made subject to the choice of the pupil from term to term, or from year to year; if for no other reason, still because a real continuity or organic and vital connection cannot be secured in this way for the different parts of the secondary education. Nor should the allowance be made in the form of a great variety of parallel courses among which the pupil must choose. This plan is open, though in less degree, to the same objection as the foregoing. Moreover, unless it is further limited, it does not secure thorough training in the four great branches of learning and discipline of which I have spoken. And, finally, it inevitably results in the repetition, in the small, of the same attempt at compulsory imparting of a smattering of many knowledges, of which the unrevised college curriculum in this country has been accused. The secondary education should, then, consist of required studies in all these four branches; but it should be arranged in such a way as to be thorough in a very few examples under each, and it should be divided into two great courses in which, by laying greater emphasis upon some one or more of the four, a general allowance can be made for the pupil's aptitude. Further as to some of the details of this plan of a secondary education, which should be required as a necessary preparation for university studies, I shall speak later on.

Substantial agreement upon the points hitherto discussed will insure a good measure of agreement upon those which are now to follow. There need be little dispute, since the subject has in late years received so thorough an historical examination, over the essential nature of a genuine university. Since the American university must, in any event, be a "university," although it may have certain peculiar features which may be called *American*, the noun will set limits to the adjective beyond which the peculiar features cannot grow. What, then, is the norm according to which, and the ideal toward which, we must develop our higher education? In other words, what is the true university idea?

Although intelligent persons need not dispute over the true idea of the university, there is current a great amount of unintelligent opinion on this subject. One prevalent thought obviously is, that a university is a school, or collection of schools, where a great lot of subjects are taught and a great crowd of pupils go. And there are elements of truth in this opinion. A number of faculties and free concourse of students, perhaps of many nations and from many places, are intimately connected with the university idea. But there are large schools, in this country and elsewhere, that are not universities; and there have been great universities with a relatively small number of students. The grade and method of the teaching, and the spirit and previous training of the students, are important factors in the university idea. Again, the *universality* of the university has been thought to consist in this, that the scope of its instruction should include all subjects; thus the idea toward which the American institution should strive is held to be that of a place where anybody can come to learn anything that can be taught anywhere. Now, historically considered, this view is absurd. The phrases in which the word *universitas* occurs, if thus interpreted, would (it has been pointed out) be equivalent to speaking of the university as "an institution for studying everything where they study nothing but law." Moreover, this interpretation of the word misses the spirit of the reality. For example, a school of veterinary surgery, or a school for learning to sing and to play the piano, may be a convenient adjunct or appendage of a university. But cer-

tainly neither of these schools can ever become an integral part of a genuine university. The study and teaching of comparative anatomy and physiology, or of zoölogy, including the structure of those valuable domestic animals, the horse and the cow, is a legitimate and important part of a university. But such study must constitute a part of general scientific culture, and be conducted as such.

It is the *scientific* spirit to which the university education primarily appeals, and which it encourages; it is the large and free pursuit of science, as science, which it is bound to yield. This is true even of its professional schools. Even the study of surgery and medicine, or of theology, is primarily and preëminently scientific in the genuine university. For the same reason the call for chairs of "journalism," "telegraphy," etc., in the American university, and the complaint that our university instruction does not teach men to speak French and Italian, are both quite out of place. Journalism and telegraphy can never properly enter into the instruction of the faculties of the university, for they can never be regarded as broadly inductive or speculative sciences. The modern languages have no place in university instruction, except as they are used for the study of language and of literature, or are made the means of getting at other sciences through the works written in these languages.

The history of the word "university" has now been very thoroughly investigated. This history throws no little light on the meaning of the word, the content of the idea. It is connected with the history of the term *studium generale*, which the word *universitas* came to supplant. "The name *studium generale*," says Savigny, "has been interpreted to intend the whole collective body of the sciences, but incorrectly." "The name rather refers to the extent of the scope of operation of these institutions, which were intended for pupils of all countries." "It meant," says Professor Laurie, "a place where one or more of the liberal arts might be prosecuted, and which was open to all who chose to go there and study, free from the canonical or monastic obligations and control." It was, therefore, a school of high grade, where the spirit of freedom, in both teacher and pupil, prevailed. It afterward came to mean "both a school for liberal studies and a school open to all." The word *universitas*, on the other hand, was originally applied to any association of persons acting somewhat permanently together. It has been said that, in a papal rescript, *vestra universitas* often means scarcely more than "all of you." As applied to a *studium* it came to mean a literary and incorporated community. But when these schools began to act under some express grant or charter the two terms tended to become identical; and, finally, the word university came to take the other's place and be exclusively used.

It appears, therefore, that the primary thing in the university idea, both in time and in thought, is the association in a certain way of the teacher and his pupils. "Universities," says Dr. Döllinger, "originated as free associations of respected teachers and eager scholars." This does not, indeed, sufficiently define the modern university, but it describes an essential and indestructible factor of it. Now, if we attempt further to describe the modern university in the light of the ancient idea, we find that it differs from the university of the Middle Ages chiefly with respect to the extent and variety of means in command for the realization of this idea. The idea to be realized, and the general conception of the method necessary for its realization, remain the same. The idea to be realized is the highest scientific culture of the individual, and the method deemed necessary for its realization is the right association of the teacher and pupil. The one word which, beyond all others, describes this method is "freedom."

The university teacher must have freedom in investigating and teaching; the pupil must have freedom in investigating and learning (*Lehrfreiheit* and *Lernfreiheit*). But freedom that does not degenerate into license is secured in the teacher by selecting a man of formed character, who has himself gone over the same path of patient, conscientious, wide, and deep research by which he offers to lead the pupil. He still travels daily in this same path. The pupil, on

his part, is free to choose his teacher and his subjects of research; and his freedom is secured, as much as possible, against license by his having been prepared for freedom through the rigorous training, under law, of the secondary education, and through the example and inspiration of his teacher and of the entire community of which he forms a part. He must learn to "know from experience," as says Professor von Sybel, "what is the meaning of emancipation of the individual mind, scientific thoroughness, and free depth of thought."

Such freedom in scientific research and teaching as the university uses to attain its end of the highest scientific culture is not, however, to be considered as separable from character. For, in the words of another German professor, "genuine science is the foundation of genuine freedom of spirit. Universities are, therefore, places for the formation of genuine freedom of spirit. They could not be this if they were directed in a one-sided way to the setting free and forming of intelligence. Freedom of spirit without the formation of character is not conceivable. Only the unity of the formation of intelligence and character is genuine freedom of spirit."

The true end of the university is, then, the highest scientific culture of the individual, and its peculiar method is the most intelligent and highly trained freedom in research, in teaching, and in learning. This end and this method served at the beginning to distinguish the schools of the university order from the monastic and ecclesiastical schools; they may fitly serve still as setting the ideal to which the American university must conform itself. Writers so widely divergent in their views and ways of thought as Matthew Arnold and Cardinal Newman are in substantial agreement as to the end at which the genuine university aims. This end is not, then, primarily the preparation of the pupil for any particular employment or profession, or even for being a good and useful citizen in general. University culture does, indeed, tend strongly to produce good and useful service of every kind, and good and useful citizenship; but this is its indirect tendency rather than its direct primary aim. For example, Professor Payne, in pleading for a science of education, reminds Englishmen of Sir Bartle Frere's conviction that "the acknowledged and growing power of Germany is intimately connected with the admirable education which the great body of the German nation are in the habit of receiving;" as well as of the declaration of a writer in the *Times*: "I think the maintenance of our commercial superiority is very much of a schoolmaster's question;" and of the statement of another writer that "the Germans are outstripping us in the race for commercial superiority in the far East." These advantages of a liberal and university education, widely diffused, are not to be directly aimed at, for, like happiness, they are likely thus to be lost. They are to be secured as the indirect but sure result, so far as the university is concerned, of the attainment of its direct aim in the highest scientific culture of the greatest number possible, and especially of all those placed in positions where they are trusted and followed by the people.

Choice by the pupil as to what he will study, and as to where and of whom and how far he will study it, belongs of right to the university idea. The university itself, however, must decide how much of secondary education the pupil shall have in order to admission to its freedom, and also how much of the highest scientific culture he must attain to win the mark of its approval as his *alma mater*. Beyond these restrictions, the more generous the freedom permitted and encouraged the more worthy the compliance of the university with its own ideal. In so far as professional studies constitute an integral part of the instruction of the university, since the degree conferred upon the student of them is a guarantee of a certain amount of scientific culture of a particular kind, such studies may be prescribed. Yet even in these cases the same end and method must be adhered to with the utmost possible strictness. A theological seminary or medical school where freedom of instruction and learning is not regnant cannot become a proper part of a genuine university; it must remain of the nature of a sectional, or monastic and ecclesiastical, school.

It is chiefly because the German universities most worthily realize the ideal of the highest free and scientific culture that they are confessedly superior to all others—confessedly, on the part of the most thoughtful and well-informed educators under rival systems. "The danger of France," says M. Renan of its university, "consists in this: We are becoming a nation of brilliant lecturers and fine writers." "It is," says Professor Pattison, of England, "as if our universities were destined only to teach in perfection the art of writing leading articles." No one, however, would for a moment think of implying what is involved in remarks like these with reference to the poorest German university; for every university in Germany, by its theory and custom alike, undertakes worthily to realize this admirable ideal.

Supposing that those upon whom falls the task of developing the American university have grasped the right conception, the actual attainment of the ideal will inevitably encounter many difficulties. They have certain problems before them which are embodied in hard matter-of-fact. No amount of fine writing or generous planning will do away with the necessity of encountering these problems one by one, and of giving them a progressively better and better practical solution. The whole condition of education in this country, as it stands in the minds of the people and in the existing educational institutions, from highest to lowest, is concerned in the development of the university. I shall treat of only two of these problems. But these two are perhaps the most difficult, and they are so closely related to each other as to constitute in some respects one and the same problem. They are the present condition and future development of the secondary education of the country, and the constitution and fate of the American college.

No one would contend that the secondary education in this country is in a satisfactory condition. It is undoubtedly lacking in thoroughness, in balance, in organic unity, and progressive character. By the "secondary" education I now mean such education, in addition to that primary education required of everyone by the State, as the university must require for admission to its privileges. But—as has already been pointed out—the whole circuit of secondary education is at present, in this country, divided into two sections, one of which lies in courses preparatory for college or for the highest-class scientific school, and the other in the curriculum of the college or of the scientific school. This latter section is supposed to constitute the "higher" or highest education. Neither of these two sections of what, in its entirety, virtually represents the secondary education of the country—the education which must be required in preparation for the university—is in a satisfactory condition.

No one who is acquainted with the subject would think of claiming that (with a few exceptions) the high-schools and academies and other places for fitting youth for college are doing their work in a satisfactory way. This fact, however, is by no means wholly due to fault or deficiency on their part; indeed, education is so much of an organic unity that, if any of the stages or elements of it be defective, the deficiency is felt throughout all the subsequent growth of the entire organism. The secondary education is so unsatisfactory partly because of the condition of that primary education on which the secondary must be built. For, here again, no one acquainted with the subject would think of claiming that the public and private schools which start the process of education are in anything like a satisfactory condition. Probably the average public school of the primary grade is, on the whole, more effective than the average private school of the same grade. But what is the condition of the public schools of the primary grade in this country? To speak the truth plainly, they are in many cases too much managed by political powers that have no kind of fitness for the work, and the instruction is too much given by immature girls who have themselves received no thorough education and who, far too frequently, teach only as a makeshift until they can secure release by way of marriage.

How, then, can the best and truly progressive secondary education be built upon a foundation laid by such hands un-

der such circumstances? Substantially the same things are true, however, of a considerable part of the secondary education itself; only in this case the managing political powers come into contact with certain subjects which strike them with somewhat of the mysterious awe which belongs to all unknown subjects, and with a few teachers who make themselves felt as strong and thoroughly educated persons alone can. But, even in those subjects which are more especially selected as the knowledges and disciplines whose acquaintance must be made in a generous way before the youth can be ready for the freer and higher scientific culture of the university, the few really fit teachers must spend much of their time in teaching the pupil what he should have been taught long ago, but has not learned, and in helping him to unlearn a large part of what he has been taught. How can such a secondary education compare for a moment with that given by teachers every one of whom has had a thorough education, and arranged in courses intelligently selected and organically united by the highest learning and skill?

The other section of the secondary education of the country—viz., that which lies within the curriculum of the college, or the highest-class scientific school—is also as truly, if not as largely and obviously, in an unsatisfactory condition. The best fitting-schools, whether academies or high-schools, are not infrequently better off, with respect to the character of their teachers, pupils, courses of study, and means for handling their courses, than are the greater part of our so-called colleges. Still, almost all the colleges are constantly making important changes for the better. No doubt the colleges of the first rank are, considering the material from which their pupils must be made, on account of the unsatisfactory condition of the early part of the secondary education, doing excellent work. I think it would not be extravagant to say that the American colleges are now giving to the average pupil a more thorough education than is bestowed upon any but their honor-men by any of the universities of Great Britain. But these colleges, too, are prevented, by certain conditions which lie partly within and partly outside of themselves, from doing the best work in the way of continuing the secondary education. Accordingly, the best approach to a true university education which they can make at present is by way of offering certain elective courses as a part of the later years of the college curriculum, and by inducing a few pupils to gather for the purpose of pursuing so-called "post-graduate" courses. But in many cases (at least, with the exception of three or four institutions) these graduate (better so called than "post-graduate") courses are without satisfactory beginning or ending.

It is obvious, then, that the progressive reorganization of our secondary education—a subject full of many difficult practical problems—is an indispensable prerequisite or, rather, accompaniment of the development of the university. But since part of this education now lies, and for a long time to come must lie, within the college curriculum, the reorganization of the secondary education is connected with the fate of the college itself.

I will now briefly indicate the lines along which the work of reorganization should proceed. The entire secondary education should, as far as possible, be made into a connected and organic whole; and the aim should be to have it finished at the end of what is now sophomore year in the colleges of the first rank, or at the end of the entire required curriculum of the scientific schools of the first rank. It should be arranged in two great courses, both of which should be, in respect of all their studies—what, how much, and what order—*carefully prescribed.* Both of these great courses should include all the four kinds of knowledges and disciplines which are considered as indispensable parts of a liberal education, and as necessary preparation for the range and freedom of university studies. But these knowledges and disciplines should be taught in different proportions by the two courses. The course which leans toward, or places the emphasis upon, language and the humanities should comprise no less of mathematics, and even more of the physical and natural sciences, than it now contains. It should comprise more, not

less, of the classical languages, of both Latin and Greek, and of the literature and antiquities which belong to these languages. But these languages should be taught very differently from either that petty but strict way or that pretentious but loose way which have too much predominated hitherto.

The other one of the two great courses in this bifurcated secondary education should place the emphasis upon mathematics and the physical and natural sciences. As a condition of entering the higher scientific school there should be required no less of mathematics and the natural sciences than is now required, but there should also be required much more knowledge of literature and of at least one of the classical languages. The thorough study of at least one of the classical languages should be an indispensable prerequisite of beginning the university education, because the study of language and literature is an indispensable requirement of beginning such education; and no other languages than Latin and Greek offer anything like the same advantages for the study of language as the medium of the spirit, and for the study of the spirit that moves in such written language as has escaped the envy of time.

It should not be objected to this plan that it will necessarily postpone too long the time at which the secondary education may be finished. For, given men of the highest cultivation to arrange and to teach the studies of the earlier portion of the secondary cultivation and there will be no difficulty whatever in bringing youth, at the average age of seventeen, to the point where the college or scientific school now receives them. This is none too early for a boy to be as far advanced and as well trained as our students now are at the close of freshman year in the institutions of the highest rank. At least two years within college, and at least three years in the scientific school, will be required for a long time to come in order worthily to complete the secondary education. The aim and method of these years should be precisely the same as the aim and method of the preceding part of the secondary education; the studies, also, should be largely the same.

Into both of these great courses, whose primary aim is to teach the pupil to know himself and the world by enforcing "the general training and invigoration of the mind," there must enter at some time the other two of the four kinds of knowledge and discipline which compose a liberal education. These are the knowledge of the individual human mind, and the knowledge of the development of the race in history. The former should include the subjects of logic, psychology, and ethics; the latter should comprise an outline sketch of general history and a more special study of one or more epochs or nations, in order that the pupil may have some real experience of the spirit and method of genuine historical study. Both courses of the secondary grade should include these subjects, though possibly in different proportions. With the right arrangement and better teaching of the entire secondary education, there would be no insuperable difficulty in accomplishing at the average age of nineteen or twenty all that I have indicated as necessary in preparation for the university education. Indeed, the pupil thus trained should be quite as well fitted for that freedom in research and learning which is the way to the highest scientific culture as the average graduate, at present, of our best scientific schools and colleges.

During all these years of secondary training no pretence should be encouraged in the pupil that he is accumulating new and rare knowledge. Both teacher and pupil should understand that the latter is under the former as his *pædagogus*, to lead him to the higher freedom which is coming. Any attempt prematurely to introduce the methods of the university education, or to lower the standard of the education preparatory to it, will be prejudicial to the development of the true ideal of the university. For example, to lower the standard of minimum requirement for admission to college will have the effect of degrading the high-schools and academies which now fit youth for college, and of either diminishing the whole amount of the secondary education or crowding more of it into the college curriculum. It will doubtless, also, increase the inefficiency and carelessness of both pupils

and teachers in reaching even this lowered standard. The similar attempt at Oxford resulted so that, in 1863, Mr. O. Ogle wrote to the vice-chancellor: "The standard has been sensibly lowered, and the proportion of plucks has sensibly increased." Moreover, to convert the college into an imitation of the university —especially in its earlier years, when its pupils and instruction are not, and cannot, be of the university order—will secure only the temporary satisfaction which the bestowal of titles sometimes brings; it will postpone rather than hasten the realization of a worthy ideal.

The second difficult practical problem which must be solved in order to the development of the American university is the fate of the American college. How this problem must be solved has already in part been indicated. Such of the education now required by the college as can justify its claims to be required at all in preparation for the advanced and free scientific culture of the university must be retained as a prescribed part of the secondary education. Such of the college curriculum as is now modelled after the university idea must be withdrawn from this curriculum, remodelled, and united with the so-called "post-graduate" courses; and the whole thus formed must be enlarged and raised to the standard of this idea. It will at once be objected that this plan will divide and alter the present constitution of the American college. I reply, precisely so; this is what must come to pass in the development of the university. But let it be observed that the destined passing away of the *present* constitution of the American college in no respect detracts from its past services or alters the propriety of adhering closely to its best elements in their present combination until the better arrangement of both our secondary and our higher education can be secured. Nor is a change of the present constitution of the college equivalent to an abandonment of the idea of college education.

There can be no doubt that the curriculum of the American college is today in a condition of exceedingly unstable equilibrium. Such a condition is by no means wholly due to intelligent objections to this curriculum; but neither is it due to wholly irrational objections. The amount and kind of studies now required by this institution can by no means be clearly justified. The permission to elect, with respect to the amount and kind of studies to which it applies, is plainly given in many cases as a matter of accident or of temporary convenience rather than as a conclusion based on reason and experience. The result is that the present position of the curriculum of the American college is anomalous; and the higher the grade of the college whose curriculum we examine, the more anomalous is its character. Such a condition cannot be regarded as anything better than the best temporary expedient—a creditable makeshift devised in the effort to advance, but not to advance too fast or in the wrong direction. Inevitably, those institutions which have admitted most of the university principle into their college courses have obtained the largest mixture of the secondary and the truly higher education.

At the same time that a variety of elective courses has been introduced into the college curriculum of our institutions of the first rank the same institutions have been making the effort to develop a true university education outside of and farther up than the college curriculum. In other words, they have instituted graduate courses open only to those who have the requisite amount of secondary education. The development of these graduate courses has encountered several almost insuperable obstacles. The most hard and obstinate of these obstacles are the following: The prevalent low esteem of the highest truly scientific culture; the excessive estimate of what is called "practical" in education—of bread-and-butter studies (*Brodstudien*); the poor condition of the secondary education, and so the impossibility of offering the best to even the graduates of most of our colleges; the impatience of our American youth and of their guardians, that is quite opposed to that quiet continuous growth which the noblest learning and mental discipline must undergo, etc.

It appears that those colleges which have found themselves in condition to enlarge greatly the university part of the college curriculum are, as a rule, the

ones which have also done most to provide graduate instruction. But thus far even these institutions have been obliged to leave the two halves, as it were, of a possible university instruction, separated by the graduation from all study of most of their pupils at the close of the college senior year. These institutions must as rapidly and completely as possible unite the two thus far separate halves into an unity of the university kind; for it is to these institutions that the country should look for the development of the genuine university.

The methods by which the accomplishment of this combination of the *post-* and the *ante-*graduate elements of the university shall be brought about cannot, of course, be described speculatively in detail; but some hints concerning them, and concerning their probable working, are clearly in place here. I wish, in the first place, then, to call attention again to the inseparable connection which exists between the development of the secondary education, both within and without the college curriculum, and the management of that curriculum so as to develop the university education. And now let us suppose that the earlier part of the secondary education has been rearranged and thoroughly well taught; it will thus become perfectly feasible to put into the last two years of this secondary education —the two years corresponding to the freshman and sophomore in our colleges of the first rank—all the required work in physics and natural science, in history and literature, in logic, psychology, and ethics, which constitutes the staple of the instruction at present given in the junior and senior years of the college curriculum. Let the first five or six years of the secondary education be well arranged and well taught, upon the basis of a sound primary education, and let the last two or three years of this education comprise subjects now reasonably required in our college curriculum, and let these last years be organically connected with the preceding five or six years, and then it will be perfectly feasible to prepare the average American youth at nineteen or twenty for beginning a *true university education.* Indeed, let the secondary education be properly reformed and duly elevated, and then the youth who has well accomplished it will be better fitted to enter upon a university education than is, at present, the average youth of twenty-two who has just graduated from a first-class American college. And the youth of twenty, thus well educated in the secondary stage, will be more likely to desire to have a university education. If he sees before him the offer of three or four more years of training and research in subjects and under teachers that he may select with perfect freedom, he will probably wish to accept that offer. If he or his guardians have wealth or a competency, he and they will certainly be more ready to spend the money as well as the time upon his higher education, when it becomes clearer in this country what the best scientific culture means for the individual and for society. If he and his friends be poor, he will be more likely to be willing to struggle hard and to deny himself, somewhat as large numbers of German students do, in order to enjoy this highest scientific culture. The choicest and most promising of these youths thus engaged in a university education may also be expected to do creditable original work, and thus enrich the scientific knowledge and literature of the country; and to institute valuable courses of instruction, and thus enrich the teaching of the university. And, in my judgment, it will be far worthier and more profitable for the country to raise at first a few, and then a larger and larger number, by the steps of a thorough enforced secondary education, to the level of a genuine university culture than to bring the *name* of university culture to the level of those who are really only low down in the secondary stage of education.

This department of more general philosophical and scientific studies, to which the educated youth of twenty is invited, should be placed parallel with the courses in the professional schools in order to form the whole circuit of university education. Such relations should be instituted and maintained between it and the more strictly professional schools of the university as that each shall assist and enrich the other. In this way, on the basis of a secondary

education attained at the close of what corresponds to the present sophomore year, the young man in the advanced academical courses should have the privilege, not only of selecting such of these courses as are most nearly akin to his future professional life, but also of beginning the professional courses themselves. The young man in the professional school should also have the opportunity of enlarging the scope of his professional studies by free access to all the more strictly academical, the philosophical and scientific, courses.

But the question must be answered: What of the youth who has chosen to gratify his supposed aptitude for the knowledges and disciplines that deal with external nature, and who has therefore chosen the other one of the two courses into which the secondary education was supposed to become bifurcated? Is he to meet in the university courses on an equality his fellow-student who has gone by the other path and passed through the college curriculum? Yes; but only in case he and his teachers have complied with certain conditions. In other words, the secondary education now given by the scientific courses in the high-schools and academies, and by the succeeding courses in the scientific schools of the first rank, like those connected with Yale and Harvard universities, must enlarge and strengthen and amend its curriculum in order to fit its graduates for a true university education. It must enlarge and strengthen itself by requiring of its pupils much more of literary, linguistic, historical, and philosophical study, without diminishing at all its requirements in mathematics and in the physical and natural sciences. It must amend the spirit of its instruction by putting away all contempt for classical and historical and philosophical learning, and all that pride which leads men to refuse the name of "science" to any knowledge but their own. Here, again, it appears that *the problem of the development of the university in this country is largely the problem of securing a satisfactory secondary education.*

Finally, it is plain that the development of the university in this country involves a marked and permanent differentiation into two classes of the higher educational institutions now in existence. The vast majority of the "colleges," so called, in this country should be content to remain *colleges*—that is, places which make no pretence to carry men beyond such secondary education as is preparatory to a genuine university education. To improve the secondary education which they impart, and to make it somewhat worthy of the idea connected in the minds of our people with the word "collegiate," may well satisfy their highest ambition. On the other hand, there can be no doubt that the great majority of the institutions now called "universities" should renounce both the name and the pretence of the thing. Only those few institutions that have already acquired large resources of famous men and established courses and equipment for the highest instruction, and that can hope to draw from their own and from other colleges a sufficient constituency of pupils already trained in a thorough secondary education, should strive to develop themselves into universities. Large means for scientific research—libraries, museums, observatories, etc.—are indispensable for this development. A complement of professional schools, with their faculties, is also, if not indispensable, at least highly important. I venture to assert that not more than a half-dozen (?) universities should be developed in the entire country during the next generation, and that no new institutions to bear that name should, on any grounds whatever, be founded.

It is within lines such as I have drawn above, and by keeping in view the right high ideal while also grasping with a firm hand the hard practical conditions and limitations of the ideal, that the American university should be developed. All the details no man need undertake to arrange beforehand with authority. But every effort may guard against certain errors. And on this point let us recall the significant saying of Lotze: "There are no errors which take such firm hold of men's minds as those in which inexactness of thought and lofty feeling combine to produce a condition of enthusiastic exaltation."

FLANDROE'S MOGUL.

By A. C. Gordon.

I.

THE November sunshine came in through the grimy panes, where a belated fly was buzzing drearily. The jury, worn out with their three days' service in the case, were half-dozing in the box. The deputy-sheriff, a little man with a big mustache and a fierce manner, walked down from his seat on the platform near the clerk's desk, and opened the door of the iron stove. Then he stirred the embers with a stout hickory-pole, and pitched in the butt-cut of an oak-log; the sparks flew in showers; the stove-door was shut with a bang; the deputy climbed into that elevated seat of torture, the witness-stand, which was reached by a narrow flight of steps, and surveyed the court-room. The only noise audible was the loud hum of the replenished fire and the monotonous voice of the portly lawyer for the railroad-company, as he read from the slips of paper which he held in his hands.

The dust was thick upon the three portraits of eminent legal functionaries of the local bar, long since departed this life, that hung from precarious nails above the judge's head. The furniture of the room was primitive and worn, and the clerk's desk and sheriff's box alike were scarred with the carvings of idle jack-knives. The atmosphere was close and unpleasant, and yet there was a crowd congregated there, for the case was one that had excited peculiar interest in the little country-town.

The deputy-sheriff, whose mind was never perfectly at rest except when his body was actively engaged, moved down from the witness-chair at an inopportune moment, and, seeing Mr. Bamford, the railroad-lawyer, pause and look at him over his spectacles, called out as if in self-defence:

"Silence in co'te!"

Bamford, who, in spite of his stalwart form and ample girth, was nervous and easily thrown off his balance, glared fiercely at the little deputy, looked at the judge with an expression of despair, took off his spectacles and laid them upon the written memoranda he had placed before him on the bar, and pulled out a huge white handkerchief, like a flag of truce, as though to say:

"Well, what's the use? I give it up!"

The judge, however, had no sympathy with nervousness, and these dramatic performances on the part of counsel only served to anger him. He said, impatiently, "Oh! go on."

And Mr. Bamford, dropping his handkerchief, picked up his spectacles and his notes, and proceeded.

The deputy in the meanwhile, considerably abashed, crept back to his seat near the desk of his friend the clerk, and queried of that worthy over the intervening railing, "Ain't old Bamford a durned fool?"

The clerk, to whom the prolonged examination of witnesses had brought an agreeable respite from work, acquiesced with a nod of his head, and went on rolling and unrolling a sheet of legal-cap paper, through which, in its telescopic shape, he looked now and then at Mr. Bamford, with the malicious purpose of attracting his attention and exciting his nervous ire. But he was out of the focus of the lawyer's spectacles; and Mr. Bamford continued to read his instructions prosily and deliberately. Mr. Hyke, the counsel for the plaintiff, had already taken occasion to express his fine scorn of the idea of "instructing" such a jury as the one he saw before him. He was "perfectly willing to commit the case as it stood, without a word from the court, and even without argument, to the untrammelled judgment of so intelligent a body of men; whose superiors, in fact,

in his four years' practice he had never yet seen in that box."

His wily adversary, recognizing Hyke's transparent trick, had exposed it with much ridicule to the jury—one of whom had been observed to smile broadly.

"Gentlemen," Mr. Bamford had said, "you have all heard the story of the boy in the big road, with his wagon-load of hay upset, and making a great outcry for help. He didn't care a cent about the hay, gentlemen—oh, no! But the reason he hollered was, his dad was under it. Mr. Hyke don't care about instructions, gentlemen of the jury—but he's hollering all the same. Gentlemen of the jury"—leaning forward confidentially, and speaking in a stage-whisper, "Hyke's dad is under the hay."

Mr. Hyke, who was taking notes in a tablet on his knee, regarded his adversary with a twinkle in his eye and a good-humored smile on his lips. There was one thing about Hyke which always gave him a great advantage in a fight before a jury, and that was, he never got mad. This equanimity and easy composure were wofully lacking in the tall and rotund and pompous Bamford, who regarded Hyke at all times with a decided disapprobation.

The judge yawned wearily as Mr. Bamford proceeded with his reading, and gazed now and then through the grimy window-panes into the street beyond. There was nothing to interest him in that quarter, however, for the two canvas-covered wagons that went by, laden with back-country produce, were no unusual sight, and the people on the plank sidewalks drifted rapidly past in the whirlwind of dust that a stiff November breeze was raising and shaking over everything.

"Let me see your instructions, Mr. Bamford," he said at length. Then, turning to the jury:

"Gentlemen of the jury, you are adjourned until ten o'clock to-morrow morning. Be prompt in your attendance at that hour. In the meantime, do not speak to anyone, and do not allow anyone to speak to you, about this case."

He glanced over the written slips which the deputy-sheriff had handed him, returned them to the older lawyer, leaned back in his chair with another yawn, and gazed once more wearily out the window. The jury filed through the room, and when they were gone, he said:

"Proceed, gentlemen."

Taking up the knotty legal points suggested by the memoranda of the defendant's counsel, the two lawyers in turn besieged the bench with quibble and quirk, until the audience of whites down-stairs became bored and gradually melted away, to gather in little groups in the court-house yard and discuss the testimony and speculate on the result.

"It's a-gwine ter be a hung jury," said a man with a late straw-hat and a big nose. "Jim Rogerson ain't a-gwine ter give no verdic' 'gin' a railroad-copperation. I've heerd him allow as copperations nuvver gits jestis f'om farmers on a jury, nohow. He'll stay up thar in that jury-room fur a week, afo' he'll give in. Thar ain't no bull-headeder man in the county than Jim Rogerson."

"I dunno 'bout Jim Rogerson, but ef *I* war on that jury *I'd* give that man every cent he claims, an' mo', too," said a younger man, who was braving the November gusts in a linen jacket and corduroy pantaloons, "an' I ain't no farmer, nuther. I don't blame the farmers fur bein' agin' the railroads, thet's al'ays a-killin' of thar stohck, an' nuvver pays 'ceptin' at the p'int o' the law—an' al'ays wants the bigges' price fur haulin' of thar wheat an' truck ter market, beca'se they've got the monopoly. I'm with the people agin' the copperations."

The speaker was president of the local debating society, and had political aspirations.

"I cudden give no verdict agin' the comp'ny on that feller Horgan's evidence," chimed in a third; "he conterdicted Flandroe flat-footed on the witness-stan'."

And so the battle was waged outside the court-room, while within Bamford read, for the tenth time:

"If the jury believe from the evidence——," until even the negroes, who thronged the galleries through love of forensic contest and with a keen appreciation of the grateful warmth of the place, could stand the tedium of the legal argument no longer and ebbed outward, too, to hang about the steps, or listen open-mouthed to the debaters in the yard.

"Dat ar man gwi' talk dat jedge ter death in dar, sho!" said one of them, as they emerged into the outer air. "I ain't nuvver heerd nothin', 'scusin' of a thrashin'-machine, as cud keep up wid dat Mr. Bamford."

Still, here and there in the galleries a man and brother lingered, overtaken by a not unwelcome somnolence, and sleeping bolt upright on the hard bench, with nodding and wavering head. Occasionally a gentle snore, that grew gradually into a series of startling snorts, came down to the seat of justice, incongruously breaking in upon some microscopical distinction which the lawyers were drawing between the meanings of words. The deputy-sheriff, who was munching an apple, again stalked down from his elevation at the sound from the sleeper, twirled his big mustache, looked up fiercely into the gallery, tapped vigorously with the haft of his knife upon the iron stove, and in a sharp treble gave utterance to the seemingly irrelevant command:

"Walk light, upsta'rs, thar!"

The drowsy snorer opened his eyes with a start, blinked solemnly down at the deputy, and in a few moments was nodding again.

II.

The clerk had begun to enter a decree in his chancery order-book. The dozen or more spectators who yet lingered in the warm atmosphere of the room were either asleep or drowsily indifferent to what was passing. Beyond the judge, and the two lawyers, Bamford and Hyke, behind the bar, backed up by a sprinkling of idle young barristers who chewed tobacco languidly and gave indifferent attention to the discussion, there was only one man who seemed to be interested in the present phase of the case. He sat near Mr. Hyke's chair, and at intervals looked at that gentleman with an expression that betokened anxiety to ascertain what impression Bamford's speech was making on him.

With a brain unaccustomed to active execution outside of a fixed routine, this man had been striving to follow the legal subtleties of the learned counsel for the defendant company, that ran like tangled threads through his ingenious argument, and taxed the trained mind of the judge himself. He very soon felt that the effort was more than futile, and so he gave it up, contenting himself with eyeing in turn the court, Mr. Bamford, and Mr. Hyke. He was a striking figure, standing, when erect, some six feet in his stockings; and his build was massive and vigorous. From under the weather-beaten forehead keen, though kindly, black eyes looked out beneath shaggy brows, and the lines about the mouth, half-hidden in a fringe of thin iron-gray mustache and heavier beard, indicated resolute firmness and decision.

He was a lieutenant of cavalry in the great rebellion, promoted from the ranks for gallantry in battle, and in his day had faced danger in many forms. That scar on the side of his bronzed cheek was made there by a Federal sabre years ago, but the lost right arm where the empty sleeve hung did not lie on any battle-field. He was James Flandroe, plaintiff in the pending cause that stood on the docket in the style of "Flandroe *vs.* The Southern Railroad Company."

As he sat there, his mind wandered from the scene before him to a cabin in the pine-flats of a county two hundred miles to the South, where his wife and children were waiting for news of the verdict, and wondering if the railroad-company could ever be made to pay even a pittance for the loss of that strong arm, without which the future offered them but a barren prospect.

"Mr. Rife 'lows ye'd better see ef ye can't settle it outside'n the law, daddy," his oldest son had said to him before he brought his suit; "he 'lows that mebbe the comp'ny'll give ye a place whar ye kin use yer arm that's soun', an' whar ye won't be in no danger no mo'. Ef they'd make a job fur George Horgan 'long o' his hurt foot, Mr. Rife says he reck'ns they mought do sump'n 'nuther fur you. He says as he's heern tell as it don't pay fur ter fight railroads in law; an' he 'lowed at the post-office, Saturday, ter Jim Dollins, that even ef ye didn' git casted in the suit, yer lieyers 'ud chowzle ye out'n what the law gin ye. He says ye better see ef ye can't fix it up, outside'n the law, 'thout feein' of a lieyer."

Wherefore Flandroe went up to the Cross Roads Store, where Jamison dispensed the scanty mail-matter of the neighborhood over the same counter on which he sold his groceries and dry-goods. It was the scene of Squire Rife's warrant-trials on every alternate Saturday—and that worthy's office on other days for the writing of deeds and wills, the judicial determination of whose meaning and legal effect made many a case for the lawyers at the court-house. But in spite of the fact that Squire Rife was the involuntary author of so much litigation in the county-side, his reputation as "a judge o' the law" was widespread, and his advice was sought on "law-p'ints" by many who, with strong scruples against "a-feein' of a lieyer," often had subsequent reason to regret it.

He heard Flandroe through, and then, with grave deliberation, delivered himself of his opinion in the premises, from the dry-goods box where he sat whittling a bit of white-pine:

"I wudden give it to no lieyer, Jim. The lieyers'll chowzle ye. Ye'd better go down ter the headquarters, an' see ef yer can't get 'em ter compermise it. I've seed a heap o' the workin's o' these yer copperations in tryin' of cow-cases in my co'te. Ef ye gits ter lawin' with 'em, they al'ays fights it up ter the last place. A po' man don't stan' no mo' chance a-lawin' of a railroad-comp'ny than a bumble-bee stan's in a tar-bucket."

The assembled crowd, waiting for the distribution of the mail, greeted the simile with applause, and nodded and smiled at each other in approval of the squire's sage advice. And so Flandroe made a journey to the office of the general superintendent in the city of W——, which is the company's southern terminus. But the corporation that he had served for thirty-six consecutive years, barring the four when he rode with Jeb Stuart, had turned a deaf ear to him. His skill and experience as an engineer were worthless to it without the right arm which enforced them; and there were plenty of younger men with whole limbs who were ready and eager to take the vacant place. The corporation had no position to offer him, unless he was willing to take the post of watchman in the yard at Tyron; and the salary connected with it was very small.

"This is a matter of business with us," the superintendent had told him; "railroads can indulge in no foolish sentimentality, you know. Of course, we are sorry for you, but past services don't make new dividends, and that's what we are working for. The man we employ must give a full equivalent for his wages; and his worth to us is measured solely in dollars and cents. An engineer with his right arm gone isn't of much account as an engineer, Mr. Flandroe. The only thing that he can do is to take some such position as the one the company is willing to give you, on a release by you of all claim for damages."

This cool alternative of a summary dismissal, without compensation for his great loss, or else a job at starvation-wages, staggered Flandroe for a moment. He had not looked for such treatment at the hands of his employers. It was no matter of sentiment with him, either; but one of simple justice. He had served this company a lifetime, and now that it had maimed him and destroyed his usefulness, it proposed to turn him off to die like a dog in a ditch. His eyes blazed, and he shook his left hand fiercely at the superintendent, who leaned back in his cushioned chair and smiled at the indignant old man's threat "ter put the law onter 'em."

"Crack your whip, then," he said in reply, and waved his hand to Flandroe in token that the interview was at an end.

The mutilated old man went back to the little town near the scene of his misfortune, and consulted Lawyer Hyke, who, after telling him that a corporation is a creature of the law which has neither a soul to be damned nor a body to be kicked, and is worthy of the contempt and hatred of all mankind, proceeded to make copious memoranda of Flandroe's narrative of the accident. Then he looked into a number of books, and said to the would-be suitor that he had "a fighting chance," with the odds against him; and advised him to see if he could compromise the case.

"Find out what's the best they'll do for you. They've got a way of making

black look white with their evidence; and they can prove anything. You understand what I mean? In your case, for example, all the testimony as to the accident must necessarily be that of men in the company's service, except, of course, your own. Nobody else knows anything about it, you know. Now, how many of those men have got families? Where do they get their bread and meat? How many others, capable and efficient, are waiting to slip into their places as soon as they become vacant? And don't the railroad-employé know it? And don't the company know that he knows it?"

Flandroe was half-dazed with the lawyer's volubility; but he saw the point, and nodded his head despondingly.

"It's human nature," Hyke went on, "and I reckon we can't blame 'em. But, understand me—and I always like to make this point clear when I discuss a railroad-case with a client—I don't mean to say that witnesses in these cases are always, or even usually, directly coerced. I don't mean to charge that; the bosses are too sharp for that. But I do say that these fellows feel the pressure behind them in a way that makes them regard things from a different standpoint than that from which, under ordinary circumstances, they would look at them. You understand me?"

Flandroe nodded again. Then he blurted out:

"But thar ain't no use a-foolin' 'bout a compermise, lieyer; I've done tried 'em on that, an' they've done tried me, an' we can't come tergether. I went down thar an' I seen the sup'intendent, an' he offered me a job that 'ud skasely do ter starve on by myse'f, let alone my wife an' child'n. I tole him it looked ter me like the wuss a fellow gits hurt the slacker the job the company wants him ter take. George Horgan got a heap better place than they was a-willin' ter give me—an' him jes' a fireman with a mashed foot."

"If they hadn't given Horgan that place, we would have had a dead open-and-shut case on 'em," said the lawyer. "Oh, we could have smoked 'em! We'd have gotten big damages. But they are smart, those fellows. Horgan's got all the points about that switchman as clearly as you have. They gave him that place to shut his mouth. He knows the whole truth, if he'd only tell it."

"George'll tell it! he'll tell the truth, lieyer; thar ain't no manner o' doubt o' that. He'll sing it out, an' thar won't be no more' stoppin' o' him than stoppin' o' the pop-valve on that old Mogul o' mine 'twel she stops herse'f. I knows him."

"I don't," said the lawyer, with a sneer, "but I'll agree to take down my shingle if, when he comes to tell the truth in this case, the truth's most intimate friend can recognize it. I tell you, it's human nature for him to save his own hide, and he's going to do it."

The next day the suit was entered. The term of the trial-court came on rapidly. The issue was made up, the jury drawn and empanelled, and the evidence heard. Employé after employé of the company took the stand for the defendant; and, in spite of Hyke's ingenious cross-examination, Flandroe's faith that law always means justice continued to waver in the balance. During the argument on the instructions to the jury, his spirits sank as he heard Mr. Bamford read from his books case after case to show that servants of a railway-corporation, injured by default of a fellow-servant, ought not to recover damages. But they were correspondingly elevated when Hyke flatly contradicted the statement of his adversary that the cases he had cited were applicable to the one at bar; and in turn hurled precedent and citation at the court's head, in quick succession, in support of his own theory and position.

Perplexed with these subtle matters of the law, he was stricken with an involuntary and sudden pang at the recollection of how his fireman had "gone back" on him from the witness-stand.

"The lieyer was right, though I hadn' thought it. He run with me two year, an' I larnt him as much as mos' fus'-class engine-eers knows, an' thar warn't nothin' I wudden ha' done fer George Horgan. Now what do I git fur it?"

Stern in his devotion to truth and honesty, the grim old man could not adjust the fireman's story of the accident to the requirements of the oath which he saw him take on the greasy-backed little Bible there on the clerk's desk; and even his extended charity was lack-

ing in breadth to cover the transgression of Horgan's narrative.

"He didn' tell the whole truth an' nothin' but it, fyar an' squar', by no manner o' means," he said to himself. "He didn' let it all out, like a man; but he kep' back what would 'a' holp me. *I* wudden 'a' helt nothin' back, ef *he* hed been a-lawin' the road fer that hurt leg o' his'n, even ef it had cost me ten jobs like that they gin him, an' the old 'ooman an' the chaps ter boot, let alone a gal I was a-courtin'. I cudden ha' kissed thet book an' tole thet tale, an' uvver looked fur the Almighty ter smile on me no mo'. I cudden ha' done it. I'd 'a' out with it, no matter whar it hit. But I dunno. Mebbe them thar lieyers side-tracked him with their everlastin' queshtuns, an' ef so, he warn't so pow'ful much ter blame."

As they left the court-room, when the adjournment came for the day, Flandroe walked out behind his lawyer, who staggered under a load of books.

"I think we've got 'em, Jim," Hyke said, exultingly, "even though that d—d rascal of a Horgan did go back on you. If the judge don't kick those instructions out to-morrow I'll take down that shingle of mine, sure enough."

And away he went, to delve into his notes of the evidence, and get up his appeal to the jury on the next day.

Flandroe observed George Horgan standing near the door, and approached him. His late fireman started to hobble off as he saw him coming, but the old man stopped him:

"George!"

Horgan glanced nervously up, then averted his face and hung his head. Two or three by-standers drew near, with eager curiosity. Flandroe said:

"I hadn' 'a' thought ye'd 'a' evidenced agin me that-a-way."

The man winced, and answered in a low voice, without looking up:

"I didn' want fur ter do ye no harm, Jim; but the comp'ny summonsed me, an' I was 'bleest fur ter come."

III.

In front of his cabin among the pines, two hundred miles away from the little town in whose court-house the case of Flandroe *vs.* The Southern Railroad Company had been strenuously fought by both sides, and won at last by Hyke, the plaintiff's energetic little red-haired, bullet-headed, snub-nosed attorney, Jim Flandroe was sitting in the sunshine. His robust strength had left him; the bronzed face had grown pale and haggard, and the iron-gray of his beard had faded to a rusty white. The loss of his arm had diminished his vitality; and his mind had been for months past tormented with apprehension lest his case should go against him in the appellate court, to which his defeated adversary had taken it.

His lawyer had told him that the judges of the Supreme Court would not hear the oral evidence of the witnesses, but would make up their opinion from the record which the trial-court had certified up to them. This information had increased his fear of an adverse decision.

"They can't tell nothin' 'bout it, 'thouten they see me with this yer stump, an' let me show 'em how the whole thing happened. An' they can't jedge how it's sapped my strent', 'thouten they cud look at me, an' have somebody that knowed tell 'em the difference 'twix' the machine that I used ter be an' this yer old wreck that'll nuvver be out on the run no mo'."

The successful issue of his case in the trial-court had mitigated whatever soreness Horgan's testimony had caused, and in its present aspect he took comfort in the knowledge that his former fireman would not be compelled to repeat his unfair evidence.

"George was always a tender-hearted sort of a boy," he said, "an' I reck'n he meant right, only he didn' have the sand in the box to run on orders. I'm really down glad the comp'ny ain't a-gwine ter call on him fur ter lie fur 'em twicet ter pay fur that slack job o' night-watchman at Smoky Tunnel. I'm sorry fur George, bein' as how I've heern tell that the gal wudden marry him arter all he'd done fur ter keep a job on the road. Some 'lowed that she got mad at him 'ca'se he lied on the trial; but t'others says she didn' want ter hitch onter no cripple."

His mind was constantly upon the case, and the details of it had grown to

be more than familiar to the members of his family.

"It's been two year sence I got hurt, come June," he one day said, "an' the case is still a-hangin' on—al'ays put off an' put off, 'long o' the railroad, fur sump'n or 'nuther. Gittin' out o' law ain't as easy as gittin' inter it—leastawys ef you're agin' a railroad-copperation.

"Two year, an' thar's skasely a night in all that time that I hain't dreamed o' runnin' on the Northern Division. Sometimes it's one lay o' the track, an' then ag'in anuther. But it seems like I'm on the old Mogul, all the while, a-feelin' of her shakin' an' a-quiverin' from whar I sets in the cab, like a race-hoss under the line. An' George is al'ays with me, up thar on his box on t'other side when she's on the level or a-rollin' on the down-grade, an' a-heavin' in coal when she's on the up an' the smoke's a-flyin'. I reck'n it's all in my mind so much endurin' o' the day, that I'm beholden fur ter dream 'bout it o' nights."

Shading his face with his hand, as though peering at some object in the distance, he continued:

"The track's al'ays afo' me, an' I'm constant' a-lookin' out fur sump'n on it. I used ter cud see a pig betwixt the rails, as fur as the next one, but, somehow, these old eyes are gittin' dimmer. I tell ye, it takes a power o' nerve fur ter run a ingine, ef *I* do say it, that run one these thirty year. I don't mean ter brag, for I kep' the fear o' God afo' me, an' jes' done the best I cud for the comp'ny, come what would. But it was a ticklish business, an' it skeers me sometimes now, when I looks back at it.

"Ye've got ter have faith in Goddlemighty then, sure, a-swingin' up an' down them mount'n-sides, dark nights or bright, when a rock on the track f'om a landslide 'u'd fling the whole caboodle down the mount'n an inter kingdom come afo' you'd know it. Ye're 'bleest ter keep a steady han' an' a keen eye; but mo'n that, ye're 'bleesten ter b'lieve thar's somebody bigger'n the president o' the road or the gen'al supe'intendent a-backin' of ye up. Ef ye don't, ye ain't no fittin' man fur ter run a lightnin'-express on that division, that's all; though thar's many a one that ain't nuvver looked at it that-a-way. God he'p 'em, when thar time comes.

"I kep' that notion fo'mos' in my head all the years I druv an ingine, an' most of all when I had that passenger Mogul. I reck'n I cudden a' shet it out ef I had tried, which I didn't. It was strong on me las' night, strong as it al'ays used ter be on me in them times when I run through Smoky Tunnel. That thar hole in the mount'n is nigh onter a mile long; an' on the up-grade, goin' South, as ye start inter the mouth of it, the man in the cab that can forgit the Lord that made him mus' be built on a cur'us patent. Overhead an' all aroun' an' about ye thar's darkness an' furss; an' coal-smoke gits in yer eyes, an' in yer nose, an' in yer mouf; an' fur off at the een' thar's a leetle teenchy speck o' light like the p'int of a needle. Ye can't see the track, ye can't hear yerse'f talk; thar ain't nothin' fur ye ter do, 'thouten it is ter have faith an' let her go. An' then, that thar speck o' light grows on ye, an' keeps gittin' bigger'n' bigger; an' the smoke an' the racket don't bother ye so much as they did at fust. Then ye begin ter ree-collec' thar's a 'een' ter the Smoky Tunnel out thar beyant, that ye'll git ter bimeby. An' it comes acrost yer mind that thar ain't no purtier valley in the worrul than the one jes' ter the tunnel's foot at t'other side, whether ye glimge it by night, when the moon is shinin' on the fogs that half-way hides it, or whether ye see it in the daylight, when ye can foller the windin' roads like cow-paths, an' the creeks, an' the branches that look like slips o' silver ribbons in the sun.

"I used ter al'ays think o' heav'n when I seen Los' Gap Valley, beca'se comin' through Smoky Tunnel 'peared somehow ter fetch up ter my mind the dark and onsartin way o' life."

IV.

It was half-past nine o'clock of an evening in June, and the first section of Number Thirteen was due at Kayton Station, one mile south of Smoky Tunnel and overlooking the beautiful valley of Lost Gap. In the telegraph-office upstairs the instruments were ticking rap-

idly; while in the depot below were seated some half-dozen men, dressed in blue jean blouses, and overalls, with picks and shovels and tool-kits and lanterns at their feet. They were railroad-hands who had been at work in the tunnel, and were now waiting for the incoming freight-train to take them home.

"I heerd as how Flandroe los' his case," said one. "What makes me think of it is, 'twas jes' about this time a year that Fifty-seven was wrecked out thar by the tunnel."

"Los' his case? That can't be," said another, who was known to his comrades as Long Tim. "I ree-collec' how old man Bamford snorted when the jury come in. They gin him six thousan' dollars. I war thar at the trial an' heern it all. The comp'ny summonsed me, but they didn' put me on. I knowed nothin' mo' 'bout it than what Mike Dunlap tole me afo' the comp'ny run him off down South; an' Bamford 'lowed that they didn' want that, an' cudden have it ef they did, bein' as it was hearsay."

"Yes, but they tells me the comp'ny tuk the case up higher; an' that the big court down ter Richmon' busted old Jim up wusser'n uvver Mike Dunlap done when he opened the switch that night like a sleepy-head fool that he was. They tuk'n tuk the las' cent away f'om him. I got it f'om George Horgan. He says Cap'n Hemstone fotch the news up f'om the junction ter-day on Number One. He 'lows they say Flandroe got hurt 'long of a fellow-sarvent, or some sich foolishness, an' that it ain't law fer the comp'ny ter pay."

"Well, I'm sorry for old Jim," said one of the men who had not before spoken; "I seen a heap of him when I war in the yard at Tyron; an' it's my jedgmen' thar warn't no better man ter han'le a ingine on the road. That's what they all said—Cap'n Bigby, an' all on 'em thar."

"I reck'n George Horgan feels sorter put out 'bout his evi-*dence*," said Long Tim. "I've heerd tell that the lieyers all 'lowed that what George said at the trial hurt Jim's case wusser'n anything else."

"I dunno," replied the man who had first spoken, a low, thick-set fellow with a bushy, brown beard, whose name was Brand; "he's al'ays a-comin' over the case; 'pears like he can't let up on it. He was pow'ful cut up t'other day when somebody tole him how low-down an' feeble the old man was a-gittin'."

"Yes, he's talked ter me 'bout the old man failin'. It 'pears ter sorter lay onter his mind. He can't be alongside o' ye five minues afo' he's a-tellin' ye that he's l'arnt that Jim Flandroe's purty po'ly, and pow'ful hard run for money ter live on. He axed me this mornin' ef I hadn' heerd it," said another one of the men.

"Who's runnin' Fifty-seven now, anyhow?" queried Brand.

"She ain't nuvver come out o' the shops sence the last accident ter her. Thar ain't no wages 'u'd make me run on that old Mogul, gen'lemen, ef I war an ingine-driver. No, sirree! John Brice got his leg bruk on her at Payson's Bridge, an' Henry Dexter was hurt in the back the night she smashed inter Number One at Stapleses. The boys is all a-gittin' mistrus'ful of her, they tell me; an' they're mighty right. She's onlucky, an' I've heern a heap on 'em say they wudden travel behine her, not for no pay."

"I reck'n the comp'ny better keep her in the shops," said Brand. "They ain't a-gwine ter fine no ingineer on this yer division fur ter drive her no mo'."

"What's the matter with George?" asked one of the party, sitting nearest the window, and starting up; "he's jes' went pas' the window with his lantern like a streak o' lightnin'. I nuvver thought he cud git over groun' that fas' on his game leg."

"'Twudden 'sprise me ef George was a-drinkin'," Long Tim said, in an undertone, to his next neighbor. "I think he's got sump'n 'nuther on his mine. I dunno ef it's beca'se Sal Desper kicked him an' married Hinksley, or ef it's the old trouble long o' his evi-*dence* 'g'in Jim Flandroe. Ef it gits ter Bigby that he's a-samplin' the bug-juice, he'll fire him out o' his job afo' he can bat his eye."

Up above, in the telegraph-office, the instruments continued to tick merrily. The first section of Number Thirteen was on time, and due in twenty minutes. The operator was at his desk, with the

forefinger of one hand on the key and a pen in the other, when the man who had just passed the window came hobbling and stumbling into the depot, and, hurrying past the men who were waiting there, went up-stairs toward the telegraph-office.

As he passed, he called out:

"For God's sake, boys! thar's a-gwine ter be a cullision three mile south, ef Thirteen's on time."

"What's the matter?" they asked, breathlessly and in chorus, and tumbled up the steps after him, kicking over tool-kits and lanterns as they went. Long Tim, who had just expressed a doubt of the speaker's sobriety, was leading the van.

With ghastly face and shortened breath Horgan hobbled on, and flung the door of the telegraph-office wide open. The gang of workmen pressed in behind him as the operator, looking up in astonishment and anger, exclaimed:

"Well, what in the h—ll's broke loose now?"

The reply was a contra-query from Horgan:

"What train was that just went by?"

"Train? what are you talking about?" asked the now astounded operator.

"That express-train that went South little while ago. I met her betwixt here an' the tunnel. I signalled for her ter stop with my lantern, but she went on like makin' up los' time. She was fyarly a-sailin'. She'll smash damnation out o' Thirteen."

"Have you got the mikes, or are you a natural-born fool?" asked the operator, with increasing wrath. "You know no train has gone by here for thirty minutes."

The night-watchman looked about him in a dazed fashion, and passed his hand over his eyes. Shadows of superstitious awe gathered about the waiting gang of section-hands, who gazed at him with blanched faces. Turning to Brand, he said:

"Ye seen it, didn' ye, Jo?"

"Thar ain't no train been by here sence Number Seven," was the half-whispered answer.

Even Long Tim felt the hair bristling on the back of his head and cold chills creeping down his spine.

The men gathered closer about Horgan, in silent expectation.

"What did ye see, George?" queried one, more eager than the rest.

The telegraph-operator, with a frown on his face, looked up from the work which he had resumed, to listen. The ticking of the instrument was loudly audible above the speaker's voice.

"I seen a passenger-express come out'n the tunnel at sixty mile an hour. By the light o' my lamp, it was Fifty-seven. The ingine-man war a-lookin' down the track, an' his lef' han' war on the lever. I cudden ketch his full face——"

He paused a moment, as if thinking. Then:

"But his beard an' his hyar—Goddlemighty save me! it war Jim Flandroe."

"Boys," said Brand, solemnly, turning to his companions, "do you know what that means? It means old Jim is dead."

"It means that George Horgan's drunk, and you all are a pack of d—d fools," said the disgusted telegraph-operator. "Get out o' here, all of ye! I'll let Bigby know about this to-morrow."

Two nights later, as he sat alone in his office, reading a novel, a call came over the wires from an operator at the southern terminus. The response of the novel-reader brought the message:

"*I heard to-day that old Flandroe, who was hurt at Smoky Tunnel and sued the company, has gone out on the long run. He died a day or two ago, and I thought you'd like to know about it, being close to the scene of the accident.*"

Back went the question:

"*When did he die?*"

There was an interval of waiting that taxed the nerves of the man at the keys in the Kayton office. The novel had fallen unheeded to the floor. Presently the instrument ticked out:

"*Half-past nine on Tuesday evening last, McDonald tells me.*"

It was the very hour when Horgan had met the spectral engine.

LE GRENIER.

(AN AMERICAN VERSION.)

"*Dans un grenier qu'on est bien à vingt ans.*"—BÉRANGER.

By Robertson Trowbridge.

HERE is the street—the house is standing yet!
Four stories up the little window gleams.
The basement still announces "Rooms To Let;"
Through the wide door the dusty sunlight streams.
But how the place has changed! Across the way
A tenement its swarming bulk uprears—
'Twas here I weathered it for many a day,
With Youth and Hope for friends, at Twenty Years.

A small hall-room! I seek it half by stealth—
Who cares? the world may know it if it will!
The worst is told. I had stout heart, good health,
A modest clerkship, wants more modest still;
Companions, too (I had companions then!)—
What room in all my "up-town palace" hears
Such peals of mirth as yonder little den
When I and Youth kept house, at Twenty Years!

'Twas here I brought my bride. In that dim place
The too brief summer of our joy first smiled.
Which of your carpet-knights, my queenly Grace,
To such a lot will woo your mother's child?
Just Powers! how dared we to be gay and glad,
To face the world, unvexed by cramping fears?
Rash?—reckless? We were mad!—how nobly mad
With the brave wine of Love and Twenty Years!

Once, as we listened at the window there,
In the warm sunlight of an April day,
A sound of loyal thunder filled the air—
The Massachusetts Sixth marched down Broadway.
O gallant hearts and times! O drum and fife!
In '62 I joined the volunteers.
Poor wounded soldier, lonely waiting wife,
We learned what glory meant, at Twenty Years!

It's time to go. The place looks chill and drear.
  Fate! were it lot of mine to overlive
But half the happy days I've counted here,
  I'd give—what have I that I would not give?—
Again to struggle on, to breast the tide,
  To know the worst of Fortune's frowns and fleers,
Brave heart within, my darling at my side,
  And all the world to win, at Twenty Years!

ENGLISH IN NEWSPAPERS AND NOVELS.

By Adams Sherman Hill.

HE best rule of reading," says Emerson, "will be a method from nature, and not a mechanical one of hours and pages. It holds each student to a pursuit of his native aim, instead of a desultory miscellany. Let him read what is proper to him, and not waste his memory on a crowd of mediocrities. . . . Perhaps the human mind would be a gainer if all the secondary writers were lost—say, in England, all but Shakespeare, Milton, and Bacon, through the profounder study so drawn to those wonderful minds. With this pilot of his own genius, let the student read one, or let him read many, he will read advantageously. . . . The three practical rules, then, which I have to offer are: 1. Never read any book that is not a year old. 2. Never read any but famed books. 3. Never read any but what you like; or, in Shakespeare's phrase,

> 'No profit goes where is no pleasure ta'en:
> In brief, sir, study what you most affect.'"

How few of us live up to the last of these three rules! How many waste time upon books which they do not enjoy, taking them up without a motive strong enough to make their reading profitable! How many dawdle over books, with minds half asleep, in a half-hearted effort to do what, for one reason or another, appears to be a duty!

The rule never to read what one does not like is, then, a good rule; but if one likes nothing better than the newspapers or the novels of the day, what becomes of Emerson's other rules—to read no book not a year old, and to read none but famed books? How many of us would like to confine our reading to Shakspere, Milton, and Bacon, as Emerson seems to advise? Is it, on the whole, desirable to shut our eyes to the writings that record the events and mirror the life of to-day?

The bare statement of these questions, which I will not stop to discuss, suggests some of the difficulties in the way of carrying the first and the second of Emerson's rules into practice. What great writer ever did carry them into practice? Shakspere, Bacon, and Milton, at any rate, did not refuse to read any book not a year old. If ever men knew their times, they did. Emerson himself may or may not have read the newspapers with his own eyes, but he certainly read them with the eyes of other men: he was constantly freshening his mind by visits to the city, and by conversation which drew him into the current of the present.

We may, then, hesitate to accept Emerson's rules in the form in which he states them; but his doctrine, taken as a whole, is sound. On the one hand, to read books in which one takes no pleasure is a waste of time: and if the practice be persisted in, in spite of continued disgust, it is likely to become worse than a waste of time; for it tends

to cramp the free play of the mind, and to make intercourse with great authors a mechanical process instead of a life-giving power. On the other hand, to read nothing but newspapers and second-rate novels is surely a waste of time: and it becomes worse than a waste of time if the practice be persisted in, without an effort to like something better; for such reading tends to weaken the powers of attention and of concentration, to diminish, if not to destroy, freshness of thought and individuality of expression, and to relax the mental fibre.

If newspaper English and novel English had only a general effect upon the mind, they would still be likely to injure a reader's own English; but they have a direct and specific influence upon his use of language—an influence more widespread, more insidious, and more harmful than that coming from any other quarter,—and this is especially true in the United States, where almost every man has his daily or, at least, his weekly journal, and almost every woman periodically takes a dose of current fiction.

To meet this enormous demand, a host of writers have entered the field, who are neither by nature nor by education well-equipped for work with the pen, but who, nevertheless, earn a decent living in this calling, as they would do in any other to which they might turn their flexible minds. Even writers who have literary talent, but lack moral stamina, are tempted not to take pains, because they perceive that bad wares are at least as popular as good ones.

"It seems a pity," said a gentleman the other day to the proprietor of a Western journal, "that you should not publish more intelligent and better-written notices of new books."

"Oh, they're as good as our readers want," was the answer.

"My wife," said another gentleman to the editor of a newspaper published in a New England city, "enjoys reading *The Evening Muffin*."

"I should be better pleased to hear that your cook liked the paper," was the reply.

Such stories would seem to indicate that some American journals are conducted on principles similar to those in vogue in England, if we may credit Mr. Thomas Frost's "Reminiscences of a Country Journalist," published in 1886. Mr. Frost ascribes the "growing deterioration of journalistic work" to "the competition of newspaper proprietors and the process of reducing expenses that was in constant operation. . . . The diffusion of elementary knowledge," says he, "which flooded mercantile offices with clerks whose qualifications were limited to the ability to write legibly and add up columns of figures has, for several years past, had the result of overrunning the réporterial market with lads whose sole qualification for reporting is the knowledge of short-hand. As a rule, these young gentlemen are ignorant of grammar, in many instances cannot spell correctly, know little or nothing of modern history, the knowledge of which is essential to a journalist, and whenever condensation is required are apt to make their sentences unintelligible. Their employers, looking for their pecuniary gains from advertisements rather than from the circulation of the paper, condone their deficiencies in consideration of their cheapness; and in time they are promoted to the editorial room, at salaries considerably less than their predecessors received, and proceed to write leaders and reviews without knowing how to construct a sentence in good literary English, or even to write grammatically."

No such relation between employer and employed as is described by Mr. Frost has yet, so far as I know, grown up among the persons engaged in the production of English novels. There are no master-novelists with journeymen at work under them, as journeymen worked for Dumas the elder. In some cases, the tie between publisher and novelist seems to be very close; but there is as yet no reason to believe that an author's independence of action is seriously impaired, or the quality of his work injured, by his connection with a publisher or a magazine. If, however, this branch of industry continues to develop as rapidly as it has done within the last half-century, we may all live to see novels issued by large establishments organized somewhat after the fashion

of newspaper offices, if, indeed, we do not see works of fiction produced by machinery.

Meantime, what we do see is a "growing deterioration" in the quality of the novels produced from month to month, a deterioration brought about by general causes very similar to those which tempt newspaper proprietors to content themselves with inferior work. If badly-written novels meet with as ready a sale as well-written ones, badly-written novels will be supplied in abundance. In this, as in every other business, skilled workmen are few; and those few, if they find that their skill is not appreciated, are in danger of becoming careless, or of putting their skill to base uses. If they resist these temptations—as, fortunately for the world, some do—it is because their ambition is not so much to get fortune and fame by their books as to do their best because it is their best.

In all that I say, I am, of course, speaking, not of the ideal journal, the journal that is conducted in all its departments by men of culture (if such a journal there be), not of the novels of Thackeray or of George Eliot, but of the newspapers and the novels of the day.

Even of these I am far from denying that they have certain merits not to be despised. Most of us would probably find it difficult to induce the editor of a daily newspaper to put our thoughts on the Irish question into type, or to persuade a publisher of successful novels to print our version of the old story of Amandus and Amanda. Our contributions to a newspaper would probably lack the very qualities that give success to editorial articles, which, though far from being models of good English, are nevertheless skilfully adapted to the intelligence and the taste of their readers; or to paragraphs from the "facile pen" of a reporter, written in language that would make Addison turn in his grave, but containing the facts which people want to know, and stating them in such a fashion that the hasty reader gets hold of them at once. Our novels, though they might not violate the rules of grammar, or paint scenes and characters with a brush too big for both subject and artist, might nevertheless be deficient in the art of inventing an interesting story and of telling it in an interesting manner, in knowledge of human nature, and in skill in construction, not to speak of the "local color" and local dialect which jaded minds demand nowadays. I cannot, indeed, believe, as some writers appear to do, that if Junius should reappear, he would find in our newspaper offices so many pens more powerful than his that he would gladly withdraw into obscurity again; or that if Thackeray should come back under another name, he would have a cool reception from a public accustomed to better work: but I am sure that successful newspapers and novels, with all their defects, are not without merit.

The misfortune is that it is the defects rather than the merits, the bad English rather than the good, that strikes the eye and sticks in the memory. The faults of newspaper English rapidly spread through space,—a phrase that was hatched in Texas or Iowa living long enough to appear in the columns of an "esteemed contemporary" in Maine, and, if very bad, to be embalmed by a metropolitan journal within marks of quotation. The faults of novel English descend from generation to generation. From Scott the second-rate novelist catches, not his naturalness, vigor, manliness, invention, observation, skill in narration, but his occasional grandiloquence, commonplaceness in thought, or slovenliness in expression; from Dickens, not his vividness, pathos, and knowledge of life, but his exaggerations of nature, his eccentricities of language, the alloy left in his style by his early experience as reporter. Whatever in Bulwer or Disraeli is pinchbeck; whatever in the Brontë sisters is "intense," in the modern slang use of that word; whatever in Thackeray verges on coarseness, or sentimentality, or prolixity; whatever in George Eliot is awkward or over-scientific in expression,—is absorbed by inferior writers, combined with their own weaknesses, and reproduced in monstrous forms.

As most novelists read newspapers, and most journalists read current fiction, writers of the one class catch bad English from those of the other class, and adapt it to their own purposes.

Hence such differences in the use of language as exist between the two are, for the most part, traceable either to differences in subject-matter or to the fact, already adverted to, that newspapers are read by more men than women, and novels by more women than men.

In newspaper English, the tendency is to sacrifice elegance and refinement to the "forceful" or the "funny"; in novel English, to sacrifice vigor and compactness to the sentimental or the fanciful. The old-fashioned newspaper, written to please the respectable and conservative classes, abounds in sonorous platitudes and sententious commonplace; in the old-fashioned novel, written to please female philistines, platitudes are served with love or religion, and sententiousness is adorned with flowers of speech and flanked by descriptions of heroes and heroines and of scenery. The new-fashioned newspaper, being addressed to a public which likes its fare hot and well spiced, abounds in slang of all sorts, from that of Congress to that of the prize-fight or the horse-race; the new-fashioned novel, being addressed to girls, young and old, with more curiosity than experience, spices its pages plentifully with French or pseudo-French, with the *argot* of society, and with expressions which seem *risqués* to the *ingénue*.

In an age demanding brevity, the novelist is apt to eke out his story with petty details that might better be left to the imagination, with obvious reflections, or with irrelevant digressions; the journalist is apt to swamp his facts or his opinions in a flood of words. Sentences and paragraphs may be clear and vigorous, but the chapter or the article as a whole is obscure and weak. The beginning may be attached to the end, but it is not easy to get hold or to keep hold of the thread of connection.

Often editorial articles—to borrow a happily-mixed metaphor—"smack of the mill," the journalist sinking his individuality in that of the journal to which he contributes. Even if he had the desire he has not the time to be himself, as he has not the time to be concise. For the individuality of the novelist there is a better chance; but he also is in haste to get his wares on the market, and is inspired by the idols of the market-place rather than by the spirit within him. If one of his books makes a hit, he copies and copies it until his manner becomes mannerism, his characters dolls or caricatures, his scenery like that of the old-fashioned drop-curtain.

In both novels and newspapers, nice distinctions in thought and precision in language are rare. Superlatives prevail. There is little gradation, little light and shade, little of the delicate discrimination, the patient search for truth, and the conscientious effort to express truth exactly, which characterize the work of a master.

To speak of offences against grammar and idiom would be to go into minutiæ foreign to my purpose. Such offences are common, as everybody knows, and will be common, so long as uneducated or imperfectly-educated persons are at liberty to handle their pens as they will, without supervision or guidance. Nor is it worth while to dwell upon the affectation of using words and phrases which are no longer in good usage except in verse, or on the bad habit of making stale quotations—a habit which may be studied at one of its sources in the writings of Hazlitt, of whom Byron said that his style suffered from a cutaneous eruption.

Newspapers and novels alike keep their "pet words"—words which, like other pets, are often in the way, often fill places that belong to their betters. A good speech is termed "breezy" or "neat"; a good style, "crisp" or "incisive"; an "utterance" or a comely countenance, "clear-cut" or "clean-cut." Bad features are "accentuated" by sickness. Lectures are "punctuated" with applause. Many things, from noses to tendencies, are "pronounced." A clergyman "performs" at a funeral; a musician "officiates" at the piano-forte. Many questions are "pivotal." Many things, from a circus to a new book, have an "advent." Every week something is "inaugurated" or "initiated." A few years ago newspapers were talking of A. or B. as being of that "ilk." A word just now in vogue is "weird." We read not only of the "weird" beauty of Keats, but also of the "weirdest" misconstruc-

tions of facts, or mis-statements of principles. "Factor" and "feature" appear in the oddest company, and "environment" has become a weariness to the spirit.

Newspapers and novels are each fond of the last new word that has crept into the slang of the day from some quarter too obscure to be known or too vulgar to be named. We read, for example, of schemes for "raking in the dimes." One poetical paragraph ends: "It pulls one up dreadfully in one's reverie to hear," etc. Newspapers "take stock in" a senator, and "get to the bottom fact" of a discussion. The hero of one novel is "padded to the nines"; the heroine of another has a brow, eyes, and face that are all "strung up to the concert-pitch." The journalist's candidate and the novelist's villain alike "put in an appearance."

The disposition to obscure the meaning by the use of technical expressions is not unknown in newspapers, but it shows itself chiefly in novels. There are much worse instances of this than George Eliot's "dynamic" in her description of Gwendolen at the beginning of Daniel Deronda (a word which called forth much criticism when the book was first published), or than a less famous novelist's "neuralgia of the emotions." Even in The Heart of Midlothian we are told that "the acid fermentation" of a dispute was "at once neutralized by the powerful alkali implied in the word secret." A much later novel talks of the "effect of the meerschaum's subtle influence upon certain groups of ganglionic nerve-cells deep in his cerebrum." Another remarks that, "as men gravitate toward their leading grievance, he went off at a tangent." Still another speaks of "undergoing molecular moral disintegration."

Another set of faults seem to spring from the belief on the part of certain journalists and novelists, and of the young writers who have caught the malady from them, that there are not enough words in the English language to supply their needs, and that, therefore, it is necessary to coin just a few more, or at least to take them from the mint of some other journalist. Hence the appearance, a few years ago, of new pronouns (now forgotten), as if those which answered for Addison and Goldsmith were incapable of doing the more important business of the present. Hence new forms for old words, and new formations from old words. One journal tells its readers that "'mentality,' though not in the dictionaries, is a good English word." Another says: "'Christmasing'; we ought to have such a word". The hero of one novel is "garmented"; that of another is engaged in "battle-axing" difficulties. A heroine has a terrible "disappoint." A traveller "gondoles" in Amsterdam. A journalist talks of "downing" Mahone. A popular writer talks of a "slowing" carriage, of "rural mechanics too idle to mechanize." "Burglarize" is a newspaper word, but "burgled" has been borrowed for fiction from "The Pirates of Penzance." We read of sounds hollow and "echoey"; of "faddists" (people with fads); of a bow which "grotesqued" a compliment; of an "aborigine" (apparently the singular of aborigines); of a "caddess"* (defined to be a "cad of the feminine gender"); of the "genius of swellness"; of "flirtees" as well as flirts; of little fellows who "cheek" bigger ones; of men whose good looks do not atone for the "lacks" or the "lackness" of their characters, and of desires which are "wide-horizoned." It would be easy to extend this list, if either my readers or I had the appetite to go through what a recent writer terms "a menu bristling with word-coinage."

Another characteristic of both newspaper and novel English comes sometimes from the desire of the writer to show that he commands language that moves in the highest circles, and sometimes from his wish to be funny. I refer, of course, to the practice of using the longest and most high-sounding words and expressions—words which no one would think of using in conversation or in familiar correspondence. "Scribes" of this class, as they call themselves,

* The history of this word is instructive. It appears for the first time in print, I believe, in The Prime Minister (ii., xvii.), where Trollope says that Lady Glencora declared that she "would shake hands with no more parliamentary cads and 'caddesses'—a word which Her Grace condescended to coin for her own use." Later novelists seem to accept the duchess' little joke as a part of the language.

"savor" their wine instead of tasting it, "locate" men and women instead of placing them, "imbibe" instead of drinking. Their facts are "proven," their streets are "paven" or "semi-paven," and the people who dine at their houses are "commensals." With them a dressing-case becomes "travelling arrangements"; "sales-ladies" stand beside "counter-jumpers"; seats are "resumed"; souls are "perused"; prices are "altitudinous"; a politician who happens to be in town blossoms into a "visiting statesman"; an author "obligates," instead of binding, himself; a visitor "refreshes his olfactory organ" with a pinch of snuff; a fortune quickly made is said to be "as stupendously large as phenomenally swift won." The last citation, which is from a prominent journalist, is perhaps no worse in its way than "potential liquid refreshment," an expression used by Disraeli and copied many times since; than a later novelist's remark that "the footfalls of a little black mare annotated the silence of the place," while "an isolated stellulated light illumined the snow"; or than a brilliant woman's designation of veteran soldiers as "mutilated pages of history." Perhaps, however, the palm may be carried off by a novelist who speaks of "the impression she gave from her little slit-like tacit sources"—that is, apparently, her eyes.

In this last characteristic, novel English has, perhaps, taken the lead. Instances of it in its serious form are to be found even in Scott, when he is in what he himself calls his "big bow-wow" mood—as, "The creak of the screw-nails presently announced that the lid of the last mansion of mortality was in the act of being secured above its tenant." Instances of it in its humorous form are to be found even in Dickens, when the reporter in him gets the better of the humorist—as, "The celebration is a breakfast, because a dinner on the desired scale of sumptuosity cannot be achieved within less limits than those of the non-existent palatial residence of which so many people are madly envious."

Word-pictures, so called, sometimes hang on newspaper columns; and they abound in recent novels. One author declares that "God's gold" was in his heroine's hair; for "it was shot through with sunset spikes of yellow light." Another says of the heroine that "the sunlight made a rush at her rich chestnut hair," and describes "her white teeth showing like pearls dropped in a rose, and a white throat in a foam of creamy laces." Another says that "the moon searched out the deep-red lines" in the heroine's hair, and that her lips had "musical curves." We read of a landscape which is "a perfect symphony in brown," and of a woman who is "a ravishing symphony in white, pale green, and gold"; of a sun "resting on the hill like a drop of blood on an eyelid"; of a moon that "lies pale, with her chin upon the hill"; of a head "with one little round spot on the top reminding one of what a bird's-eye view might show of Drummond Lake in the Dismal Swamp"; and of a woman whose "small hand, which seemed to blush at its own naked beauties, supported her head, imbedded in the volumes of her hair, like the fairest alabaster set in the deepest ebony."

To enumerate all the varieties of bad English to be found in newspapers and novels would be an unprofitable as well as a difficult task. I have contented myself with naming some of the more obvious ones to which a reader is exposed, and by which his own English will be injured unless he guards himself with the utmost care. To that end we should not too hastily believe that reading of this class is the only reading worth while, but should make a strenuous effort to like something better, and should persist in the effort until success is reached. If Shakspere and Milton are distasteful, one may try Pope or Cowper, Tennyson or Whittier. If George Eliot is dull, one may try Fielding or Hawthorne, Thackeray or Charles Reade, Scott or Trollope. If Bacon seems heavy, Emerson or Ruskin is at hand. For every reader there is some well-written book which he can enjoy if he will, and which may serve as an antidote to the noxious effects produced by the novels and the newspapers of the time.

Is this all that can be done? If it is, what hope can we cherish that pure English will hold its own, even as well

as it has done, against the enemies that assail it on every side?

One thing we may be sure of: people will not give up reading ephemeral publications. Such publications, on the contrary, seem destined to appear in constantly increasing numbers, and to be read more and more; for, as time goes on, people take more and more interest in the world they live in. They will read to-day's newspaper, however poor in itself, because it has the breath of to-day's life in it. They will give their attention more readily to a clever story in the last magazine than to Miss Austen's "Emma," because the atmosphere of "Emma" is not, and that of the new story is, their atmosphere. The tide sets strongly one way, and it will make short work of any Mrs. Partington who tries to stop it with her broom.

Another thing seems to be pretty clear: a writer who wishes to be read must have something to say, and he must be able to say it in an interesting manner. People do not prefer bad English to good; but if the good English is in a dull piece of writing, and the bad English in a clever one, they will (and with reason) choose the latter.

It follows that improvement in the quality of current English is to be brought about, if at all, not by vain efforts to prevent the production or the dissemination of newspapers and novels, but by raising the average of those that are produced. Men and women of culture and of high aims must be brought into the business. Students in our colleges who are looking to book-making or to journalism as a profession, must be urged to keep constantly in mind that whatever they write should, always and under all conditions, be their best; and that by best is meant, not merely English that will bear grammatical and rhetorical tests, but English that means something, and means it so strongly that a reader who has once begun the article or the chapter feels obliged to finish it.

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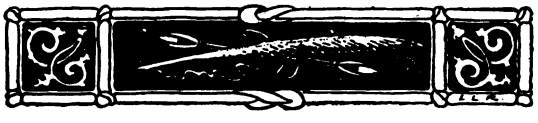

"savor" their wine instead of tasting it, "locate" men and women instead of placing them, "imbibe" instead of drinking. Their facts are "proven," their streets are "paven" or "semi-paven," and the people who dine at their houses are "commensals." With them a dressing-case becomes "travelling arrangements"; "sales-ladies" stand beside "counter-jumpers"; seats are "resumed"; souls are "perused"; prices are "altitudinous"; a politician who happens to be in town blossoms into a "visiting statesman"; an author "obligates," instead of binding, himself; a visitor "refreshes his olfactory organ" with a pinch of snuff; a fortune quickly made is said to be "as stupendously large as phenomenally swift won." The last citation, which is from a prominent journalist, is perhaps no worse in its way than "potential liquid refreshment," an expression used by Disraeli and copied many times since; than a later novelist's remark that "the footfalls of a little black mare annotated the silence of the place," while "an isolated stellulated light illumined the snow"; or than a brilliant woman's designation of veteran soldiers as "mutilated pages of history." Perhaps, however, the palm may be carried off by a novelist who speaks of "the impression she gave from her little slit-like tacit sources"—that is, apparently, her eyes.

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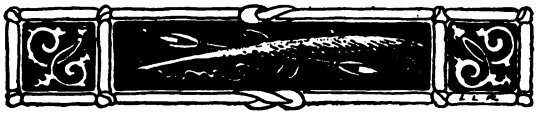


THE WONDERFUL COUNTRY.

By John Boyle O'Reilly.

THERE once was a time when, as old songs prove it,
The earth was not round, but an endless plain;
The sea was as wide as the heavens above it—
Just millions of miles, and begin again.
And that was the time—ay, and more's the pity
It ever should end!—when the world could play,
When singers told tales of a crystal city
In a wonderful country far away!

But the schools must come, with their scales and measures,
To limit the visions and weigh the spells:
They scoffed at the dreamers with rainbow treasures,
And circled the world in their parallels;
They charted the vales and the sunny meadows,
Where minstrels might ride for a year and a day;
They sounded the depths and they pierced the shadows
Of that wonderful country far away.

For fancies they gave us their microscopics;
For knowledge, a rubble of fact and doubt;
Wing-broken and caged, like a bird from the tropics,
Romance at the wandering stars looked out.
Cold Reason, they said, is the earthly Eden;
Go, study its springs, and its ores assay;
But fairer the flowers and fields forbidden
Of that wonderful country far away.

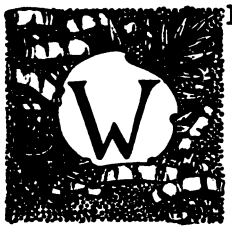
They questioned the slumbering baby's laughter,
And cautioned its elders to dream by rule;
All mysteries past and to come hereafter
Were settled and solved in their common school.
But sweeter the streams and the wild birds singing,
The friendships and loves that were true alway;
The gladness unseen, like a far bell ringing,
In that wonderful country far away.

Nay, not in their Reason our dear illusion,
But truer than truths that are measured and weighed—
O land of the spirit! where no intrusion
From bookmen or doubters shall aye be made!
There still breaks the murmuring sea to greet us
On shadowy valley and peaceful bay;
And souls that were truest still wait to meet us
In that wonderful country far away!

THE MOTIF OF BIRD-SONG.

By Maurice Thompson.

"And some are hearing, eagerly, the wild,
Thrilling liquidity of dewy piping."—KEATS.



HAT may be called the romance of bird-song has been the common property of poets and enthusiastic descriptive writers of prose from the time that the Cadmean contagion of letters slipped into the life of man. Indeed, ever since the old Hebrew lyrist heard the voice of the turtle in his land, there has been a human echo to every trill and warble flung out of bush and bough all round the vernal circle of the earth. It has been well said by one of our ablest ornithologists, Dr. Coues, that man and bird are the two animals that sing and enjoy song. This love of sweet sounds has formed between these widely different and extremely specialized beings a golden cord of sympathy, which has been kept sweetly vibrating for ages with interchange of melodious mouthings.

I have often thought that it would be a most welcome book, if some competent person should construct a carefully arranged anthology of the bird-lyrics worthy of note written in English since the days of Chaucer; or, better still, of all the best bird-songs of every language from the beginning of time. Such a work would disclose a singular and beautiful phase of human history—a phase from which the literary student might gather rich treasure, and out of which the scientist might distil the essence of precious truths.

Doubtless there is a cause, deep set in the mystery of life, from which arises, in accordance with some natural law, the instinctive interchange of affection between man and the song-birds. I say instinctive because I am not convinced that reason has anything to do with the matter. A man may be an ardent admirer of birds, and yet be an enthusiastic sportsman—ready to kill them for mere amusement, in which he is as irrational as is the jay that would pluck out the eyes of him who feeds it in the dead of winter, provided it chanced to imagine the eyes to be as luscious as the berries of the brier.

There is an impulse—a law—other than the instinctive movement toward food and protection, which causes the song-bird to get close to man. I could gather many facts together in proof of this. Indeed, all the lower animals are capable of loving man, and many of them have often and voluntarily sought to show such affection.

Mr. Huxley, in accordance with the inference enforced by a great number of anatomical facts, has grouped the birds and reptiles together under the name *sauropsida;* and it has come to be pretty generally admitted among scientists that, whether the avian race has or has not actually descended from a reptilian ancestor, there is certainly a likeness existing which justifies the inference of such an origin, especially in the absence of any tenable theory to the contrary based on scientific reasoning. In this connection it is a striking fact that no mammal, of its own accord, ever has sought the companionship of man as freely and sincerely, so to speak, as many of the birds and some of the reptiles have. I have seen toads, lizards, and even snakes exhibit great satisfaction in finding a cosey nook for themselves in human habitations. I once had a toad friend who fattened to enormous size at my expense, and I had ample opportunity to note the growth (quite apace with his corporeal expansion) of his affection for me. He sought my acquaintance and cultivated my friendship of his own motion, evidently taking it for granted that I could not fail to feel highly honored by his attentions. Birds have made their love for

man so well known that I need offer no instances. A few words in the way of suggestion, however, may not be amiss, with a view to leading up to a consideration of the origin of the song-impulse in birds. Genuine song, or, rather, music-making, is within the power of comparatively few of the avian family; but we may consider such birds as the meadow-lark, the bluebird, and the bluejay, that can utter a bar of two or three sweet notes, song-birds for all the purposes we have in view, and from these lowly and slightly gifted ones we may pass up along the line to such musical prodigies as the nightingale and the mocking-bird.

Pious minds, influenced by the charm of spring, long ago came to the conclusion that song-birds were ecstatic worshippers of Deity, and that all their pipings were conscious praise-offerings. At the other extreme, the scientists have referred bird-song to erotic impulses when in the spring the wild-bird's fancy

"Lightly turns to thoughts of love."

What shall we say of the caged bird that sings in a broken and sketchy way the whole year round? Does captivity engender perennial piety? or does it make the tender passion unquenchably and constantly burn? I have heard the crested titmouse utter its slight song-sketch in mid-January on parallel 40° north when the thermometer indicated a heavy dip below zero. On the other hand, I have known fine male mocking-birds that refused to sing for two weeks together in the most golden period of a southern spring-time, when the felicity of the mating and nesting experience was at its highest height. I have watched a lonely bluejay, a mile removed from his mate, sit on a bough and, with a peculiar rhythmic motion of the body, give forth a low, wheedling strain which could not be heard more than ten or twenty yards away. The indigo-bird has a very sweet, twittering song, which is scarcely loud enough to be distinguished two rods from where he sits, and yet he will pour it forth ecstatically in the midst of a prairie, with none of his species within the horizon. I have heard the meadow-lark and the bluebird pipe their dreamy scores in every month of the year, regardless of the season of love. The cardinal grosbeak does not wait for the time

"Whan that Aprille with her showres swoote
The drought of March hath pierced to the roote,"

in order to begin his loud and cheery fluting in the thickets, but will act as if December were

. . . "as pleasant as May."

Still, the larger fact is that spring is the season when the volume of bird-song poured round the world is incomparably stronger, fuller, and sweeter than at any other; and that, too, is the season of mating and of nesting. Our finest songsters, notably the mocking-bird, the cat-bird, and the brown thrush, rarely "tune their throats" before the earliest wild-flowers bloom. I have noticed that on the coast of the Gulf of Mexico the first song of the mocking-bird is a pretty safe announcement of the blowing of the pitcher-plant and the little white daisy in the sandy bogs of the pineries. And the further fact that these plants and the mocking-bird's voice vary in their coming between extremes reaching from the 10th of February to the 15th of March, according to the season, is significant of some fine sympathetic relationship between the vernal impulse and that of the bird's song. I was of the opinion until quite recently that the bird's vocal organs underwent a change, just before the mating season, which specially fitted them for melodious utterances; but many dissections have proved the contrary. There is no appreciable organic change in the syrinx, larynx, tongue, or mouth of the mocking-bird, the brown thrush, or the cat-bird, in the spring.

Nearly all the most charming of the singing-birds prefer the early morning and the evening twilight for their vocal performances, though some of them sing far in the night. The matin-song of our American robin will convince anyone who observes closely that the witchery of the dewy, fragrant day-dawn is the bird's inspiration, and no person who has heard the mocking-bird's dreamy

night-lay can doubt that it is a fine expression of the nocturnal influence. The Baltimore oriole comes to our Northern States in May, and he comes as if floating down the tide of his own rather monotonously sweet song. For a time he sings from dawn till dark, in a fitful, wandering way, as he flits about all alone. His notes have an absent-minded ring, as if in his diligence in food-hunting he were forgetting to put expression into his lay. Indeed, all our birds use what we call their voices, just as we use ours, for the purposes of expression generally, and I am convinced that bird-song proper, though oftenest the expression of some phase of the tender passion, is not confined to such expression. In a limited way birds have their lyric and their dramatic moods, their serious and their comic songs, their recitative and their oratorical methods. They are conscious of any especial superiority of voice, just as they are keenly aware of any particular brilliancy of colors on their plumage. It may be noticed, in passing, that here again the birds and reptiles agree (many of the latter giving evidence of a taste for bright colors), while below man no other animals show much more than mere curiosity in this regard. A parrot having gay feathers in its wings and tail will display them to please your eye in return for the favor of a nut or a cracker, without ever having been taught to do it. It is conscious of the fact that brilliant colors are acceptable to the eye, and it instinctively seeks to thank you, so to say, by the delicate strut which uncovers all its hidden wealth of red, yellow, and blue. So the sweetest sounds at its command are instinctively flung out by the song-bird whenever it feels especially happy. The migratory song-birds, upon their spring arrival, are (no doubt) delighted at finding themselves once more in their breeding haunts, and immediately they begin to give free vent to their feelings through their melodious throats. It would be interesting to know whether or not they do the same at the extreme southern end of their migration. I have noted that along the gulf-coast of Mississippi and Louisiana the non-resident mocking-birds, when they first come in from farther south, are noisily communicative of their ecstatic pleasure. For a few days they make the groves ring with their songs, then pass on farther north, many of them finally reaching Tennessee, some going over the mountains to Kentucky, and a few touching with a light spray of melody the southernmost knobs of Ohio and Indiana. I might easily mass a large sum of facts going to show that no one desire or instinctive emotion is the sole cause of bird-song. That the tender passion engenders lyrical fervor and makes a feathered troubadour of the gay sylvan lover there can be no doubt, but love is not always at the root of the lay. The song-bird is a gourmand of the most pronounced type, and we find him going into a rapture of sweet sounds over a feast of insects or fruit. He enjoys bright colors, too, so that he is always hilarious when he finds himself in the midst of green leaves and beautiful bloom-sprays. A haw-bush or wild apple-tree in full flower often is the inspiration of the brown thrush and the cat-bird. In a certain way, indeed, the birds are true poets, singing forth the influence of their environments—just as Burns sang his, just as Millet painted his. I do not mean to be fanciful in this regard. Call it instinct, as it is, and say that birds do not reason, which is true; but add, nevertheless, the indisputable fact that instinct is of kin to genius, in that it has its origin (as genius has its) in the simplest and purest elements of nature, and so you will get my meaning.

It is impossible to know, with any degree of certainty, how clear or how dim may be the bird's conception of melody or of beauty; but we can know that its enjoyment of color and sweet sounds is most intense. The woodpecker, beating his unique call on a bit of hard, elastic wood, is making an effort, blind and crude enough, but still an effort, to express a musical mood vaguely floating in his nature. We may not laugh at him, so long as from the interior of Africa explorers bring forth the hideous caricatures of musical instruments that some tribes of our own genus delight themselves withal. Among the Southern negroes it was once common to see a dancer going through an intricate terpsichorean score to the music of a "pat,"

which was a rhythmical hand-clapping performed by a companion. I mention this in connection with the suggestion that the chief difference between the highest order of bird-music and the lowest order of man-music is expressed by the word rhythm. There is no such an element as the rhythmic beat in any bird-song that I have heard. Modulation and fine shades of "color," as the musical critic has it, together with melodious phrasing, take the place of rhythm. The meadow-lark, in its mellow fluting, comes very near to a measure of two rhythmic beats, and the mourning dove puts a throbbing cadence into its plaint; but the accent which the human ear demands is wholly wanting in each case. On the other hand, the mocking-bird, the cat-bird, and the brown thrush accentuate their songs, but not rhythmically; indeed, the cat-bird's utterance is an impetuous stream of glittering accents, as it were—irregular, tricksy, flippant, and yet as symmetrical, in a certain sense, as the bird itself—and the mocking-bird's song is like a flashing stream of water flowing over stones in the sunlight and flinging ariose bubbles and tinkling spray in every direction. I have watched birds at their singing under many and widely differing circumstances, and I am sure that they express joyous anticipation, present content and pleasant recollection, each as the mood moves, and all with equal ease. It is not so plain, however, that the avian nature is fitted to formulate hate, or sorrow, or anger in song, for any unpleasant mood seems to take expression in cries altogether unmusical. I have never heard one sweet note by any angry or, in any way, unhappy bird. The avian life is beset with every danger except, probably, that of epidemic disease, and yet so flexible and elastic is it that the moment any terrible ordeal is past the bird is quite ready for a new and energetic effort in song-singing.

It may not be out of the way to say, in parentheses, here, that the practice of studying domesticated or semi-domesticated birds, with a view to applying the results to forming a theory of wild-bird life, is by no means a safe one. Domestication deprives birds of their proper food, and tends to shorten their lives and to disintegrate their characters. A mocking-bird reared in captivity is very interesting, and it may sing loudly and well, but it is not to be compared with the free wild-bird that sings in a southern grove, with its mate demurely hovering near. Domestication induces *departure from fixed habit*, and in the highly specialized song-bird fixed habit is developed to almost the last degree; in fact, is not the highest type of bird the completest animal, in point of physical equipoise and fitness for indefinite prolongation of individual life, that the earth holds, man not excepted? I do not undertake to answer my interrogatory directly; but to me it is significant in this connection that of all the hundreds—nay, thousands—of wild-birds that I have killed, and have seen killed, and of all that I have dissected for one purpose or other, I have never found one that was diseased, so far as I could discover, save from wounds, unless the presence of intestinal worms in a perfectly strong and healthy-appearing subject may have indicated disease. I have dissected and minutely examined the mouth, throat, larynx, syrinx, and lungs of a great number of song-birds, and in every case those organs have been in a perfectly normal and healthy state, so far as I could by any means discover.

Among human beings a fine voice is the notable exception; among male mocking-birds in a wild state there is no exception—they all sing, and so nearly equally well that it requires close attention to discover any difference. So one wild bluebird's piping is practically identical, in volume, compass, and timbre, with that of every other wild male bluebird in the world. From this and a hundred kindred facts, it is safe to say that generation and the constant transmission of organic power and equipoise are very nearly perfect with birds of the highest order. Indeed, in song, as in so many other ways, the bird shows the operation of a nearly unerring heredity, and I have been forced to conclude, from all that I have been able to note in the lives and habits of song-birds, that a good part of bird-song is the mechanical response to what may be called hereditary memory. The mocking-bird, reared in captivity, far from the haunts of its ances-

tors, will repeat the cries of birds it has never seen and whose voices it has never heard. I have heard it do this. Not only the power to mimic is hereditary, but there, lingering in the bird's nature, is the memory, so to call it, of the voices it is born to mimic—the voices its ancestors mimicked ten thousand years ago.

It has been the fashion for men of science to make light of the common legend of the power of birds and other animals to foretell rain and other meteorological phenomena; but I long ago learned to credit it in a large degree. Birds are not always right in their predictions, because weather-threats are not always carried out. The yellow-billed cuckoo is more vociferous when the barometer indicates rain, but often the barometer fails to fetch the shower. The tree-frog, another sort of song-bird, squeals and chirps at the first indication of a rain-atmosphere, but the rain may fail to come. Birds sing with emphasis after a shower, as if they felt as much refreshed as the violets, and the clover, and the maple-leaves, and no doubt they do thus express some sense of delight in their revivified surroundings, just as they have sung or cackled in pleasant anticipation of the same before it came.

I have seen a mocking-bird eat the best part of a luscious pear or apricot, and then leap to the topmost spray of the tree and sing as if it would trill itself into fragments for very joy of the feast. The shrike cannot sing, but after impaling a grasshopper on a thorn he will make a hideous effort to be melodious over the deed. So the bluejay will utter its softest and sweetest "oodle-doo, oodle-doo," as soon as it has wiped its bill clear of the blood-stain received in murdering a nest-full of young sparrows. Even the belted kingfisher cackles gleefully every time he swallows a minnow, as the barn-yard hen does when she has laid an egg.

Buffon, in his charming sketch of the mocking-bird, written over a hundred years ago, graphically describes its dramatic powers and the feeling it exhibits while singing: "It thrills to its own voice, and accompanies it with measured movements that are always suited to the inexhaustible variety of its phrases, natural and acquired. Its usual prelude is to lift itself at first little by little, its wings outspread, then to fall, head downward, to its place again; and, after going through this bizarre exercise for some time, it begins its time-keeping movements, or, if you please, its dance, according with the different parts of its song. If it utters bright and airy warblings, its wings at the same time describe a multitude of circles that cross themselves in the air; one sees it thread the ins and outs of a tortuous line, through which it ceaselessly ascends and descends. If its throat flings out a brilliant and sharply quavered cadence, it accompanies it with wing-strokes equally lively and smart." I suppose that Buffon described all this from hearsay, but it is quite as accurate as anything else I have found in his works. As a matter of fact, many of our song-birds are consummate actors, within narrow limits, and have a command of gesture that any opera-star might well covet. The comparison between the mocking-bird and any other oscine species must be cut short, however, when it comes to the *dénouement*—the final outcome of the song—for it is here that our American nightingale is incomparable. In speaking of this, Buffon says: "When it gives full freedom to its voice in bursts wherein the sounds are at first full and brilliant, then softening down by degrees, and finally dying out and losing themselves altogether in a silence as charming as the rarest melody, then it is that one sees it hover gently above its perch, slowly slackening the motion of its wings, and resting quiet at last, as if suspended in mid-air." But I have seen it go far beyond even this extraordinary performance, and slowly fall to the ground, panting, and apparently exhausted from the effect of its ecstatic climax of exertion. During many visits to the coast of the Gulf of Mexico in the spring, I have availed myself of ample opportunity to study this Shakespeare of the birds, and I have concluded, from what I think sufficient proof, that the mocking-bird sings, consciously at times, for the purpose of gaining the favor of man. One thing is easily noted: Its song, sung close to human habitations—in the vines and orchards and gardens

of man's planting—is not the same song it sings in the wild depths of the southern woods. I was so struck with this that I put it to the test in every way I could, and I got so familiar with the difference that, while wandering in the lonely forests, I could know when I was nearing a settler's clearing or a negro's cabin by the peculiar notes of the mocking-birds. All along the charming gulf-coast from Mobile to Bay St. Louis, or, in the other direction, to St. Mark's and Tallahassee, there is not a cot, no matter how lonely or lowly, provided it has a fig-tree, that there is not a pair of mocking-birds to do it honor. The Scuppernong vineyards, too, are the concert-halls of this famous singer. Near the home of Mr. Jefferson Davis, and, I believe, upon the estate of the ex-Confederate chieftain, I sat in the shade of a water-oak and heard a mocking-bird sing, over in a thrifty vineyard, the rare dropping-song of which naturalists appear to have taken no notice. It was a balmy day in March; the sky, the gulf, the air all hazy and shimmering, the whole world swimming in a purplish mist of dreams, and I felt that the song was the expression of some such sweet, passionate longing as exhales from Keats' "Ode to a Nightingale." Under the low-hanging boughs, and over the level, daisy-sprinkled ground, I gazed upon the sheeny reach of water, half convinced that I was looking through

> "Magic casements, opening on the foam
> Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn,"

and the very tones of the bird's voice accorded with the feeling in which the day was steeped.

Genuine bird-song is simply the highest form of avian vocalization, by which instinctively, if not premeditatedly, the bird finds expression of pleasure. The absence of true rhythm probably is significant of a want of power to appreciate genuine music, the bird's comprehension compassing no more than the value of sweet sounds merely as such.

As to the origin of bird-song, it has come, it seems to me, in response to a growth of the natural desire for a means of expression. Language is the highest mode of expression, and bird-song is a beautiful and witching, but very imperfect, language. In this connection it is a striking fact that all the most gifted avian singers are small. The nightingale and the mocking-bird are insignificant, physically, when compared with the ostrich, the condor, and the crane. The entire skull of the mocking-bird is no larger than the end of one's thumb, and its brain will weigh about one-quarter of an ounce. No great scope of intelligence could be expected in such a case; but we must admit that, in a slender way, this brain is amazingly developed and balanced, and that, compared with man's, it is proportionately the more powerful and under far better control. If a quarter-ounce brain can shape a bird-voice so as to captivate the imagination of man throughout the ages, what ought a brain of ninety-two cubic inches do with an equal opportunity? Like the musician of old, it should set the very trees to dancing.

SMALL INTERIOR COURT, ÉCOLE DES BEAUX-ARTS.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE.

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THE PARIS SCHOOL OF FINE ARTS.

By Henry O. Avery.

THE phenomenal results produced by the French School of Fine Arts, which for nearly four and a half centuries has successfully trained men from every civilized country of the earth, is a constant refutation of the criticisms of those who insist that to bring a student in contact with the masters of his art is merely to develop imitative ability through a system of instruction tending to perpetuate mannerisms, cramp individuality, and fetter genius—rather than to stimulate genuine originality.

To believe these critics is to admit that schools of art are monuments of public dereliction that hasten the decay of art and taste, by giving artificial elevation to mediocrity, deadening natural talent, and introducing into the freedom of art an unsalutary degree of the master's authority and interference.

Even as great a genius as Horace Vernet recommended the suppression of the goverment school and academy at Rome. But the long list of artists who, since his time, have obtained their first public recognition and recompenses, while still at the school, proves how disastrous the adoption of his views would have been to the art of France, and those countries which have been influenced by it.

A school that can elevate a nation's taste, which makes itself felt in the smallest article of usefulness that enters into the commerce of the world, has a right to exist, and a mission to maintain, especially while its superiority of standard is sustained through the teachings of men no less famous and world-renowned than Taine, Viollet-le-Duc, Lesueur, Lenoir, Heuzey, and many others, whose writings and lectures explain all the truths and theories of art. It is a rare treat to be shown by such talent how architecture goes through a regular gradation of changes from æsthetic to utilitarian principles—from principles founded upon self-imposed laws of imaginary construction, to those founded on the necessities of actual construction, the one concomitant and co-temporaneous with ideal art, the other with imitative art; to have pointed out these changes, beginning with the Egyptians, whose buildings were hewn out of the rock, when economy was never questioned, and ornament was flat and conventional, all to become, in the hands of the Greek, a style of greater elegance and refinement, though still stable, firm, and severe, with the perfect repose of a system which was complete, simple, integrate, but limited, as the Greeks were moderate, always showing a refined reticence in their work; to note how the Romans, who robbed the column of all pretence of occupation, carried their processes from unity to disintegration, from mass to detail, from æsthetic to utilitarian construction, which finally led to that decadence of truth and beauty, which arrived with the advent of the early Christian ages.

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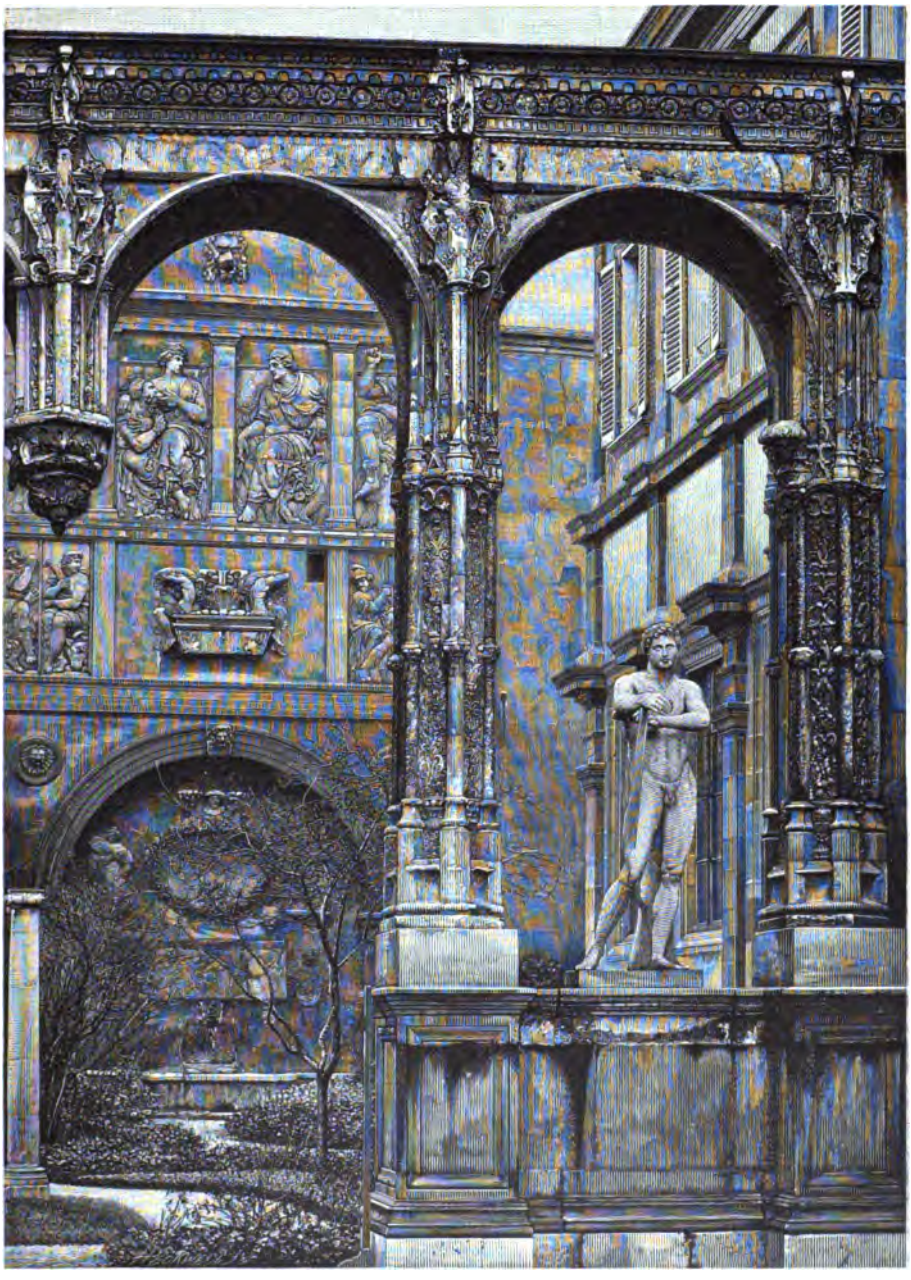
Hippolyte-Adolphe Taine, Professor of Æsthetics, Section of Belles-Lettres.

When Taine speaks, the *élite* of the Parisian art world often mingles with the ambitious students struggling for success. In elegant words, that are often translated in all the principal languages of Europe, he shows how the same changes are made obvious in painting that apply to its sister art, though their chronological sequence may not be so continuous, when mass becomes abandoned for detail, severity for picturesque effect, breadth and simplicity for brilliancy and force, and how by degrees we come to more perfect art while going through the same phases as in architecture, from simplicity, breadth, and largeness, both of style and material, to complexity, detail, realism, and finish.

It is interesting to trace the history of a school whose position and eminence among the art centres and countries of the world is incontestable. It was virtually created more than half a century before the discovery of America, when Charles VII. founded the Academy of St. Luke for the instruction of painting, and gave it special privileges by exempting the professors and members from taxation and military duty. These privileges and powers were confirmed, and even extended, under the various monarchs and the several Louis, until the Fourteenth instituted, at the instigation of his prime minister, Colbert, the "National School of Fine Arts," which he thoroughly organized and equipped, while placing it under the complete control of the Academy, now known as the Institute of France. These great prerogatives were maintained through the dynasties of all the Orleanists, and until the third Napoleon, who changed the organization and arrogated to himself the control of the school, through his Minister of the Fine Arts. The latter penetrated into the councils of the administration, as the emperor insisted that the institution was a service of the state, whose management should be one of the attributes of a ministerial department, regulated and administered by doctrines, rules, and principles in keeping with the theories of Imperialism. This reform, so radical, of a system which had lasted two hundred years, aroused violent recriminations, as the Institute of France saw, with great displeasure, escape from it attributes that had given it a rôle and considerable importance. But time and results have justified the change, and the "Forty Immortals" of the Academy, have since admitted the sagacity of the act, and concede that the transfer of authority was for the best interests of France and its art.

For the encouragement and emulation of about one thousand pupils of the school the state has instituted a large number of medals and cash prizes, to



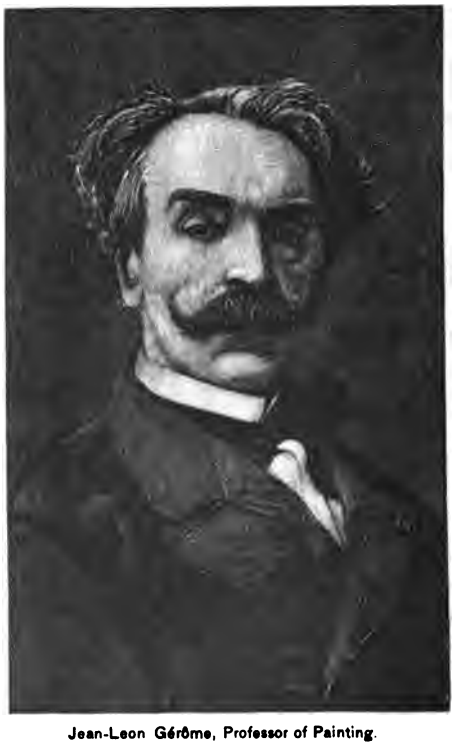
Details of the Cour d'Honneur.

which have been added several private legacies, of former pupils and others, that yield a revenue of nearly forty thousand francs. Among these is the interest of an endowment of seven thousand dollars sent to France this year by the former American pupils (aided by a few other architects and patrons of art), in recognition of the gratuitous education they had received from the French Government,

Alexandre Cabanel, Professor of Painting.

and the hospitality and courtesy that had been shown them by the authorities, professors, and pupils of the school. All these prizes, except the last mentioned, are offered to foreigners as well as the French, with the hospitality of the institution, there being no tuition fee of any kind allowed or accepted. The "Grand Prize of Rome" is restricted to Frenchmen; this is a travelling scholarship, instituted by Louis XIV. in his endeavors to raise the character of the fine arts, by extending the functions of the Institute of France, with a branch academy at Rome. This prize, though conducted entirely at the school, is awarded by the French Academy, and consists in a five-years' residence in the Medici Palace, purchased by the government for this purpose, though the second year the student is expected to visit the principal cities of Italy, and even go to Greece, where there is another academy of France at Athens.

To visit Italy and reside in Rome, the cradle of civilization and the arts, in this marble villa of the Medici, where care is driven away; to be able to admire every day the treasures of antiquity that surround one, and see them bathed in that warm sunlight which gives them so much value,—this is surely, for a student in art, a realized ideal. The group of men from the various sections of the school form an *élite* within an *élite;* they are the conquerors of the "Grand Prize of Rome," and reside in this palace, magnificently situated in the centre of a panorama where Rome, its monuments, its palaces, its vast campagna, its long line of aqueducts, and its horizon of mountains appears and disappears, all unfolding in a wonderful picture. To remain in such a place, and see these things with the eyes of youth, constitutes for all these artists the realization of a dream. They study hard and conscientiously. The sculptors copy and imitate the antique, the painters follow the manner of the best of the old masters, while the architects endeavor to bring out in their restorations the physiognomy of the Roman monuments and the æsthetic character that belongs to each, while also studying the moulded marbles gilded by the sun, the picturesque effects, the sombre richness of the Etruscan tombs, the lovely coloring of Pompeii, the dignity of Pæstum, the

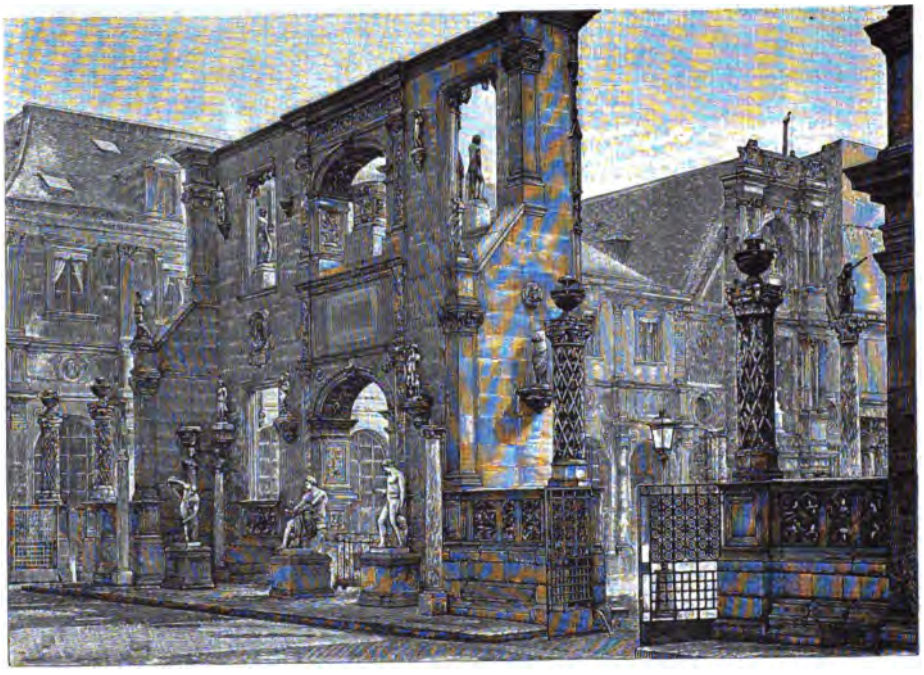


Jean-Leon Gérôme, Professor of Painting.

"The Finding of the Head of Orpheus."
Successful sculptor's sketch for the Grand Prize of Rome in 1878.

beauty of the Sicilian tombs, and the antiquities of Greece. This group of copies, studies, and restorations represents heroic efforts, fatiguing journeys for distant researches, discoveries impregnated with talent and intelligent discipline in the investigation of the principles of art and the traditions of antiquity.

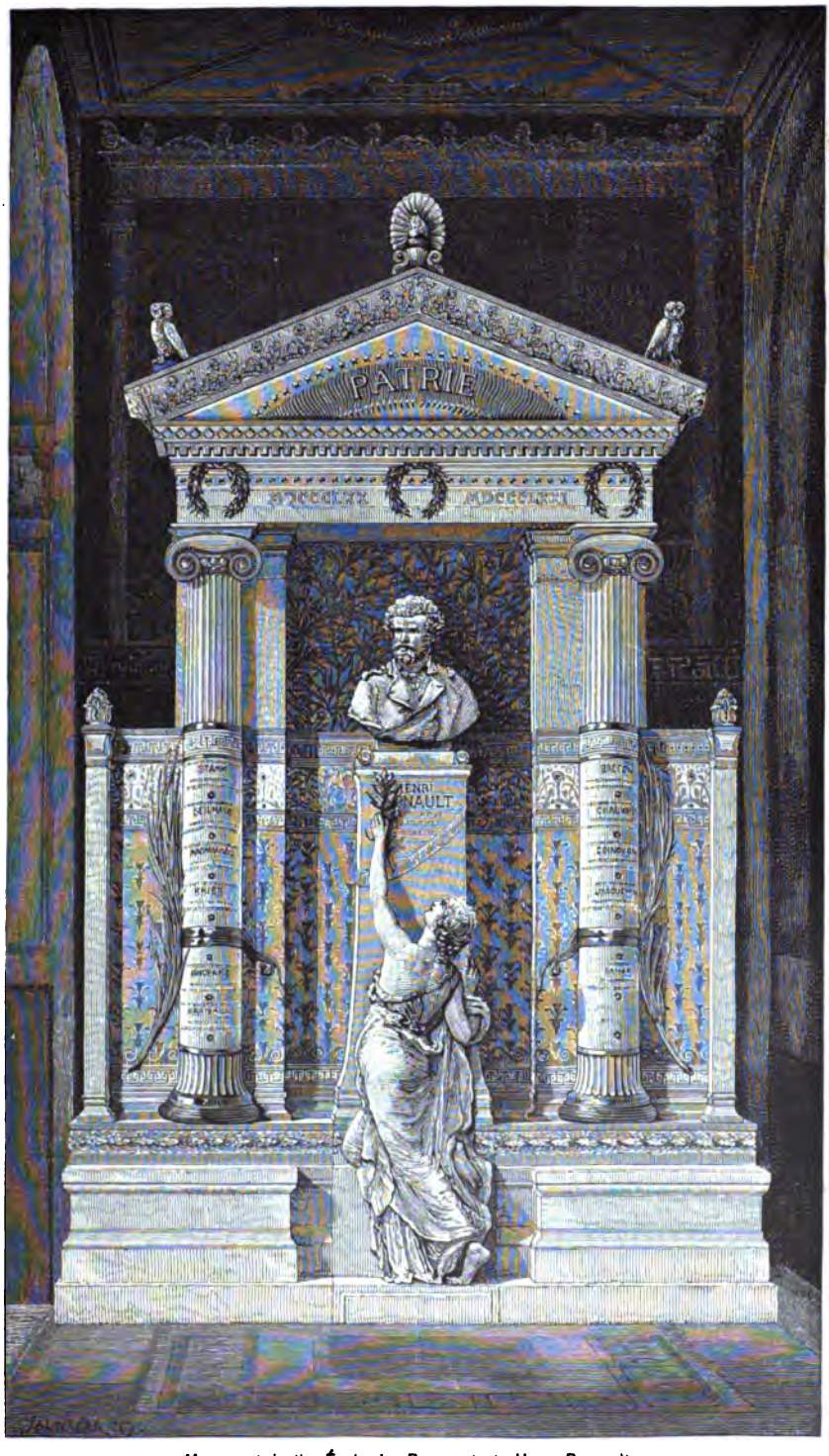
The competition for this travelling scholarship is the most exciting of the year; while the results often crush many



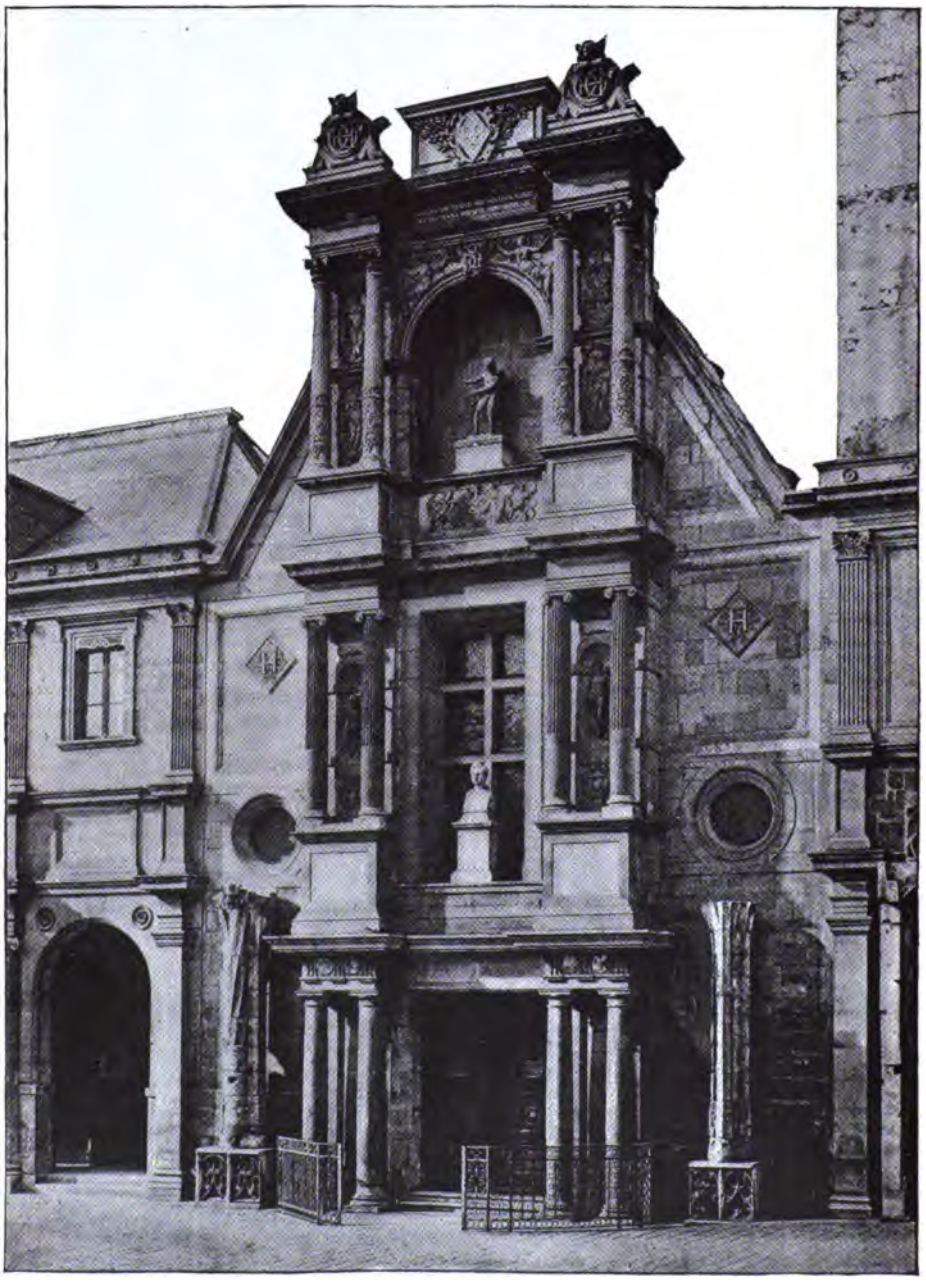
Part of the Château Gaillon.

a heart, and blast many a hope, for only one is chosen, out of an average of two hundred and fifty who annually present themselves in each of the four departments. These are lessened in number by a series of tests, until finally ten from each are selected for the final struggle for the highest gift in the hands of the state. These forty men, brothers in the sister arts, devote their entire strength, energy, and talent for one hundred days, while working, like slaves in a quarry, or criminals in a prison; each competitor is guarded, separate, in a room about fifteen feet square, while the corridors and entrances to the building are controlled by patrolling "guardians." Here they work unaided by assistance or documents. The award, which is made in August of each year, is generally accepted with good grace by the vanquished, and only once in later years has there been any demonstration of dissatisfaction,—when Bastien-Lepage lost the prize by the adverse vote of his own master, Cabanel, who was greeted on his departure from the council-room by a storm of hisses and groans; while a band of discontents, headed by Sarah Bernhardt, the actress, gained access to the exhibition-room, and surrounded the picture of the talented artist with palms and wreaths of immortelles, keeping possession of the place until the fair tragedienne, who was an enthusiastic admirer of the genius of Lepage, was politely requested to retire, and the men were less ceremoniously ejected. A similar, but quieter, protest was made in 1865, when Regnault lost the prize; though he had his revenge the next year, when he was unanimously chosen —a boon that never came to Lepage, though he tried three times.

The list of successful men is a long one, and to give it would be but to repeat the names of the greatest men who have brilliantly figured in the history of cotemporary art in France. During the competitions the government allows each candidate a small pension for his expenses, which has been generously added to by private endowments. The successful man becomes, on receiving the prize, a pensioner of the state for five years in Italy and Greece; has six



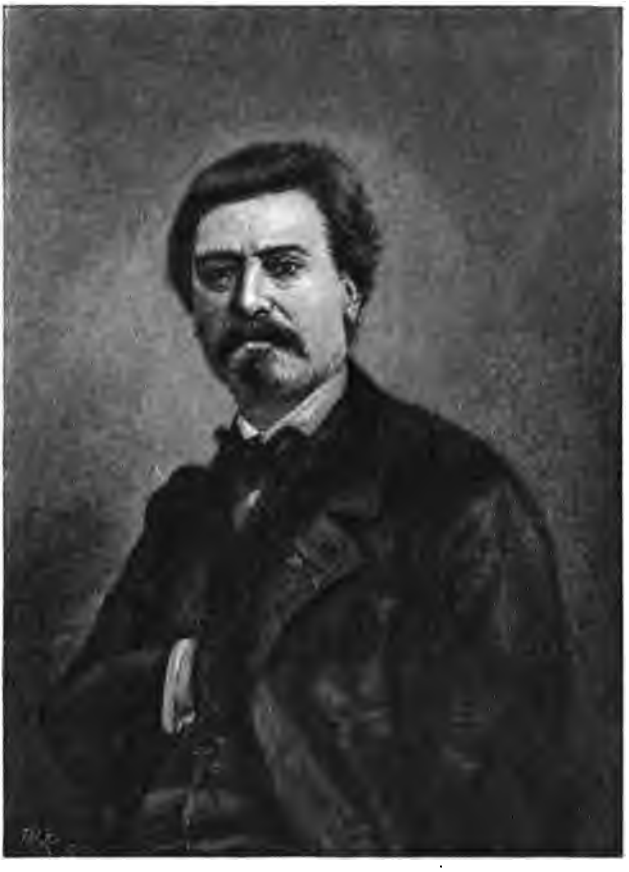
Monument, in the École des Beaux-arts, to Henry Regnault.



Entrance Court.

hundred dollars a year, besides an allowance of two hundred dollars for travelling expenses; and for three years after his return to France receives six hundred more a year, and an inspectorship on a government cathedral, palace, or building, until his reputation is established—a magnificent encouragement for the culture of the fine arts worthy of copying by the other nations of the earth.

The school is built on the site of the old convent of the St. Augustins, converted, under Henry IV. into a museum of French monuments. The buildings are isolated, irregular, and picturesquely grouped, having been arranged at first more especially to receive the collection of over five hundred architectural fragments of ancient France, than to meet the requirements of a School of Fine Arts. These relics are placed chronologically, in a series of courtyards and halls, themselves built with some of the débris.



Isidore Pils, Professor of Painting.

The incoherency of disposition and unfitness of the arrangement of this series of halls for the necessities of the institution, led the third Napoleon, in the early part of his reign, to employ the famous architect of the Louvre, Félix Duban, to better adapt the buildings to the conveniences of the students and the requirements of the administration; and his genius created a series of studios, amphitheatres, hemicycles, recitation, lecture, examination, and council rooms, with a grand art library and museums of painting, sculpture, and architecture, besides fascinating series of courts, corridors, halls, loggias, and gardens, that are beyond comparison with anything in Europe. Each feature has a varied character, an expressive ornamentation, a philosophical idea to maintain, and a poetic story to tell; nothing has been neglected to excite the young student, either by original works or the copies of great men.

Here, for instance, is a reduction of the Sistine Chapel, with its copy of the Last Judgment of Michael Angelo in the old chapel of the Augustin nuns, and beside it the Loggia of the Vatican, with the Raphael frescos accurately and faithfully repeated, giving to thousands of students of France and other countries the same sensations and pleasures that must have been experienced by those who have lived among the originals. This Loggia is ably seconded by porticos, where are presented, restored into a frieze, with majestic continuity, the famous reliefs of the Partheniæ; while the large entrance-court is virtually incrusted with endless fragments, which admirably tell the fascinating story of the dawn of France's second Renaissance, and which have been so cleverly adapted to the surrounding buildings as to appear members of them rather than ornaments. Finally, what remained of the débris collected after the sacrilegious ravages of the Revolution has been used in a second inner court, in so picturesque a way—

framed in, reanimated, and reconstructed—that the ruins have become a monument. Nothing could be more perfect than these two courts, beginning with the Châteaux of Gaillon and Amboise, and leading through fragments of successive

Jules André, Professor of Architecture.

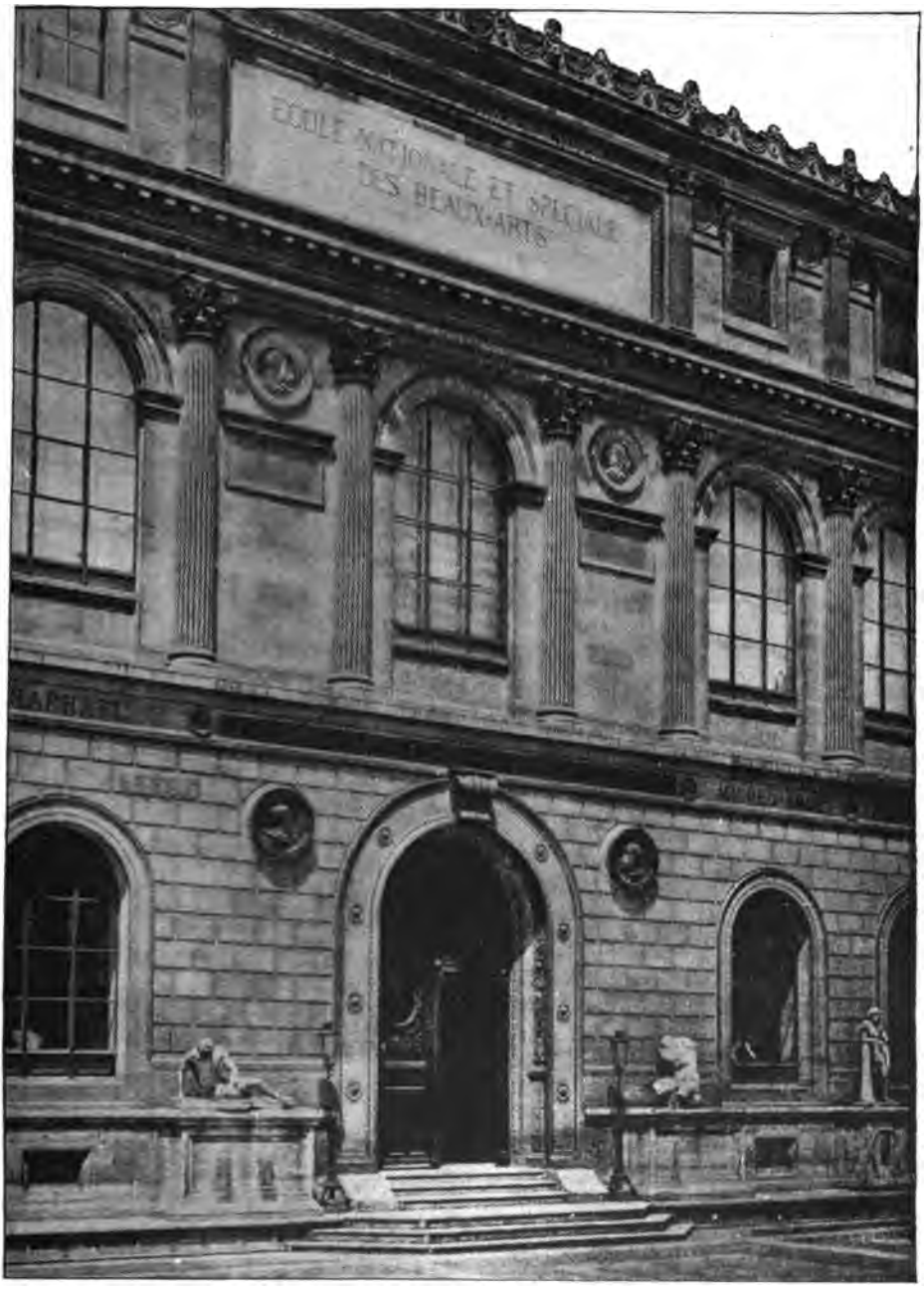
centuries down to the main building of the school, in the correct and elegant style of later times, with its long series of marbles copied from the antique by the prizemen at Rome.

These courts should be seen early in the day, through the slanting rays of the morning sun, casting its long shadows; for then no noise disturbs the visitor, for whom the place is no longer a court, but rather appears the entrance of an Italian palace, with its many fragments that seem to announce the approach to a museum. For a while one is transported to that part of Northern Italy ornamented by the clever Lombards who were called to Rome by the popes; then he imagines himself in Florence, in an unknown promenade, not far from the old palace; while it seems as though a few steps only would bring him before the Loggia of the Lanzi or the Palace of the Strozzi, so true is the harmony of the disposition and the arrangement of the detail.

In the gardens, farther removed, another order of sensations begins, for we are transported near to Rome, to a corner of a villa that recalls the habits and tastes of the Roman princes; on the lawns rise isolated columns of marble, supporting only their own capitals, like the votive pillars of the Forum, while all is surrounded by a row of ruined vine-covered arcades, within the shade of which are thrown, with an art full of abandon, capitals, cornices, friezes, and débris of many a ruined French monument, worthy to rival those of Greece and Rome; a high sculptured fountain spreads its freshness and tempts one on to the old cloister of the Augustin nuns, which has been transformed into a Pompeian atrium, the upper floor having the character of the Campagna homes of old; while the mulberry-tree in the corner, the lawns, the flowers, and the single jet of water in the centre Etruscan basin, all surrounded by the warm-tinted arcades, with marble floor-mosaics, on which rest statuettes in every nook and corner, transport one within the very walls of a Roman house.

In the presence of these courts, gardens, and cloisters one experiences an indescribable feeling of calm; and a serenity here creeps over the brain of the dweller in a large city which shows how great must have been the genius of Duban to be able so to express what he felt in his artistic being—to bring here and perpetuate, for others, what he himself loved and the joys he felt in his travels. The students are justly proud of the school, and grateful to the artist, poet, and dilettante who knew how to transform it from a place of study into this enchanting one, and create for them a palace that for richness of effect is equal to Pompeii and for originality is worthy of the best periods of the Renaissance.

With all this general effect of high artistic beauty another aim was successfully joined by the architect, which was to present in detail to the students facsimiles and replicas of the most famous works existing in the world of art. This has been successfully accomplished in various picturesque ways; for in the large Exhibition "Hall of Melpomene" are the celebrated prophets and sibyls of Michael Angelo and the masterpieces of Raphael and others; in a "Hall of Models" are graphically and intelligently presented, in cork, the entire range of Egyptian, Greek, Roman, and me-



School and Library Entrance.

diæval architecture; while in the famous "Gallery of Casts," the largest and finest in the world, rise, grand and majestic, above the thousands of other objects, the full-size columns of the Parthenon and the Temple of Jupiter Stator. These casts, in endless rooms, halls, and corridors, all grand types, appear as mute teachers, who seem to say to the student: "In us are contained the secret of beauty and

Exhibition Entrance.

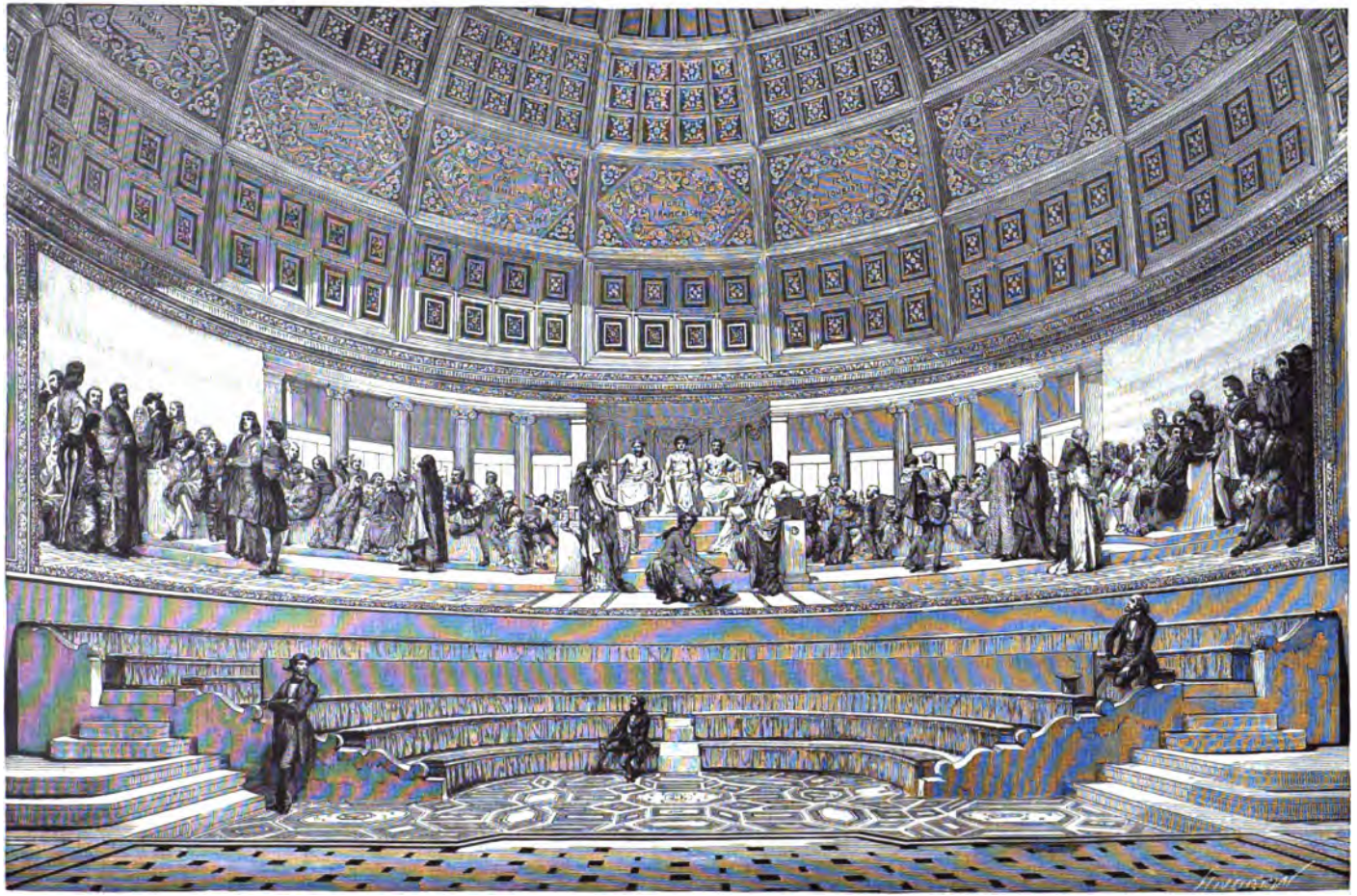
proportion, and the highest expression of true art; do not copy us, but remember the laws that control us; do not imitate, but create, by returning to simplicity and grandeur, while writing naturally, and without affectation and pretension, that beautiful universal tongue called art. Be thinkers, besides observers; and, above all, maintain in France that initiative which, in the arts, has procured for her so

The Gallery of Casts.

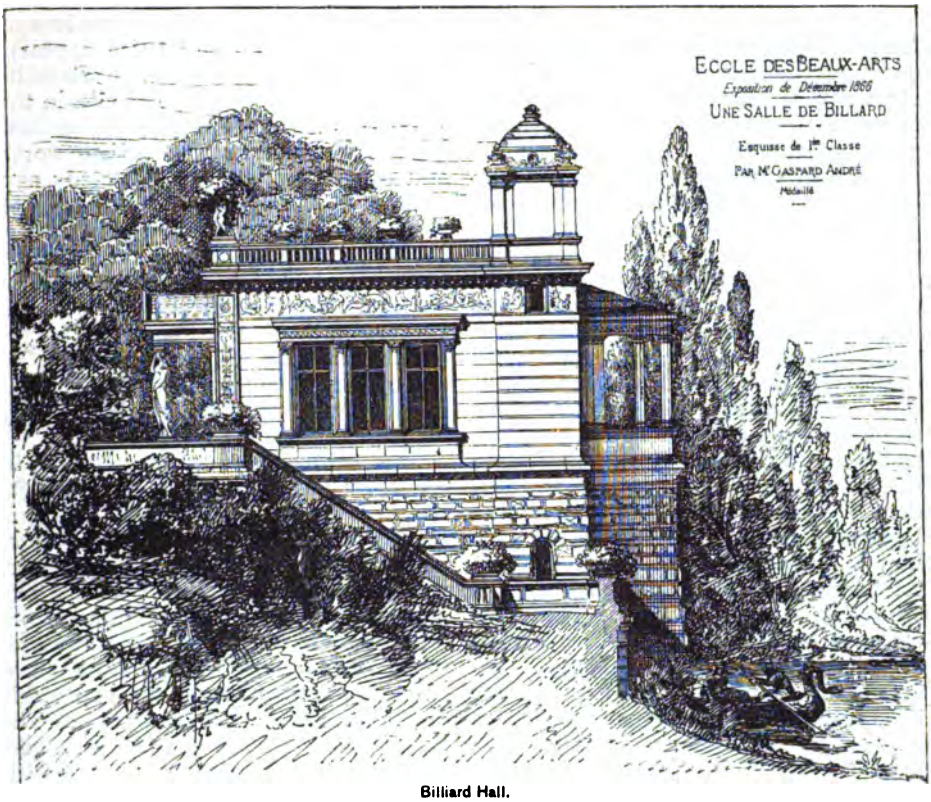
many victories and such constant supremacy."

As a fit place for the annual distribution of prizes, the "Hemicycle," or semicircular amphitheatre, was planned; and afterward made famous by Paul Delaroche, who decorated its walls with a group of men assembled, for the distribution of recompenses to successful talent, before the greatest artists of every age and country from the age of Pericles down to that of Louis XIV. Seated in a Temple of Fame are Apelles, Phidias, and Ictinus, who preside by right of their antique fame, surrounded by four female figures, who represent, collectively, the theory of art, and separately personify the four great influences—Greek Art, Roman Art, Gothic Art, and the Renaissance—which have controlled the forms of its development. In this magnificent Pantheon the successful students in painting, sculpture, and architecture appear to receive their crowns, as though from the very hands of Apelles, Phidias, and Ictinus themselves.

As to the practical workings of the school, it has a perfect system of training in all the departments of art that are necessary for a complete comprehension of the requirements of the branches undertaken, both practical and theoretical. The methods of instruction have always been criticised by foreign governments, who were jealous of the school's prestige and wide-felt influence, and who claimed that the theories advanced tended to perpetuate prejudiced ideas and doctrines based upon classic traditions that belong to the past, and prevented fresh and vigorous individuality from receiving encouragement and recognition. But this is only partly true, as the large corps of French professors never attempt to reduce the instruction to a formula—knowing that art eludes any attempt to analyze it, or fix its principles by logical deductions. They are always men of eminence, whose knowledge never stifles their inspirations, and the choice of any one is left to the taste of the pupil on entering the school. Ingres, in the first half of this century, and the celebrated trio, Cabanel, Gérôme, and Pils, under the second empire and republic, with Jules André, the celebrated architect, have here shaped the art of France,



The Hemicycle.



Billiard Hall.

Successful sketch for the architectural Grand Prize of Rome, 1866.

and made its progress sure and unchangeable.

The vast collection of models, copies, and originals already mentioned forms the most conspicuous feature in the system of instruction, which elevates it above any other of its kind in the world; while lectures are made a prominent factor, by men eminent in their respective fields, in branches such as history of art, anatomy, perspective, ornament, costumes, archæology, and æsthetics. These are for the painters, sculptors, and engravers; and for the architects, besides some of the above, there are others on architectural history, architectural theory, building legislation, physics, chemistry, universal history, literature, decorative composition, construction (both theoretical and practical), plain and descriptive geometry, stereotomy, and mathematics (from the first principles of arithmetic to the highest branch of mechanics).

The training in the sister arts of painting, sculpture, and engraving is as much theoretical as practical, and presence at the lectures and attendance at the competitions is never made obligatory to the student; whereas the architects are treated with more strictness and severity. As painting and sculpture are called the poetry of art, so architecture may be considered the prose, whose principles are truthfulness, good-sense, and perspicuity, which require considerations of method, order, form, clearness, precision, and sobriety in the work, and in the student the qualities of a quick and sensitive intelligence and an open, flexible, and cultivated mind.

Of course the higher walks of either art, that grow eloquent and rhythmical, poetic in purpose, aiming at expression of sentiment, can only be trod by men of genius; but the training of the school produces an endless array of men of talent.

The lectures are mostly given, when feasible, in the early morning, in the various coquettish hemicycles and amphitheatres, planned for these purposes, where two or three guardians, in their peculiar cloaks of the first empire, and cocked hats, are always required to keep the restless and obstreperous Frenchmen from guying the professors or chaffing their neighbors. The rest of the work is done in the *ateliers*, or studios, many of which are private and in various parts of the city of Paris, as the government cannot accommodate more than half of the one thousand pupils who are in constant attendance. The painters draw from the cast, antique figure, and life, and afterward draw and paint from life, according to the grade of the student, the master criticising twice, at the beginning and end of the week, to show how a drawing is begun, and then to tell how well or how badly it is finished, according to circumstances. The models pose from seven till twelve in the morning, when regular attendance is required, or the pupil's right to a place is endangered; occasionally, a corpse of a fine form of humanity is sent over from the Hôtel Dieu, for the students to dissect and study. A strong feature of the school is "Yvon's class" in drawing from life, during the declining hours of the afternoon, when the dusk prevents the safe use of color. The struggle for "place" in this limited amphitheatre is always great, and creates the highest rivalry and feeling among the pupils; it is a common thing to find Americans enrolled in the front of the list, after an exciting competition.

The sculptors are subjected to the same severe training as the painters, only working in modelling-clay instead of pigments; while the engravers on steel, copper, gems, and die-sinkers are first obliged to model in clay and draw from life for a year or two, as if they seriously intended to become either sculptors or painters; and this severe but splendid régime is the secret of the demand for their work in after-life in all the art centres of Europe. The architects, like the others, work in numerous studios, where they pursue, under the control of eminent masters, the studies prescribed by the administration, and then qualify themselves at the examinations (held twice a year): First, for the admission to the school itself—the most severe test of all—in the rudiments of the above-named branches; besides an examination of artistic worth and capacity in the art selected; and then for advancement to the grades of second and, later, first class; finally, they appear for the diploma of capacity, to reach which takes an attendance of about six years of earnest and conscientious application.

The system of the school in all its departments is by *concours*, or competitions, which is the only sufficient agency for bringing out the men's powers.

The student passes from grade to grade by these *concours*, and emulation is the watchword for all. For this reason the men collect, on certain days, in a building adapted to the purpose, where each pupil stands in a stall, like a horse, hid from his neighbor, from nine in the morning until nine at night, forbidden to leave, except from absolute necessity or to eat his two meals furnished by the administration. The meal-hour is always a turbulent one, ending invariably in the heated political discussion inseparable from a large gathering of Frenchmen, and often taking such a serious turn that the large corps of guardians sent in by the superior officer of the school, for surveillance, are obliged to charge on the men and drive them back into their dens for the afternoon's work. The walls and stalls of these rooms are literally covered with humorous and telling caricatures by men who have since taken high positions in their arts. Bastien-Lepage as an emperor, and Regnault, on horseback, as a conquering Gaul returning to his native city—though drawn for and intended as caricatures, were none the less prophetic of the triumphant places these two men achieved in the world of art.

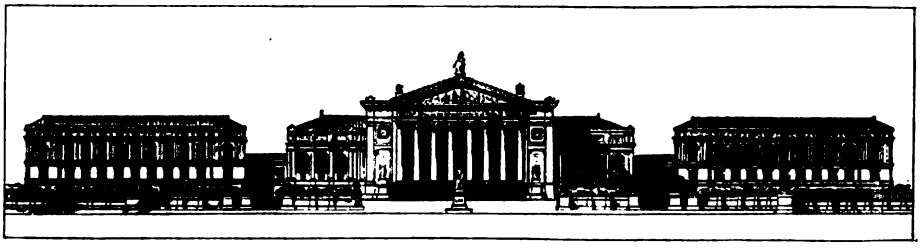
While in the "stalls," a programme is given for a problem to be executed in oil, clay, or pencil, according to the department, in a week, month, or two months, according to its character. At the end of the day an *esquisse*, or sketch, made entirely without documents of reference, is left behind with

an officer of the school, which shows how the requirements of the programme are to be met. This sketch, a copy or tracing of which is carried away by the student, is developed in the different studios, under the supervision and counsel of the respective masters, and finally handed in, in the shape of highly finished drawings or models, on the prescribed day; and then judged by a jury of a dozen or more men, which awards honorable mentions for the first, or elementary, grades, and medals or cash prizes for the higher classes—except to those who have deviated too much from the original sketch, who are therefore withdrawn from the competition. A feature that is conceded to be the best of all is the monthly gathering of the pupils in the "stalls," where the programme given is required to be composed, studied, elaborated, and finished, all in twelve hours—a splendid exercise that has given the French that extraordinary facility for expressing, in a few touches of the brush, pencil, or tool, what they feel, and for which they are justly famous.

The elaborate system of instruction which has been thus described is guided by a director, secretary, librarian, and a large number of subordinates, aided by a large faculty, who, in turn, are assisted in their decisions of the competitions of emulation by a commission of twenty honorary members, selected from the most distinguished artists.

These eminent professors and their predecessors have made the School of Fine Arts what it is to-day; in early days, before its proper development, the artists only walked in the paths opened for them by the Florentine and Roman masters. The Dutch and Flemish schools, though they enjoyed great prestige, and though they had some great men, yet taught art without thought, imitation without ideality or poetry, and encouraged a servile copying of nature, with extraordinary minuteness of workmanship, that lessened the artistic faculty. The French saw and felt that art should be elevated by thought, poetry, philosophy, and Christian sentiment; so that they have produced a species of art which was at all times truly and conspicuously original.

As the three Louis were great patrons of ecclesiastical art, their dynasties developed the religious ideal; the Revolution created the philosophical ideal. This was followed, under Louis Philippe, by the Romanticists, who fought against the large canvases of the first empire and produced the Orientalists, from whom outgrew the Realists of our day. But through all these struggles France has always possessed a true school, which has produced a succession of great men, always upholding its traditions—men who have united nobleness and dignity of form to the most conscientious adherence to nature, and who have brought to the service of their realism a profound knowledge of coloring, a correctness of design, and truth of expression, which have won for them the highest positions in the hierarchy of art.



Houses of Parliament.

Successful sketch for the architectural Grand Prize of Rome, 1872.

SETH'S BROTHER'S WIFE.

By Harold Frederic.

CHAPTER XXXI.

MILTON'S ASPIRATIONS.

THE lamps were lighted in the little partitioned-off square which served as the editorial room of the *Banner*, when John returned. He found Seth weakly striving to write something for the editorial page, and in substance laid the situation before him. He was not feeling very amiably toward his young brother at the moment, and he spoke with cold distinctness. The tone was lost upon Seth, who said, wearily:

"I don't see that it makes much difference—her refusing. What good would it have done, if she *had* gone to Annie? She could only tell her that she had abandoned such and such ideas. That isn't what counts. The fact of importance is that she ever entertained them, that they ever existed. To my notion, there's nothing to do but to wait and see what comes of Beekman's suspicions. What do you think of them, anyway? I have been trying to imagine what he is aiming at, but it puzzles me. What do you think?"

"To tell the truth, I haven't been thinking of that. My mind has been occupied with the female aspects of the thing. I'm not impatient. Evidently, Beekman and Ansdell think they have got hold of something. They are not the men to go off on a wild-goose chase. Very good; I can wait until they are ready to explain. But what I can't wait for—or bear to think about—is poor Annie, suffering as she must be suffering to have written that letter."

"Yes, I've thought of that, too, but I'm helpless. I can't think of anything; I can't do anything."

"You don't seem to be of much use, for a fact," mused the brother. "I'll tell you what I'll do, if you think best. To-morrow afternoon, after I've seen Ansdell, or before that if he doesn't come, I will go over and see Annie myself. I can go over to the school-house by the back road, and walk home with her. Perhaps by that time, too, I shall have something tangible to explain to her. Until then, I suppose she must continue in suspense. It is the penance she ought to do, I dare say"—the brother added this in mildly sarcastic rebuke—"for the luxury of being in love with such a transcendent genius as you are."

Something like an hour before this, Annie had dismissed her classes and locked up the school-house for the night. As she did so, she mentally wondered if she should ever have the strength to walk home.

The day had been one long-drawn-out torture, from its first waking moments; indeed, there seemed to have been nothing but anguish since her interview with Isabel, the previous day—not even the oblivion of sleep. Her impulse, and her grandmother's advice, had been to remain at home; but she had already left the school unopened on the fatal Tuesday, in the shock of the news of Albert's death; to absent herself a second day might prejudice the trustees against her. Besides, the occupation might serve to divert her thoughts.

Perhaps the trustees were satisfied, she said to herself now, locking the door; but there certainly had been no relief in the day's labor. The little children had been unwontedly stupid and trying; the older boys, some of them almost of her own age, had never before seemed so unruly and loutishly impertinent. Even these experiences alone would have availed to discourage her; as it was, they added the stinging of insects to her great heartache. With some organizations, the lesser pain nullifies the other. She seemed to have a capacity for suffering, now, which took in, and made the most of, every element of agony, great and small. She turned from the rusty, squat little old building and began her journey homeward, with hanging head, and a deadly sense of weakness, physical and spiritual, crushing her whole being.

Milton Squires had been watching for her appearance for some time, from a

sheltering ridge of berry-bushes and wall beyond the school, and he hurried now to overtake her, clumsily professing surprise at the meeting.

"I jes' happened up this way," he said. "Dunnao *when* I be'n up here on this road b'fore. Never dreampt o' seein' yeou."

She made answer of some sort, as unintelligible and meaningless to herself as to him. She did not know whether it was a relief or otherwise that he was evidently going to walk home with her. Perhaps, if she let him do all the talking, the companionship would help her to get over the ordeal of the return less miserably. But she could not, and she would not, talk.

"I kind o' thought mebbe you'd shet up schewl for a week'r sao," he proceeded, ingratiatingly; "but then ag'in, I said to m'self, 'No, siree, she ain't thet kine of a gal. Ef she's got any work to dew, she jes' does it, rain'r shine.' Thet's what I said. Pooty bad business, wa'n't it, this death of yer cousin?"

"Dreadful!" she murmured, wishing he would talk of something else.

"Yes, sir; it's about's bad's they make 'em. Some queer things 'baout it, tew. I s'pose yeh ain't heerd no gossup 'baout it, hev yeh?"

"No," she whispered, with a sinking heart; a real effort was needed to speak the other words: "What gossip? Is there gossip?"

"Dunnao's yeh kin call it real gossup. P'raps nobuddy else won't 'spicion nothin'. But to me they's some things 'baout it that looks darned cur'ous. Of caourse, it ain't none o' my business to blab 'baout the thing."

"No, of course."

These little words, spoken falteringly, confirmed all that Milton had wished to learn the truth about. Over night a stupendous scheme had budded, unfolded, blossomed in his mind. Originally, his primitive intellect had gone no further than the simple idea of committing homicide under circumstances which would inevitably point to an accident. The plan was clever in its very nakedness. But through some row among the women, probably out of jealousy, the hint of murder had been raised, and coupled with Seth's name. If this hint ripened into a suspicion and an inquiry, a new situation would be created; but Milton could not see any peril in it for him, for Seth would obviously be involved. But it would be better if no questions of murder were raised at all, and matters were allowed to stand. This would not only place Milton's security beyond peradventure, but it would give him a tremendous grip upon Annie. It was in this direction that his mind had been working steadily since he heard of Annie's suspicions. The opportunity seemed to have come for placing the cap-stone of acquisition upon the edifice of desire he had so long and patiently been rearing.

As for the poor girl, she had reasoned herself out of the suspicion of Seth's guilt a thousand times, only to find herself hopelessly relapsing into the quagmire. Milton's hints came with cruel force to drag her back now, this time lower than ever. Even he seemed to know of it, but he proposed to maintain silence. Of course, he *must* be induced to keep silent. Oh! the agony of her thoughts!

"You'n' Seth was allus kine o' fr'en'ly," he proceeded, "way back f'm th' time yeh was boys 'n' gals."

"Yes, we always were."

"'N' they used to say, daown to th' corners, that yeou two was baoun' to make a match of it."

"There wasn't anything in that at all!" She spoke decisively, almost peremptorily.

"Oh, they wa'n't, ay?" There was evident jubilation in his tone. "Never was nothin' in that talk, ay?"

"No, nothing."

The pair walked along on the side of the descending road silently for some moments. A farmer passed them, hauling a load of pumpkins up the hill, and exchanged a nod of salutation with Milton. This farmer remarked at his supper-table, an hour later, to his wife: "I'd bet a yoke o' oxen thet Milton Squires is a-makin' up to the schewl-teacher. I seed 'em walkin' togither daown th' hill, to-night, 'n' he was a-lookin' at her like a bear at a sap-trough. It fairly made me grit my teeth to see him, with his broadcloth cloze, 'n' his watch-chain, 'n' his ongainly ways." To which his help-

meet acidulously responded: "Well, I dunnao's she c'd dew much better. She's gittin' pooty well along; 'n' fer all his ongainly ways, I don't see but what he comes on 'baout's well's some o' them thet runs him daown. A gal can't jedge much by a man's ways haow he'll turn aout afterwards. *I* thought *I'd* got a prize." Whereupon the honest yeoman chose silence as the better part.

The red sun was hanging in a purplish haze over the edge of the hill as the two descended, and the leaves from Farmer Perkins's maples rustled softly under their feet. Milton drew near his subject:

"I've be'n gittin' on in th' world sence yeou fust knew me, hain't I?"

"Yes, everybody says so."

"'N' yit everybody don't knaow half of it. I ain't no han' to tell all I knaow. Ef some folks c'd guess th' speckle-ations I be'n in, 'n' th' cash I've got aout in mor'giges, 'n' sao on, it'd make 'em open their eyes. It's th' still saow thet gits th' swill, as my mother use' to say, 'n' I've be'n still enough 'baout it, I guess."

His coarse chuckle jarred on the girl's nerves, but the importance of placating him was uppermost in her mind, and she answered, as pleasantly as she could:

"I'm sure I'm glad, Milton. You have worked hard all your life, and you deserve it."

"Yeh *air* glad, reely naow?"

"Why, yes! Why shouldn't I be? It always pleases me to hear of people's prosperity."

"But me purtic'ly?" he persisted, earnestly.

"Oh, yes," she replied, absent-mindedly. Then the odd nature of the question occurred to her, but she was too distrait to think consecutively, and she added no comment to her answer.

"Well, it eases me to hear yeh say thet," he went on, with awkward deliberation, "fer they's somethin' I've be'n wantin' to say to yeh for a long time. I don't s'paose you reelize hoaw well off I am?"

She did not answer. Her mind seemed to refuse to act, and she heard only the sound of his words. He took her reply for granted, and continued:

"I c'd e'en a'most buy up thet farm there"—pointing over to the Fairchild acres on the slope, now within sight—"'n' I ain't so all-fired sure yit that I won't, nuther! But what's the good 'o money, onless yeh kin git what yeh want with it, ay?"

The impulse of her soul-weariness was to let this aimless question pass like the other, without reply. But she was reminded of the importance of being pleasant to this tedious man, and so answered, entirely at random:

"What is it you want, Milton?"

"I dunnao—I'm kind o' feared o' puttin' my foot in it; yeh won't be mad if I tell yeh?"

"Why, no; of course not. What is it?"

"Well, then," he blurted out, "I want *yeou!*"

The girl looked dumbly at him, at first not realizing at all the meaning of his words, then held as in a vice between the disposition to reply to him as he deserved and the danger, the terrible danger, of angering him. There fluttered through her senses, too, a mad kind of yearning to shriek with laughter—born of the hysterical state of her long-oppressed nerves. She eventually neither rebuked nor laughed, but said, vacuously:

"Want *me?*"

"Ef yeou'll marry me, I'll make one o' th' fust ladies o' Dearb'rn Caounty aout o' yeh. Yeh need never lay yer finger to a stitch o' work ag'in, no more'n Is'bel did, daown yander." He spoke eagerly, with more emotion in his strident voice than she had ever heard there before.

The difficulty of her position crushed her courage. Of course she must say no, but how do it without affronting him? The idea of reasoning him gently out of the preposterous wish came to her.

"This is some flying notion in your head, Milton," she said, civilly. "You will have forgotten it by next week."

"Forgott'n it, ay! Yeh think sao? What'f I told yeh I hain't thought o' nothin' else fur nigh onto ten year?"

His tone was too earnest and excited to render further trifling safe. He pulled out of an inner pocket and held up before her a little, irregularly squared tin-type, which she recognized as having been made in whimsical bur-

lesque of her lineaments by an itinerant photographer years before.

"How did you come by that?" she asked, to gain time.

"I got it fr'm th' man thet made it, 'n' I paid a dollar-bill fer it, tew," he answered, triumphantly; "'n' I've kep' it by me ever sence!"

After a pause she said, as calmly as she could: "I never dreamed that such a thought had entered your head. Of course, it—it can't be."

"Why not, I'd like to knaow?" he demanded. "Don't yeh b'lieve what I've told yeh 'baout my bein' well off?"

"That hasn't anything to do with it. There are other reasons—a good many other reasons."

"What air they?" His tone was peremptory.

"I don't know that I can explain them to you. But truly there are so many of them—and your words took me so wholly by surprise that—that——"

"Yeh needn't mince matters! I *knaow!* Yeh hev sot yer idees on Seth! Yeh needn't tell me yeh hain't!"

"I won't talk with you at all if you shout at me in that way, and contradict me flat when I assure you to the contrary."

Milton paused for a moment, to consider the situation. They were approaching the poplars now, along the lonely turnpike, and the conversation could not be much protracted. What he had to say must be said without delay. But what was it that he wished to say? A dozen inchoate plans rose amorphously to the surface of his mind—to cajole her, to strive further to impress her with his wealth, to entreat her, to attempt to bully her. This last resource ran best with his mood, but there were difficulties. Annie was the reverse of a cowardly girl; there was nothing timid or tremulous about her; if he attempted to intimidate her, the enterprise would most probably be a ridiculous failure, for he stood too much in awe of her self-reliance and intelligence to have confidence in his own mastery. But stay—she was fearful about Seth. Whether it was true or not that she had no idea of marrying her cousin, she was evidently solicitous for his safety. An idea born of this conclusion swiftly engrafted itself upon the hired man's general strategy. He lifted his light, shifty eyes from the grass of the roadside-path to her face, once more, and said:

"Well, ef you're a mine to be mean, I kin be mean, tew—meaner'n pussly. Ef yeh think I'm goin' to stan' still'n' let yeou'n' Seth hev it all yer aown way, yer mistaken. I've only got to open my maouth to th' Cor'ner, 'n' whair'd *he* be, 'n' yeou, tew?"

There was a certain indefinable suggestion of bravado in his tone which caught Annie's attention. It was the barest, most meagre of shadows, but she grasped at the chance of substance behind it.

"I don't believe you could say anything, or do anything, which would injure him," she said, with more confidence in her words than she felt in her heart.

"Oh, yeh daon't, ay!" he growled. "Ef yeh knaowed what I knaow, p'raps yeh'd change yer teune."

"What do you know, then? Come now, let us hear it!" She grew defiant, with an instinctive sense that the inferior being beside her was ready to retreat, if only she could keep up her boldness of front.

"Never yeou mind what I knaow!" he answered, evasively. "It'll be enough, I guess, to cook *his* geuse, when th' time comes."

"Ah, I thought so!" she exclaimed. "You were simply talking to hear yourself talk—to scare me. Well, you see now that you wasted your breath."

"Oh, *did* I! Well, I won't waste any more of it, then, till I talk to th' Cor'ner. I kin tell him some things 'baout who rid th' black mare aout thet night, after Albert'd gone. Guess thet'll kind o' fix things!"

His slow imagination, working clumsily in the mazes of falsehood, had carried Milton a step too far; his simple plan of substituting Seth for himself in the events of the fatal night miscarried in a way he could not suspect.

Annie did not answer. An exclamation had risen to her lips, but something akin to presence of mind checked it there. Her brain seemed to be working with lightning flashes. The black

mare had played a part in the tragedy, then; Seth had certainly not had the animal out that evening; the rushing, almost noiseless apparition which had startled them in the moonlight must have been the mare; it was coming from the direction of Tallman's; it had a rider; who could that rider have been? and how did Milton know about it?—so the swift thoughts ran, in a chain which seemed luminous in the relief it brought to her. These two questions she could not answer—in her joy at the apparent exculpation of Seth it did not seem specially important that they should be answered—and she had self-possession enough to ask nothing about them.

It was a nice question what she should say to her companion, who was now, without any distinct suspicions on her part, growing luridly loathsome and repugnant in her eyes. The fear of angering him had died away, but a vague sense that mischief might be done by arousing his curiosity or apprehensions had come to take its place. She spoke cautiously:

"I hope you won't do anything rash, that you would regret afterwards."

"They ain't nao need o' my doin' nothin', ef yeou'd only hev some sense. But if yeou're goin' to be ag'in me, ther's nao tellin' what I won't dew," he answered, with sullen terseness.

They had come to the poplars, and Annie stopped at the stile under the thorns.

"I shall have to leave you here," she said.

"Then yeh won't hev me, ay? Yeh better think twice 'fore yeh say nao! Yeh won't git another sich a chance—to live like a lady, 'n' hev ev'rything yeh want. 'N' ef yeh dew say nao, yeh kin rest 'sured yeh ain't heerd th' last of it, ner him nuther!" Milton's little green-gray eyes watched her face intently, and he fingered his flaring plated watch-chain with nervous preoccupation. "What d'yeh say, yes'r nao?"

"I can't say anything more than I have said—*now*," she answered, and, stepping over the stile, left him.

For a long time afterward Annie's conscience debated the justification of that final word, the last one she ever addressed to Milton, and which was obviously intended to keep alive a hope that she knew to be absurdly without ground or reason. Sometimes even now she has momentary doubts about it; but she silences cavil by whispering to herself, in unanswerable defence: "I thought then that possibly it might be needed to help Seth—perhaps even to save him."

She had little leisure just then, however, to devote to moral introspection, for Samantha met her, half-way down the thorn-walk, to excitedly tell her that her grandmother, Mrs. Warren, was very much worse than usual.

CHAPTER XXXII.

"A WICKED WOMAN!"

When Isabel looked into her mirror next morning, the image shown back fairly startled her. Day by day during this eventful week the glass had helped her to grow familiar with reddened eyes, with harsh, aging lines, and with a pallor which no devices of the toilet could efface. It was not so much an added accentuation of these which riveted her gaze, now, upon the mirror, as the suggestion of a new face—of a stranger's countenance, reflecting meanings and thoughts of the uncommon kind.

She studied the face at first with an almost impersonal interest; then, as the brain associated these lineaments with her own, and made their expression a part of her own spiritual state, she said to this other self in the glass, audibly:

"Another week of this will make you an old woman." She added, after a pause of fascinated yet critical scrutiny: "Yes, and a wicked woman, too!"

There has been what one can only hope is an intelligible reluctance, from the beginning of this recital, to essay analysis or portrayal of Isabel's thoughts and motives. A complex, contradictory character like hers, striving now to assimilate, now to sway the simple, straightforward, one-stringed natures with which it is environed, may be illustrated; it is too great a task to dissect it. Yet for the once we may venture to look into this troubled mind.

A wicked woman! The phrase which

she had addressed aloud to the mocking image in the glass, in mingled doubt and irony, clung to her meditations. Had she ever meant to be wicked—ever deliberately, or even consciously, chosen evil instead of good? No! There was no dubious reservation in her answer. Yet within the week—oh, the horrible week!—she had come to occupy a moral position for which hell could not hold too relentless or fierce a punishment. She had hugged to her heart thoughts which, when they are linked with acts, go to expiation on the gallows. She shuddered now at the recollection of them; she could recall that she had shuddered then, too. Yet, all the same, these thoughts were a part of her, belonged to her. She had not repelled them as alien, or as unwelcome. Even while in terror at their mien, she had embraced them. Was this not all wickedness?

The reply came, in sophistical self-defence, that no one act or emotion of a life could be judged by itself. The antecedent circumstances, leading up to it, must be taken into account. She had been borne along on the current of a career shaped for her by others. She was not responsible; she had never fought with her destiny; she had done nothing but seek to bring some flowers and light and color into the desolate voyage of life. Was it fair to say that these little innocent, womanish efforts to soften a sterile existence were the cause of the shipwreck, that it was these which had brought her so suddenly, dazed and terrified, into the very breakers on the sinister rocks of crime? No! the answer came again; surely it could not be fair.

Yet she had hated her husband; she had been overjoyed, even while she was affrighted, by the news of his death—or, at least, there was a tremulous sensation very like joy; she had hailed as her deliverer the young man whom her wild fancy made responsible for that death—yes, had even in her frenzy kissed his hand, the hand which she then believed to have blood upon it, his brother's blood! her husband's blood! Were not these the thoughts and actions of a wicked woman? What difference was there between her and the vilest murderess confined for life in a penitentiary?

Or no! What nonsense this was! What single thing had she said or done to bring on the catastrophe? It was an accident—everybody knew that now. But even if it had not been an accident, how would she have been to blame? Was it her fault that she was pleasing in men's eyes, or that Seth had been attracted by her, and had been sympathetic to her? How could she have helped it? Was there any reason why she should have tried to help it? Was it wrong for her, exiled as she was to this miserable farm-life, to make a friend of her cousin, her husband's brother? And if they had grown to be attached to each other, could it be wondered at? And it had all been so innocent, too! What single compromising word, even, had ever been spoken! Might not the most blameless of women have had just such a pretty little romantic friendship, without dream of harm?

As for the frantic things she had thought and said on that awful forenoon after the discovery, she strove to put them away from her memory, as born of a hysterical, wholly irresponsible state.

But they would come back, no matter how often banished.

Then, too—perhaps worst of all, for honest John seemed to lay particular stress upon it—was the terrible declaration she had made to Annie. About this there could be no self-deception. She would not pretend to herself that this had been done through any but revengeful, spiteful motives—pure cruelty, in fact. But was she to be thus coolly pushed aside, her romance shattered, her dear day-dream dissipated—and not to be justified in striking back? This conceited boy—she was able thus to think of Seth now, in his absence, and in the light of the affront she felt he had put upon her—and this country schoolteacher, to come billing and cooing in the very hour of her supreme excitement—did they not deserve just what they had received? After all, her words had done no permanent harm. Doubtless by this time they had all been cleared up. And if Miss Annie *did* suffer a little, what better was she than

other people, to be free all her life from heartaches?

But then came a mental picture of Annie's calm, sweet, lightful face transfixed with speechless horror at the brutal words—and after it, close and searching, the question: "Why should I have stabbed Annie? She was always kindness itself to me. Was it not heartless to make that poor girl suffer?" And there followed in her mind, as an echo of her first exclamation to the mirror—that had gathered reverberating force from all the thoughts we have striven to trace—the haunting cry: "A wicked woman!"

Afternoon came, and the battle still went on. Bitter condemnation of her own conduct struggled with angry pleas of grievance against others, and the conflict wearied her into what threatened to be a sick-headache. The idea of getting out into the open air and seeking relief in a walk, which had been dormantly in her mind all day, finally took form, and led her outside the homestead for the first time since her husband's death.

Once outside, she walked aimlessly through the orchard—in preference to the high-road, where she might meet neighbors—toward the little family graveyard. It was not until she had nearly reached this spot that she recalled having heard that Seth, too, came here on that terrible night. The recollection brought an added sense of all the wrongs she held to have been done her. She stood for a long time by the old board fence, with its coating of dry, mildew-like moss on the weather-beaten surface, turned to the north, and its inhospitable hedging of brown, half-bare briers, and looked in reverie upon the tombs within the enclosure.

Three generations of the Fairchilds lay here under the straggling mat of withered strawberry-vines. She saw the low blue-slate slabs, nearly covered now by aspiring weeds and brambles, which modestly pleaded in antique letters that the original shoemaker, Roger, and his lowly spouse might not be altogether forgotten. Rising ostentatiously above these timid, ancient memorials, as if with intent to divert attention from their humility, was the marble obelisk marking the resting-place of the family's greatest man, the Hon. Seth Fairchild. The monument was not so white or so imposing now as it once had been, and the proud inscription, setting forth how its subject had been "twice Senator of the State of New York," was almost illegible from the storm-stains and mould on its venerable front. There were some other stones, gray and small, tipping humbly toward the central monolith, as if mutely begging at least a little share of the Senator's greatness for his wife and sisters; and nearer were two plain modern slabs recounting the sole interesting facts of the colorless lives of Lemuel and Cicely Fairchild—that they had been alive, and now were dead.

Here still nearer her, almost at her feet, the widow saw some pegs driven in the ground, with string stretched around them to form a long rectangle. The sight brought no thrill to her. She was conscious of all its meaning, but felt herself scarcely interested. In life she had owed nothing but dislike to the man whose last coming these signs of preparation betokened. His death had shocked her at first by its fearful suddenness; it did not especially disturb her now, save at times with a furtive elation at the accompanying thought that at last she was free. Her thoughts were with the living—and their relation to those long since dead.

If these rambling thoughts could have been summarized in words, they would have run in this fashion:

"What has all your family pride brought you, all your planning and manœuvring, you dull countrymen? *I* wasn't good enough for you, eh? Your breed must conspire against me, eh? and treat me like an interloper, an outsider, eh? You thought I was to be brought here, too, did you, when my time arrived, and be snubbed and bullied into some back corner like the rest of your wives, while my husband, 'the Congressman,' had a big monument like this of your old humbug, the Senator? And you expected to patronize me, or cut me dead, as the living dolts here on the turnpike have done, did you? Well, you are fooled! I've escaped you! I shall never come here but once again—to bring you your 'Congressman.' You

can have him and welcome. And that old cat of an aunt of his, she will come presently, too, and I wish you much joy of *her!* And perhaps you will give up your idea, then, that you amount to anything, or ever will amount to anything. The farm is going to a young man who will sell it, and who doesn't care a cent for the whole crowd of you, and who will live in a city, and eat with his fork, and forget that there ever were such people as you. And he will forget, too, that——"

She came to a full stop in her meditations. Yes, Seth would forget her, too. She had no illusions on this point. Perhaps this was too kindly a view of it, even—he might be compelled to remember her by sheer force of his bitterness toward her. There could be no doubt, after his cruel words on the eventful forenoon—their last meeting—that he scorned and despised her. What an idiot she had been to disclose to him her thoughts—those mad fancies and beliefs of that frantic morning! She might have known that the idea of his fighting his brother, on *her* account, was preposterous. What did he care about her? He had been nice with her, had written her pretty, graceful letters when she asked him to do so, and had sent her books to read—that was all. There was nothing else. She had been a fool to dream that there was anything else. He would sell the farm, and go back to Tecumseh, and marry Annie—yes, marry Annie! And they, too, would refer to her now and then, and comment on her wickedness, and hope that they might never have a daughter like her. That would be all.

She turned from the little enclosure of graves, without giving them another thought. The mental picture which she conjured up of the young couple, contented by a fireside of their own, perhaps with a child, tore at her heart-strings.

In the farm-yard she was met by Mr. Ansdell, who was evidently watching for her, and who introduced himself courteously.

"The Coroner is here," he said, "with some medical gentlemen, and there are also your late husband's partner, Mr. Hubbard, who accompanied me from New York last night, and the District-Attorney and some others. In a couple of hours or so we expect to be able to tell you what brought us. Meanwhile, we are anxious to spare you any possible intrusion, and also a possible scene. It is for this that I have waited outside for you. If you could prolong your walk for that length of time, going to some friend's house near by, for instance, without saying that anything unusual was transpiring here——"

"Yes, I will go," she answered. "Will two hours be long enough?"

"I hope so," he said, bowing his thanks.

She walked out through the great swing-gate to the turnpike, and idly chose the westward turning, along under the poplars. The curious incident of all these visitors at the house did not excite her attention. Her mind was too busy torturing itself with that marriage which was already spoken of as assured.

At the stile by the thorns, the idea of going to the Warren house suddenly occurred to her. It was a bold, purposeless, almost crazy thought; perhaps for those very reasons it commended itself to her mood. She felt herself impelled alike by good and malignant impulses to cross the stile; she walked down the thorn-path, scarcely knowing whether her purpose was to bless or to curse.

The door was opened by Samantha, whose scared face took on an added expression of anxiety on recognizing the visitor.

"Go into the parlor, 'n' I'll light the stove fer yeh," she whispered. "Th' old lady's very laow. Soon's she comes hum from schewl I'll send Annie in to see yeh."

(To be continued.)

A COLLECTION OF

UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF THACKERAY.

VII.

CLARENDON HOTEL, NEW YORK.

Tuesday, 23 Dec. [1852]

MY DEAR LADY:

I send you a little line and shake your hand across the water. God bless you and yours. . . . . .

The passage is nothing, now it is over; I am rather ashamed of gloom and disquietude about such a trifling journey. I have made scores of new acquaintances and lighted on my legs as usual. I didn't expect to like people as I do, but am agreeably disappointed and find many most pleasant companions, natural and good; natural and well read and well bred too; and I suppose am none the worse pleased because everybody has read all my books and praises my lectures; (I preach in a Unitarian Church, and the parson comes to hear me. His name is Mr. Bellows, it isn't a pretty name), and there are 2,000 people nearly who come, and the lectures are so well liked that it is probable I shall do them over again. So really there is a chance of making a pretty little sum of money for old age, imbecility, and those young ladies afterwards.

Had Lady Ashburton told you of the moving tables? Try, six or seven of you, a wooden table without brass castors; sit round it, lay your hands flat on it, not touching each other, and in half an hour or so perhaps it will begin to turn round and round. It is the most wonderful thing, but I have tried twice in vain since I saw it and did it at Mr. Bancroft's. I have not been into fashionable society yet, what they call the upper ten thousand here, but have met very likeable of the lower sort. On Sunday I went into the country, and there was a great rosy jolly family of sixteen or eighteen people, round a great tea-table; and the lady of the house told me to make myself at home—remarking my bashfulness, you know—and said, with a jolly face, and twinkling of her little eyes, "Lord bless you, we know you *all to pieces!*" and there was sitting by me O! such a pretty girl, the very picture of Rubens's second wife, and face and figure. Most of the ladies, all except this family, are as lean as greyhounds; they dress prodigiously fine, taking for their models the French actresses, I think, of the *Boulevard* theatres.

Broadway is miles upon miles long, a rush of life such as I never have seen; not so full as the Strand, but so rapid. The houses are always being torn down and built up again, the railroad cars drive slap into the midst of the city. There are barricades and scaffoldings banging everywhere. I have not been into a house except the fat country one, but something new is being done to it, and the hammerings are clattering in the passage, or a wall, or steps are down, or the family is going to move. Nobody is quiet here, no more am I. The rush and restlessness pleases me, and I like, for a little, the dash of the stream. I am not received as a god, which I like too. There is one paper which goes on every morning saying I am a snob, and I don't say no. Six people were reading it at breakfast this morning, and the man opposite me popped it under the table cloth. But the other papers roar with approbation. "*Criez, beuglez, O journaux!*" They don't understand French though, that bit of Béranger will hang fire. Do you remember *Jeté sur cette boule* &c.? Yes, my dear sister remembers. God Almighty bless her, and all she loves.

I may write next Saturday to Chesham Place; you will go and carry my love to those ladies won't you? Here comes in a man with a paper I hadn't seen; I must cut out a bit just as the actors do, but then I think you will like it, and that is why I do it.* There was a very

* Mr. H. James, Senior, wrote an article about Thackeray which pleased him, but the passage cited here is not from that.

rich biography about me in one of the papers the other day, with an account of a servant, maintained in the splendour of his menial decorations—Poor old John whose picture is in *Pendennis*. And I have filled my paper, and I shake my dear lady's hand across the roaring sea, and I know that you will be glad to know that I prosper and that I am well, and that I am yours

W. M. T.

[*Cutting from the New York Evening Post enclosed in the foregoing.*]

The building was crowded to its utmost capacity with the celebrities of literature and fashion in this metropolis, all of whom, we believe, left, perfectly united in the opinion that they never remembered to have spent an hour more delightfully in their lives, and that the room in which they had been receiving so much enjoyment, was very badly lighted. We fear, also, that it was the impression of the many who were disappointed in getting tickets, that the room was not spacious enough for the purpose to which it has been appropriated.

Every one who saw Mr. Thackeray last evening for the first time, seemed to have had their impressions of his appearance and manner of speech corrected. Few expected to see so large a man; he is gigantic, six feet four at least; few expected to see so old a person; his hair appears to have kept silvery record over fifty years; and then there was a notion in the minds of many that there must be something dashing and "fast" in his appearance, whereas his costume was perfectly plain; the expression of his face grave and earnest; his address perfectly unaffected, and such as we might expect to meet with, in a well bred man somewhat advanced in years. His elocution, also, surprised those who had derived their impressions from the English journals. His voice is a superb tenor, and possesses that pathetic tremble which is so effective in what is called emotive eloquence, while his delivery was as well suited to the communication he had to make as could well have been imagined.

His enunciation is perfect. Every word he uttered might have been heard in the remotest quarters of the room, yet he scarcely lifted his voice above a colloquial tone. The most striking feature in his whole manner was the utter absence of affectation of any kind. He did not permit himself to appear conscious that he was an object of peculiar interest in the audience, neither was he guilty of the greater error of not appearing to care whether they were interested in him or not. In other words, he inspired his audience with a respect for him as a man proportioned to the admiration which his books have inspired for him as an author.

Of the lecture itself, as a work of art, it would be difficult to speak too strongly. Though written with the utmost simplicity and apparent inattention to effects, it overflowed with every characteristic of the author's happiest vein. There has been nothing written about Swift so clever, and if we except Lord Orrery's silly letters, we suspect we might add nothing so unjust.

Though suitable credit was given to Swift's talents, all of which were admirably characterized, yet when he came to speak of the moral side of the dean's nature he saw nothing but darkness.

[1853.]

Direct Clarendon Hotel, New York.

PHILADELPHIA.

21 to 23 January.

My dear lady's kind sad letter gave me pleasure, melancholy as it was. . .

At present, I incline to come to England in June or July and get ready a new set of lectures, and bring them back with me. That second course will enable me to provide for the children and their mother finally and satisfactorily, and my mind will be easier after that, and I can sing *Nunc dimittis* without faltering. There is money-making to try at, to be sure, and ambition,—I mean in public life; perhaps that might interest a man, but not novels, nor lectures, nor fun, any more. I don't seem to care about these any more, or for praise, or for abuse, or for reputation of that kind. That literary play is played out, and the puppets going to be locked up for good and all.

Does this melancholy come from the circumstance that I have been out to

dinner and supper, every night this week? O! I am tired of shaking hands with people, and acting the lion business night after night. Everybody is introduced and shakes hands. I know thousands of Colonels, professors, editors, and what not, and walk the streets guiltily, knowing that I don't know 'em, and trembling lest the man opposite to me is one of my friends of the day before. I believe I am popular, except at Boston among the newspaper men who fired into me, but a great favorite with the *monde* there and elsewhere. Here in Philadelphia it is all praise and kindness. Do you know there are 500,000 people in Philadelphia? I daresay you had no idea thereof, and smile at the idea of there being a *monde* here and at Boston and New York. Early next month I begin at Washington and Baltimore, then D. V. to New Orleans, back to New York by Mississippi and Ohio, if the steamers don't blow up, and if they do, you know I am easy. What a weary, weary letter I am writing to you. . . . Have you heard that I have found Beatrix at New York? I have basked in her bright eyes, but Ah, me! I don't care for her, and shall hear of her marrying a New York buck with a feeling of perfect pleasure. She is really as like Beatrix, as that fellow William and I met was like Costigan. She has a dear woman of a mother upwards of fifty-five, whom I like the best, I think, and think the handsomest,—a sweet lady. What a comfort those dear Elliots are to me; I have had but one little letter from J. E. full of troubles too. She says you have been a comfort to them too. I can't live without the tenderness of some woman; and expect when I am sixty I shall be marrying a girl of eleven or twelve, innocent, barley-sugar-loving, in a pinafore.

They came and interrupted me as I was writing this, two days since; and I have been in public almost ever since. The lectures are enormously *suivies* and I read at the rate of a pound a minute nearly. The curious thing is, that I think I improve in the reading; at certain passages a sort of emotion springs up, I begin to understand how actors feel affected over and over again at the same passages of the play;—they are affected off the stage too, I hope I shan't be.

Crowe is my immensest comfort; I could not live without some one to take care of me, and he is the kindest and most affectionate henchman ever man had. I went to see Pierce Butler yesterday, Fanny's husband. I thought she would like me to see the children if I could, and I asked about them particularly, but they were not shown. I thought of good Adelaide coming to sing to you when you were ill. I may like everyone who is kind to you, mayn't I? . . . What for has Lady Ashburton never written to me? I am writing this with a new gold pen in such a fine gold case. An old gentleman gave it to me yesterday, a white-headed old philosopher and political economist.* There's something simple in the way these kind folks regard a man; they read our books as if we were Fielding, and so forth. The other night some men were talking of Dickens and Bulwer as if they were equal to Shakespeare, and I was pleased to find myself pleased at hearing them praised. The prettiest girl in Philadelphia, poor soul, has read *Vanity Fair* twelve times. I paid her a great big compliment yesterday, about her good looks of course, and she turned round delighted to her friend and said, "*Ai most tallut*," that is something like the pronunciation. Beatrix has an adorable pronunciation, and uses little words, which are much better than wit. And what do you think? One of the prettiest girls in Boston is to be put under my charge to go to a marriage at Washington next week. We are to travel together all the way alone—only, only, I'm not going. Young people when they are engaged here, make tours alone; fancy what the British Mrs. Grundy would say at such an idea!

There was a young quakeress at the lecture last night, listening about Fielding. Lord! Lord, how pretty she was! There are hundreds of such everywhere, airy looking little beings, with magnolia—no not magnolia, what is that white flower you make bouquets of, camilla or camelia?—complexions, and lasting not much longer. . . . God bless you and your children, write to me sometimes and farewell.

* Mr. H. C. Carey.

BALTIMORE,—WASHINGTON.

Feby. 7th. to 14th. '53.

Although I have written a many letters to Chesham Place not one has gone to the special address of my dear K. E. P., and if you please I will begin one now for half an hour before going to lecture 1. In another hour that dreary business of "In speaking of the English Humourous writers of the last, etc." will begin,—and the wonder to me is that the speaker once in the desk (to-day it is to be a right down pulpit in a Universalist Church and no mistake), gets interested in the work, makes the points, thrills with emotion and indignation at the right place, and has a little sensation whilst the work is going on; but I can't go on much longer, my conscience revolts at the quackery. Now I have seen three great cities, Boston, New York, Philadelphia, I think I like them all mighty well; they seem to me not so civilized as our London, but more so than Manchester and Liverpool. At Boston is very good literate company indeed; it is like Edinburgh for that,—a vast amount of toryism and donnishness everywhere. That of New York the simplest and least pretentious; it suffices that a man should keep a fine house, give parties, and have a daughter, to get all the world to him. And what struck me, that whereas on my first arrival, I was annoyed at the uncommon splendatiousness——

—here the letter was interrupted on Monday at Baltimore, and is now taken up again on Thursday at Washington—never mind what struck me, it was only that after a while you get accustomed to the splendor of the dresses and think them right and proper. Use makes every thing so; who knows? you will be coming out in Empire ruffs and high waists by the time I come home. I have not been able to write a word since I came here on Tuesday; my time has been spent in seeing and calling upon lions. Our minister Mr. Crampton is very jolly and good-natured. Yesterday he had a dinner at five for all the legation, and they all came very much bored to my lecture. To-day I dined with Mr. Everett; with the President it may be next week. The place has a Wiesbaden air—there are politics and gaieties straggling all over it. More interruption and this one has lasted three days. Book indeed! How is one to write a book when it is next to impossible to get a quiet half hour? Since I wrote has come a short kind letter from dear old Kinglake, who continues to give bad accounts from Chesham Place. God bless all there, say I. I wish I was by to be with my dear friends in grief, I know they know how to sympathize (although we are spoiled by the world, we have no hearts you know &c. &c.; but then it may happen that the high flown romantic people are wrong, and that we love our friends as well as they do). I don't pity anybody who leaves the world, not even a fair young girl in her prime; I pity those remaining. On her journey, if it pleases God to send her, depend on it there's no cause for grief, that's but an earthly condition. Out of our stormy life, and brought nearer the Divine light and warmth, there must be a serene climate. Can't you fancy sailing into the calm? Would you care about going on the voyage, but for the dear souls left on the other shore? but we shan't be parted from them, no doubt, though they are from us. Add a little more intelligence to that which we possess even as we are, and why shouldn't we be with our friends though ever so far off? . . . Why presently, the body removed, shouldn't we personally be any where at will—properties of Creation, like the electric something (spark is it?) that thrills all round the globe simultaneously? and if round the globe why not *Ueberall?* and the body being removed or else where disposed of and developed, sorrow and its opposite, crime and the reverse, ease and disease, desire and dislike &c. go along with the body—a lucid Intelligence remains, a Perception ubiquitous.

Monday. I was interrupted a dozen times yesterday in the course of these profitless *Schwärmereien.*—There's no rest here for pilgrims like me. Have I told you on the other side that I'm doing a good business at Baltimore and a small select one here? the big-wigs all come and are pleased; all the legations and old Scott the unsuccessful candidate for the Presidency &c.? It is well to have

come. I shall go hence to Richmond and Charleston and then who knows whither? not to New Orleans, I think the distance is too great. I can't go a thousand miles fishing for half as many pounds. Why not come back and see all the dear faces at home? I try and think of something to say about this country; all I have remarked I could put down in two pages. Where's the eager observation and ready pencil of five years ago? I have not made a single sketch. The world passes before me and I don't care—Is it a weary heart or is it a great cold I have got in my nose which stupefies me utterly? I won't inflict any more megrims upon you,

from your affectionate friend and brother

W. M. T.

Fragment.

Written to Mrs. Elliot and her sister Miss Perry.

March 3rd. 1853.

Richmond, Virginia.

Address the

Clarendon—New York.

I am getting so sick and ashamed of the confounded old lectures that I wonder I have the courage to go on delivering them. I shan't read a single review of them when they are published; anything savage said about them will serve them right. They are popular enough here. The two presidents at Washington came to the last, and in this pretty little town the little Athenæum Hall was crowded so much that it's a pity I had not hired a room twice as big; but £2500 is all I shall make out of them. Well that is £200 a year in this country and an immense comfort for the chicks. —Crowe has just come out from what might have been and may be yet a dreadful scrape. He went into a slave market and began sketching; and the people rushed on him savagely and obliged him to quit. Fancy such a piece of imprudence. It may fall upon his chief, who knows, and cut short his popularity.

The negroes don't shock me, or excite my compassionate feelings at all; they are so grotesque and happy that I can't cry over them. The little black imps are trotting and grinning about the streets, women, workmen, waiters, all well fed and happy. The place the merriest little place and the most picturesque I have seen in America, and on Saturday I go to Charlestown—shall I go thence to Havannah? who knows? I should like to give myself a week's holiday, without my *demd* lecture box. Shake every one by the hand that asks about me.

I am yours always—O! you kind friends——

W. M. T.

Savannah, Georgia,—[1855]

Feast of St. Valentine.

This welcome day brought me a nice long letter from K. E. P., and she must know that I write from the most comfortable quarters I have ever had in the United States. In a tranquil old city, wide-streeted, tree-planted, with a few cows and carriages toiling through the sandy road, a few happy negroes sauntering here and there, a red river with a tranquil little fleet of merchant-men taking in cargo, and tranquil ware-houses barricaded with packs of cotton,—no row, no tearing northern bustle, no ceaseless hotel racket, no crowds drinking at the bar,—a snug little languid audience of three or four hundred people, far too lazy to laugh or applaud; a famous good dinner, breakfast etc, and leisure all the morning to think and do and sleep and read as I like. The only place I say in the States where I can get these comforts—all free gratis—in the house of my friend Andrew Low of the great house of A. Low and Co., Cotton Dealers, brokers, merchants—what's the word? Last time I was here he was a widower with two daughters in England, about whom—and other two daughters—there was endless talk between us. Now there is a pretty wife added to the establishment and a little daughter number three crowing in the adjoining nursery. They are tremendous men these cotton merchants.

When I had finished at Charleston I went off to a queer little rustic city called Augusta—a great broad street

From a photograph in the possession of Mrs. James T. Fields.

2 miles long—old quaint looking shops —houses with galleries—ware-houses—trees—cows and negroes strolling about the side walks—plank roads—a happy dirty tranquility generally prevalent. It lies 130 miles from Charleston. You take 8½ hours to get there by the railway, about same time and distance to come here, over endless plains of swampy pine-lands—a village or two here and there in a clearing. I brought away a snug little purse from snug little Augusta, though I had a rival—A Wild man, lecturing in the very same hall: I tell you it is not a dignified *métier*, that which I pursue.

What is this about the *Saturday Review?* After giving Vernon Harcourt 2/6 to send me the first 5 numbers, and only getting No. 1, it is too bad they should assault me—and for what? My lecture is rather extra loyal whenever the Queen is mentioned,—and the most applauded passage in them I shall have the honour of delivering to-night in the Lecture on George II, where the speaker says "In laughing at these old-world follies and ceremonies shall we not acknowledge the change of to-day? As the mistress of St. James passes me now I salute the sovereign, wise, moderate, exemplary of life, the good mother, the good wife, the accomplished Lady, the enlightened friend of Art, the tender sympathizer in her people's glories and sorrows."

I can't say more, can I? and as for George III, I leave off just with the people on the crying point. And I never for one minute should think that

my brave old Venables would hit me; or if he did that he hadn't good cause for it.

Forster's classification delights me. It's right that men of such ability and merit should get government recognition and honourable public employ. It is a compliment to all of us when one receives such promotion. As for me I have pestered you with my account of dollars and cents, and it is quite clear that Kings or Laws cannot do anything so well for me as these jaws and this pen—please God they are allowed to wag a little longer. I wish I did not read about your illness and weakness in that letter. Ah, me! many and many a time every day do I think of you all.

From a photograph in the possession of Mrs. James T. Fields.

Enter a servant (black) with the card of Bishop Elliott. . . . .

If you are taking a drive some day, do go and pay a visit of charity to my good cook and house-keeper Gray, and say you have heard of me, and that I am very well and making plenty of money and that Charles is well and is the greatest comfort to me. It will comfort the poor woman all alone in poor 36 yonder. What charming letters Annie writes me with exquisite pretty turns now and then. St. Valentine brought me a delightful letter from her too, and from the dear old mother; and whether it's the comfort of this house, or the pleasure of having an hour's chat with you, or the sweet clean bed I had last night and undisturbed rest and good breakfast,—altogether I think I have no right to grumble at my lot and am very decently happy, don't you?

16th Feb. My course is for Macon, Montgomery and New Orleans; no Havannah, the dollars forbid. From N. O. I shall go up the Mississippi, D. V., to St. Louis and Cincinnati, and ye who write will address care of J. G. King's Sons, New York, Won't you?

Yours afft.
W. M. T.

AN IMAGINARY LETTER FROM NEW YORK.*

September 5, 1848.

DEAR MADAM:—

It seems to me a long time since I had the honour of seeing you. I shall be glad to have some account of your health. We made a beautiful voyage of 13½ days, and reached this fine city yesterday. The entrance of the bay is beautiful; magnificent woods of the Susquehannah stretch down to the shore, and from Hoboken lighthouse to Vancouver's Island, the bay presents one brilliant blaze of natural and commercial loveliness. Hearing that Titmarsh was on board the steamer, the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of New York came down to receive us, and the batteries on Long Island fired a salute. General Jackson called at my hotel (the Astor house) I found him a kind old man, though he has a wooden leg and takes a great deal of snuff. Broadway has certainly disappointed me—it is nothing to be compared to our own dear Holborn Hill. But the beautiful range of the Allegheney mountains, which I see from

* This letter, the only one of those in the collection which has been made public before, was printed by permission in the *Orphan of Pimlico*, a little collection of Thackeray's *miscellanea* and drawings published in 1876. As it will be new to most readers, however, it has been thought best to retain it; and it is placed here simply to be in company with the real American letters. The drawing of the Negro, however, which accompanied it also in the *Orphan of Pimlico*, seems to have been an actual sketch during one of the American visits.

my windows, and the roar of the Niagara Cataract, which empties itself out of the Mississippi into the Oregon territory,

have an effect, which your fine eye for the picturesque, and keen sense of the beautiful and the natural would I am sure lead you to appreciate.

The oysters here are much larger than ours, and the canvas backed ducks are reckoned, and indeed are, a delicacy. The house where Washington was born is still shown, but the General, I am informed, is dead, much regretted. The clergy here is both numerous and respected, and the Archbishop of New York is a most venerable and delightful prelate; whose sermons are however a little long. The ladies are without exception the—But here the first gong sounds for dinner, and the black slave who waits on me, comes up and says, "Massa, hab only five minutes for dinnah." "Make haste, git no pumpkin pie else," so unwillingly I am obliged to break off my note and to subscribe myself,

My dear Madame
Your very faithful servt.,
W. M. THACKERAY.

The letters which have been chosen for publication end here. During the many years that they have remained in my possession no one has read them out of my own family, with the exception of Mr. Thackeray's beloved daughter, Mrs. Ritchie; until these last few months, when two or three of these letters were read by the friends whom I consulted as to their suitability for publication. As my own life draws to a close, I still look back to the confidence and affection with which their writer honoured me, with gratitude too deep for words. The record of these few years of his life, given by his own hand in every varied mood, will best describe him as he was and as I so well remember him.

JANE OCTAVIA BROOKFIELD.

THE SACRED FLAME OF TORIN JI.

By E. H. House.

IV.

WHEN Doctor Donnell came, a week later, to make his afternoon call, he found the patient reclining upon an improvised couch of rugs and cushions, ineffably contented, as one should be who disowns care and lazily submits himself to various spells and charms, which, like the air of Macbeth's castle, nimbly and sweetly recommend themselves unto the gentle senses. To breathe the fragrant breezes of the Kioto hills was in itself a luxury, which, however, was probably not appreciated at its true value, inasmuch as the sybarite varied it at intervals with inhalations from a long-stemmed Japanese pipe. Before him lay the convent garden, a marvel of artistic invention, representing ingenious combinations of soaring peaks, shadowy valleys, and lakes dotted with green islands. Graceful trees and brilliant flowers captivated the eye, while an orchestra of industrious birds and insects supplied music appropriate to the scene. And these were not the only soothing sounds that caught the ear. From the inner temple, close at hand, came frequently the subdued intonations of the nuns as they sang their songs of prayer, and the soft chiming of the bells with which they measured their devotions. There was little to remind the unfamiliar visitant of the world he had known and mingled with. Where else, he asked himself, could such peacefulness and repose be found?

Under influences like these he had passed several tranquil days, occasionally enlivening the placidity of his sojourn by investigations into the personality of his hostesses, and especially of his constant and faithful attendant, the prospective neophyte. In this process of examination nothing obscured his view, and no obstacle impeded any research he might pursue. But whereas he at first believed himself in contact with a character too simple to demand much study, he often found himself on the brink of a conviction that here, as with certain clear and unfathomable bodies of water in his own Western country, transparent purity was not necessarily to be taken as a sign of shallowness. More and more it seemed a pity that such intelligence should be given up to a life from which the loftier purposes of humanity were excluded. But it was no affair of his. The sacrifice was at least not without its compensations, as everything about him now testified.

Doctor Donnell took occasion to inform Mr. Halithorne that his cure was virtually accomplished, and the necessity for keeping him in confinement was at an end. The ex-invalid received this intelligence with anything but delight.

"I don't like to contradict you, doctor," he said; "of course you know better than I. But if my opinion is worth anything, I ought not to be moved for—certainly not for a week to come."

"Ought not to *be* moved," repeated the doctor, hilariously; "what do you mean by that? You are under no requirement to be moved. You have been moving about briskly enough on your own pins for the last three or four days."

"With help, doctor; I could not do it alone."

"With Ina's help, yes. Well, you will have to get along without that stalwart and powerful prop. She has other things to look after."

"That's a singular remark, Doctor Donnell. Will you be good enough to explain?" demanded Halithorne, hotly.

"My dear boy, is any explanation needed?" asked Donnell, not hotly at all, but with steady composure.

"I think it is," said Halithorne. "What am I to understand? Have I shown myself unmindful of what I owe these people? You shall see that I am not, in good time. Have the old ladies declared open war against me? Has Teishin San any cause of complaint? I will go instantly, since it appears I am in the way; but if you turn me out in this unceremonious fashion, I am certainly entitled to know the reason why."

"Softly, my friend; you are not turned out, nor will you be. The bigotry of the poor old ladies counts for nothing, though how you know of it I cannot imagine. Teishin San has not uttered a word about your departure. No one has thought of it except me. You cannot deny that you are well enough to go, and as you resent the expression of my opinion, I ask you, frankly and honorably, for your own judgment in the matter."

"If I hesitate," said Halithorne, after a considerable pause, "it is not because there is anything in my thoughts that I wish to hold back; only I am confused by the suddenness of your question. Give me time, and I will show you that your apprehensions have no sort of foundation."

"You shall have plenty of time, and meanwhile you will perhaps be interested to learn something of the history of this family which has befriended you. Ina has probably told you she expects to join the sisterhood in a year or two."

"Yes, she has told me. It is a frightful destiny for a girl like Ina. Her father ought to interfere. You, as an old friend, ought to interfere."

"Wait till you hear the reasons, Halithorne. I don't say whether they are sufficient or not; but at any rate there *are* reasons, and many persons would call them weighty. Tell me, first, if you know anything about the domestic system in Japan—the home-life, the relations between husbands and wives."

"I believe they are very hard upon the women," said Halithorne, "and that there is more suffering than foreigners have any conception of."

"That is a mild way of putting it. A married woman's existence in this country is rarely anything but suffering. I am an old man and a doctor, and I ought to be hardened to human anguish; but when I think of the cruelty and misery I have seen inflicted and endured I feel as if there must be a curse upon the land. A wife here is utterly powerless to protect herself from neglect, or humiliation, or abuse, no matter how vile or brutal. She is a slave. As a rule she accepts the hardships of her condition without murmuring; but there are some women whose firmness and dignity of character forbid them to soil their souls and clothe themselves with degradation. Such a woman Teishin is. I knew her when, at Ina's age, she was married to a dashing young officer in Tokio, a member of the Emperor's household. The alliance seemed to promise as well as any Japanese union possibly could; but in less than a year she had gone through trials which drove her to the verge of madness and almost broke her father's heart. Her own spirit could not be broken. She is of proud—I think I may say heroic—descent; but Japanese heroism often takes the form of passive sufferance, and pride commands the closest concealment of such griefs as fell upon her. During five years she submitted to her wretched fate, hoping only that death would release her before the strain became intolerable. But, at last, stung

to a desperate resolution, she flung aside the traditions of her race, threw off her bondage, and fled to her father's dwelling, intending there to end her life with her own hand. Shiroyama was in agony. A divorced daughter, living, was a black shadow upon the lustre of his house, and by destroying herself she could avert the family disgrace. But he loved his child, and refused to sanction her death. They left the eastern capital and came back to their old home two years ago. In Kioto their interest is always strong, for Shiroyama's father is a *kugé*, and it was not difficult to get Teishin placed at the head of this convent. It was the only possible refuge for her. She has managed the establishment with extraordinary energy and skill, and made it famous by the breadth and liberality, as well as the humanity, of her administration. So her life has not been wasted, after all."

"I am glad to hear the story," said Halithorne, "for I have not judged her fairly. Her austerity seemed unnatural and exaggerated. It is fortunate, no doubt, that this career was open to her. She is an ideal priestess. But her sis-

ter! Why should she, in the warmth and radiance of her youth, be so cruelly sacrificed?"

"To save her from sorrow. That is the sole aim of Teishin's hopes and endeavors. You call her austere, but she has a heart of pure gold, and her love for that motherless child is almost a passion. She thinks of nothing but to guard Ina from the evils she has herself passed through."

"But, doctor, it does not follow, because Teishin's marriage was disastrous, that Ina would necessarily be destined to calamity. That is a wild assumption."

"I cannot say that Teishin is wrong," answered Donnell. "The choice is between a life of perfect peace, and risks so great and numerous as to leave scarcely a chance of escape in any instance. These convent women are of course shut off from the highest privileges of their sex, but in all Japan they alone are sure of exemption from the deepest afflictions."

"You draw a sombre picture," said Halithorne. "I have lived two years in the country, and I never heard of this before."

"Few foreigners hear of it, or have cared to hear, whether they stay two years or twenty. But I have told you the truth. I know Teishin's views, and I do not venture to disapprove of them. I would do much to aid her in protecting Ina from the dangers which she sees and fears. Am I not bound to interpose when I detect a danger which her inexperience hides from her?"

"Really, doctor, I think you go too far. I am a man of the world—an honest one, I hope—and Ina is the merest child. Look at her, as she comes dancing through the garden. She is like the birds, or the flowers."

"You find Mr. Ha'thorne much better, I think, doctor," said the young girl, springing lightly upon the veranda. "Have we not taken good care of him?"

"He tells me I am almost well," interposed Halithorne, in a rueful voice.

"I was sure of that," she responded; "but why are you melancholy? It should make you glad to be getting well."

"I suppose so, Ina San; but how did you know?"

"That you were better? Oh, anybody could see, day from day. When you first walked, you leaned on my shoulder with great weight. Then you rested on my arm—very little weight. Now you put your hand around my body—no weight at all. Soon you will walk alone."

The comical confusion into which Halithorne was thrown by this unexpected remark was scarcely consistent with the self-possession proper to "a man of the world," but he allowed no break to occur in the conversation.

"Yes, I shall walk alone," he replied. "The doctor says I must go away immediately."

But for his momentary embarrassment he would not have said this so abruptly, for he was well aware that his tender little nurse could not receive the announcement of his departure with indifference. But he was wholly unprepared for the effect which his words produced. All the brightness fled from her face in an instant. She turned toward him with a startled, wondering glance, then bowed her head, and dropped her hands beside her. For a few seconds she stood motionless, a strange contrast to the animation and vivacity of which she was ordinarily the living embodiment. Then silently saluting the guests, with her eyes still bent upon the ground, she crept slowly away.

"That was not the look of a child," said Donnell.

"You are right," said Halithorne. "I will go at once. Heaven knows I did not dream of doing harm. What can I say? I would undergo anything rather than bring trouble to this hospitable house."

"Let us hope no harm will come. There is nothing to be said, and nothing to be done, except to take away every disturbing influence. My poor little baby! Who would have thought she could change to a woman in a single week? You won't mind going as quickly and as quietly as possible, Halithorne?"

"I will go to-morrow; don't ask me to leave without a friendly word. That would be monstrous."

"I don't know what is best. Of course you can't fly off without apparent cause. I must speak to Teishin. To-morrow let it be, then; but for God's sake be cautious. Consider what sorrow you may leave behind you. And if I am too emphatic, you will excuse it when you think of it hereafter. Imagine how you would feel if you had a sister like Ina, and if it depended on a stranger's action whether she should be utterly broken down or only touched by a passing grief."

"Don't speak of me as a stranger," protested Halithorne. "This place has been more like a home to me than any I have seen for years. You don't know what it costs me to leave it in such a way. But you need have no fear. I shall think of nothing but Ina's welfare."

The doctor went to give notice of Halithorne's intention, and the younger man was left to reflections of no cheerful nature. In spite of his claim to pass as a man of the world—a title which, in the East, implies, among other things, the blindest disregard of the rights and feelings of those ancient races which Europe and America agree to pronounce "inferior"—his instincts were upright and his sympathies were true. Although a dweller in Japan for only two years, he had closely studied the characteristics of the people. While he had made himself familiar with many fine qualities among the men, he believed that in the women he had discovered virtues which gave them always a claim upon his esteem and often upon his warm admiration; and he indignantly rejected the superficial and disparaging estimate applied to them by most foreigners. In his view, a girl like Ina stood on precisely the same grade as any girl of Western birth; but her claims upon his courtesy and delicacy seemed infinitely greater, for the reason that the social code of her own country fails to provide the protection and the chivalrous deference which are accorded in more advanced communities. He could not believe that in this particular case he had been unmindful of any of the obligations which he invariably recognized, but the charm of his intercourse with the pretty child had been so simple and natural that he had hardly given a thought to the possible effect upon her. He was not, however, allowed much leisure to debate these questions. As soon as the doctor had left the premises Ina returned, with slow and timid steps, and knelt beside the couch on which he was seated.

"Is it true?" she whispered, gazing earnestly at him.

"True? What? Ah, yes, Ina, it is true. I must go very soon."

"Have we done wrong? Has Ina been careless?" she asked, in accents that were barely audible.

"My child, you have never been anything but thoughtful and kind—much more kind than I deserve."

"Perhaps the doctor has told you that some of our oldest sisters have been disagreeable. If you are driven away by that, it will make me wicked, for I shall hate them. But you should not go for that. They have nothing to do with this house. It belongs only to our family, and was built by Teishin to receive persons who by our rules must be kept from the large temple."

"No; the doctor, at any rate, has said nothing about it."

"Then why do you go?" she pleaded, her large brown eyes full of entreaty.

"I am well now. There is no reason why I should wait longer. Business—many matters call me away."

She sighed, but did not answer.

"You know, my good little nurse, I could not stay forever."

"I did not know; I never thought of your going. I remembered what you said about the temples, and the schools, and sometimes I made myself believe that you might mean it."

Halithorne clutched at this opening.

"Listen to me, Ina; the temple shall be built, and the schools. I swear you shall have them. You shall have anything that I can give you."

"Will you wait to see them finished?"

"That is hardly possible, but I will speak to Doctor Donnell, and he will arrange everything. A dozen schools shall be yours, if you like."

"Not without you," she said, shaking her head, sadly; "I should not want them."

"As she felt the touch of the young man's lips she gave a sudden cry, as if in pain."

"Come, Ina, friends cannot always be together. We must say good-by more cheerfully. It is our duty."

"If you tell me it is my duty, I shall try; but it is very hard—for me."

"And for me, too; do you suppose ——"

He checked himself, feeling that he was treading upon dangerous ground.

"Hard for you, too; is it so?" she said, with a faint smile—the first that had lighted her features since she rejoined him; "not very hard, I think. Why, how little time you know me. Only a week; it is easy to forget."

"How long, then, have you known me?" asked Halithorne, with no intent but to divert the conversation into commonplace courses.

"Three weeks of real time," she answered; "but in my mind—in the feeling which is not real, but is better than real—no, I cannot tell you what I mean. In my own language I might, but in yours, the words do not come."

"Try, Ina; you can make me understand."

"Sometimes I think it is all my life I have known you, for it seems—this is my foolish fancy, how shall I say it?—it is as if I did not live before you came. I cannot explain, I do not comprehend; but it is like the truth to me."

"Oh, Ina, do not speak so!" exclaimed Halithorne, much moved. "My visit has been an unusual event, and it gives you many new ideas. But when I am gone, everything will be the same as before."

"Never again," she faltered; "never, never. But I trouble you. I am a selfish girl. It is your last night, the doctor has said, and you should have pleasant things to remember. Will you come to the *fuji* (wisteria) arbor? The sun is just setting."

They walked through the garden-paths in silence, and climbed a little hill, from which a noble prospect was visible.

"I shall come here every evening," said Ina; "but it will not be like this."

"The sunsets change," said Halithorne, "but they are always beautiful."

She gave no reply, but there was a soft remonstrance in her look that touched him more deeply than any words she could have uttered.

"Ina, my little friend, I beg you not to be so sorrowful. I wish to God I could make you forget me utterly from the hour I leave this house."

"You could not do that," she said, drawing closer to him, "and it would not be kind. Why do you speak so sternly? Have I displeased you?"

"Never; you are all goodness."

"I am afraid you are displeased."

"Impossible; you know better."

"You do not put your hand around my body, as you did yesterday."

He took her in his arms and folded the slight, yielding figure to his breast with a fervor which he made no endeavor to control, although he felt himself disloyal to his prudent resolves. Ina, unacquainted with embraces till that moment, trembled a little beneath the ardent pressure, but in the shy upward glance of her eyes there was more content than consternation.

"Now go, child," he said, releasing her. "Send Haru to me, with lights; I must begin preparing for to-morrow."

"Haru should not serve you, nor anybody but me, if I could help it; but it is your last evening, and I wish to make your meal wholly with my own hands. I will not be absent long."

She moved toward the house, but as she was about to enter he called her to him again.

"Ina," he said, "this is perhaps the last time we shall be alone. You will give me a kiss for farewell."

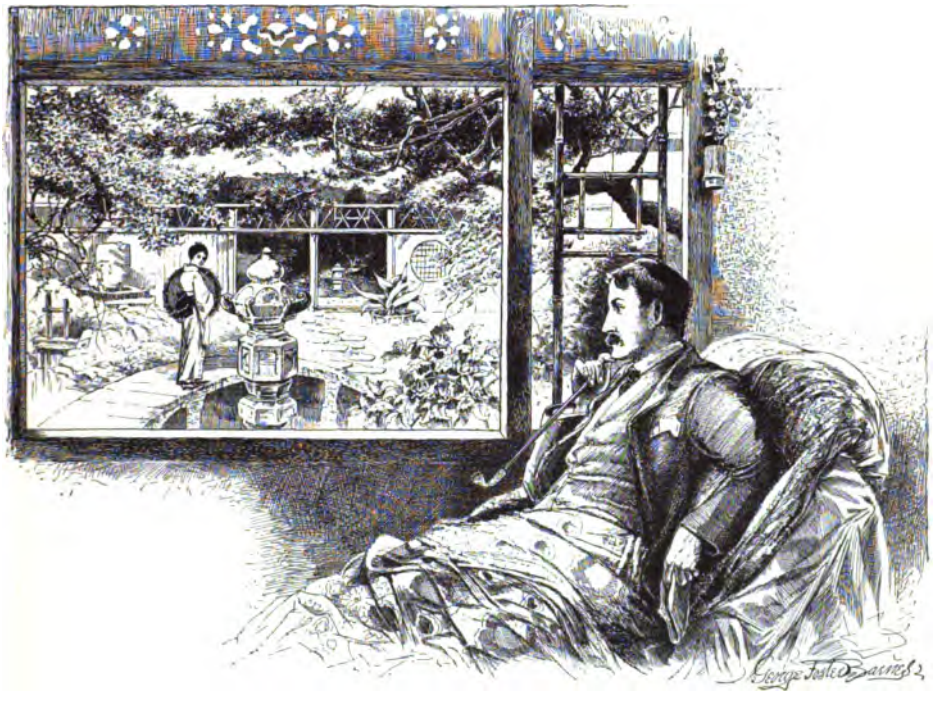
"A kiss! That is not for a Japanese girl to give. It has never happened. But I do not care; it is right if you ask."

"Not if you are unwilling," said Halithorne, stricken by tardy conscience.

"How can I be unwilling, since you ask? Either alone, or with all the world to see."

She lifted her sweet face, pale with unwonted emotion, but unchanged in its expression of artless and childlike trust. As she felt the touch of the young man's lips, she gave a sudden cry, as if in pain. Her courage, long overstrained, had forsaken her. She shuddered convulsively, shaking from

head to foot, and gasped inarticulately as she strove to respond to his anxious and alarmed inquiries. He was aghast at what he conceived to be the immediate consequence of his last act of recklessness and folly, and he endeavored, in broken and agitated phrases, to convince her that the wrong was all on his side and that she had no cause for self-reproach.



"There is no wrong," she declared, as she gradually regained her composure. "For the kiss, I am glad. It makes me know you have been fond of Ina. I am a weak girl, ignorant and unwise, and full of faults; but now there is a voice in my heart that tells me you will forgive them all."

He led her to the hall which separated the sanctuary of the sisterhood from the section set apart for visitors, and made his way to the pleasant chamber he had been told to call his own.

"I have done a fine afternoon's work," he said, bitterly. "I am an ornament to my sex and my species. If I remain another day, I shall only glorify myself by some new performance of cruelty—or madness. I will start to-morrow as soon as the servants are up and about."

He busied himself packing his valise until supper was brought by the maid, Haru, who handed him also a slip of paper upon which were written a few lines in pencil:

"I cannot go to assist you this evening, as I desire. The food is prepared by me, though I do not carry it. Sleep well, Mr. Halithorne, your last night in Torin Ji, and wake happy in the morning. This is the wish of Ina."

"We feel the touch of Teishin's firm hand," thought Halithorne. "Her eyes have been opened. She is right, I suppose. Of course she is right. Poor little Ina!"

Hour after hour he sat alone, reading strenuously to keep his eyes open, and burning candles with extravagant profusion, in the determination not to miss the chance of seeing the young girl in case she should be allowed to fulfil her customary task of closing his doors and windows, setting the night-lamp, and the like. There was little probability that Teishin's vigilance, once

aroused, would be relaxed, and even if the opportunity he now awaited should occur, he knew that nothing could justify him in taking advantage of it. His duty, plainly, was to go to bed, and to dismiss all expectation of a clandestine interview. Nevertheless, he did not go. Unused to late vigils, and in only partial possession of his normal strength, he found it difficult to resist the drowsiness which frequently came over him, but he persevered with a gloomy obstinacy until his mind became detached from the book before him, and he was transported to visionary regions in which he and the heroine of his passing drama played many fantastic parts. While thus actively engaged in the illusion of his dreams, in reality he lay half-stretched

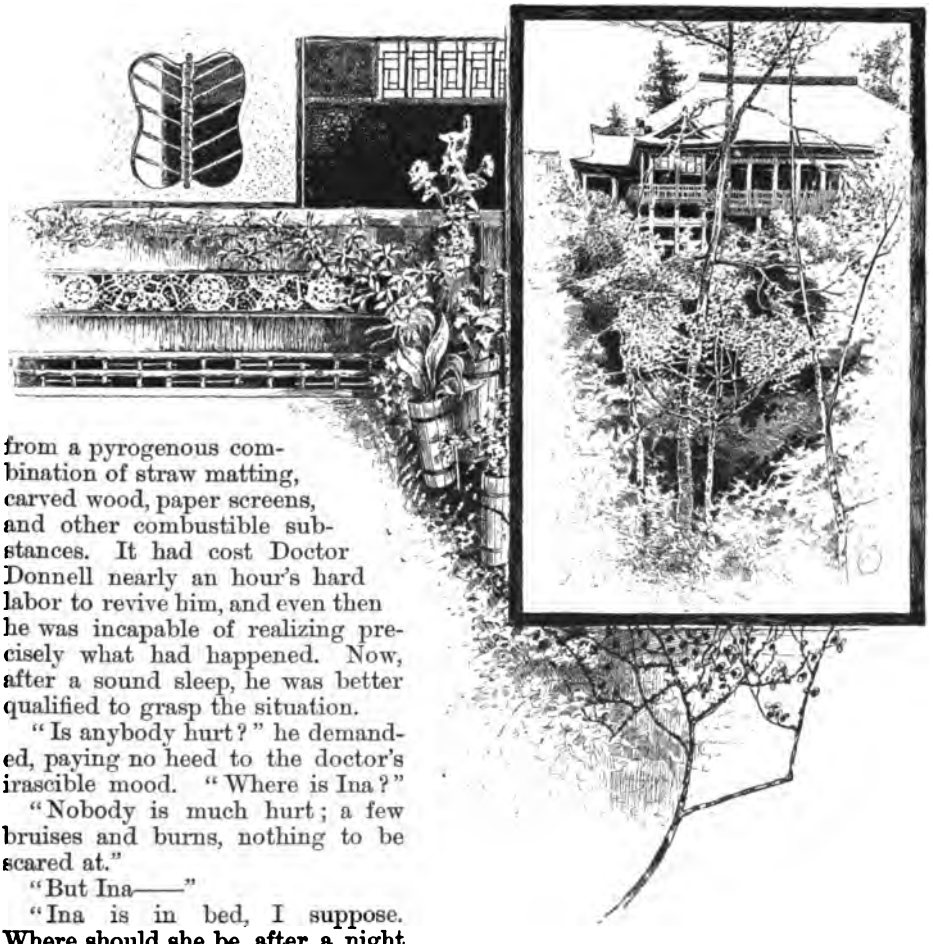
across a table, his head pillowed upon a bulky volume, and his arms projecting themselves in search of convenient resting-places amid a crowd of loose tea-trays, stationery-boxes, bundles of letters, and a plentiful array of bronze candlesticks bearing partially consumed tapers. His position might have been called picturesque, but would not have suggested security to any person familiar with the materials of which Japanese dwellings are constructed.

V.

"If you came to Kioto for adventures, you ought to be satisfied," said Doctor Donnell, addressing Mr. Halithorne at the early hour of 5 A.M., on the day following the incidents last related. "You permit yourself to be beaten down by the sun, on the wayside, and are brought to recovery by the romantic system of the Torin Ji hospital. Then, before you are fairly healed, you set yourself on fire in a house that doesn't belong to you, burn down a considerable part of the establishment, and again get out of the scrape through no merit of your own, but, as before, through the exertions of a lot of plucky women. Don't you think that if you contemplate any more escapades you had better try some other town?"

The doctor's testiness was excusable. He had been roused from his rest a little after midnight, and summoned in desperate haste to Torin Ji, where he found most of the inmates, together with contingents from neighboring farmhouses, occupied in stamping out the embers of what had been the guests' quarters, and, in accordance with the cheerful principles of Buddhism, congratulating themselves that the calamity had not been greater, instead of lamenting that which had actually befallen them. A few of the nuns had been injured, but not severely. Many of the elder women were in a state of giddy, and by no means uncheerful, excitement over the presumed fulfilment of their prophecies. Their ecstasy expended it-

self in extravagant performances upon bells and tiny gongs, and incessant repetitions of Sanscrit formulas, the meaning of which was entirely unknown to them. All this, while ostensibly in praise of Fudo Sama, was the most palpable self-glorification ever witnessed at that shrine of professed humility. Halithorne was in a room hastily prepared for him, his own having vanished in flame. He was giddy and dazed, with wits as smoky as his personal exterior, having been dragged forth, nearly smothered and quite insensible,



from a pyrogenous combination of straw matting, carved wood, paper screens, and other combustible substances. It had cost Doctor Donnell nearly an hour's hard labor to revive him, and even then he was incapable of realizing precisely what had happened. Now, after a sound sleep, he was better qualified to grasp the situation.

"Is anybody hurt?" he demanded, paying no heed to the doctor's irascible mood. "Where is Ina?"

"Nobody is much hurt; a few bruises and burns, nothing to be scared at."

"But Ina——"

"Ina is in bed, I suppose. Where should she be, after a night of such work? Do let Ina alone."

"There is nothing the matter with her?"

"She will do well enough. She has lost some finery—some of her ornamental gear," answered Donnell, with a grim smile. "That is all. But she is tired out. Everybody is tired out, except you and the ancient nuns. They are as lively as crickets; tickled beyond measure at the notion that Fudo Sama has played into their hands."

"I suppose they would not be sorry if I had gone with the building?"

"Don't say that, Halithorne; there is not one of them, not the oldest or most prejudiced, who would not have risked her life to save yours. But really," and the doctor chuckled, "it *is* a feather in their cap to have their forebodings and predictions so nicely realized, and without hurting anybody in particular."

"I must see Ina, doctor."

"Nonsense, you can't see her; I

thought it was understood you were to go away early, and leave these people in peace."

"But I can't go, now. I must talk with Teishin San and Shiroyama. If I am responsible for these fireworks I have to make good the loss."

"There is some reason in that," said Donnell; "that is, if you can afford it. They won't take anything unless they are sure of that."

"I'll build them an entire new temple, from roof to foundation," exclaimed Halithorne.

"You shall settle that with Teishin. We will get some breakfast, provided you haven't cooked everything wholesale, and then we will hold a *sodan* (formal consultation)."

Two hours later, sundry diplomatic preliminaries having been accomplished by Donnell, not without indications of friction, the young American was invited to an apartment of ceremony in which were seated Shiroyama and his daughters. They gave the customary greeting, and Ina would have risen and approached the visitor but for a restraining gesture from Teishin.

"I warn you she is dreadfully set against you," said Donnell, aside. "She has scented mischief, and is in no holiday temper."

"Will you say to your sister, Ina San——" began Halithorne.

"Doctor Donnell has promised to do us the favor to translate," interrupted Teishin, in Japanese. "My sister is not well."

Ina glanced with a pained look at the presiding spirit of the conference, and Halithorne's face flushed at the direct manifestation of hostility. But he went on composedly, after the remark had been interpreted, declaring with extreme earnestness his regret at having been the cause of so dire a mishap, and, with all the delicacy he could employ, intimating his desire to make good the material loss he had occasioned. For the fright and anxiety he had created he could only ask to be forgiven; and it was needless to say that his indebtedness for the generous care lavished upon him far exceeded any recompense that he could offer.

This having been reconveyed, Teishin reflected a little, and in chilling tones answered thus:

"Upon what has been destroyed we waste not one single thought. Our house was open to the stranger; it was his, to use at his pleasure. What we have, we give willingly, in the name of charity. The accident which has taken from us a few poor rooms afflicts us in no degree; but the wickedness which pours out evil upon the innocent, which accepts our humble help and repays with heartless injury—that we do not forgive. Nor do we receive boons from an enemy's hand. Let the stranger go and be forgotten."

"She lays it on heavily," said Donnell; "but I must let you hear the whole, I presume."

"Doctor Donnell," interposed Teishin, "it will be better this time for Ina to interpret what I have said."

"Oh, *nei-san!*" implored the girl, in great distress, "do not command me. I cannot repeat such words. They are unjust; they are terrible."

"It is my wish," said Teishin.

For the hundredth time during his sojourn, the impulse was strong within Halithorne to avow his understanding of the native tongue. Notwithstanding the awkwardness which the revelation might produce, and the disagreeable suspicions to which it might subject him, he would have spoken, to spare Ina, had not Donnell forestalled him by rapidly communicating the stinging speech and hurriedly exclaiming:

"I have told him, Teishin San. You need not call upon Ina."

"It seems that my obdurate hostess is resolved to make her sister the especial instrument of my abasement," said Halithorne to Donnell. "The little girl is required to sit before me with her head covered. That is premeditated incivility. But I'll take my oath she would not do it unless she were compelled."

"Teishin is at white heat, there's no doubt of that," replied Donnell. "She has something in her mind which I can't fathom. Perhaps she is purposely keeping me in the dark—or perhaps you are. But you are wrong about the head-covering. It is not intended for disrespect; I know why she wears it."

"You are not an unbiased witness,

doctor. She shall tell me herself," said Halithorne, nettled at his treatment.

"You must not inquire; it is a secret. If you have a particle of regard for her feelings you will not worry her."

"Excuse me; I have the greatest regard for her feelings, and on that very account I will ask her. Ina, my little friend, I never thought to see you with a *tenugui* (rough handkerchief) about your face. It gives a pretty effect, but is otherwise not becoming."

The child turned scarlet, and made a hasty movement with her hand, as if to remove the unusual addition to her toilet. Restraining herself, she said to her sister:

"He is offended at my *tenugui*. What shall I say? He must not know the truth."

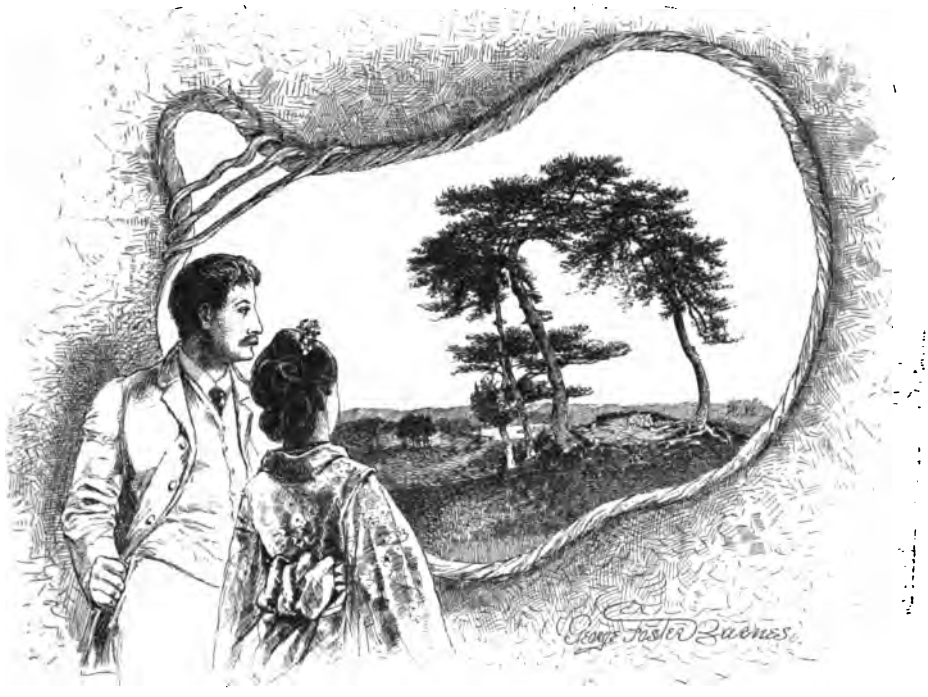
"Say nothing," answered Teishin; "it does not concern him."

"Why, what is the mystery?" said Halithorne, smiling. "Oblige me, Ina, and explain it."

"This is persecution," said Donnell, in high irritation. "Behave like a man, and urge her no more."

Halithorne laughed, though with anything but mirthful expression.

"That is not the way to stop me," he



said. "Now, Ina, you will not deny me."

"What!" cried Donnell, his eyes blazing, "do you make a jest of it? Then I will tell you. No, Ina, don't try to prevent me. Let us see if he will laugh when he hears it all. She covers her head, Mr. Halithorne, because one side of her hair is lost. Burned away, sir; burned away, with her dress, while she was fighting the fire around you, and struggling all alone to get you out of the flames and into a place of safety. An excellent joke, young man! A thing to make yourself merry over for the rest of your life!"

His sarcasms fell on heedless ears. Before they were fairly launched, Halithorne had sprung across the room, lifted the girl to her feet, and clasped her in his arms, as regardless of the startled ejaculations and horrified gaze of Shiroyama and his elder daughter as if

those two personages had been magically transported to the summit of Fusiyama, distant three hundred miles.

"My little Ina," he said, in a broken voice; "my brave little girl; my darling——"

In a Japanese house a scene of this kind could not last many seconds. Like an angry hawk, Teishin flew to them, tore her sister from the contaminating embrace, and thrust her far away from reach. Shiroyama's face was very dark. His hand flew instinctively to his side, where the swords had been worn until the Emperor's order displaced them. Donnell, however, realized that the aspect of the affair—as he understood it—had undergone a marvellous change.

"I will answer for everything," he shouted; "Mr. Halithorne is a man of honor." Then, addressing Halithorne in English, he added: "I tell them it is all right—that you are a man of honor."

"I am glad you have arrived at that conclusion," said Halithorne, rather stiffly. "Now, if you will persuade Mr. Shiroyama and this lady who favors me with her aversion to listen calmly for ten minutes, I can perhaps convince them that your latest judgment is not wholly without foundation."

"And Ina?"

"If Ina will leave us now, I think I can foretell that in half an hour she will hear something which will interest her. It is for her happiness, I believe—I hope."

Where were the principles of discipline which taught this daughter of Japan to heed only the commands of the elders of her household? Why did she follow the behest of this new-comer, unsupported by sign or word from those to whom she owed submission and obedience?

"You do not mean to go away," she said, softly, as she glided to the door.

"Go? without you? Never!" he cried.

It was all she cared to know. The happiness he had promised as a later gift was already glowing in every lineament of her fair young face.

"Now, doctor," said Halithorne, "will you please tell Shiroyama San that I want his daughter?"

The doctor surveyed him curiously and critically.

"Gently, friend Halithorne; this is too hasty."

"Not at all hasty; and if it were, I know what I am about. So pray lay aside your Scotch caution, and do as I request; otherwise I shall pull together enough Japanese to tell him myself."

"A nice piece of work you would make of it. For Ina's sake I suppose I am bound to humor you. I hope you see your way through all this. I can't say I do."

In elaborate and ceremonious terms, and with the amplitude of reiteration required by politeness on so momentous an occasion, he proceeded to submit the American's proposal. It was received in silence, and without a sign to indicate the impression it produced upon the listeners. When the doctor had finished, Shiroyama simply asked that he and Teishin be excused, as it was fitting they should consider the subject in private. Their absence, he said, should be as brief as they could make it.

"There will be no difficulty with the father," said Donnell; "his affection for Ina is too deep and controlling to allow him to stand in the way of her happiness—and I dare say she will find means to make him know what her happiness requires. But Teishin is not so easily led."

"Does she understand that I wish to marry Ina?" asked Halithorne.

The doctor glared at him.

"I am beginning to have a liking for you, young man," he said, "and it galls me to hear you talk like an ass. What else should she understand?"

"I beg your pardon, doctor, I do sincerely;" answered Halithorne, abashed. "But she might imagine that all foreigners look upon Japanese girls as their natural prey."

"I don't want to ruffle your self-esteem," said Donnell, "but you must not flatter yourself with the idea that these people will look upon this as a brilliant alliance. With all their gentleness they have the concentrated haughtiness of a dozen or more centuries in their blood. There's not a family in Europe with a pedigree to equal theirs."

"Bother their pedigree!" cried Hali-

thorne, impatiently; "what do I care about it?"

"They care a great deal, and it is not Teishin's antagonism alone that you have to overcome. In fact, the final decision can hardly be said to rest even with Shiroyama. His father is yet alive, a finely preserved specimen of antique Japanese prejudice, arrogance, and wilfulness. He came near disinheriting Shiroyama for studying our system of medicine—would have done so if there had been another son. According to his belief, all foreigners are a peculiarly malignant class of devils, and he credits them with every misfortune that has visited him; insists upon it that if they had never come he would be still a wealthy noble."

"Is he poor, then?"

"Wretchedly."

"Well, I will square that account, and make him wealthy again."

"You will? How? But that is well thought of, Halithorne. They are entitled to some information, and will look to me for it. May I ask a few questions?"

"Go on."

"You are able to take care of Ina?"

"Financially? Oh, yes."

"You spoke of rebuilding the burned rooms."

"I can build them a dozen temples, doctor. Have no concern on that head."

"Indeed! Well, I am not sorry. Ina will never be spoiled by money. Thishin would not think about it. Shiroyama might be pleased, but the prospect of riches for his child will not influence him. And now—excuse me, I am not inquisitive, but since I have accepted the position of *nakodo* (go-between) I must be prepared for reasonable inquiries—you are quite free to act as you please?"

"Why, certainly."

"Of course you will have armies of relations and friends in full cry to dissuade you from this step?"

"I have no relations near enough to be listened to, and I know how to deal with the kind of friends you speak of."

"That is all I wish to learn, Halithorne. Shake hands, lad! I never thought to be mixed up in such a queer transaction. But I don't regret it. I don't believe you are the man to make me regret it. And yet I cannot tell you how dear that child is to me."

"You see I do not ask any questions about her," said Halithorne, with mischievous design.

"Gracious heaven! what could you desire to ask? You have known her a week. It doesn't need that much time to find the blemishes, if there are any, in a piece of pure crystal."

As the doctor expected, he was soon called to take part in the domestic conference. Halithorne gave himself less concern as to the result than the circumstances warranted. He did not dream of serious opposition. His Japanese experience had not brought him into close association with representatives of the old régime, or he might better have understood in what slight estimation the foreigner is held by them, and how unlikely they are to be dazzled by the glitter of riches. To do him justice, he placed little reliance upon this usually potent inducement. He believed, rightly enough, that Ina's undisguised affection would be the strongest argument in his favor, but he had no suspicion that it was the only one, and that no other consideration would have been allowed a feather's weight. When the family council reappeared, it was rather with eagerness than anxiety that he awaited the verdict. Teishin came directly to him, leading her sister by the hand. As she advanced she said, in an undertone:

"It is a misfortune that my words must reach him cold and lifeless. You, Ina, I fear, can give but a pale reflection of what I would now say."

"Then speak your own language," exclaimed Halithorne; "I ought long ago to have told you that I understand it."

The effect of this declaration, delivered in passable Japanese, was paralyzing. Ina was the first to grasp its full meaning.

"Oh, *nei-san!* he has heard everything," she cried, in consternation.

"It was not my desire to deceive you," said Halithorne, much embarrassed.

"This is easily understood," said Teishin, recovering herself. "He doubtless learned something in the early days which we might not wish him to know.

If that were so, the secrecy was not dishonorable."

"That is precisely what happened, Teishin San; I thank you for judging me so fairly."

"I am glad to do so now," she answered; "until this hour I was too ready to be unjust. But that is past. Henceforth I wish to see only what is good in you, for, with a changed and willing heart, I give to you my sister, my treasure, the joy of my lonely life. Never have I had a thought but of her happiness. If she has found it without my guidance, it is not for me to turn my face against her. I read in her soul that she has learned to feel what I have never felt—what I have feared no woman in this land could safely feel. You, a stranger, have lighted the flame, and you should have the power to keep it alive. The kind doctor has told us what wives may be to husbands of your race. It is marvellous to hear, but I close my mind to distrust, and believe it all, rejoicing, for Ina's sake. Give her your love; without it she will fade and die. Give her your love, and take the blessings which we pray our gods to send from heaven to the loyal and the true. My father, Shiroyama Nobutora, bids me tell you that the last daughter of our house is yours."

As she closed, she sank upon her knees, seemingly to emphasize her fervent appeal. Lifting the folds of her coif with the left hand, so as to cover her face, she drew her sister forward with the right and placed her by Halithorne's side. The young American was genuinely affected by the solemnity and pathos of her action. He felt himself unequal to a formal response, which, indeed, was not looked for by any present.

"None of us will forget this scene," said Doctor Donnell, as he arose to withdraw.

"Not I, you may be sure," said Halithorne, "so long as I have this little monitor by me, to keep my memory steadfast."

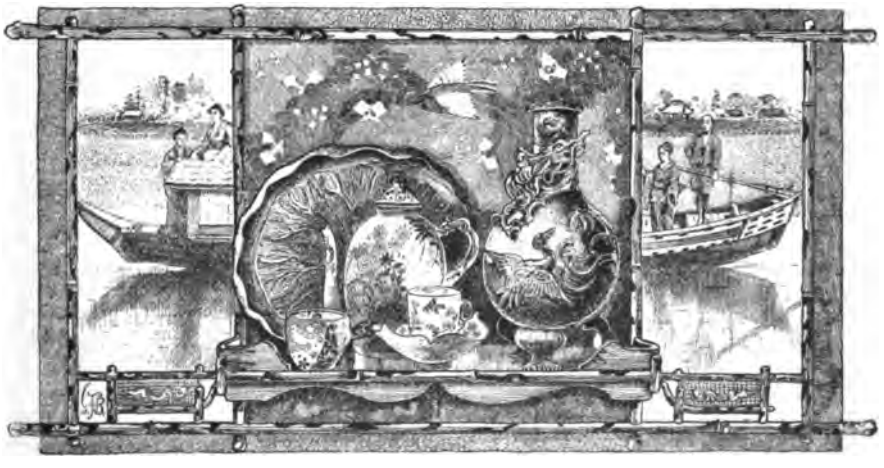
VI.

When the Torin Ji sisterhood heard what had befallen, the calm of that sacred retreat was shaken as by a sentimental earthquake. This, then, was the consequence of letting the alien invalid share the bounties originally intended for the sons and daughters of Dai Nippon alone; the fire of Fudo Sama had touched the heart of their dearly loved novice. The younger nuns agreed unanimously to welcome it as a beneficent dispensation. The elders shook their heads ominously, until the report ran round that the American was about to rebuild the consumed edifice on a scale of unprecedented magnitude, besides adding untold splendors to the shrine of the god of flame. Then their despondency disappeared, and some of them commenced discussing the possibility of securing a desirable proselyte for the sect of Tendai. Teishin now readily accepted Halithorne's proffers, putting a check, however, upon the somewhat extravagant liberality of his schemes. Ina's delight and pride were unbounded when she discovered the power for good which her new command of money brought; it was her only way of measuring the value of wealth. And Halithorne was contented to watch the development of this and other phases of her character, apprehending no evil from the change of worldly condition which necessarily awaited her.

The announcement of his purpose was received by the European and American communities in Japan with stupefaction. That an eligible republican millionaire, laboring under aberration caused by brain-fever, should be thus captured by a designing knot of reduced Japanese *samurai*, they held to be the last and worst achievement of oriental chicanery. The general conviction was that the diplomatic agents near the Mikado's court were bound to interfere. As they did not, it devolved upon certain self-appointed committees to visit the misguided man and inform him that he was flying in the face of society; whereupon the misguided man proclaimed his permanent secession from society in terms too shockingly disrespectful to be here repeated; and his relations with that august body were summarily and to all appearance indefinitely suspended.

After his marriage, which was deferred until the season of festivity which marked Ina's eighteenth year, he continued to reside in Kioto, being permitted by favor

of the government to erect a private mansion in the near neighborhood, and in architectural imitation, of the temple where he first saw the chosen companion of his life. In due time a thriving village of contiguous schools afforded opportunity for labors which were the young bride's constant gratification. In these and kindred institutions, founded primarily for her exclusive pleasure, Halithorne soon became so interested as to occasion repeated postponements of the projects of extensive travel which at one time seemed to him desirable. By way of compensation he brought to his new home a fleet steam-yacht, the colors of which may sometimes since have been seen in harbors remote from Japan, but are more familiar in the waters of the island empire. During its frequent voyages of recreation it touches at sequestered spots little known to the outer world, and the breezes that follow it on each departure are laden with tributes of thankfulness from multitudes who idolize its mistress as a messenger of consolation and charity. Wherever she goes it is her favored lot to be not only happy herself, but the cause of happiness in all around her. The genial doctor watches with unalloyed satisfaction her growth in womanly grace and loveliness. Shiroyama's remembrance of early griefs is softened by the contemplation of his youngest child's blissful career. In the virtues which are the essential attributes of her sex in Japan—tender humility, sweetness of temper, generous and affectionate devotion, and a fidelity to duty which no adverse strain can warp or weaken—her husband's trust is unlimited. While he knows that by these safeguards his domestic beatitude is assured, he feels himself under no obligation to shut his eyes to the additional charms of beauty and cleverness with which his little wife is endowed. But there is one in the small circle of family relationship whose felicity is of a purer and more unselfish quality. Teishin, mindful only of her sister's welfare, has long since stifled every sorrowful pang, triumphed bravely over her own bereavement, and taught herself to rejoice with all the fervor of her faithful heart in the love which, her simple creed tells her, was kindled by the sacred flame of Torin Ji.



FRENCH TRAITS—SENSE AND SENTIMENT.

By W. C. Brownell.

FTER all," says Taine, "in France the chief power is intellect." More specifically, one is tempted to say, it is good-sense. Good-sense is universal. There is no national trait more salient in every individual. One comprehends Franklin's French popularity; his incarnation of good-sense inevitably suggested to the Parisians the propriety of divine honors. Measure is a French passion. Excess, even of virtue, is distinctly disagreeable to the French nature. Philinte's line, in "Le Misanthrope,"

"Et veut que l'on soit sage avec sobriété,"

defines the national feeling in this regard with precision. Exaggeration, exaltation, the fanatic spirit, are extremely rare. Temperance is the almost universal rule in speech, demeanor, taste, and habits. Nothing is less French than eccentricity. The normal attitude is equipoise. Any shock to this Frenchmen instinctively dislike. The unknown has few attractions for them. The positive and systematic ordering of the known absorbs their attention. Their gayety itself is consciously hygienic. Pleasure is their constant occupation, mainly because they can extract it out of everything, and make it such an avowed motive. But that intensification of pleasure which, either by attaining joy and bliss, on the one hand, or degenerating into riot, on the other, involves a complete surrender of one's self to impulse, they rarely experience. They organize their amusement, and take it deliberately. They cultivate carefully a capacity for enjoyment. They strike us as, one and all, calculators. They leave nothing to chance, and trust the unforeseen so little that the unexpected disconcerts them. They are alert rather than spontaneous. To our recklessness they appear to coddle themselves, but we speedily discern that in nothing is their good-sense more salutary; they conceive hygiene as we do therapeutics. Similarly with their economy, which is conspicuous and all-pervading. If you are bent on pleasure, a frugal mind is a necessity. Frugality is noticeable everywhere. It is the source of the self-respect of the poor; it keeps Paris purged of slums; it decorates respectability, and sobers wealth; it enables the entire community to get the utmost out of life. Economy extends even into the manner of eating. *Les Américains gâchent tout* is a frequent French reflection upon our neglect of the gravy and lack of thoroughness in the matter of mutton-chops. With them good-sense triumphs over grace itself. In dress, economy is as common as sobriety of taste. Frenchwomen would no more pay for, than they would wear, our dresses. Frenchmen make the opera-hat do duty in the afternoon promenade, and would resent the rigor of our "spring and fall styles."

This wide-spread diffusion of good-sense has, however, one inevitable concomitant—namely, a corresponding deficiency of sentiment. So preponderant is rationality in the French nature that Frenchmen strike us, sometimes, as a curious compound of the Quaker and the Hebrew. We are used to less alertness, to more relaxation. Bathos, enervation, are foreign to their atmosphere, and are speedily transformed amid its bracing breezes. But it is impossible to be so completely unsentimental as the French are without missing some of the quality of which sentimentality is really but the excess. The perfume of this they certainly miss. There are characters in Anglo-Saxondom—not to seek the *Gemüthlichkeit* of Germany—that are completely penetrated with this fine aroma. Neither are they rare; every man's acquaintance includes such. Their lives are full of a sweet, indefinable charm. Whatever the exterior, and often it is rugged and forbidding, the real nature

within glows with a delightful and temperate fervor that irradiates everywhere the circle within which they exist and move. Whatever, indeed, the intellectual fibre or equipment, the "mellow fruitfulness" of disposition and demeanor is potently seductive. Still further, one may find the quality in queston illuminating and rendering subtly attractive most deviously tortuous moral imperfections. And in France this quality hardly exists. In very few varieties of French type is it to be found, even in dilution. Even then it is apt to be imported. Rousseau was Swiss, and his heart and imagination had been touched by the deep colors and mysterious spaces of the Jura with a magic which it is vain to seek under the gray skies of Northern, or amid the "sunburnt mirth," the "dance and Provençal song," of Southern Gaul. Passionately patriotic as was the chief of Rousseau's successors, it is undoubtedly to her Northern blood that she owes her sentiment. About her French side, the side which came to the surface chiefly in her life, as the other did in her books, there was, if we may believe M. Paul de Musset and other *chroniqueurs*, very little sentiment indeed. In any event it is an exception, not a type, that George Sand illustrates as a Frenchwoman. Her great contemporary, Balzac, remarkable and original as he was, is a thousand times more French. But it is idle to cite instances. After all one may say of the De Guérins, of Senancour, of Joubert, Doudan, Renan, the fact remains that the French one meets, the people we mean when we think of Frenchmen, the great mass of the nation and its characteristic racial types, strike our Anglo-Saxon sense too sharply and clearly, with too ringing and vibrant a note, to appear to us otherwise than distinctly, integrally, and ineradicably unsentimental. It is this principally, I think, which makes the Anglo-Saxon feel so little at home in France—that is to say, the Anglo-Saxon who does thus feel, and who, I suspect, is in the majority. Paris is certainly very agreeable. Americans especially, having none of the jealousy of French institutions which makes a Tory of the most liberal Englishman while he is in Paris, find all sorts of *agréments* there as well as *en province*. But it is notorious that of both those who merely make flying visits, and those who form the American colony and move about in its rather narrow circle, there are very few who come into close contact with Frenchmen or make acquaintances of any degree of intimacy among them. And both to the few who do and the many who do not come to know them well, I suppose that French people are not, in general, acutely sympathetic.

The reason is not the difference in manners or in morals. Italian *mœurs* are as unlike American as are French habits and character. There are a dozen points of reciprocity between Frenchmen and ourselves which do not exist between us and the rest of the Latin race. Indeed, from our excessively industrial point of view, it seems as if it were only since 1870 that the Italians had belonged to the modern world at all—that world of which, from the same point of view, we are the present light and the future hope. Yet I do not doubt that nine out of every ten travelling Americans find the Italians more sympathetic, and that those who cross the Pyrenees get a more cordial feeling for the Spaniards. The reason is that the moral atmosphere south of the Pyrenees and the Alps is saturated with sentiment. As, journeying northward, one passes into the vine-clad prairie of Languedoc, or into the rose-decked arbor of Provence, one exchanges the deep Iberian tone and intense color, and the soft sweetness and suave grace which but gather substance without changing character in their *crescendo* from Naples to Turin, for a flood of bright light and clear freshness that fall somewhat chill on American relaxation. One exchanges the air of sentimental expansion for that of mental exhilaration, and only when some definite work is to be done do we, in general, enjoy external bracing of this sort. And in France, where industry, sobriety, measure, good-sense, hold remorselessly unremittent sway, where the chronic state of mind seems to him keyed up to the emergency standard, where no one is idle in Lamb's sense, where day-dreams are unknown and pleasure is an action rather than a state, where "merely to

bask and ripen" is rarely "the student's wiser business"—where, in a word, everything in the moral sphere appears terribly dynamic, the American inevitably feels himself somewhat at sea.

We have, of course, our unsentimental man, but he differs essentially from the Frenchman. He is practical, pragmatical—his enemies are inclined to add, pharisaical. To anyone of a radically different intellectual outfit he is intensely unsympathetic. He constantly expresses or betrays scorn for sentiment, which he associates with weakness of character; and for weakness of character he has nothing but contempt. Yet it is plain that he has, at bottom, more sentiment than the most sentimental Frenchman. His contempt for sentimentality, in fact, is thoroughly sentimental, and due to an instinctive dread of cheapening a force and a consolation which he secretly cherishes and jealously guards. And the contrast is as plain among the vicious as among the virtuous or along the commonplace level of respectable merit. The well-known association of Thackeray's Rebecca with Balzac's Valérie Marneffe, by which M. Taine illustrates radical differences in the art of the respective authors, serves better still, to my sense, to mark the radical difference in respect of sentiment between the French and English variants of the same type. Madame Marneffe is far less complex, far colder, more deliberately designing, more cynical, less remorseful. She is cleverer and infinitely more charming, to be sure, but the charm is wholly external. Rebecca's perversion is deeper, because her nature is more emotional. She is a hypocrite in a sense and to a degree that would undoubtedly surprise Madame Marneffe, about whom there is no cant at all. Her circumstances develop none. Her victims succumbed to other weapons. The absence of cant is itself unfavorable to sentiment, from which, at all events, cant is inseparable—an invariable excrescence, if not in one form or another and to some degree an accompaniment. As a matter of fact, the social naturalist infers it where sentiment is found in luxuriant growth, and from its absence argues the certain presence of cynicism. No two things are more reciprocally hostile than cynicism and cant, unless it be cynicism and sentiment. We come, logically, thus to find the absence of sentiment, involved in the French freedom from cant, express itself in what strikes the Anglo-Saxon as positive cynicism. Examples are abundant in contemporary literature. The Parisian widow of his "Four Meetings"—one of Mr. Henry James's masterpieces, and designated by him, with malicious felicity, "quelque chose de la vieille Europe"—surpasses Madame Marneffe; but easily the mistress of both, and here a marvel of pertinence, is the inimitable, the irresistible Madame Cardinal.

"Who has not the inestimable advantage," says Thackeray, "of possessing a Mrs. Nickleby in his own family?" What French family, one may inquire in a similarly loose and approximate spirit, cannot boast at least a distant connection with Madame Cardinal? This creation of M. Ludovic Halévy merits the high praise of association with Mrs. Nickleby. She is quite as frequent a French type as Mrs. Nickleby is an Anglo-Saxon one; and it is to be remarked that she is as unmixed an embodiment of sense as Mrs. Nickleby is of sensibility. There is a side of French nature, and of French nature alone, which Madame Cardinal illustrates in an eminent degree and with a *désinvolture* that is delightfully indiscreet. In his Academy address of welcome to M. Halévy, M. Pailleron spoke with sternness of this Cardinal *ménage*, and praised its chronicler as a moralist. But for a foreigner the moral is evident enough without insistence upon it, and the point of her portrait—aside from its exquisite technic—is not that Madame Cardinal is deeply perverted, but that she is national. She is national to this extent, that in the vast majority of her compatriots who are, in correctness of conduct and respectability of position, wholly removed from her sphere, who are as worthy as she is scandalous, there is, nevertheless, something acutely sympathetic with that trait of her character in virtue of which her rationality infallibly triumphs over the subtlest attacks of sentiment. Strictly from the point of view of sentiment, we may say, I think, that the average Frenchman makes the same impression on us that she proba-

bly makes on the average Frenchman. Be the situation never so sentimental, it never overpowers her omnipresent good-sense. *La santé avant tout* is not only her watchword, but that of millions of her countrymen. It is as potent to conjure with as the *Marseillaise*—and in the same way; one would say it aroused the same kind of feeling. The famous scene at table on Good-Friday, when Madame Cardinal takes a hand in the conversation, and brings the most delicate and elusive topics into the cold, relentless light of reason, is exquisite comedy, but it is satire as well. This brief two pages of *genre* will live as long as any masterpiece of the kind in literature, but its interest is not merely artistic. It is a contemporary national document of the first-class, beside which M. Zola's are often trite and superficial. There are present Monsieur and Madame Cardinal, their two daughters, both *danseuses* at the Opéra, and the Italian marquis, who has a wife and children in Italy, but who prefers living with the elder Mademoiselle Cardinal in Paris—an arrangement secured by the maternal solicitude of Madame Cardinal herself. Frequent quarrels disturb the serenity of this interior, however, despite the exclusively practical and unsentimental origin of the relationship. The marquis is reactionary. Monsieur Cardinal is radical. The occasion of Good-Friday provokes a clerical discussion. M. Cardinal abuses priests. The marquis forbids him to speak ill of his religion, announcing that he is a Catholic and has two bishops in his family. "Tenez," breaks in Madame Cardinal, "vous nous faites pitié avec votre religion! Ayez donc de la morale avant d'avoir de la religion. . . . Comment, voilà un homme marié, qui a une femme, trois enfants, qui laisse tout ça végéter en Italie pour venir vivre à Paris avec une danseuse. Et puis il parle de ses sentiments religieux. Non, vrai! ça me coupe l'appétit." (See here, you make us perfectly sick with your religion! Get some morality before having so much religion. . . . What! a married man with a wife and three children, who lets all that vegetate in Italy, while he himself comes to Paris to live with an opera-dancer. And he talks about his religious sentiments. It spoils my appetite.) Sentimentally speaking, this has the sublime irrelevance of Mrs. Nickleby's common-sense. Otherwise considered, it is the very acme of sense, reached under what, to anyone but Madame Cardinal, would be extremely discouraging conditions. How great must be the tension and how constant the alertness in which it is necessary to keep the purely intellectual faculties in order not to be distracted from impulsively denouncing in another the contemptible conduct for which you have rendered yourself expressly responsible by far greater baseness. In what a pitiful light does the sentimental marquis appear beside this victorious imperviousness to the sophisms of mere *délicatesse!* His exculpatory talk about his wife's wrongs toward him takes away our appetite as well as that of Madame Cardinal. As Périchole says, "Oui, bonnes gens, sautez dessus;" he is, in effect, "par trop bête."

It is, indeed, very noticeable that the social circumstances responsible for the evolution of such creatures as the Cardinals should have succeeded in debasing merely the emotional side of their nature. The will is not enervated, the conscience is doubtless readjusted rather than repudiated altogether, and the mental faculties are to a perfectly sane sense, perhaps, abnormally developed. No one would think of calling Madame Cardinal *bête*. She has the whole jargon of sentimentality at her tongue's end, and makes artistic use of it. The effect is somewhat hard and brassy; but justness of tone in such matters is for people of Madame Cardinal's station an affair of the susceptibility. A Madame Cardinal of any other nationality would be simply abominable, since to her moral obliquity she would inevitably add the mental degradation fatal to the last vestiges of self-respect. As it is, the caricature of one side of the French nature which M. Halévy's admirable portrait furnishes serves the purpose of a lens of high magnifying power in exhibiting the weakness of the French ideal of *délicatesse*. *Délicatesse* is a social and intellectual virtue—not a personal and moral one. It is the refinement of good-sense under the direction of the art-instinct. It is, in a word, conscientiousness minus sen-

timent. What is the quality of conscientiousness—almost as frequent with us as its correlative opposite, cant—but the result of adding sentiment, that is, serious emotion, to a disposition to right conduct? And the French lack of conscientiousness in its deeper and subtler sense, the sense in which we know it, and their substitution for it of *délicatesse*, indicates very strikingly a profound lack of sentiment also—an adjustment of the susceptibility to social expansion instead of to personal concentration. Rousseau's notion of gaining a fortune by pressing a button which should kill a mandarin has no attractions for us. The irresponsible levity of M. Sarcey's chagrin at having killed a servant of brain-fever, by trying vainly to teach him to read, gives us a slight shock. We have, very likely, too much conscientiousness. Everyone will recall absurd instances of its unhappy exaggeration. But our possession of both the quality and its defect is one of our differences from the French. *Délicatesse*, of which unquestionably we have too little, is in comparison decidedly an external and rational quality. Violation of its precepts results in mortification, but not remorse. A coarse person may become thoroughly *délicat* by careful observation of his acts, by considerateness, by attention, by intellectual conviction of its worldly wisdom. The chances are against his success, of course, because of the well-known difficulty of making silk purses out of anything but silk—but it is not impossible; whereas to "become" conscientious is a nonsense except through a change of heart and the aid of sentiment and emotion.

Certainly the frequency of French allusions to so delicate a thing as delicacy jars on a sensitiveness that is acute rather than rational—rude rather than civilized, the French would perhaps say. You feel like the little boy who, being taken to visit a family of very articulate piety, protested in confidence to his mother that so much open talk about God sounded to his sense too much like "bragging." Such words and phrases as *honneur, gloire, excessivement, scrupuleux, très honorable, extrêmement délicat* seem to us over-frequent in French usage, because we always use them with emotion, and with personal emotion (sincere or perfunctory), and so fail to see that the French use them scientifically. An American miner—not such a one as the grotesque Clarkson of M. Dumas fils's imagination, but such an uncut diamond as Bret Harte's Kaintuck—would undoubtedly find M. Augier's Marquis de Presles lacking in true sensitiveness in boasting of his pedigree and prating of his honor. On the other hand, the delicacy of Una's lion itself probably seems a little fantastic to the Frenchman, who would be sure also to share the feeling of the Marseillais for that of Inghomar. His highly developed social instinct, his remarkable intelligence, his good-sense, his lack of sentiment, enable him to disport freely and even gracefully on what appears to our eyes the thinnest of thin ice; he talks with great frankness of intimate things, makes confidently all manner of delicate allusions, seems to menace an assault upon the very citadel of your privacy, asks with inimitable *aplomb* questions of an indiscretion which makes your own awkwardness fairly gasp—all because his interest in these things is purely impersonal and uncolored with a tinge of sentiment. Take, for example, the instance of money. The French consider America El Dorado; and having regard to the comparative ease with which money is made here, they are quite right. But they entirely mistake our interest in money, which they imagine to be intensely philistine, whereas it is not so much that we care for money as that we care as a nation for little else. Money is, on the other hand, only one of the far more numerous and multifarious interests of the French; but they talk about it as we never do, and as, in fact, sounds cynical to American ears. Money-making is so much a matter of course with the vast majority of our people that without being paradoxical we may call our preoccupation with it in a measure disinterested. We pursue the end of money-getting more or less artistically, in a word, and the extravagance and recklessness with which we spend it proceeds from this and not from vulgarity, as Europeans, whose experience tells them nothing on this point, believe. It is, in fine, with us an end rather than a means, and consequently enables us to escape

that sordidness which does not fail to shock us abroad. Our attitude is thus irrational beside that of the French, and causes their frank eagerness of acquisition and undisguised economy of spending to seem extremely *terre-à-terre* to us. "Coal-oil-Johnny" is really a less vulgar figure than the more sensible Père Grandet, and he is perhaps a less frequent type with us than Balzac's miser is in France. As business is a less definite pursuit with the French, it becomes in dilution even more general; it is followed as art is with us—not only by the profession, but by an innumerable army of amateurs. And it is largely with these that the American visitor comes into contact. His mental note-book is naturally thus crowded with disagreeable and exasperating data of what seems to his haste indelicacy carried beyond the honorable limit. But it is to be observed that these instances rarely illustrate an offence committed against the unwritten law of the French community itself, and that therefore dishonorable is an inapplicable epithet. To expect a community to change its customs in these regards for the benefit of your *naïveté* would be to exhibit still greater *naïveté*; but it is impossible not to argue from them an indisposition to permit good-sense any sentimental relaxation whatever—even in circumstances of the utmost seductiveness to a sensitive nature.

The French community is destitute of many sentimental influences which are very potent with us. The home, for instance, in England and among ourselves is a nursery of sentiment to a degree which it certainly is not in France—right as the French are in resenting our absurd misconception of their home-life. Mother and children are not, in France, brought into such sympathetic and sentimental relations. The reciprocal affection is, of course, just as sure and puissant, but its sinews are rational. She does not efface herself so much, and aspire to live only in them. They are educationally and otherwise occupied instead of developing emotional precocity. There are no long readings winter evenings, and none of that intimate companionship so often productive of what, physiologically speaking, has been so aptly termed "emotional prodigality." Our society is in considerable measure leavened by young men who, chiefly through this prodigality, have at one time or another contemplated entering the ministry, and have abandoned the notion only after the momentous struggle which leaves lasting traces on the sensibility. French youth do not know what solitude is; their only "communings" are communication. They naturally have less aptitude for the spiritual side of life than for its sensual and rational sides; the tendency to materialism is never far from the surface.

In fine, when the French enter the realm of sentiment they do not seem quite at home. They are in danger of becoming either fantastic or conventional. "Les deux tours de Notre Dame sont le H de Hugo!" exclaims, one day, Auguste Vacquerie to Jules Claretie, and Claretie chronicles the remark as an impressive one. Similar extravagances pass muster in the sphere of art, though only where sentiment is concerned. On the other hand, though nowhere is beauty admired more fanatically—adored more abjectly, one may almost say—the idea of it is often conventional enough. Expression, sentiment, do not count for so much as regularity. *Le charme prime la beauté* is a French adage, but what constitutes charm is the real question. As the vocabularies disclose, a single French word answers to "beautiful, fine, handsome." Sometimes beauty is mere *chic, cachet*, style, order and movement in carriage. That at any rate is, as a matter of fact, the great Parisian substitute for beauty, and has doubtless become so by natural selection. Accordingly, for the most part they confine their activities to the sphere of the intelligence, where they are never fantastic and rarely perfunctory; and they find no difficulty whatever in doing this, because the atmosphere of the intelligence is their natural element. Notice, for example, the diction of French acting. It is the sense and not the sentiment of the verse or prose that is savored by the actor and the audience. The voice never caresses the emotion evoked by the significance of the lines beyond the point needful for complete expression. The personal feeling by which such an actor as Salvini infuses warmth and glow into his most artistic impersonations the boards of the

Comédie Française never witness. It is an impersonal, that is to say, a purely intellectual enjoyment that one obtains from the delicious voice and admirable acting of Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, when she is at her best, when she is most contained, when she appeals most strongly to the Parisian. There is absolutely no sentiment whatever in that quintessence of the exquisite which has made Mme. Judic the most popular actress of Paris. An American or Englishman, and I should suppose, *a fortiori*, a German, is infallibly much impressed in his early stages of French theatre-going at the absence of intensity in the love-passages; the absence of all that kissing, clasping, enfolding, rushing together, gazing into the depths of each other's eyes—in fine, all that effort to enact the unutterable which is so characteristic of our stage as to have become thoroughly perfunctory. That this sort of thing does not exist on the French stage is partly due, to be sure, to a nicer sense of propriety, which dictates the limits of what is fit subject for artistic representation; but mainly it is to be ascribed to the predominance of good-sense over sentiment in the French appetite. One of the most refined pleasures that this world furnishes to the educated intellectual palate is the acting of Mdlle. Susanne Reichemberg. It is not only delicious in its *ingénue* quality, but it has an ampleness—what the French call *envergure*—wholly remarkable in this kind of art. Yet the foreigner undoubtedly, during a long apprenticeship, finds Mdlle. Reichemberg's art a little faint, a little thin, a little elusive, because of the ethereality with which it hovers over the region of sentiment, without ever alighting so that he may repose his apprehensive faculties an instant and devote himself to purely sensuous enjoyment. There is no pause; no intermission in which to meditate, as we say—the word often being a euphemism for "dream." In the presence of a worthy object, the Frenchman's pleasure is produced by the act of apprehension itself; ours by the stimulus apprehension gives to the sensibility. We like the light touch, but we like it to linger. Take such a piece as M. Augier's charming trifle, called "Le Post-Scriptum." It is impossible for the American to repress a wish that there were more of it; the *dénouement* occurs just as sentiment enters the scene. The Frenchman can imagine the rest; so can we, but we want it imagined for us all the same—we are more sentimental. The French public would never have demanded the epilogue of "The Newcomes."

Pathos and grandeur and their adequate presentation are by no means unknown to the French stage, though assuredly they are not its strong points. But it is always unmistakably apparent that these are never pursued outside the realm of pure intelligence, and driven to a refuge in that of pure emotion. Even in such a torrent of passion as that which Got portrays in "Les Rantzau," for example—certainly, as he presents it, one of the most powerful scenes to be found in the contemporary drama—the spectator is throughout acutely conscious of the illusion in virtue of which art is art and not a vulgarization of nature. In other words, however, the feelings may be stirred, the mind is maintained in continuous activity, and never abdicates in favor of the momentum of pure emotion. Exactly the opposite is the experience of the spectator who witnesses Miss Morris's remarkable impersonation of Cora, in "Article 47," say—in seeing which the nerves vibrate long after the moral susceptibility is too benumbed to react. Similar contrasts are noticeable in every department of activity.

The absence of anything answering to our negro-minstrelsy presents a very striking one. Few things could be less alike than the sensations obtainable from the *café-concert* entertainment and those produced by the melancholy songs and the burnt-cork buffoonery under whose benign influence the Anglo-Saxon sensibility is so wont to expand. "They have gazed," said Thackeray of his spectacles, "at dozens of tragedy-queens, dying on the stage and expiring in appropriate blank verse, and I never wanted to wipe them. They have looked up, with deep respect be it said, at many scores of clergymen in pulpits, and without being dimmed; and behold! a vagabond, with a corked face and a banjo, sings a little song, strikes a wild note which sets the whole heart thrilling with happy pity." It would be difficult, I think, to explain to

a Frenchman the significance of "thrilling with happy pity;" or the value in general of idle tears drawn from the depths of never so divine a despair; or the connection of this kind of emotion with that with which Thackeray associates it in saying, in the same paragraph which records the dimming of his spectacles by a sentimental ditty, "I have seen great, whiskered Frenchmen warbling the 'Bonne Vieille,' the 'Soldats, au pas, au pas,' with tears rolling down their mustaches." "Is there then," one can fancy him asking in perplexity, "no difference between the respective ways in which Béranger and a banjoist affect the English sensibility?"

We miss unction in the expression with which the French read even the lyric and emotional verse and prose of their own authors. A Frenchman seems to see in such idyls as Daudet's "Lettres de Mon Moulin" a wholly different kind of charm from that which penetrates us. What we call unction would undoubtedly seem to them unctuousness—especially should they listen to some of our professional elocutionists, who bear on so hard as to make the tenderer sentiments fairly squeak. Even in personal matters, sentiment with the French does not outlast the intellectual occasion of it. In the sincerest grief they are easily consoled. Their sanity comes speedily to their rescue from the peril of morbidness, which from their point of view it is so clearly a duty to avoid that they devote themselves to it consciously and expressly. Inconsistency is therefore not a trait to be ashamed of. Certain forms of constancy, on the other hand, seem puerile and rudimentary. Be constant just so long as instinct, reason, and passion dictate. *L'amour* becomes *l'amitié* with appalling swiftness. There are, perhaps, as many "John Andersons"—Daudet's "Les Vieux" is as touching as the Scotch poem—but they are not given to sentimentalizing. In the average Parisian the horror of old age has something almost hysterical about it. For them, more than for anyone else, the days of their youth are the days of their glory.

The feeling for landscape is said to be a modern sentiment. In a Wordsworthian degree of intensity it may be; though from Sophocles to Shakespeare there is not wanting abundant evidence of the power of nature over human emotions. But here, at any rate, is a field in which the imagination has full sway, in which the feeling for what *is* can be indulged unhampered by what is *made*, where the mind is led captive by the sense and the sense itself seduced by the fancy, where sentiment, uncurbed by either the intellect or the will, reacts under the effect of nature's beauty in such a way as to transfigure the cause itself of so much emotion and transform the actual aspects of nature into celestial mirage. Mention that phenomenon to the Frenchman, and you will be sure to find his civility hardly capable of concealing his scepticism. You will discover in him something of the feeling you yourself experience in the presence of certain manifestations of German sentiment. It has been said, indeed, of Théodore Rousseau that whereas other men loved nature, he was in love with her; but Rousseau was a specialist, and, like George Sand, remains wholly exceptional. Daudet's Bompard, who finds Switzerland "un paysage de convention," is the type. In the presence of nature even the Provençal is *recueilli*. The true Frenchman, who is socially and intellectually expansion itself, is no more touched by green fields and new pastures than such English exceptions as Sydney Smith or Doctor Johnson. Only by an excess of sentiment over the thinking-power can one surrender himself fully to the pantheistic charm of landscape, or share that passion for "scenery" which rules strongly in the breast of even our philistine.

As with nature, so in art—a domain wherein the modern Frenchman believes himself supreme, and wherein, indeed, he is on many sides unrivalled. In architecture, painting, sculpture, and poetry, one may almost say that whereas the antique and the Renaissance art appealed to the mind through the sense, the French genius reaches the sense through the mind. The mind at all events is first satisfied. It is the science rather than the sentiment of perhaps the most emotional plastic art in the world—mediæval architecture, namely—that strikes most powerfully its most eminent expositor, M. Viollet-le-Duc, as appears not

merely in his admirable "Discourses," but especially in his restorations, which are as cold as the stone that composes them. French æsthetic criticism in all departments is pervaded by this spirit. And as criticism far more than imaginative writing demands standards and canons in order to attain coherence and effectiveness, it is perhaps for this reason that French criticism is altogether unequalled. Competence may be measured, but sentiment is less palpable; accordingly, in every artistic province competence mainly is what is looked for, seen, and discussed. Accordingly, too, it mainly is what is found. Not only is the technic more interesting as a rule than the idea, the treatment worthier than the motive. This is a consequence of highly developed education, which, though it may not stifle inspiration, yet infallibly disturbs the relation which, under more rudimentary conditions of training, conception and execution reciprocally sustain. But what is more noteworthy and more natively characteristic of French art is that the technic itself is sapient rather than sensuous. Your respect for it reaches admiration; but exceptions like Vollon, whose touch seduces you by its charm, are rare. Manet and the whole impressionist school, Degas apart, whose art begins and ends in technic, are in the last analysis admirable rather than moving; the mass of the school, indeed, still handles its brush polemically. Observe the difference between Diaz and Monticelli in the matter of sentiment. There can be no doubt which is the saner painter, which has the larger method, but there are chords of infinite refinement in the Italian's poetic register that Diaz never reaches; his fine ladies and gallants are very courtly, they have the grand air, but they have not the exquisite suavity of Monticelli's, and do not breathe the same ether. The great annual exhibition at the Palais de l'Industrie contains no sentiment like that of the Venetian Nono, the English Burne-Jones, the American Martin; there is no tone like Segantini's, no color like La Farge's. Even in the crucial instances of Corot and Millet—not to mention Troyon and Daubigny—even in the case of the Fontainebleau coterie, which contrasts so strongly with the mass of French art, and which is thoroughly poetic, there is still visible the high, clear prevalence of French style, French distinction, French reserve, order, measure. Corot is, I think, yet more eminent for style than for sentiment. Millet's sentiment is a trifle morbid; his melancholy is not intense and spontaneous, but pervasive and discouraged. It is not quite, I think, the spontaneous, natural note which produces the poetry of "Turner's seas and Reynolds's children," comparatively impotent as the technic is in either English case. It has a philosophical touch in it; it is mentally preoccupied. The French peasant is, in fine, too exclusively Millet's subject. Even in the Fontainebleau coterie the thinking-power dominates.

Of course the same characteristic is quite as noticeable in poetry as in plastic art. French tragedy is not what the younger Crébillon called it—"the most perfect farce ever invented by the human mind"—but it has incontestably the qualities of prose; it has even the defects of prose. As a rule it is clear, placid, measured, the emotional element quite lost in its contained and cadenced expression; or else it is *emphase*. We at least cannot quite understand what is meant by what the French say about the rude grandeur of Corneille except by contrasting him with the ingenious and refined but, to our notion, not deeply poetic Racine; and, of course, such a contrast has nothing in the way of positive judgment in it. Still it is the fashion to misappreciate French classic poetry in English, and to misappreciate it very grossly and absurdly; the affectation of overestimating it is very recent and, as yet, very little disseminated. We have far more to learn from the French admiration of it than we commonly imagine. It is singular that we should be as temerarious as we are in judging an art with whose medium of expression we are so little familiar. Plastic art is a universal language. The French idiom is perhaps the modern tongue, whose idiosyncrasies are most highly developed, in the first place, and, in the second, the most inaccessible to the foreigner. But one thing is plain, an English-speaking person is apt to underestimate its poetic capacity because of the peculiar compo-

sition of his own language. How much of the poetic quality of English verse and prose is due to the fact that we have a double vocabulary it would be difficult to determine. It is certainly very considerable. The play of mind and emotion afforded by this easy method of avoiding prosaic associations, by using the Saxon or the Latin word or phrase, or both, or varying their proportions, as the shade of sense may prompt, is very great. We rely so unconsciously on this advantage that we feel its absence as the French, who do not know it, of course cannot, and as it is, equally of course, wholly unjust to feel in the case of French poetry. When Creon exclaims to Œdipus, who has the madness to appear in Thebes, "Quelle imprudence extrême!" the English-speaking spectator, who misses the value of the tone, adjudges the poetic quality of the ejaculation about equivalent to that of a reproach addressed to a man who should have had the imprudence to brave the night-air without an overcoat. He does not see that such a word as *imprudence* is, so far as its poetic quality is concerned, a totally different word from "imprudence." Even a critic of so nice a sense and a French scholar of such distinction as Mr. Arnold complains that the only word the French have for "fustian" is *emphase*—our word for emphasis. But *emphase* in the proper circumstances means to a Frenchman precisely what fustian means to us; it does not mean emphasis at all. It would be as pertinent to find the French lack of musical instinct attested by their making chanticleer *chanter* instead of "crow." We cannot proceed too cautiously where the shades of the French language are concerned. There is no *feu follet* which equals it.

Nevertheless, let us note that this applies mainly to technic; and that after we have admitted our incompetence to pronounce upon the poetic quality of the medium, and come as directly as thus we may to the substance of French poetry, we almost infallibly find this to have the quality of rhetoric rather than of absolute poetry, as we understand the term. Its stuff is assuredly not star-dust. Keats's conjunction of the two words "Cold pastoral!" shows the power of the alchemist who fuses thought and emotion at the white heat requisite for producing the quintessence of poetry. Beside them Victor Hugo's naively admired characterization of death as "La grande endormeuse" is the rhetorical variant of a classic commonplace. On the other hand, where elevation rather than intensity of poetic emotion is in question, the rhetorical quality of French poetry is still more apparent; it is perfect rhetoric, but its rational and finite alloy is still more noticeable. Is there anything in Victor Hugo's trinity of Rabelais, Molière, and Voltaire, or in "soft Racine and grave Corneille," that strikes precisely the same note as Lear turning from his dead Cordelia with "Pray you, undo this button—thank you, sir!"? Yet you may find in English prose the same sudden poetic harmonizing with the calm and simplicity of nature herself when personal emotion has spent its exaltation; for example, where Henry Esmond, after his tirade to the Prince, turns to his cousin with "Frank will do the same, won't you cousin?"

Lack of sentiment, too, seems to me directly responsible for that intrusion of philosophy into the domain of art, which is a French eccentricity—just as, perhaps, to an excess of sentiment is to be attributed the tendency of the Anglo-Saxon artist to infiltrate his work with moralizing. Balzac and Thackeray contrast in illustration of this as in so many other respects. In either instance art loses—in the one because sentiment overshadows the artistic sense, in the other because there is no qualifying sentiment to prevent paradox through the medium of tact and feeling. Dreary pages of Balzac would have been spared his readers had his intelligence been sentimentally modified. But it is in such instances as that which the younger Dumas presents that this characteristic effect is best seen. The younger Dumas is taken very seriously in France. He is the first of French social philosophers. He uses the stage as a professor does his desk. His plays are philosophical deliverances; and, in spite of their immense cleverness of artistic artifice, they are invariably artistic paradoxes. Invariably the sentiment revolts at the

first act, and the rest of the piece is an acted argument to prove the illogicality of this repugnance, its philosophical unsoundness. A similar note is observable in much of Hugo's work. The catastrophe of "Hernani" is very powerfully buttressed, but sentimentally it is paradoxical and sterile. The same is true of the way in which the King wins the love of his victim in "Le roi s'amuse;" it is very likely sound empirical philosophy, but artistically it is an intrusion. "Les Misérables" is full of analogous error, owing to the same cause. And in fact, nothing is so hostile to the *emphase* which is admittedly the great bane of Hugo's writing as the subtle sense of fitness born of feeling alone; where he is instinctive and truly sentimental, Hugo is superb. Finally, take the still more conspicuous instance of a writer who passes in general for very nearly a pure sentimentalist, and who is certainly an artist of the first-class—M. Renan. He is quite right in classing that curious part of his work, of which "L'Abbesse de Jouarre" may figure as the most striking representative, as pure diversion; it is related to the mass of his admirable accomplishment on no side. French criticism itself finds "L'Abbesse de Jouarre" displeasing; and it is displeasing because in it M. Renan virtually reverses his usual process, and instead of philosophy penetrated with sentiment, gives us art invaded by philosophy. The philosophy of "L'Abbesse de Jouarre" is, perhaps, not fantastic as philosophy, but as art the piece is fatally lacking in sentiment; although it deals with love itself, it deals with it argumentatively; it defends a thesis; it is what the French call *thèse*. Perhaps did the world believe its last hour come there would be a universal outburst of sexual love. Perhaps for people in general love is a passion capable of enough sublimity for supreme crises. But though we may grant this, we do not feel it. Yet with the most sentimental of French philosophers the intellect so dominates the susceptibility that in a professed work of art the subject is taken on its curious side, even at the expense of revolting the sentiment. And if we examine in this regard a great deal of current French literature—the immensely clever and impressive work of M. Guy de Maupassant and M. Richepin, for example—it is impossible not to note the frequency with which this motive recurs: namely, illustration of the warfare between truth and sentiment, of the incompatibility between zest for the real and affection for the attractive, and, as a constant undertone, the superior dignity of the former in either instance. The spirit and temper of this literature are eccentric only in degree; they are only accentuations of the national turn for the domination of sentiment by sense.

What has become of the Celtic strain in the French nature? How superficial of Karl Hillebrand to assert, "Grattez le Français et vous trouverez l'Irlandais!" And how little impression the Frank seems to have made on the true French character! When Sieyès exclaimed of the aristocracy, "Let us send them back to their German marshes!" he had not only the nation, but the French nature itself, at his back. The fusion of the Gaul and Roman seems to have been as complete in character as in institutions. Whatever is runic, bardic, weird, barbaric, is as repugnant to the Frenchman of to-day as to the Roman of the age of Augustus. It was even repugnant to the Frenchman of the epoch of "The Romaunt of the Rose." The romance and chivalry of Francis I.'s time were in great measure, doubtless, a Merovingian legacy; and their survival in duels and deliberate gallantry nowadays, amid so much that is *terre-à-terre* and eminently unromantic, constitutes an odd conjunction. Of the Renaissance ideals, nearly the only one spared by the Revolution is the substitution of honor for duty in the sphere of morals. Otherwise even the *jeunesse dorée* of the day is more *bourgeoise* than cavalier. It does not include many Bayards. As equality, tolerance, civilization, material comfort move forward, sentiment evaporates. Rabelais gives place to Zola. Where *esprit* prevails, sentiment necessarily suffers. Wit is hostile to the penumbra of poetic feeling inseparable from humor. Fond as the French are of intellectual *nuances*, they have in the sphere of sentiment singularly few. And for

such sentiment as may be divined or anticipated—for axiomatic or commonplace sentiment, in fine—their contemptuousness is marked. Voltaire's peevish reproach to the rival responsible for his mistress's death is a characteristic illustration; the circumstances so plainly justified indignation that the only resort of the intellectual instinct was in petulance. A society's need of sentiment, we may perhaps say, having regard at any rate to its expression, varies inversely with its solidarity, with its homogeneity of feeling; and it is the highly developed social instinct of the French that dispenses them from all dependence upon that *épanchement*, that sentimental effusion, which we find so necessary to the enjoyment of social intercourse—of which with us, indeed, it is the very essence.

This certainly is the notion of the French themselves. The abandonment to feeling and impulse, which is characteristically Celtic, they regard as uncivilized. Their apparent excitement on occasion, political and other, contains a large artistic element, even when it is not the natural accompaniment of deliberate action. Their entire sentimental attitude they themselves believe to be the antique attitude. According to De Maistre, Racine is simply a Greek talking French. Taine points out the similarity between the prominent Athenian traits and those of his countrymen. The parallelism indisputably holds good in many points; but there is an important difference. The French have the antique sanity; they have neither the serenity nor the spirituality of the antique world. The immense complexity of the modern world; the tremendous task of clearing away the débris of the Middle Age, which has left permanent scars, and is still incomplete; the substitution of diffusion for concentration of culture and intelligence—are all hostile to national serenity, to national spirituality. The force which overwhelmed the antique civilization was a prodigious effusion of feeling. The people that issued soonest and farthest from the night that succeeded naturally freed itself most completely from the mediæval trait of mind dominated by emotion. So, amid all the gayety and brilliant *verve* of French life at its flood, we feel inevitably with Arnold, exclaiming in Montmartre, that "amiable home of the dead"—

So, how often from hot
Paris drawing-rooms, and lamps
Blazing, and brilliant crowds,
Starred and jewell'd, of men
Famous, of women the queens
Of dazzling converse—from fumes
Of praise, hot, heady fumes, to the poor brain
That mount, that madden—how oft
Heine's spirit, outworn,
Long'd itself out of the din,
Back to the tranquil, the cool
Far German home of his youth!

And Heine, who belonged plainly to Paris, by his intellectual side had undoubtedly that un-Parisian sentiment which, when he was sick unto death and everything external seemed trivial to him, drew him irresistibly toward his old German grandmother, in spite of the exasperation with which, in his prime, her ingrained Philistinism had filled him. How much more, then, do we, about whose intelligence there is very little that is Parisian, who have no such capacity as Heine for breathing with exhilaration the rarefied French atmosphere, feel therein the lack of that sentiment which is to us the universal solvent and the supreme consolation.

But do not imagine that the French themselves feel this insufficiency. Do not even fancy that they quite respect our contentment with vague emotion, however exquisite, as a substitute for the bracing air of those heights where the mind exerts itself freely and the consciousness disports itself at its ease. To them Parnassus—or the Parisian variety of it—is far more attractive than the fireside. They are no more "maddened" by the "heady fumes of praise" than the eagle is blinded by the sun, or the owl dismayed by the darkness, or any other creature disabled by its natural element. One of Edmond About's eulogists exclaimed at his funeral, with a fine burst of eloquence, referring to his Alsatian birth: "Peut-il être le produit d'une terre allemande!" I think if we take Heine as an evidence that the French ideal is unsatisfactory to the Germanic foreigner best disposed there-

to by nature and training, About may be taken as the type of the highly organized and really noble nature to which this ideal seems complete, and which reminds us that if the French are the least poetic, they are the sanest of modern peoples. The nation itself deserves Hugo's praise of Paris: "Paris a été trempé dans le bon sens, ce Styx qui ne laisse point passer les ombres"—"*Paris has been dipped in good-sense—that Styx which lets no phantoms pass.*"

ON READING CERTAIN PUBLISHED LETTERS OF W. M. T.

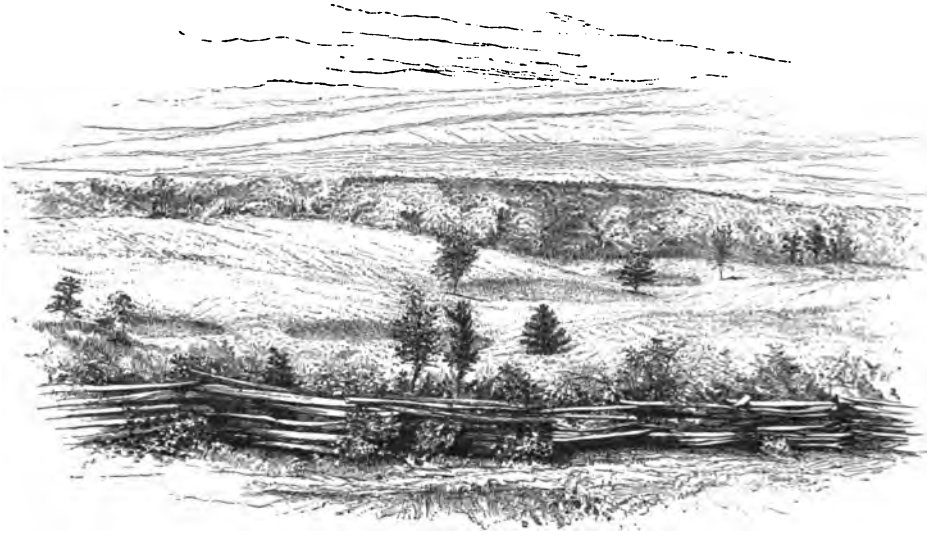
By H. C. Bunner.

It is as though the gates of heaven swung,
Once only, backward, and a spirit shone
Upon us, with a face to which there clung
Naught of that mortal veil which sore belies,
But looked such love from such high-changèd eyes,
That, even from earth, we knew them for his own.

Knew them for his, and marvelled; for he came
Among us, and went from us, and we knew
Only the smoke and ash that hid the flame,
Only the cloak and vestment of his soul;
And knew his priesthood only by his stole—
And, thus unknown, he went his journey through.

Yet there were some who knew him, though his face
Was never seen by them; although his hand
Lay never warm in theirs, they yet had grace
To see, past all misjudgment: his true heart
Throbbed for them in the creatures of his art,
And they could read his words, and understand.

All men may know him now, and know how kind
The hand in chastisement so sure and strong—
All men may know him now, and dullards blind
Into the secrets of his soul may see;
And all shall love—but, Steadfast Greatheart, we,
We knew thee when the wide world did thee wrong.



Sink-holes, Edmonson County, Ky.

CAVERNS AND CAVERN LIFE.

By N. S. Shaler.

THE surface phenomena of the earth, the scenes which have an every-day familiarity, soon become to ordinary observers commonplace. The sailor finds the ocean tiresome, and the dweller of the Alps sees little to awaken pleasurable emotions in the peaks and glaciers which meet his eyes from year to year. All of us are familiar with the glory of the starlit sky, and know that these points of light are the spheres of planets and suns scattered through fathomless space; and yet this spectacle, which would overwhelm the soul were it disclosed for a single hour in a lifetime, awakens in most but a momentary interest or, oftener, none at all. It is the unseen which attracts us most. Therefore, in all times men have speculated as to the contents of the nether earth. Its crevices and caverns afford in their dark recesses a world which the imagination can people at its will. Even if they excite only a vague wonder mingled with terror, these subterranean spaces are still fascinating to the explorer weary of the well-known or, rather, familiar objects of the sunlit world.

The class of underground openings known as caverns have, in all countries and at all times, been especially captivating to the lovers of the marvellous; their strange architecture, beautiful ornamentation, and peculiar inhabitants have combined to make them attractive. To men of science they have recently become extremely interesting, because they throw light on the early conditions of savage man, and make some startling contributions to the facts which bear on the so-called Darwinian theory.

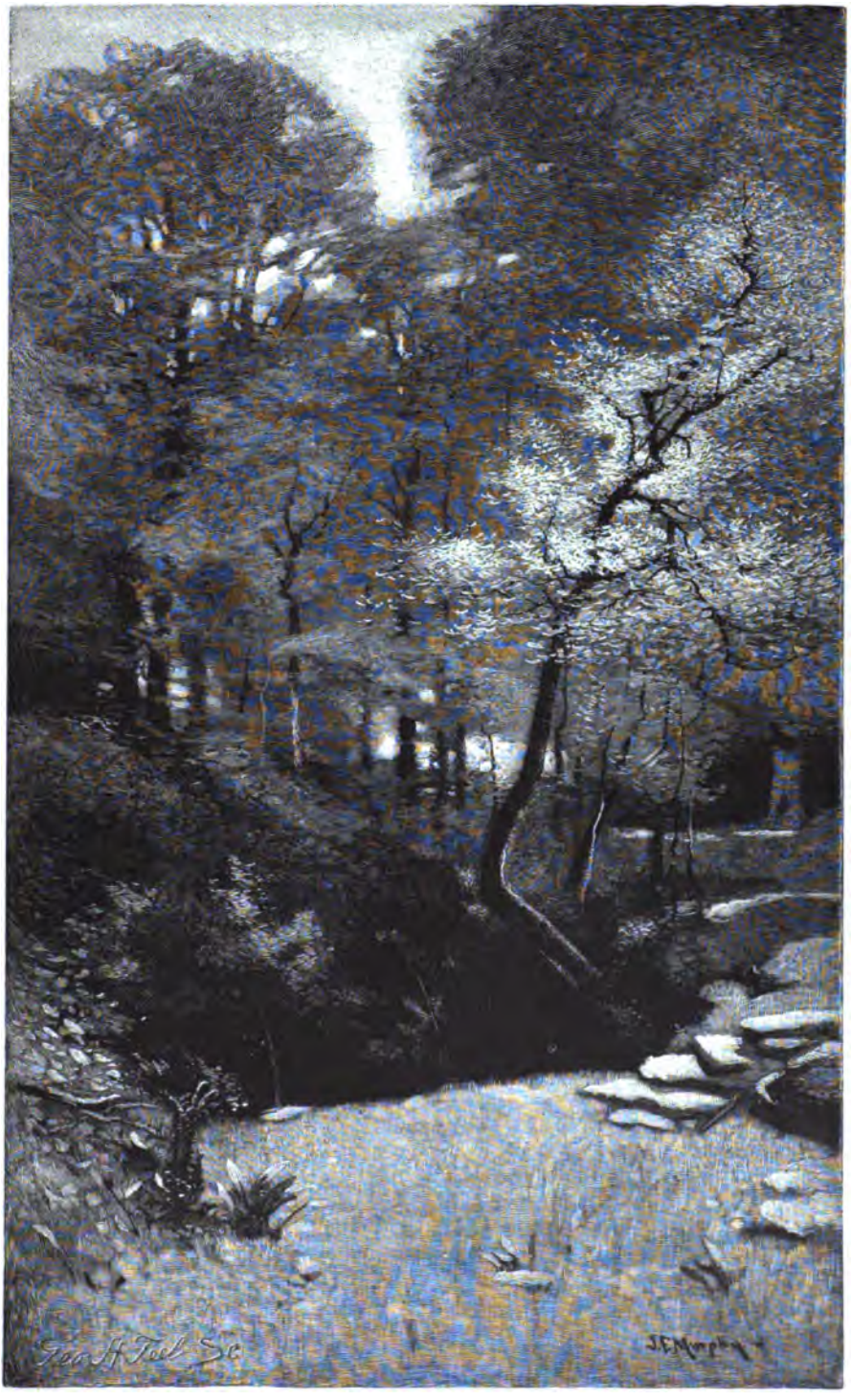
The open spaces of the underground may, at the outset of our inquiry, for convenience, be divided into several distinct classes: First, we have the caverns, or the channels excavated in limestone rocks by streams which find their way beneath the surface. These are by far the most extensive and the most interesting of the subterranean chambers. Next, the channels and chambers hollowed out by the waters of hot springs on their way from the depths of the earth to the surface. Third, come the sea-caves,

formed where the battering surges have worn a way into the shore-cliffs along the line of some softer part of the rocks or of an incipient fissure. Fourth, the cavities curiously formed where a lava-stream has frozen or solidified on the surface, while the liquid rock below has flowed on or sunk back into the depths, leaving the arch standing, until the matter which originally supported it has disappeared. Lastly, we have the rifts formed in the rocks which have been rent by the mountain-building forces, where the walls on either side of the break—or, as it is termed by miners, the fault—have been pulled apart from each other, leaving a very deep and long, but relatively narrow, fissure. In one or another of these groups we may place all the known cavities which occur beneath the earth's surface. The variety of these subterranean chambers is so limited that we shall be able within the compass of this essay to see something of the history and character of them all.

Owing to their wide distribution, great variety, and vast extent, the limestone caverns are the most interesting of these groups of caves. They occur in all those parts of the earth's surface where thick-bedded limestones lie with their layers somewhere near horizontal, and where, at the same time, the main streams have cut deep channels in the surface of the country. It is also essential that the region should be forest-clad; or, even if now deforested, that it should have been covered by woods at the time when the excavation of the caverns was going on. With these conditions the formation of caverns is necessarily brought about. The rain-water falling on the surface of the decaying vegetation has, when it arrives on the earth, but little power of dissolving rocks of any kind; but on passing through this bed of oxidizing carbon it takes up a large amount of the gaseous material, composed of one atom of carbon and two of oxygen, known commonly as carbonic-acid gas. This absorbed gas gives the water a singular capacity for taking into solution a large amount of lime, iron, and many other substances which are found in rocks.

Descending through the soil, this dissolving compound of water and gas finds its way into the narrow crevices or joint-planes which exist in all rocks. It quickly widens these channels until they are so spacious that the brooks desert the surface and become underground streams, which often course for miles in the hidden channels. At first, while the crevices are narrow, the excavation is altogether done by the dissolving action of the water; but when it has thus excavated a channel sufficiently large to permit a stream to flow freely through it, the speed of the current through the new-found way abrades the rocks by its mechanical power, at the same time exercising its solvent action. To see the nature and extent of this work, we should go to some district of extensive limestone caverns and examine the action of the water, from the time when it falls on the surface, along the course of its underground journey, to the point where it emerges beneath the cavern's arch into the main river of the country.

Probably the best region in the world for the study of this interesting geological work is the caverned district about the head-waters of the Green River in Kentucky. In that region the limestones of the Subcarboniferous group of rocks attain a depth of several hundred feet, and are very thick-bedded, the separate layers or beds being often twenty or thirty feet thick. The pure nature of this limestone, and the absence of divisional planes, such as the thin beds of clay which commonly divide such deposits, is, as we shall see, peculiarly favorable to the formation of wide and lofty caverns. This thickness of the beds is due to a cause which it is interesting to note; for the reason that it shows how dependent the shape of our earth is upon the nature of the creatures which build with their remains the rocks which form on the sea-floor. The greater part of the limy matter in limestones is composed of the remains of animals which lay prone upon the sea-floor. When any great disturbance, such as earthquake-shocks, agitated the water on that floor, the slimy mud which was swept about destroyed over wide areas this population of the sea-bottom. Until these creatures re-established themselves, the sediments which were formed would not contain much lime, but would consist of clayey or sandy matter alone. If this process were often repeated, the result-



Entrance to the Mammoth Cave.

ing limestone would be so frequently interrupted by insoluble layers of other materials that only shallow and unimportant caverns would be developed in them.

There are two ways in which these massive limestones can be formed in the deeper seas: As in the central part of the North Atlantic, where minute limestone-encased creatures float in the water while they live, and at their death give their skeletons to the sediments of the sea-floor; in this way massive limestones, such as the chalk-deposits of England, have been produced. Another method in which such limestones are made—the way, indeed, in which these Subcarboniferous limestones of the Mississippi Valley were formed—is by the following process: Certain of the tenants of the sea-floor—the corals, and especially the sea-lilies—have stems which lift the mouths of the creatures above the level of the frequently stirred mud; thus they survive the catastrophes which bring death to the sensitive forms whose bodies become buried in the running slime. The greater part of the animals which contributed their remains to these massive limestones were of these stemmed groups, and this slight peculiarity has given rise to the features which so mark this country over a region of, at least, ten thousand square miles in area.

As soon as the observer comes upon this caverned district of Kentucky he remarks that he has passed from the region where running brooks abound, and is in a country where there are neither streams nor the distinct hills and valleys which he is accustomed to see in other lands. The surface of the country is cast into a series of shallow, circular pits, varying in diameter from a few score feet to half a mile or more. So crowded together are these pits that almost the entire surface lies in some one of these depressions. In the bottom of each of these pits there is normally a vertical shaft, or a series of crevices, down which, in time of rain, the water flows from the drainage-slope of the pit, or "sink-hole" as it is called in local phrase. Generally these conduits have been closed, by accident or design, in which case a little pool of circular outline occupies the centre of the depression. Occasionally, in place of the sieve-like openings which usually give the rain-water passage to the depths of the earth, the opening is large and circular, resembling the entrance to a well. Such openings were once common in this country; but the cattle, tempted by the rich herbage which commonly grew about the damp borders of the pit, were often entrapped in the opening, so the greater number of them have been artificially closed. Now and then on the remaining forest-areas we may find these shafts still remaining open, offering the way for daring explorations, which we are about to invite the reader to follow in his imagination.

The ordinary visitor to this region of caverns enters the few show-caves in the convenient way afforded by some break of their roofs, or by the old places of exit of the caverning streams. In actual practice we commend this conservative custom; but as our imaginary journey demands only ideal risks, we may now proceed to follow the history of the process of cavern-making, from the place where it begins to the point where the waters conclude their underground work and enter the open streams.*

With proper precautions, the most important of which are indicated in the foot-note, the adventurous explorer may descend these pits with no more risk than he encounters in Alpine mountain-work. In this country, where untrodden heights are not open to us, it may be

* Making a simple, strong frame over the opening, to hold a hoisting-block, and passing a strong rope, some hundred feet in length, through this block, the explorer will have the means of descending to the nether world. It will be well for him to take the precaution of fastening the rope around his left ankle, with a well-arranged slip-knot, and then place the same foot in a simple stirrup-loop of the rope. Thus, in case he should by any chance lose hold of the rope, he cannot fall into the depths. A signal-cord should also be provided, by which the explorer can send the simple commands of *lower*, *stop*, *hoist*; for the depth and width of the vault into which he descends may be so great that his voice will be lost in the space or confused by reverberation. This cord should be fastened to the waist, and should be led to one side of the opening, so that it may not become wound round the main rope. In practice it requires four trusty helpers to manage this exploration—three to control the rope, and one for the signal-cord. In fact, it requires five people who are not apt to become nervous, for the explorer himself should be a trustworthy person.

The baggage for this journey should be stout water-proof clothes; an oil-lantern, holding six hours' supply; at least two candles, well fastened in the pockets; and two water-proof match-boxes, and some bits of magnesium-wire or argol-lights for illumination. A stout staff with a thong, by which to hang it to the waist, will be useful. Care should be taken that the rope is several times as strong as is required, and that it has no tendency to spin round when a weight is put upon it.

Sink-hole, Edmonson County, Ky. (The shaft leading down to the cavern has been artificially closed.)

worth while for the lover of adventure to try these unexplored depths. The present writer, who has tried both lines of exploration, is inclined to consider the cavern-work as, perhaps, the more fascinating of the two. Certainly, the explorer more quickly finds his way into the realm of the unknown than in mountain-climbing, and is less often met by the discouraging evidence that, after all, the ground is not untrodden.

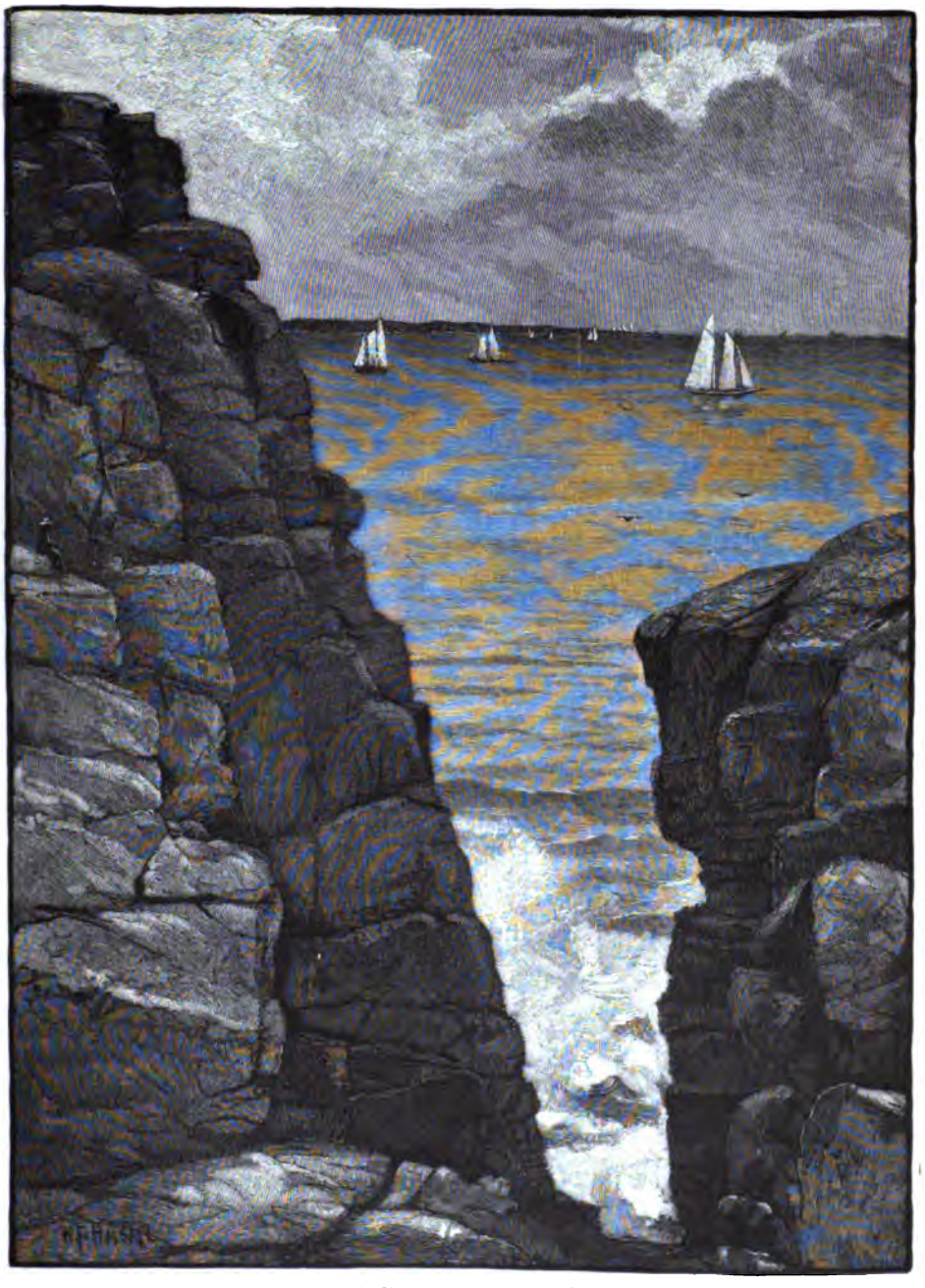
The first thing we note on entering the throat of the chasm is that, if it be warm weather, there is a decided current of air setting down into the space below; if it be cold, there is an ascending current of warm air from the shaft, which condenses into mist as it escapes from the opening. The meaning of these currents we shall see when we come to consider the movements of the air in caves.

Descending a few feet into the chasm, we note that the shaft rapidly widens on every side, so that in most cases we quickly lose sight of the bordering walls; the structure of the shaft is, indeed, that of a rude dome, of which the hard layer at the top forms the keystone. After going down a little distance, the width becomes so great that the scant light of a single lantern may not disclose the sides of the rude arch. At a depth of a few more feet, we find that the pit again contracts, a great shelf extending from the sides to near the centre, through which there is a passage rather wider than that at the orifice. Landing on this shelf, we find it to be a tolerably level floor, from which spring the walls of the upper dome; from one or more sides of it extend galleries, whose floors lie on this harder layer—their arches are excavated in the softer overlying rock. We see at a glance that these channels were once the paths of streams, though they have not for ages been occupied by their waters. As we follow down the wandering gallery, we find that it is joined by many similar passages,

Cave Hill, with Sink-holes, Luray.

the whole forming a labyrinth in which the unwary explorer may easily become confounded. Each of these passages terminates in a vertical shaft, or rude dome, essentially like that by which we gained access to the cavern, but generally communicating with the external air by passages so narrow and tortuous that they do not admit the light. We can see that as this main channel is joined by the side passages it constantly increases in size, until, perhaps, it attains majestic dimensions. We may travel through it for miles, until we are suddenly arrested by some one of several classes of obstacles: A great fall of stones from the roof may close the way; or through the hard layer which constitutes the floor the water may have found and enlarged a downward passage, creating a dome like that which we descended; or, more frequently, an assemblage of crowded stalactitic pendants and columns close the once open space as with a wall of resplendent crystals. Returning to the main dome, we may continue the descent toward the lower level of the cavern. In the depth below the first level of galleries we find several others, each having the same general character, and all, in turn, deserted by streams, each with the infinite variety of detail given by the eddying current of the vanished streams and the trickling waters which bring in the stalactitic materials. Finally, we come to the floor of the cave, and commonly land in a considerable pool of water, partly filled with angular fragments of flint. In times of heavy rain, when the waters pour down this great shaft, these fragments of hard stone are set into tumultuous motion, and for a time rapidly work through the hard floors which the shaft encounters in its downward progress. There is, however, a limit to their wearing action; for when this pool attains a certain depth the water it contains forms a cushion to receive the blow of the cataract, and so arrests the erosion. Until the vertical shaft is deepened, the water finds its way, as in the upper levels, horizontally along the surface of the hard layer to its next downward plunge, or until it escapes into the open streams of the country.

As this action is repeated in a small or a large way by all the streams which enter the earth at the bottom of the sink-holes, it is easily seen how the rock, for



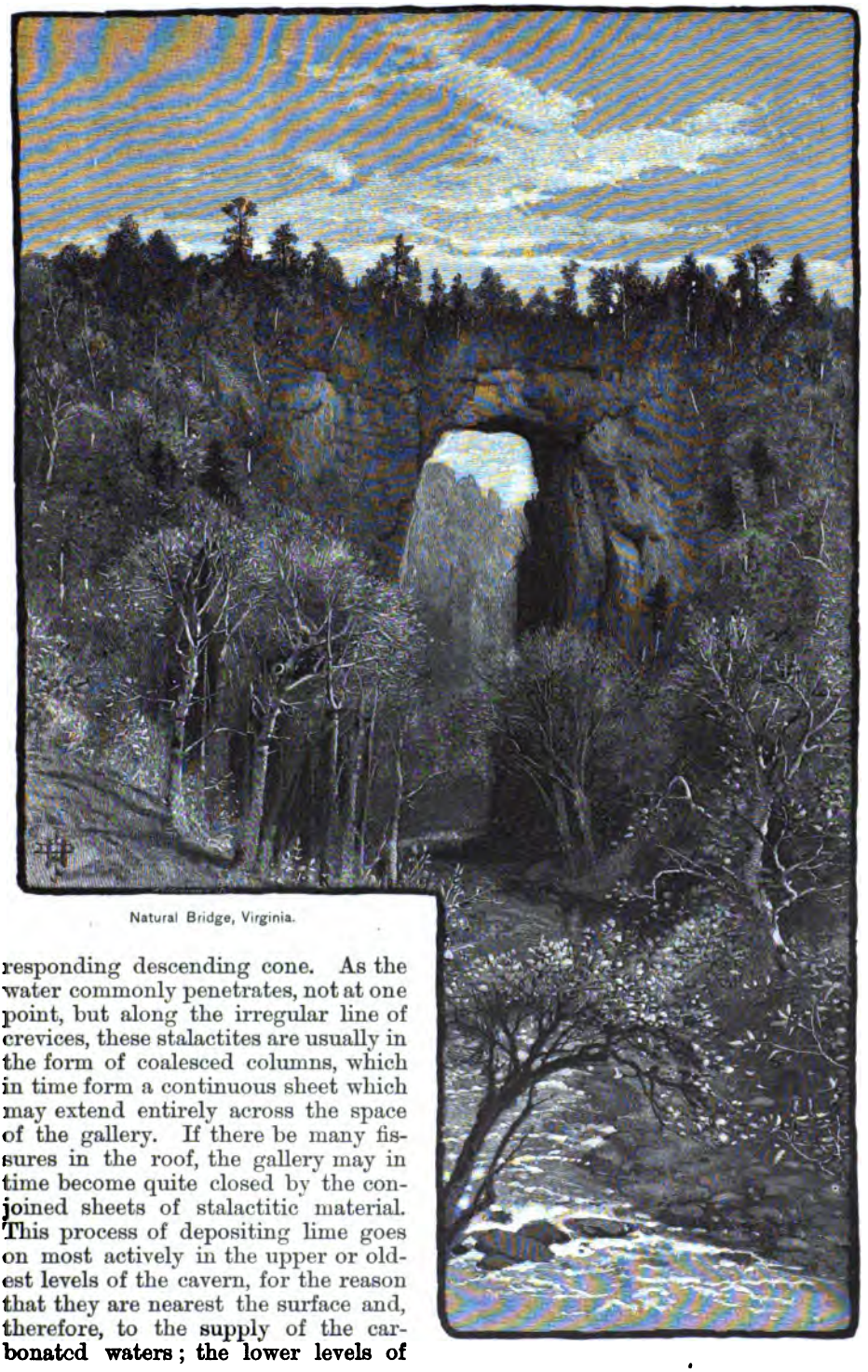
Rafe's Chasm, near Gloucester, Mass.

all the depth, from the highest land to the level of the principal rivers, becomes in time converted into a vast tangle of shafts and galleries, so that the mass often resembles a piece of worm-eaten wood, the greater part of the substance having been removed by erosion. Thus, within a section of, say, four square miles,

Cave-dwellings, Nevada. (Showing "Rock House" type of caverns.)

and a thickness of three hundred feet, in which lies the Mammoth Cave, there are probably in the known and unknown galleries more than two hundred miles of passages large enough to permit the passage of a man, besides what is probably a greater length of smaller channels. Within the commonwealth of Kentucky, principally in the Subcarboniferous limestone, it seems certain that there is an aggregate length of such underground galleries exceeding one hundred thousand miles. The total amount of these underground passages would be much greater, were it not for the deposits of stalactitic matter which take place in them, and which, in many parts of the caverns, rapidly work to close the openings as soon as they have been deserted by the channelling streams.

The stalactizing process is brought about by a modification of the very same action to which the original formation of the caverns is due—viz., to the power of dissolving limestone given to water by the carbonic-acid gas which it obtains from the decaying vegetation. When this water finds its way through an open channel, it dissolves the rock and bears the suspended lime speedily away; when, however, the water has to creep through narrow interstices, it advances very slowly and in small quantities. Encountering the space of a cavern in its downward passage, it oozes, drop by drop, through the roof or into the crevices which lead upward from it. As there is a constant, though slow, circulation of air through these caverns, they are generally dry, and this exuding water may evaporate without falling to the floor, leaving where it dries the various dissolved substances which it contains. In this way a slender, pendant-like body begins to form on the ceiling, and grows with varying speed toward the floor. If the incoming water is greater in quantity than can be taken up by the air, it drops from the hanging stalactites. When it strikes, the drops are shattered. Evaporation and the loss of the carbonic acid causes a still further deposition of the dissolved matter, which crystallizes in a conical heap, growing upward to meet the cor-



Natural Bridge, Virginia.

responding descending cone. As the water commonly penetrates, not at one point, but along the irregular line of crevices, these stalactites are usually in the form of coalesced columns, which in time form a continuous sheet which may extend entirely across the space of the gallery. If there be many fissures in the roof, the gallery may in time become quite closed by the conjoined sheets of stalactitic material. This process of depositing lime goes on most actively in the upper or oldest levels of the cavern, for the reason that they are nearest the surface and, therefore, to the supply of the carbonated waters; the lower levels of

the system of caves are generally destitute of them, the percolating water having found its way into the upper chambers. Besides the beauty which this stalactitic material gives to caverns, we owe to these sheets of lime the preservation of the various fossils which are entombed in the caves.

It is interesting that so small a circumstance as the speed with which the water flows through the interstices of the rocks can thus profoundly affect the method of its action. Where it goes swiftly, it excavates the caves; where, moving slowly, it penetrates a large opening, it tends to obliterate the cavern. This is but one of many cases in natural phenomena where slight changes in circumstances totally alter the results of processes.*

We have already seen that in any great district of caverns we usually have the underground spaces divided into distinct floors, of which the uppermost was the earliest formed. In such a district the open-air rivers are constantly cutting their channels deeper into the earth, thus preparing the way for the formation of yet lower levels of galleries; at the same time the general surface of the country is wearing downward, only at a slower rate than the stream-beds of the open-air rivers. If the beds be nearly horizontal (it is only in such districts that we have very extensive caverns); the descent of the upper surface is greatly restrained by the presence of the insoluble layers which we found to make the throat of the vertical shafts, or domes. It is often a very long time, even in a geological sense, before the slight surface-erosion acting on a sink-hole country can wear through this roofing-layer. In time this is accomplished, and the uppermost chambers are bared by the destruction of their roofs. Commonly these ruined galleries are filled with the débris of the roofs, in so far as they have not previously been closed by stalactitic matter. It often happens that the roofs do not altogether fall in at once, portions of the arches remaining standing for ages. These constitute the "natural bridges" which are found in all cavernous countries. Sometimes the greater portion of the arch remains, in which case we may, as in some instances in Kentucky, have a momentary view of a considerable underground river, or gain access to a great system of underground chambers which would otherwise be unknown. The Mammoth Cave, for instance, is entered by such a tumble of the roof of a gallery; and, notwithstanding its vast length of connected chambers, there is no other practicable way into its recesses. Again, we may find a stream suddenly vanishing beneath a dark archway, to reappear after a course underground for many miles. When a

The Blue Grotto, Island of Capri.

* It is commonly supposed that stalactitic deposits are peculiar to caverns, but they may be seen wherever massive brick arches are exposed to percolating water; the lime of the mortar passes into solution, and forms small pendent deposits exactly resembling those of caverns. Other substances, such as the iron ore called limonite, also occasionally form beautiful stalactites in the small cavities in ore-beds exposed to the leaching action of percolating water.

Cave under Lava Crust, Sandwich Islands. (Formed by the flowing away of lava from beneath a hardened crust.)

small part of the arch alone remains, the structure takes the form of the well-known Natural Bridge of Virginia.

When the remaining portion of the arch is too wide for the term natural bridge to be suitable, the appellation natural tunnel is often applied to the passage. There are several passages of this nature in the Eastern United States, of which the finest is, perhaps, that near the Clinch River, in Virginia, where a considerable mountain-stream flows through a vast arch for a distance of over half a mile. This natural way is about to be used for the passage of a railway.

Let us now turn to the physical features of the caverns other than those which are involved in their production. Among these we note the circulation of air through the caves. This is a beautiful and often startling phenomenon. If on a hot summer day we approach the lower exit of any great system of connected caverns, we are surprised by the swift, cold wind which pours from its mouth and inundates the valley below with the chill air. In Kentucky this air always

has the temperature of about 60° Fahr., the mean heat of the upper earth, and thus often affords a striking contrast to the external temperature. In the summer season this air is derived from the many small streams which pour in through the sink-holes in the high ground. It is cooled in the vast chambers through which it slowly moves, being, on the average, some months in its journey, and finally escapes at the lower vents of the cave. When the temperature of the outer atmosphere is low, the current is reversed, entering then through the passages along the rivers and finding its exit, as warmed air, from the myriad crevices of the uplands.

In consequence of the slow passage of this air through the cool, dry caverns, where there is almost no decomposing organic matter, it acquires a remarkable purity, which in warm countries is only found in the midst of great deserts. We have a sensible experience of this purity when, after a summer's day in a great cavern, we come suddenly into the warm air of a forest. For a while the rank odor of the vegetation is most unpleasant. We marvel that men can live in such an impure element as the air seems to be. A more satisfactory proof of the purity of the cavern-air is found in the absence of decomposition in animal bodies exposed in the inner recesses of caves. Even large animals fail to pass through all the stages of putrefactive decay. A few years ago the body of a young Indian was found in a mummified state in a dry portion of one of the caverns near the Mammoth Cave. The unhappy child had probably wandered away into the darkness, and when overcome by starvation had lain down on a shelf of rock for the sleep of death. Naturally the body was much emaciated; but the skin was unbroken, and even the face as little altered as in a well-preserved Egyptian mummy.

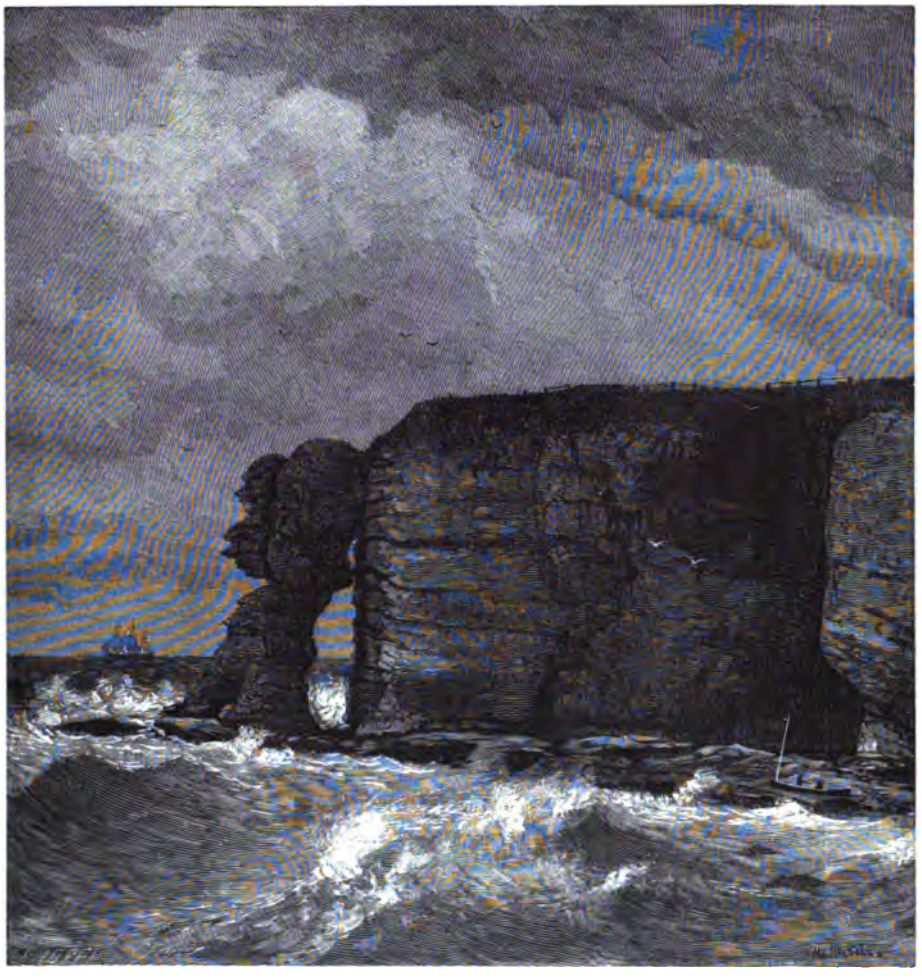
These qualities of dryness, invariable temperature, and purity of the air in the Mammoth Cave have long been remarked. At one time a rude effort was made to use this cavern-air in the treatment of pulmonary consumption. A number of huts were constructed in the main avenue of the cave, which were for a time occupied by several persons suffering from this disease. As may be imagined, the results were most unhappy. The absence of sunlight, combined with the sombre surroundings, hastened the progress of a malady which under no circumstances could have been materially helped by the qualities of the air. This unhappy experiment has led to a neglect of the proper methods of using the peculiar hygienic qualities of the air of caves. This can only be accomplished by pumping the air from the cavern to a properly constructed sanitarium on the surface of the earth. With the modern ventilation-fans this can easily be effected. Choosing a point where the supply would be taken from the large chambers of a cavern, like the Mammoth Cave, some miles from the entrances, a very large building could be supplied with air of a perfectly uniform temperature and exceeding purity. There can be no question that a hospital arranged for this purpose would afford admirable conditions for the treatment of certain classes of maladies, especially where it was desirable to exempt the patient from the heat of summer, from the irritating emanations of vegetation, or from malarial poisons.*

The relation of primeval man to caverns was much closer than that of his civilized descendants is ever likely to be. Before the savage began to be a constructor of dwellings, caves afforded him a natural and, in many respects, a satisfactory abiding-place. At their entrances he often found a dry chamber, which could generally be defended to advantage; the recesses of the cave afforded places of refuge in case of disaster. In the Old World caverns appear to have been much more commonly occupied as dwelling-places than in the New. In any part of Asia and Europe where the caverns have been explored they have given evidence of occupation by the ancient races of man. Some of the most ancient remains of the bodies and the arts of those peoples have been disinterred from beneath the stalagmitic sheets which have preserved them.†

In North America the caverns do not

* The Trocadéro Palace in Paris is, I believe, provided with a system of pipes by which the air from the quarries beneath that city is used for cooling the edifice.

† For a good general account of these cavern-dwellers, see Professor W. Boyd Dawkin's "Caves and Cave Hunting."



Chasm worn through by the Sea, Azores.

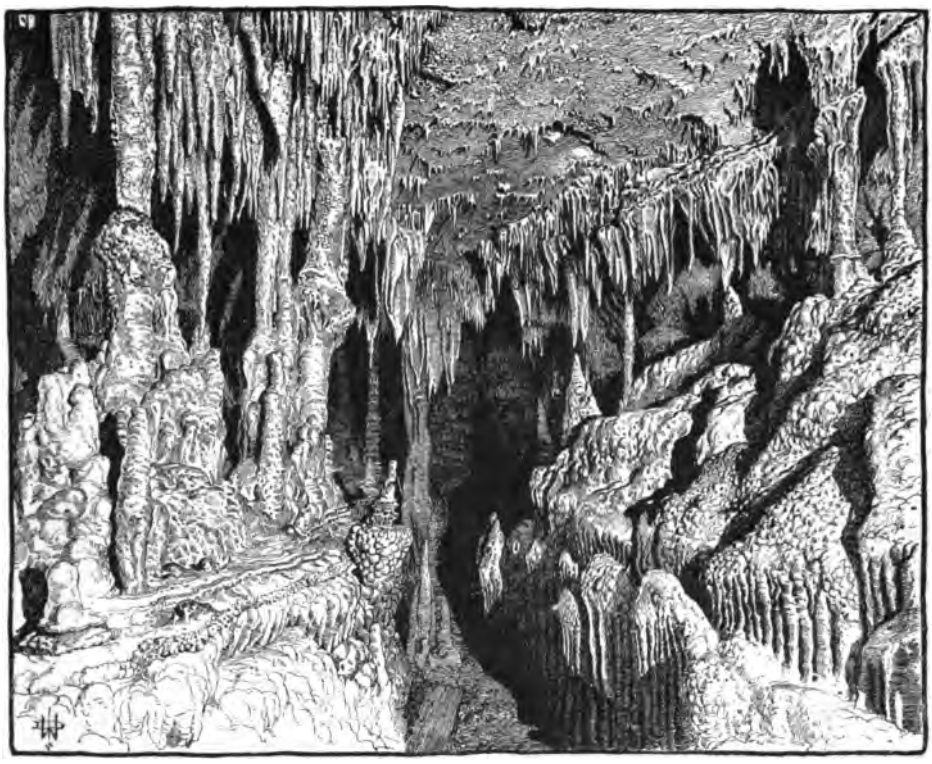
appear to have been, to any extent, used as dwelling-places by the aboriginal peoples. Though often resorted to, in but few cases do they appear to have been continuously occupied as were those in Europe. This is perhaps due to the fact that the first peoples of this country had already attained an advancement in the arts which enabled them to make shelters of a more convenient sort than caverns afforded. About the only considerable use which our American Indians made of these caves was as burial-places. They appear sometimes to have made a rude disposition of the dead, or perhaps even of their prisoners of war, by casting them down the shafts which lead to the caverns. More commonly they used the deep layer of fine, dry earth so often found in the caverns for deliberate and careful burial. Lighting their path with torches made of cane-joints filled with tallow, they appear to have wandered far into these caves, seeking for flints which abound there, or perhaps trailing their escaped enemies to their hiding-places. Occasionally in the innermost recesses of these caverns we come to a place where one or more persons have long lain concealed, as is shown by the remains of food or clothing which have been left behind. Often, when it appears as if we have penetrated to some recess never before trod-

Stalactites, Luray Caverns. (Engraved from a photograph by C. H. Jones.)

den by man, we find on the cavern-dust the footprints of a savage predecessor, which, though made perhaps centuries ago, remain so fresh in this immutable realm that we might expect to encounter him on our way.

The caverns contain the remains of many other animals besides primitive man. In Europe many of these caves are singularly rich in vertebrate fossils. There are two ways in which these fossils are brought into the caves. The sink-holes are, as the farmers of Kentucky have found to their cost, natural traps into which the unwary beast may fall. The bones of these creatures are swept on by the current until, becoming lodged in some crevice, they may be preserved. A more frequent source of these fossil remains is the habit of certain beasts of prey, which leads them to drag the bodies of their victims into their cavern-lairs that they may devour them at their leisure. The Old World hyena and the jackal, having been generally associated with larger predaceous beasts, such as the lion and the tiger, were compelled to adopt this habit to protect themselves in their repasts from their stronger rivals in the chase. In this way the wonderful accumulations of gnawed and scattered bones which characterize the European caverns have been brought together. In North America the carnivorous mammals, much fewer in number than in the Old World, have never adopted the use of the caves as lairs. Jackals and hyenas have never been known here; hence in American caverns we have a relatively small amount of osseous breccias.

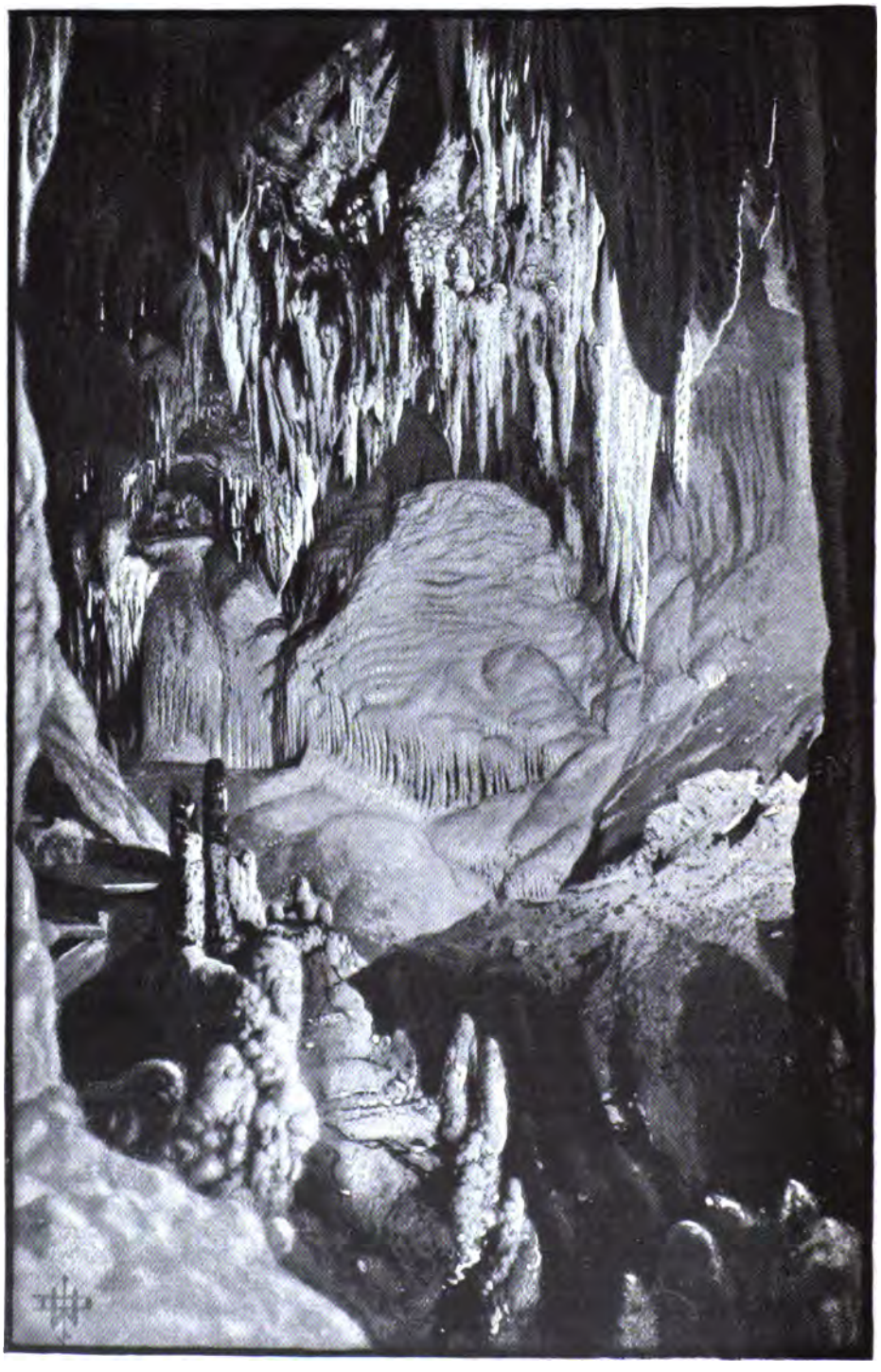
The living inhabitants of caverns, those which make these regions of continuous darkness their abiding-places, are numerous and of the greatest interest to the naturalist. Of the several hundred species known to students, by far the greater part belong to the group of ar-



Stalactites, Luray Caverns. (Drawn from a photograph by C. H. Jones.)

ticulated animals, insects, and crustaceans, these being the forms which, of all animals, are the most varied in structure and best suited for the odd chances of life which the caverns afford. As the reader well knows, the great problem now before science is to determine how far the shapes of living creatures are determined by the circumstances of the world about them, and how far this determination has been brought about through a process of selection, in a natural way, of those varieties which have some accidental special fitness for the conditions in which they live. Cavern-animals afford us a capital bit of evidence toward the solution of this problem. The prevailing close affinity of their forms with those which live in the upper world of sunshine and changing seasons shows, beyond a question, that they are all derived from similar forms which once dwelt in the ordinary conditions of animal life. What, then, are the effects arising from this complete change in the circumstances of these underground creatures?

The facts are perplexing in their variety, and by no means well worked out, but the following points seem to be well established, viz.: There is a manifest tendency of all gayly colored forms to lose their hues in the caverns, and to become of an even color. This may be explained by the simple absence of sunshine, and on it no conclusions can be based. The changes of the structural parts are of more importance; these, as might be expected, relate mainly to the organs of sense. The eyes show an evident tendency in all the groups to fade away. In the characteristic cavern-fishes they have entirely disappeared, the whole structure which serves for vision being no longer produced. In the cray-fishes we may observe a certain gradation. Some species which abound in caverns are provided with eyes; others have them present, but so imperfect that they cannot serve as visual organs; yet others



Brand's Cascade, Luray Caverns. (Drawn from a photograph by C. H. Jones.)

want them altogether. One species of pseudo-scorpion, as shown by Professor Hagan, has in the outer world four eyes, while in the caves it has been found with two eyes, and others in an entirely eyeless condition. Some cavern-beetles have the males with eyes, while the females are quite without them. As a whole, the cavern-forms exhibit a singular tendency of the visual organs, not only to lose their functions, but also to disappear as body-parts. At the same time there is an equal, or even more general, development of the antennæ and other organs of touch; these parts become considerably lengthened, and apparently of greater sensitiveness, a change which is of manifest advantage to the individual.

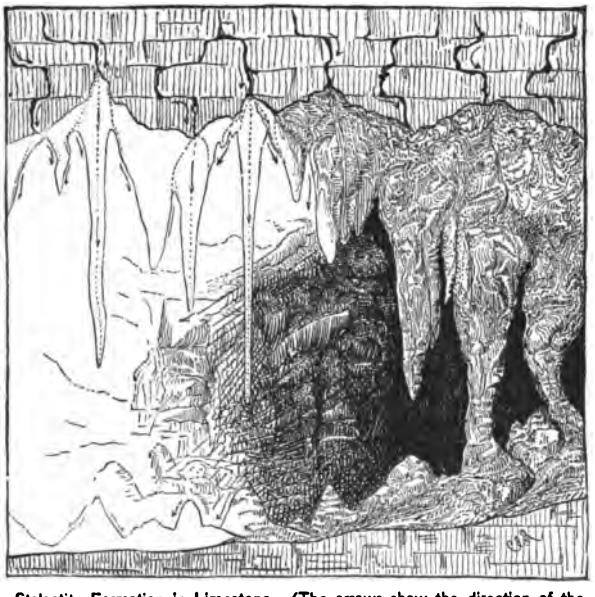
The bearing of these changes on the Darwinian theory is as follows: That hypothesis, at least in the form in which it is generally held, considers that the important changes in organic species are the results of a successful struggle for existence of creatures possessed, through a chance variation, of some slight advantage over their kindred. The difficulty which the objectors to this view find in their way is that, in the perplexing variety of conditions of the outer world, it is wellnigh impossible to say that this or that peculiarity is not of great advantage under some circumstances, the selective effects of which are not manifest to the observer. The delightful feature in this great natural experiment, which is brought about by the imprisonment of organic forms in caves, is that it very much limits the speculation-breeding confusion of the outer world. Thus it at once becomes clear that the loss of eyes cannot be the direct result of any selective action whatsoever; it must arise from the immediate influence of the darkness. It is scarcely less clear that the corresponding development of the tactile organs must be due to something else than selection; for the cavern-life, at best scanty in any one cave, cannot be conceived to afford the conditions of strenuous battle which exist in the overground world. It must not be supposed that this evidence goes to overthrow the fundamental propositions of the Darwinian hypothesis; it only shows that we must carefully limit the action of the "survival of the fittest," and that we must be prepared to allow a large share in the development of organic forms to forces which have nothing to do with selection,—to the innate organic impulses, or to the immediate action of environment.

A word concerning the geographical distribution of this group of superficial caverns, and we shall have done with this division of our subject. So far as the present writer has been able to observe American caverns, they have been limited to the regions south of the vast field occupied by the ice-sheet of the last glacial period. But in New York and elsewhere there are some small caverns which were within that field of ice. It is an important task for students to find whether these caverns existed before the ice-period, or whether they have been formed since that time. If they survived the glacial period, as seems likely, then they afford valuable evidence to show that the ice did not wear away as great a depth from the surface of the country as is commonly supposed.

The second group of caves exhibits a certain general resemblance to those just described. These are the caverns which have been formed by hot waters on their way to the surface, where they emerge as hot springs, or geysers. These hot spring-waters are in the main rain-water which has penetrated to great depths below the surface, and become heated by the internal temperature of the earth; this rain-water is more or less commingled with the old sea-waters which were built into the strata through which it has passed in its slow underground journey. Unlike the cavern-making streams which excavate the superficial caves just before described, these spring-waters rising from the depths of the earth do their work by ascending currents, with no direct help from gravitation; their action is therefore not mechanical or erosive, but chemical or corrosive. They do not tend to excavate a succession of galleries, one above the other, but work to open single channels of escape. When in their upward path they encounter deposits of limestone, they rapidly enlarge the spaces through which they flow, making great chambers where the rock is soluble, con-

nected by narrower fissures through the less soluble parts of the deposit. The solvent power of the water is in part due to the carbonic-acid gas it obtained from the decayed vegetation before it started on its downward journey, and in part from the further contribution of this and other gases given to it by the various decompositions going on in the heated depths of the earth. The elevated temperature of the water also aids its work of corrosion. In the superficial cold-water caves, as we have already seen, the caverning cannot go on at depths below the general levels of the main streams of the district in which the caverns lie; but in these hot-spring caves the excavation can go on at depths of miles below the surface. Springs of this nature are particularly characteristic of mountainous districts, where the strata lie at high angles. They are also found in regions where volcanoes are or have recently been in action. It is easy to see that either one of these conditions favors the development of such hot-water caverns. In the mountainous districts this is effected by the presence of rifts in the rock, or of highly inclined porous strata, which conduct the surface-waters to great depths. In these depths the rocks are highly heated by the internal temperature. Partaking of this internal heat, the water passes upward through any chance way leading to the surface. In volcanic districts the water, after a much shorter downward journey, may find itself in contact with masses of lava or rocks which are at a high temperature because they have recently been traversed by volcanic fires.

We note that at the mouth of these hot springs and geysers, the waters of which have passed through limy rocks, there is a very extensive deposit of lime, which is laid down at once as soon as the temperature of the solution falls by exposure to the open air. These hot-spring deposits often constitute very extensive accumulations of rocky material; as, for instance, in the Yellowstone district. They afford a rough indication of the cavern-making power of the waters on their way to the surface. It must, however, be remembered that only a portion, probably much less than half of the dissolved rock, is laid down at the mouth of the spring; a larger part passes to the rivers, and thence to the sea.



Stalactite Formation in Limestone. (The arrows show the direction of the movement of the water.)

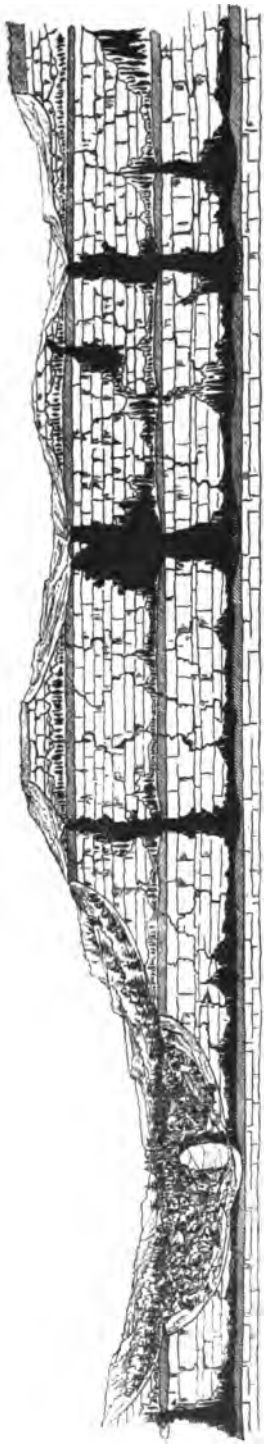
Our knowledge of these hot-spring caverns is not altogether theoretical. It happens that the abandoned channels of these springs are often the seat of important deposits of the precious metals, which has led, in this country, to their becoming the seat of extensive mining operations. There are at least half a dozen extensive mines which have followed these cavern-deposits in the district of the Rocky Mountains; it is likely that there are very many others which await the explorer. The origin of these mineral deposits is probably as follows: After the heated waters have excavated the caverns, and ceased to flow with their original speed, the chasms become the place of deposit of mineral matters which are brought into them by the creeping movement of waters moving up

A Stalactite.

from below or oozing out from the rock on the sides of the cavity. While the stream of water flowed rapidly upward there was no chance for the chambers to become filled with mineral materials; as soon as the currents were arrested, the mineralizing process would begin. The reader will note the likeness which exists between this process and that by which the abandoned upper chambers of the cold-water or superficial caverns are filled with stalactitic material by the creeping into the chambers of water charged with dissolved substances; the only important difference being that in the superficial caverns the water, being cold, can only take out of the rock and convey into the gallery the very soluble limy materials, while in the deeper caverns the heated water can transfer many less soluble mineral substances.

In mountainous countries, where by the folding and shoving-about of the rocks the strata have been subjected to rending strains, we find another class of subterranean crevices, which are often confounded with the hot-spring excavations. These fault-fissures contain by far the largest number of mineral deposits which are explored for the precious metals. They are generally in the form of very long cracks, which extend horizontally and vertically for great distances, but are usually very limited in width. A precise idea of their shape may be gained by studying the fissures in walls which arise from the settlement of their foundations, and those which form in timber from the drying-out of the sap. We see that the crevices in walls are due to the down-slipping of the materials on one side of the fracture, thus making a very irregular fissure; while in the fissured wood there is no movement of the two sides past each other, the walls simply gaping apart without other dislocation. In many cases both these classes of fissures are filled with mineral matters sweated out from the side walls, or brought up from below as fast as the crevices are produced; so that hardly any space is ever formed, or if formed is quickly filled with vein-matter. But where the rocks are dry these rents remain unfilled. In many parts of the Rocky Mountain mining-regions the explorer occasionally finds his drills penetrating one of these cavities. Breaking through the wall, the space may be found to have a width of several feet and an indefinite extension downward and on either side. Sometimes the walls are thinly coated with a vein-deposit, formed before the waters abandoned the cavity; in other cases they remain bare, as when they were first rent apart. Even the hardy miners, accustomed to the mysteries of the underground, recoil from the risks of exploring the strange depths of these fissures. There seems to be little chance that they may lead to mineral deposits of value, for the reason that they have never been the seat of the actions which

Cross-section of Stalactite. (Produced by several separate stalactites growing together.)



Showing the Formations of Caverns in Limestone. (In the distance a natural bridge, the remains of a great cavern.)

build such deposits. The only use the miner makes of them is to cast the rubbish of his excavations into their cavities. It is greatly to be desired that some of these fissures should be thoroughly explored, for thereby we are likely to gain much knowledge as to the conditions of fault-chasms before they become the seat of mineral deposits.

It has already been said that the caverns scoured out by heated waters have frequently been confounded with these dislocation-fissures. There is good reason for this confusion; for the hot springs, on their way to the surface, generally make avail of such fractures, enlarging them, when they pass through limestone-deposits, into the spacious openings of caverns, and occasionally filling with mineral deposits the parts of the fissure through which the water does not move with speed. We may therefore amend our statement concerning the hot-spring caves, by saying that the caverns of this group are generally local enlargements of fissures when they extend through limestones. In the ordinary fissure-vein deposits we may find traces of the caverning, even in rocks which are much more resistant to the action of heated waters than are the limestone-deposits.

We have now to consider a class of caves which are the result of water-action, but of water operating in an entirely different way from the underground streams. The caverns of this our last division of water-made caves are formed by the beating of the waves against the cliff-bordered shores of lakes and seas. The reader has probably seen some examples of this peculiar form of caverning, or at least is familiar with the blow which the waves strike against the shore. At the outset let us gain an idea of the way in which this force of the waves is committed to them, and by their motion applied to the land.

It is well known that this force is due to the friction of the wind against the surface of the water, causing the water to oscillate in somewhat the same way in which the fiddle-string vibrates when the bow is drawn over its surface. In this manner the energy which was in the wind comes in part to be given to the water, where it is manifested in the force with which the wave moves forward, and the height through which the water is swung in its up-and-down motion. Thus the energy of the winds, over a wide field of the ocean, is committed to the waves and sent against the land, where it is expended in the blows they strike. Owing to the swiftness of motion of the waves, they apply a prodigious force against the obstacles of the shore. Their velocity of movement is sometimes as much as sixty feet per second, and the pressure they apply to any fixed object they en-

counter exceeds six thousand pounds to the square foot of resisting surface, or perhaps one hundred times the force of a storm-wind which produces this wave-motion.

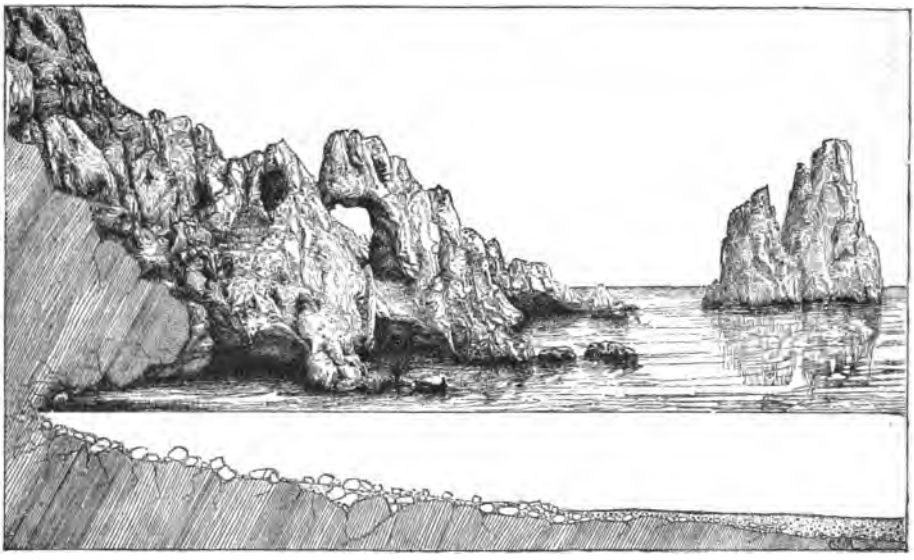
Where the wave meets a steep cliff of compact rock, at whose base the sea is deep, this pressure, though great, may have little disruptive power; but where the water is shallow, and there are fragments, which various chances have separated from the shore, lying on the bottom, it tosses these with great force against the opposing wall. Stones three feet in diameter, though weighing over a ton, are hurled against the cliff as swiftly as a strong arm can throw a pebble. The rebound due to the elasticity of the rock and the reflux of the wave rolls the stone away from the point where it strikes, so that again and again, several times a minute, with each incoming wave, the blow is repeated, until the sea becomes quiet or the stone is ground to powder. In this way every rocky escarpment whose base rests in shallow water is constantly undermined, and the overhanging fragments fall down, to be in turn used to batter the base of the cliff.

It is almost certain that the resisting power of this rocky wall of the shore will very much vary from place to place along its line. Differences in actual hardness will favor or hinder the assault of the sea, causing the line to have the combined salient and re-entrant angles—to borrow a term from the art of fortification—which give picturesqueness to the rock-bound shores of the ocean. On each of these small re-entrant angles the sea has more cutting-power than on the headlands, at least until the bay extends some distance into the land; for the reason that in this bay the waves are somewhat heaped up by the convergence of the shores, but mainly because the fragments of rock torn from the headlands are swept into these pockets, and thus provide the waves with the armament with which they do their effective work. Imprisoned in these contracted bounds the boulders cannot be dragged out by the waves into deep water, and thus the supply is generally sufficient to insure a constant cutting-action as long as the waves are high.

From the apex of this re-entrant angle, where the blow of the wave-hurled stones is most effective, a cavern is apt to extend into the cliff. It is generally narrow, and thus the overlying rock is readily supported for the width of the arch. It may be driven in for a distance of some hundreds of feet before the friction of the waves on its sides exhaust their power, or the pressure of the air, which is driven before the piston of water as it rushes in, filling the whole space of the crevice, hinders the action of the blow. When these caves are excavated in rock containing many rifts, as do most of those along our American shores, the constant jarring of the waves and the action of frost are apt to tumble the roof into the space below. In this case the crevice assumes the form of a chasm, or a spouting-horn. The only really fine sea-caves which the present writer has seen along the American coast are in the Magdalen Islands of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and the other shores of that noble sea, where relatively soft rocks, with few disorganizing rifts, are open to the assaults of the waves. In Europe, because of the much greater extent of shores of soft and tolerably massive rocks, these sea-caves are much more numerous and far more beautiful than any of this country. They are particularly abundant about the Mediterranean. The reader is likely to be familiar with the famous Blue Grotto of Capri, which is an excellent type of these sea-caves, though it probably has been somewhat modified by art. A better known and much more beautiful variety of caverns occurs where columnar basalts, with the columns in a vertical position, face the sea-waves, as at Staffa, an island on the west coast of Scotland. Here the jointing of the several columns enables the sea to rend them to advantage, while a rock of a different character serves as a covering for the cave.*

The last group of caverns which are in any way due to the work of water is the picturesque though unimportant group of grottos known in the Alleghany

* It has recently been claimed that these Scotch basaltic caves were artificial works, excavated to serve as harbors at some unknown time in the past and by some unknown people. Notwithstanding the artificial look, due in the main to the masonry-like character of the columns of basalt, there is no doubt in the minds of geologists that they are the work of the waves alone.



Sea-shore Cave. (Showing action of the sea at different lines.)

Mountains as rock-houses. These interesting recesses—hardly to be termed caverns, for they never penetrate the cliffs beyond the light of day—abound in Kentucky, Virginia, and Tennessee, and are usually limited to the escarpments or outcrop-cliffs of the millstone-grit, a thick formation of sands and conglomerates which underlies the true coal-measures. The hardness of this formation varies greatly. There is often a very resisting stratum above a bed where the rock is so soft that it may be crumbled by the fingers. When this softer portion becomes wet, and then exposed to severe cold, its outer surface often becomes converted into sand, which, as soon as the frost leaves it, falls to the floor. This sand is caught up by the wind and blown away; but before it escapes from the recess it is much beaten against the soft walls, still further assisting the process of decay. In this manner the grotto is enlarged, to the point where the overhanging rock is no longer supported and falls across the front of the arch. It is common to find these recesses with an overhanging roof projecting from thirty to fifty feet beyond the innermost part of the grotto. This soft sandstone, the excavation of which forms the "rock-house," is often penetrated by interlaced harder lines, where the sand has been cemented by oxide of iron which has penetrated along the joints. When the walls have long been scoured by the wind-swept sand, these harder parts stand out from the wall forming a singular and beautiful fret-work, resembling in its decorative effect the arabesque figures of Moorish ornamentation. The rock-house type of grotto in the Eastern United States is almost altogether limited, so far as the present writer's observations go, to the millstone-grit, though they scantily occur in some of the sandstones of the overlying true coal-measures. But in the millstone-grit, from Pennsylvania south to Alabama, they so abound that for almost the whole distance, where the edge of this grit is exposed, there is hardly a mile where there is not a comfortable shelter from a thunder-shower, where the sheep find protection in winter storms, and the lion-spiders make their curious traps of sand. This continuous undercut cliff shows us how the topography of a country is dependent on the structure of the rocks which underlie its surface, and how the physical conditions of any one stage of the earth's history continue for all time to have a permanent influence on its aspect. The millstone-grit deposit was formed at a stage in the earth's history when great quan-

tities of sand and pebbles were swept about by strong currents, and rapidly built into beds which differ greatly in their coherence. It generally happens that the upper layers of this formation are much harder than the lower; hence the steep and, often, overhanging wall along its outcrop.

In the Rocky Mountains this peculiar structure occurs in later stages of the geologic periods, and affords many noble grottos of the rock-house type. In both the eastern and western districts these overhanging cliffs were more frequently used by the Indians for dwelling-places than the true caves. In Kentucky they were, apparently, in some cases the seats of a tolerably permanent settlement, as is shown by the occasional mortars, for grinding corn, which the people had excavated in the hard masses of sandstone near the sheltering arches of rock. In the Rocky Mountains the aborigines built considerable masonry edifices in these grottos, contriving them so that they might serve at once for dwellings and as defences against attack. Except that these holds were generally destitute of water, they afforded excellent places of defence, as they are assailable on but one face, and that often very easily defended.

We now have to consider the last and smallest group of caverns—those which are formed by the draining out of lava from beneath an arch or roof which the solidification of the fluid rock has formed. It is hardly necessary to show the reader how exceptional this group is; how it is limited to volcanic countries, and even there is of slight importance, if we measure that importance by the number and extent of the underground spaces which come into the class. Although this group of caverns is limited in number, it constitutes some of the most interesting, as well as the least known, of the subterranean spaces of the earth. The commonest way in which volcanic caverns are formed is as follows: When the lava contained in a crater remains for some time at one level, it freezes, or solidifies, as a thick sheet across the floor of the cup-shaped cavity. After it has become firm, the lower-lying fluid rock may, as the gases which urged it upward leak out from the crevices of the solid crust, slowly subside into the depths of the earth, leaving spaces of irregular form and, often, of vast extent. If the volcano remains long dormant—some of them are quiet for thousands of years—the rain-water gathered in the crater may fill these lava-caverns. At first it is hot and charged with acids, which make it unfitted for the habitation of animals, but in time the temperature is lowered and the water purified. It sometimes happens that these great cisterns of water become the dwelling-place of fishes, as well as of more lowly organized creatures. If now the volcano resumes its activity, this water, commingled with the pulverized lava, termed ash and containing an abundance of dead animals, may be poured over the lip of the crater, or be tossed into the air, inundating the neighborhood with a muddy torrent.

Another form of lava-caves is found outside of the crater, where the lava-streams pour down the slopes of the cone. These streams naturally flow in the deep and narrow torrent-cut valleys which so frequently seam the sides of the volcanic elevations. At first the lava may flow with considerable swiftness; but as it becomes cooler the surface curdles, like flowing pig-iron, while the mass below retains its original fluidity. This hardening of the surface progresses until the roof is strong enough to support itself; it may then happen that the lower fluid lava flows on, leaving a rude arch spanning the cavity it occupied. Buried beneath showers of volcanic dust and, perhaps, overflowed by lava, these chambers may become converted into water-reservoirs. When the lava-filled caverns are penetrated by the dykes, or fissures, filled with molten rock, the water is suddenly converted into steam. In this way such small and temporary craters as those which lie on the flanks of Mount Ætna may be formed.

Besides these larger cavities formed in lava in the ways before described, there are many smaller rifts which are caused by the shrinkage of the lava in cooling. This shrinkage often amounts to as much as one-tenth of the mass, and leads to the production of various irregular cavities.

We have now briefly considered the ways in which the empty spaces of the earth's crust are formed. We see that by several different causes numerous cavities come to exist. It must be observed that these cavities are essentially superficial; it is certain that they are limited to the mere film on the surface of the globe. The reason why all caverns must be superficial phenomena is very simple. As we descend into the earth the pressure due to the overlying matter becomes constantly greater, until at a depth of, say, twenty miles the weight of the superincumbent rock would cause every empty space, however strong its walls, to be crushed in. Even if the rocks were very rigid, still the weight would render caverns improbable at a depth of, at most, a few score miles below the crust. The only exceptions to this rule would be where small cavities were filled with water or other fluids which could not flow out when subjected to pressure, or possibly where very much heated gases pressed, with enormous energy, against the weight of the superincumbent rock. But the vast areas of granite, marble, and other crystalline rocks which have once been buried at great depths beneath the surface show us, by their compact structure and the total absence of caverns, that deeper parts of the earth are destitute of vacant spaces.

Many speculative minds have fancied that the central portions of the earth were hollow, and in this imaginary realm have found a larger field for fancy than the real caverns afford. This notion is an old one; it had a certain currency in Germany more than two hundred years ago. In the early part of this century the speculation was renewed or, more likely, separately invented by Captain Symmes, of the United States Army. Symmes was an original genius, with more determination than most observers. He not only proved to his own satisfaction the existence of this gigantic "hole," but he endowed it with a luminous atmosphere, the glare of which, shining through the entrance-ways at the poles, gave rise to the aurora borealis. In the true explorer spirit he resolved to journey to this nether realm. With eminent foresight he perceived that, when his ship turned round the sharp angle which had to be passed in proceeding from the outer to the inner sea, the sudden change of direction might snap the masts away from their fastenings. He therefore planned a strong vessel whose spars might be quickly lowered to the deck. He issued invitations to many eminent men of science to accompany him on his journey. But, with greater good-fortune than attends most dreamers, he died before setting sail.

Although we must dismiss the notion of a central space, the earth constantly contains in its superficial parts a great number of cavities, which have an important influence on the deposition of minerals of value to man, and which afford a field for the development of a singular group of organic beings. These caverns are constantly forming and constantly being destroyed. None of the superficial, or cold-water, caves are more than two or three geological periods old; they constantly vanish as the surface of the earth wears down to them. But those of the deeper earth, formed by the migrations of the heated waters, are among the older products of water-action; they may have kept their forms since a time when the hills which overlie them had not begun to be carved out by the superficial streams.

FREEDOM.

By Elyot Weld.

"Someone has touched me; strength has gone from me."
So spake the Christ, yet through the throng he passed,
New power to heal springing until the last
Within his human heart, upraised and free.
Thus thou, when I, all weary, meeting thee
(The roughening path by darkness overcast),
At thy flame lit my lamp; thou onward passed
Blessing the world, unstirred by thought of me.
I wish it thus; yet lest perchance thou throw
A glance across the sea of heads and find
One face blanched by a pain unsought, then know
That though alone hope ever fills my mind.
Being deep and wide, love holdeth not in thrall,
Saving as saved, beloving one in all.

THE MORTGAGE ON JEFFY.

By Octave Thanet.

HERE are few more beautiful sights than an Arkansas forest in late February; I mean a forest in the river-bottoms, where every hollow is a cypress-brake. Prickly joints of bamboo-brier make a kind of green hatching, like shadows in an etching, for a little space above the wet ground between the great trees. Utterly bare are the tree-branches, save for a few rusty shreds clinging to the cypress-tops, a few bunches of mistletoe on the sycamores, or a gleam of holly-leaves in the thicket; but scarlet berries flicker on purple limbs, the cane grows a fresher green, and, in February, red shoots will be decking the maple-twigs, there will be ribbons of weeds which glitter like jewels, floating under the pools of water and ferns waving above, while the moss paints the silvery bark of sycamores, white-oaks, and gum-trees on the north side as high as the branches, and higher, with an incomparably soft and vivid green. The white trunks show the brighter for their gray tops, and for that background everywhere of innumerable shades of gray and purple and shell-red which the blurred lines of twigs and branches make against the horizon. Such a forest is in my mind now. What an effect of fantastic and dainty magnificence the moss and the water and the shining trees produce! The dead trunks are dazzling white, the others have the lustrous haze of silver; it is not a real forest, it is a picture in an old missal illuminated in silver and green. Yet beautiful as it is, there is something weird and dreary in its beauty—in those shadowy pools of water masked by the tangle of brier and cane; in those tall trees that grow so thickly, and grow, I know, just as thickly for uncounted miles; in the shadows and mists which are instead of foliage; in the red streaks on the blunt edges of the cypress-roots and the stains on the girdled gum-trees as if every blow of the axe had

drawn blood—there is a touch of the sinister, even, and it would not be hard to conjure up a mediæval devil or two behind such monstrous growths as those cypress "knees."

Through this forest winds a rude road, winding because of the river, for those red smears to the right are willow-branches which mark the course of the Black River. On the February day that I recall, a one-armed man was driving a pair of stout horses to an open spring-wagon, the kind of wagon called, in Arkansas, "a hack." The wagon was new and the harness had none of the ropes, odd chains, or old straps apt to garnish harness on a plantation. The driver, also, though wearing nothing better than a faded gray-flannel shirt, jean overalls, and rubber boots, was clean and even tidy in his appearance. His broad shoulders and long back promised a frame of unusual height, should he straighten himself up, instead of slouching forward until his hat-rim and its fringe of black curls made a semicircle between his shoulders. The reins were about his neck, and he guided his horses with his one hand. For all his empty sleeve, Jeff Griffin was the best driver "in the bottom." At the same time, his elbow steadied the object on his knees. This was carefully wrapped in a piece of that bagging which is used for cotton-bales. Presently he checked his horses, to very gently remove the wrappings, bending over them a plain, kind, tear-stained face. He was looking at a little coffin. It was simply made, yet in a workmanlike fashion, too, and was painted white, with silver nails and handles.

"Ain't it beaucherful!" he murmured; "it mought rouse 'er!"

"Howdy, Mist' Griffin," called a voice from the road-side, with those mellow intonations which are as much the property of a black throat as the color of its skin. "Kin ye gimme lift fur's de twurn?"

Griffin perceived that he was abreast of an old negro, on foot, carrying a bag of meal on his shoulder. He knew him, Uncle Nate, who worked on the Widow Brand's farm. It was inevitable, according to the customs of the country, that Jeff should let the old man climb into the wagon.

"Ben downter de Bend," said he, settling himself comfortably on the back seat; "my ole woman ben r'arin' an' chargin' fur mo' meal. Cudn't cotch dat fool mewl; hed tu gether de bag on my wethers an' walk. Whut ye got dar, Mist' Griffin? Looks like—fo' de Lawd, hit's a coffin!"

"Hit's fur—fur little Bulah," said Griffin, choking.

"Not Cap'n Bulah's baby! My Lawd, ain't dat too bad? W'y, I seen de "Eller" a-layin' at de landin' dis ev'nin' w'en I come by. An' Cap'n Bulah, don' she be takin' on turrible?"

"She kep' walkin' the floor with it all las' night, long's it lived. Never made a lisp er complaint. Done anything the doctor commanded, an' all her word was, 'Doctor, don' let 'er suffer!' but w'en she seen doctor war doin' his bestmost, she never said nary nuther word. Looked like she wudn't hinder 'im a-frettin'. She are mighty fair-minded, Cap'n Bulah, Nate."

"Is so," agreed Nate, sympathetically, "but whut er sight er turbbel she done hab; fust de cap'n, an' now de onlies' chile she got dyin' of. Was hit sick long, sah?"

"On'y two days. 'T hed crowp."

"Dey all b'en stoppin' ter yo' house sence de boat tied up fur ter hab de b'iler fixed?"

"Yes. The baby b'en sorter weakly like all winter. Bulah, she war mighty timid of her—but didn't do no good."

"Looks like," said Uncle Nate; "sut'nly de ways er de Lawd is dark, an' we uns cayn't git round 'em, nohow. Now, dar's dat ar baby de mudder leff ter de sto' las' Chewsday, ye heerd on't?" Griffin shook his head. "By gum, ain't dat cuse! W'y, 'twar dat ar Headlights's dey calls 'er, kase of dem big feery eyes er hern. Tall woman; ye knowed 'er, picked cotton fur dey all at de Bend. Peared ter set a heap er store by de little trick,* too; but she taken up with a mover, an' he p'intedly swore dat w'en he got married he didn't want no boot. So Headlights she putt de baby unner de counter an' lit out; an' dey bofe done gone. Mist' Frank, he clerks ter de sto' now, an' he fotched de baby home ter his

* Trick, in Arkansas speech, means a number of things—a child, an article, a stratagem, a machine; in fact, it is as hard-worked a word as "thing."

maw fur ter keep twel somebuddy'd want hit. An' dar dat baby is, eatin' hearty, dat his own mudder don' keer ter keep; an' dar's Cap'n Bulah a-mournin' an' refuzin' ter be comfurted, like dat woman in de Scripter—I disrembers her name. Dat's what tries de fait', mo' ye studies on hit, mo' yo' tries. Darfur, O Lawd, 'lighten we all's unnerstandin's; fur we's up peart like de grass, an' en de mawnin' we's p'intedly cut down." Here the stream of Uncle Nate's consolations meandered into the safe channel of his prayers (Uncle Nate had a gift) and flowed placidly on for awhile, Griffin not hearing a word.

The latter's thoughts took their own dreary way, in vagrant, unuttered sentences: "She's rockin'; in the little red rocker, sides the bed. She done hilt Bulah en her arms ever sence she dressed of her. She are a-holdin' 'er now. She ain't cried, nur wept, nur spoke; jes' sets thar a-rockin' her baby an' lookin' at its face. Oh, Bulah, won' ye let nobuddy holp ye? Hit's pore little han's a-hangin' down—my Lord, how cole 'tis! Oh, pore little Bulah! pore little Bulah! but ye don' never need suffer no more, baby. Bulah, won' ye lemme cyar the baby a spell?"—his thoughts had gone back to the horrible night just past; he was pleading with the poor mother again—"Ye'll shore drop; ye cayn't keep up that-away! Lemme take 'er; I kin make out 'ith one arm. I done cyared 'er a heap. 'Tain't no good talkin'—she don' yere me. Oh, Bulah, she don' have no more pain; the Lord taken 'er outen it now. Let S'leeny take 'er; you lay down. Don' cry so, S'leeny, mabbe it frets 'er ter hear us; we kin cry out-doors."

Now it was the doctor's voice speaking: "You must rouse her somehow; she'll die or go crazy if you don't."

"Rouse her? Lord God! how kin I, w'en I cayn't make her hear me? I wisht it b'en me stiddier the baby, Bulah; I b'en prayin' all night ter the Lord ter take me stiddier her. Won' ye jes' lift yo' head, Bulah, an' try ter listin? It's Jeff talkin' ter ye! Ye know how Jeff allus thought a heap er ye—naw, naw, ye never kin know what I thought er ye! Never ye min' what I say, honey, I cayn't b'ar ter see ye settin' that-away, an' I say quar things. *Do* ye hear me, Bulah? Oh, Lord God!" He remembered so vividly just how useless his efforts were that he groaned aloud.

Uncle Nate stopped short.

"I wuz forgittin' everythin' but my trubbel, Nate," said Griffin; "wuz ye sayin' suthin'?"

"I wuz jes' speakin' 'bout dat ar baby, sah; sayin' 'twar a year'n haff ole, jest."

"Yes — the baby — jes' seventeen months," said Griffin, in a dazed way; then, with quite a new expression, he turned his head on the black man, "Ye mean Headlights's baby; what like is hit? Is it pretty?"

"Iz ter dat," said Uncle Nate, judicially, "I ain't no jedge. Looks right puny an' ga'nted,* but I lay it git over dat at we uns'. Yeah's de twurn, Mist' Griffin! I wisht ye well, sah!"

The "twurn" meant the fork of the road. One of the bifurcations goes on deeper into the swamp, the other deflects toward a clearing wherein, back of cotton-fields and garden, stands a comfortable battened house, the widow Brand's house. A certain trig look about land and buildings may be due to the fact—always kept well to the fore—that the widow came from Georgia. Jeff could see her tall figure on the porch, now; she was caressing a baby. His heart gave a kind of leap in his breast, and he turned white and grabbed at Nate's bag.

"Nate," said he, almost in a whisper, "I wanter see thet ar chile! Is't a boy ur a gyurl?"

"Thar 'tis," replied Nate; "li'le boy. Won' ye come by, sah?"

The widow came out to meet them, the baby in her arms. She always wore her hair looped smoothly over her ears and fastened behind with a "tuckin' comb." It was black hair, having a shine to it like her eyes. Spare and tanned as her features were, they were not uncomely and their expression of shrewd alertness softened wonderfully when she recognized her visitors. The boy certainly was thin—pale, too—still a pretty, bright little fellow who ruffled the widow's sleek hair and slapped her cheeks, in the gayest humor. Griffin could not understand why he felt a curi-

* Gaunted—thin; puny is always used for sickly; peart always means lively, well.

ous pang of relief, seeing how unlike the little castaway was to the dead child. He saluted the widow.

"Oh, we're all stirrin'," she replied. "Aunt Fanny b'en over'n' tole me 'beout you all's 'fliction. They jes' puttin' the gears on the mewls."

"Won' ye come longer me, Mis' Brand, now!" interrupted Jeff, eagerly, "an' cayn't ye fotch 'long the baby? Ye heerd 'beout Bulah? I'm turrible skeered up 'beout 'er, an' I sorter 'lowed mabbe the little trick mought rouse 'er —bein' leff so lonesome like; ye know Bulah's powerful good-hearted."

"We kin try," said the widow, musingly; "ye got good sense fur a man person, Jeff."

She was very soon in the wagon, on the seat behind Griffin, watching him as they drove silently through the swamp. She thought that his had been a lonesome kind of life. Jeff Griffin had come back from the wars with an arm the less, to support his bedridden mother, his widowed sister and her family, and a forlorn little cousin with no nearer kindred than they—Bulah Norman. "Old Man Griffin" and the "big boys" had been killed long before. Jeff himself was seventeen, but he had been a soldier for two years. The Griffins originally came from Tennessee. They bought a little farm on the outskirts of a large plantation on the Black River. They were all of them honest, hard-working people, and Jeff had a natural turn for business, though he could not write his name. Those days there was money in cotton; those halcyon days when we burned our cottonseed for fuel, yet could get more for the cotton alone than we can get for them both now. Jeff toiled early and late. As the widow from Georgia told her son Frank (a good fellow, clever, too, but a bit touched by the climate), Jeff Griffin's one arm did more than any other man's two. He prospered; he bought more land, he built a house for his mother—just the year before she died, poor soul—and generously started his nieces and nephews in life. One by one they drift-de out into the world until only their mother and Bulah Norman, now grown into quite a pretty lass of eighteen, remained in the house with Jeff. Bulah was eleven years younger than Jeff. He had always been devoted to her. When she was a child he never tired of her prattle; he gave her a calf, a colt, a saddle, a riding-whip, while every other girl in the settlement was content with a pawpaw switch; he could not do enough for her. If he was too busy to go to school himself, he never was too busy to drive "the little tricks" over to the school-house, and, every evening, Bulah, "the least little trick of all," used to teach him what she had learned. Bulah was very fond of Jeff, in a filial way; but Jeff loved Bulah with all his heart and soul and strength. He was such a dry, quiet, matter-of-fact fellow that nobody ever dreamed of such a thing; that is, nobody but the widow. How do women manage to discover a reticent man's passion? Jeff had never confided in the widow; but one day she remarked to him, with the calm bluntness of the backwoods, "Look a yere, Jeff, ef you don' make haste an' court Bulah she'll be takin' up with that thar triflin', biggity Sam Eller that she met up with down ter Newport w'ilst she's stoppin' with S'leeny's gyurl. She will so."

"Po' Jeff!" the widow was saying to herself now, "I come too late. He done got her prommus then. Jeff looked like he was jes' gittin' up by a spell er sickness, them days—p'int blank gashly; but he never let on, jes' talked natchell ter Bulah, an', law me, what a sight er truck he guv 'er. An' thar she leff that nice house that he done fixed up so ladyfine fur her, an' her room, all papered gran's Mrs. Francis's—roses all over the walls, and the ceilin' painted blew like the sky,—ter go an' live with Sam Eller in a boat! I reckon she found out right quick that thar warn't nuthin' ter *him* 'cept good looks an' brags! an' ye cayn't eat neether. Wonder how long 'fore he begun borryin' money er Jeff. He wuz no force, nohow. Say he war blin' drunk w'en he tumbled outen the pilot-house, spang on the deck, an' mashed's shin, an' never got up by it. Lived a whole year ayfter, too. Bulah war mighty long-sufferin' with him, tendin' on him night'n day, an' runnin' the boat, too; an', in course, the baby mus' come in the thick er it! An't made me mad, seein' him so ill * with her. I

* Cross.

don' guess a man person kin holp r'arin' on ye, *some*, w'en he's sick, kase he wants out so bad r'iles 'im all up; but *he* wuz a-cussin' an' sw'arin' the plum' w'ile, an' steamboat cap'ns natchelly kin cuss wusser anybody else; 'clare I don' see how she cud b'ar't, sich a patient way. What wud she a done outen Jeff? Keepin' the cap'n under, an' lendin' money an' lettin' S'leeny go an' stay on the boat by spells ter holp er an' cherkin' er up—law me, I never seen a man person like Jeff Griffin! An' now thet the Lord done took the cap'n, an' she kin have her time an' her pleasure, she won' go home longer Jeff; naw, she mus' run the boat twell she kin pay off the money—jes' biggity, *she* is! How come she don' marry Jeff? That ar'd pay him best. Nex' thing, he mus' coax S'leeny ter go longer Bulah an' leave him 'lone with jes' Aunt Fanny ter 'tend ter 'im. I know *her* cookin'; ye cud build chimbleys outen her light bread. An', now, this have ter come on 'em—Po' Bulah!"

She bit off her sigh, lest it should disturb Jeff, for they had come to their journey's end and the horses were standing. There were the brown cotton-rows and the whitish-brown stalks strewn over them; there, under the elm-trees, was Aunt Fanny's cabin, and there was the house, long, low, with its black roof and whitewashed walls. The open gallery in the centre had been decorated with bunches of sweet herbs and strings of red pepper. Two or three saddles and a gun are expected to hang in an Arkansas "gallery;" they were a little brighter than common here.

The new-comers stepped softly through the gallery into a large room. Bulah was sitting, precisely as Jeff's imagination had pictured her, rocking her dead baby. An elderly woman had her back to them, leaning over the hearth, and the turkey-wing in her hand, with which she was brushing the bricks, moved by jerks as though the hand were nervous.

Bulah did not look up; her head was bent over the waxen face on her arm. The dead calm of her own face was more ghastly and pitiful to see than any anguish. All the while she was rocking very gently, never ceasing or in the least varying the motion. Her chair made the merest creak; yet, all at once, the other woman hurled the turkey-wing aside to wring her hands, sobbing: "Bulah, I cayn't enjure ter hear ye! For the Lord's sake putt her down! 'Tain't Christian-like—Oh, dear! oh, dear! she don' hear a word."

She did not seem to hear. To her in that awful mystery of grief, where her soul was with her dead child and her dead hopes, all this outside jar and fret vibrated so faintly that before she could comprehend their presence they had ceased. Nor did she seem to notice Jeff when he showed her the coffin, begging her, weeping, to look at it.

The widow, with the child in her arms, stepped across the floor on tiptoe. "Bulah," said she, solemnly, "the Lord taken yo' baby, an' this yere baby's mother have desarted him an' he's all alone on earth. Cayn't ye find it in yo' heart ter have pity on him?"

She put the child down, close to the strange-looking, silent woman, and, naturally enough, he began to cry.

At the first whimper, Bulah's eyes were lifted; with an indescribably wild and agonizing inquiry, she stared at the small creature, now quite terrified, and wailing, "Mammy! mammy!"

"Ye ain't got no mother, baby," said she; then, with her dreadful composure, "nur I ain't got no baby." She would have loosened one arm to touch the little fellow, but the action seemed to recall something; for, screaming "How cud she! how cud she!" she burst into a passion of tears, and while she wept the widow gently took the dead child out of her clasp.

. . . . . .

Little Bulah's grave had been green for months, and it was on an autumn day that Jeff Griffin stood on the platform of the plantation-store waiting for the "Samuel Eller" to round the Bend. Being Saturday afternoon, there was a pretty bustle about the settlement—a hum from the mill where the cotton-wagons were unloading, a continual ring of the hammer from the smithy, and a far-away song floating up from the cotton-fields filled with pickers. At least thirty horses were tied to the fence-rail on the left, and a score of booted legs dangled over

either platform. Occasionally a sun-bonnet might appear in the doorway, but it was likely to go straightway about its business, having possibly more business than belonged to the boots. All about this wee hubbub of human life was the forest; maples and hackberry-trees kept up their autumn revelries in scarlet and gold, and their gay leaves, fluttering amid the sad-colored foliage of the cypress, looked like courtiers dancing with Puritans. To the right, the woods on either side the river-bank seemed to converge; that was "the Bend."

"Yon she comes!" cried Jeff, spying a corkscrew of smoke above the tree-tops. He spoke to the widow from Georgia, who had just emerged from the store, in a very clean and stiff print gown, and was prudently testing some new snuff before carrying it away.

"Cap'n Bulah never misses," she answered; "ain't it amazin' how well she done! Say she done passed her examination, an' got a license r'glar. The mate says they ain't many like 'er. Expect S'leeny stayed down ter Black Rock 'ith her son. How are you all's little trick?"

"Oh, he's right peart," said Jeff, his plain face quite beaming; "gittin' on smart. Talks a heap. Follers me reoun' everywhar, laffin' an' grabbin' at my pants—sorter good them little fingers feel, don't they? Putt him on ole Nig, las' week. I wisht you a seen 'im; fust he looked mighty gubious; then he begins ter laff. He'll git likened ter ridin' mighty briefly."

"Yo' mos' petted on him's Bulah, ain't ye? How come ye don' keep him an' her both with ye, allus? Actchelly, Jeff, my bones is wearin' out waitin' ter dance at yo' weddin'!"

The reply to such jocularity ought to have been a sheepish grin, but Jeff looked very downcast. "Ye wunt never dance at *my* weddin'," said he, "an' iz ter Bulah, she have laid by ter stay single."

"Wal, I didn't aim ter drag ye, Jeff, but—law me!" The caustic twitch of the widow's lips disappeared in a gurgle of dismay; she will never be nearer swallowing her snuff-stick. On the landing in front of her was a tall woman, whose wild beauty could not be obscured by her wretched dress—the draggled brown, stuff skirt, ragged blue jacket, and towsled red handkerchief, knotted awry. A mass of glossy black hair was straggling out of its coil over the red triangle behind; her battered hat shaded a bold profile, cut cleanly, like the head on a Roman coin. The sun, which plays havoc with dainty beauties, had only deepened the rich tints of her skin and brightened the untamed fire in her eyes. She was as graceful and unconscious as a panther.

"Headlights!" muttered Mrs. Brand, under her breath.

Jeff had not even seen her; all his eyes were for the boat. Yes, that was Bulah on the upper deck, and there was the dear little white head against her skirts. Other people might see merely a slip of a woman, with plenty of freckles on her fair skin, a firm little mouth, and pathetic blue eyes. What Jeff saw—but how can I picture the radiant being as the lover sees her?

Now the plank is down, and Jeff, with his one arm and his Southern gallantry, is helping the widow across, who doesn't need helping one whit, but accepts it as the duty of a "man person." In a minute they are on the deck, and Jeff has little Jeffy on his shoulders and can look at Bulah. But why have Tom Bracelin, the deputy-sheriff, and his two men come on board, and does that shabby woman mean to take passage on the "Samuel Eller"? She pushed the underlings aside with an imperious elbow, and got close to Jeff and the little fellow.

"That's him!" she shouted, "that's my chile! Take him 'way, boss!"

"Oh!" exclaimed Bulah, and flung herself upon Jeffy's small legs, the only portion of him within reaching distance.

"What ye seekin'?" demanded Jeff, sternly.

"I are seekin' my own chile thet I leff unner the store-counter," Headlights answered, "an' you uns taken him."

"Ye wicked critter! do ye reckon we all will guv him up ter ye?"

"I reckon ye'll haveter," said Headlights, composedly; "they's a right smart er folkses kin sw'ar hit's my chile.

You all ain't 'dopted of 'im, nur nuthin'!"

"Look a yere, you Mis' Headlights, ur whutsomever's yo' name," said Mrs. Brand, "ain't ye got no natchell mother-like feelin's 'bout the po' little trick's own intrusts? Look at him bein' raised so good, gwine ev'ry Sunday ter school or ter preachin', an' gittin' washed hisseff ev'ry mawnin', an' good cloze, and his knees patched beaucherful, an' look a' them copper toes"—shaking poor Jeffy's foot at her—"an' you cayn't so much iz guv him proper victuals; I seen ye, myseff, feedin' up that innercent chile on gouber peas an' hogs' melts! My word, I wonder he got ony insides leff—he hadn't orter have."

Headlights listened quite unmoved to this homily, and equally unmoved she heard the threats of the boat people and the remonstrances of Mr. Francis who had come aboard. The owner of the plantation was no more to her than the deck-hands. There is a depth of poverty as arrogant as riches, and social distinctions count for nothing in that grave.

"Ye kin care all ye like," said she, tossing her black mane, "I'm gwine cyar off my boy. Yere, baby, come ter mammy, mammy got candy."

But Jeffy gripped Jeff's neck all the harder, whimpering "Jeffy 'f'aid! 'Way, lady! 'way, lady!" and, with a very black frown, Headlights beckoned the officer to help her.

He advanced, looking desperately ill at ease. "I'm right sorry, ma'am," said he, "but she's got the law on her side, and I have to do my juty."

Jeff and the mate of the boat exchanged glances; they had the simple Southern plan of dumping the officers overboard and steaming off down the river; they were willing, however, that Mrs. Brand should try her device first.

"Wal, Tom Bracelin," said she, as it were clearing the decks for action by throwing away her snuff-stick, "I never did 'low ter see *you* draggin' off a po' harmless little chile inter perdition—fur ye know 'taint no better 'mon'st them cotton-pickers—you with yo' own six little tricks t' home, too! How'd ye enj'y hevin' them two least ones tolled off by a gang er cotton-pickers? Cap'n Bulah sets much store by thet ar baby, iz you kin by your'n; an' mo', too, 'kase it's all's she got. Nur wud I of b'lieved it er *you*, Layfayette Sands"—wheeling round upon one of the deputies, who tried, ineffectually, to blow his nose to hide his confusion—"them evenin's you an' Bulah Norman wud come home from school tergether, an' be projickin' roun' my kitchen fur light bread an' smear. Naw, sir, I didn't guess them days ye wud do Bulah meaner'n a murderer! Iz fur *you*, sir"—the second deputy jumped—"I ain't got no acquaintance with ye, but yo' a pretty man, an' I jedge ye ter be a clever man"—the second deputy rubbed off a smirk with a very big hand—"an' I don't guess ye aim ter hurt that ar pretty chile, ef *'tis* the law! Onyhow, gentlemen," concluded the widow, in the most unexpected way, "ye wunt let 'er cyar that chile 'way 'outen payin' Cap'n Bulah board."

"Board!" screamed Headlights, "whoever heerd er payin' board fur a baby?"

"Board war guv that baby," retorted the undaunted Georgian; "good board, too. An' feedin' a chile ain't like sloppin' a pig, neether. Ye cayn't devil them little stummicks with leavin's; they has ter have good victuals that cost money. That chile b'en boarded frum last er Feberary ter last er October—makes eight months. Call it two dollars a month; that's p'int blank cheap; twic't eight's sixteen. Then the cloze; Cap'n Bulah done spent most er nine dollars fur truck fur that ar chile, ain't she, Mr. Francis?"

"More," replied Mr. Francis, with a twinkle in his eye—he saw the widow's drift—"she must have eleven dollars charged on the petty ledger, now."

"I'm blamed my skin," the cotton-picker struck in, "if I ever spent dollar'n haff on the chile. Quit yo' funnin', I won't pay board!"

"Reckon some folkses wud count in the boat-fares gwine back'ards and for'ards on the river," continued the widow, "but we uns ain't graspin'. Twicet eight's sixteen, an' eleven is twenty-seven. That ar's cyphered right, ain't it?"

Headlights burst into a fierce sort of laughter, crying, "I ain't got twenty-seven cents!"

"Oh, we uns air content ter take a morgige on the chile," replied the widow, calmly, "for six months; an' we'll keep the chile twell then, an' ef ye don't pay then we'll keep the chile furever mo'. Mr. Francis is a squire; he'll draw up the papers. Do you all 'gree ter that?"

Bulah released her hold on Jeffy to look around; her pallid features and entreating eyes said more than her voice: "Oh, gentlemen, be merciful, look how he loves me; he ain't nuthin' to *her;* don't part us! He's always b'en puny; he'll die off in the swamps, like she'll take him."

The men whispered together. They were indeed glad of a loophole of escape; and the upshot of the matter was the production by Mr. Francis (after an interval in the cabin) of a document duly drawn up and reading as follows: "I, Sabrina Mathews, alias Headlights, do promise to pay to Mrs. Bulah Eller, of Lawrence County, Arkansas, the sum of twenty-seven dollars on or before the fifteenth day of April, 18—, and if I do not pay the aforesaid sum of twenty-seven dollars by or before the fifteenth day of April, 18—, I hereby promise to give and bequeath and resign to the said Mrs. Bulah Eller my child, now known as Jefferson Griffin Eller, to keep for her child; and I do hereby promise to renounce any and all my claims to the aforesaid Jefferson Griffin Eller."

It was only when Headlights was convinced that the sheriff and his men would do no more for her that she consented to make her mark to this paper. She insisted upon her right to pay before the six months, and Mr. Francis did not venture to refuse. "Oh, let 'er have it her way," said the widow; then, in an undertone to Bulah, "git shet of 'er now, an' we kin gether the chile an' light out, don' ye see?"

So Headlights had her way, and signed; and every man, on the boat, who could write his name, witnessed, with a dim idea that he was helping Captain Bulah.

Having made her mark, Headlights strode up to Jeff who was still holding the boy. Bulah would have stepped between them.

"I ain't aimin' ter hurt him," said the cotton-picker. "Ye won't stop me kissin' of him onct, will ye?"

The two women glared at each other, probably with as venomous feelings as those two historic dames who puzzled King Solomon. But Jeff had said truly that Bulah was a fair-minded woman. "Ye got the right to," said she.

Headlights bent over the baby with surprising gentleness. She was so tall that it was easy for her to reach his hair and his little averted cheek as he clung to Jeff's neck. She whispered something, of which Jeff only caught the words "sorry" and "hurt ye," and immediately ran off the boat so swiftly and recklessly that she nearly fell into the water.

"Well, that critter," said the sheriff, "she come to me yesterday. She's got out with the feller she ran off with. Lum Shinault was telling me *he* heard he gave 'er the hickory, an' she drawed a knife on him. Now, she's back with the rest er the Missouri folks, terrible anxious to git her baby; she'd orter b'en anxious a spell back, *I* take it."

After that day the "Samuel Eller" made her regular trips around the Bend; but no one ever saw the little white curls dancing over the deck. A good many people believed that Jeffy really was on board; if so, he never came out of hiding. Headlights did not go away. She stayed on, picking cotton, until the ragged white streamers were all stripped off the brown stalks. Two or three times Jeff caught a glimpse of her prowling about his own fields. He never attempted to speak to her, and she gave him nothing more than a scowl. He was watching her secretly. He was sure that she must be saving money; for she was sober on Christmas Day, when the rest of the cotton-pickers were a howling mob and, for that matter, there were very few steady legs left on the plantation. One day, visiting Bulah and S'leeny on the boat (good-by, now, to the happy times when Jeff could watch Bulah, with Jeffy on her knees, on the other side of his own fire-place), he observed that Bulah seemed troubled. Finally, she brought out a little package, and told him that while the boat was unloading at Newport, Jeffy had been allowed to walk in the street with S'leeny ("for the chile's

gittin' right puny cooped up so, an' I had to see to the loadin' ") and a woman had spoken to him and given him the package. "S'leeny don't know her by sight, but she suspicioned 'twas *her*, an' she called her to stop an' take the things back, but she run too quick. See, Jeff!"

She displayed a flimsy red-silk handkerchief and a child's harp.

"Yes, hit war Headlights," said Jeff, gravely; "she bought 'em at the store. Frank Brand tole me. I 'lowed, then, she got 'em for Jeffy—Law me, Bulah, what ye doin'?"

He caught Bulah's hand just in time to prevent harp and handkerchief going into the Black River.

"Lemme 'lone, Jeff," cried she, with flashing eyes, "Jeffy's b'en talkin' of the critter ever sence."

"Oh, hush, honey," said Jeff, soothingly, "'tis r'ilin', but don' throw the critter's pore little truck overboard. She got sorter feelin's, I expeck, too."

"I *hate* her," said Bulah; "I'd liketer *kill* her!"

But she dropped the bundle on the deck instead of in the water.

All this made Jeff feverishly anxious, for he was positive that if Headlights did not go away Bulah would sell the boat and hide herself somewhere with the child; besides, he had a dread of some collision between the two women. "An' ef Bulah mixes with Headlights she'll shore git killed up!" thought Jeff. Therefore it was a mighty relief to him, one day, to see the whole troop of cotton-pickers, Headlights in their midst, ploughing through the mud on the road to the railway station, six miles away. He rode the whole muddy way after them, to see them safely on the train bound for Missouri. Then he rode home, singing. Possibly he was jubilant too soon, since Headlights got out at the next village.

Jeff went straight to the landing. He heard the refrain of the "roustabouts'" aimless song.

"Four o'clock done come at las'!" and he could see the cotton-bales bounding along the plank; down among them he ran, light as a boy.

"She's gone!" cried Bulah; "I see it in yo' face! Oh, Jeff, take us home, Jeffy's plum' sick. Simmons can take the boat to Black Rock."

Of course she went; and, late as it was then, Jeff rode ten miles for the doctor. The next morning he rode again to the railway station, to telegraph to a larger town for some medicines. He must wait for the train to bring them, so that it was after noon before he could start homeward. The road is the worst in the country-side, and just then, to use the phrase of the bottom, "'twud mire a snipe." He was crawling along, two-thirds of the way home, when his mule shied, with a great splash, and nearly reared off the roadway. "Dad gum ye!" cried Jeff, irritably, "whut—by grabs, hit's a human critter!"

The cause of the beast's fright lay athwart some logs, her skirts trailing in the mud. No sooner had Jeff lifted her head than he uttered a loud cry, "My Lord, it's Headlights!"

There was no response; the head lay on his arm like a stone; evidently she had sat down to rest and swooned. Jeff heartily wished she had been dead instead; but he could not leave her thus. He glanced disconsolately about him—at his mule improving the unexpected leisure to munch cane-leaves, at the brilliant, desolate sweep of swamp—silver-trees, green moss, gray pools of water, and the rotten corduroy raised a little out of the ooze. "Wal, the Lord's mussiful," groaned Jeff, "they's a right smart er water 'reoun', onyhow."

He got Headlights's head in a more comfortable position, and splashed water on her face until a gasp arrested his hand and she looked dizzily up at him, murmuring, "Then I done got thar. How are baby?"

"Git whar? Yo' in the swamp, gyurl. Wake up!"

Headlights did sit up, and moaned.

"I cudn't make out," she muttered. "Lemme 'lone, Jeff Griffin; how come ye done slopped me all over? I'll shore be chillin' termorrer."

"Ye'll shore be chillin' ef ye don' git up outen this yere slosh."

"How are my baby?—least, ye mought tell me that much."

"Wal, he are plum' bad, then," answered Jeff, gloomily—angrily, too, since he saw nothing for him to do but to put Headlights on his mule and walk himself; it would be like murder to leave

her in the swamp, and the mule could not carry two through such mud. Yet he felt a twinge of pity as he saw the tears rolling down Headlights's cheeks at his words. "Ye mus' git on my mule," said he, more kindly; "ye cayn't walk, an' ye mus' git outen the swamp."

She struggled to her feet and let him help her into the saddle, saying, "I'll ride a spell, then I kin walk." Had she attempted to ride in the usual feminine posture, she would certainly have fallen off the mule, being nearly unconscious; luckily, neither Jeff nor she thought of such a thing. By and by she began to shiver violently.

"Thar 'tis, wust sorter chill, an' we uns' heouse the nighest by two miles!" At the idea he groaned aloud, for the relentless hospitality of the bottom left him no alternative.

"Mist' Griffin," spoke Headlights, feebly, "I'll git down, ef yo' tired. I kin make out. On'y wunt ye tell me more 'beout my baby, fust."

"Wal, Headlights, he come down yistiddy, an' his fever ain't cooled, an doctor he's skeered er pneumony; but he say he are a heap apter ter git up by hit fur havin' of sich good tendance like his—like Bulah's an' S'leeny's—don' ye go fur ter cry, Headlights; ye shake all over, an' I cayn't hole ye!"

Headlights somehow choked her sobs. Jeff went on: "Now, Headlights, I'm goin' cyar ye home with me, kase ye ain't fit ter walk. Now, be ye goin' ter devil us, onyhow; try fur ter toll Jeffy way an'——"

"Now, now, I ain't no short; I fight fair. I wudn't do ye sicher way."

"Wal," muttered Jeff to himself, "I expeck S'leeny'll be r'arin' on me, an' Bulah—but Bulah's fair-minded. Onyhow, cayn't be holped, an' they'll git over it, some way."

With this reflection, which has eked out many a man's courage on the brink of a tussel with his womankind, Jeff waded along. A good deal of the time he had to hold Headlights on the mule or she would have slipped off through sheer weakness, and all the while she appeared to be in a kind of stupor. Once he asked her how she happened to hear of Jeffy's illness, how she came to be at the station. She said: "I came ter git Jeffy; I knowed ye'd have him back by ye, quick's ye 'lowed I done lit a shuck. I heerd the men ter the deppo a-talkin 'beout ye. I walked frum Hoxie's on the track; started afore sun up." He thought that her mind must be wandering.

It was a dismal journey, tedious to the last degree; but at last the mule turned in at his own gate, and S'leeny, hearing the hounds' chorus of welcome, ran out to meet him. She lifted up her hands in horror when she recognized his companion. "My, my, my, Jeff Griffin! are ye clean bereft?"

"You hush!" whispered Jeff. "I didn't ax 'er. I run up with 'er in the woods. She war layin' on a log dead's * a hammer. I cudn't leave 'er thataway, cud I?"

"Guv me the med'cines, an' you cyar 'er straight ter Mis' Brand's."

"I cayn't. Look at 'er, she chillin' this minnit."

Headlights had staggered into the gallery; now she would have fallen, had not both brother and sister caught her. "Ye *see*!" said Jeff.

"What'll Bulah say?" groaned S'leeny; "law me, ain't she got 'nuff trubbels an' triberlations outen *you* a-pilin' more onter her!"

But this was only the futile last stroke of a vanquished fighter, the natural impulse of the woman to find the man to blame; S'leeny had her own conscience, and Jeff knew that she would make no more objections. In fact, she helped him to get Headlights to the fire and got the quinine and whiskey before she went to Bulah. Headlights had revived a little and was sitting in the arm-chair when Bulah softly opened the door and came in. Jeff ventured one furtive glance and began to poke the fire.

"Don' take on, Bulah," begged he, with that artless freedom from tact which is the right of his sex; "onyhow, she are Jeffy's mother——"

"I wanter know 'beout my baby," interrupted Headlights.

Bulah's chin went up a little: "I expeck you mean my Jeffy; he's mighty bad——"

* They have a peculiar use of the word "dead" for "senseless." "He knocked him dead," they will say, or "She was plum' dead for an hour."

"Kin I look on him—jest onct—jes' fur a minnit?"

"He'd most like be scared up to see a stranger," said Bulah, coldly.

"Law me," cried the helpless man between the two women, "Bulah, how *kin* ye be so cruel?"

It was the first word of reproach that he had ever spoken to her, and it must have gone straight to her heart, for she put both hands there quickly, with a sort of gasp, like a person stabbed; a little flicker of color came into her cheeks and went out, leaving her extremely pale. Jeff was already in an agony of remorse, crying, "Naw, naw, ye ain't! It's me that's cruel."

"Yes, I am; yes, I was," said Bulah. "Come, Headlights, ye cayn't walk; lean on me. Ye mus' jes' look at him an' come out!"

"I kin walk," answered Headlights, shortly. Walk she did, though unsteadily, across the gallery into the other room. It was the pretty room, with the roses on the wall-paper and the sky-blue ceiling. S'leeny could have fainted when she beheld that tall shape, all wet and muddy, and the wild face and burning eyes. Headlights, not venturing to advance, for fear of awakening the little sleeper, stood on the threshold, where she could see the bed, and gazed with an agony of longing at the flaxen curls and flushed cheek on the pillow. After a moment she bent down very carefully, and began to remove her miserable shoes. S'leeny almost screamed to see Bulah kneel and take off those dreadful, mud-soaked shoes herself.

"Though, toby shore," reflected S'leeny, "they'd of p'intedly tracked the floor. Mabbe that's how come she done it." So little do the ones nearest us know of the strange and complex emotions which war in our motives. But Jeff understood. His wet eyes met Bulah's, and afterward she remembered his look; though then her own feelings were swept away by the spectacle of the overpowering feeling before her. Headlights crept up to the bed. She bent over the sleeper; and the desperate misery in her face touched even S'leeny. Her breath came in pants, with the fierce pain which she would not show. At that moment, Bulah, living over again her own desolation, felt a horrible kinship with this mother, suffering as she had suffered; yet all the while her heart seemed to stand still with fear and impatience, lest Jeffy should wake and be frightened. After all, Headlights only kissed a stray lock of hair. Then she stole out of the room, and, before they could stop her, ran out of the house, just as she was.

Jeff and Bulah found her in the cowshed, crouched on a pile of hay. Jeff tried to say something comforting, but he stopped as soon as she turned her face.

Headlights spoke: "Yes, I know he'll git well. 'Tain't that. I seen 'im. 'Tain't no good me hopin' fur ter take him 'way. I cud never have thin's fixed up so good fur 'im when he's sick. He's puny. He'd die up, shore." She drew in her breath and said, with a mighty effort, "Ye kin hev him fur good. I wunt pester ye no more."

"Oh, my Lord!" said Bulah. The tears blinded her, and they were tears for Headlights; she was disarmed by her adversary's surrender. "Come, ye poor thing," said she, gently, "come in an' get rested, an' then ye can help me tend him."

In her turn, she had made the greatest concession in her power. Headlights rose submissively to follow her, but before she took a step she touched Bulah's arm, saying, "They's one thing more—you uns'll be gittin' merried."

"Me!" Bulah said, huskily and choked.

"Ye got yo' mind mighty sot on 'er, ain't ye?" said Headlights to Jeff.

Surely it was his good angel that prompted his answer: "It b'en sot on 'er all the days I knowed her, Headlights. They ain't nobuddy on earth like 'er, ter my mind."

"An' ye jes' done got 'er," said Headlights. "Wal, I don' keer, all I want's fur ye ter prommus ter be allus good ter my boy, whatsumever——"

"We will," said Bulah, solemnly. "Now come on in."

Bulah led her into the house. She was burning with fever. Bulah put her to bed, where, almost instantly, she fell asleep. But it was the widow from Georgia and S'leeny who entered pres-

ently, bearing each a stick, and, as it were, fished the outcast's clothes from the chair, with countenances on which were vividly painted the sensations natural to two such notable housewives, and bore them out into the yard and hung them on the line to air.

"An' ef do come on ter rain," remarked the widow, complacently "it'll holp ter clean 'em all the mo'!"

Bulah had gone back to Jeffy. Jeff whispered to her that he was sure that the boy was better—his breathing was easier, he was sleeping quietly. "An' look," said Jeff, "them little curls er his'n is plum' wet; the fever's cooled; he won' git pneumony ayfter all!" Bulah looked. She sank down on her knees, and Jeff knew what she was doing; his own heart swelled with gratitude, not the less fervent because confused and dumb.

But Headlights was fated to keep her word. Her chill developed into pneumonia, and as Mrs. Brand (who came over to nurse her) observed, truly, "Cotton-pickers never had no ruggedness, an' she cudn't pear ter git up by it." She added: "Headlights warn't a bit ill; jes' iz easy, patient critter like ye ever seen; didn't know nuthin' most er the time."

Once, just before the end, she seemed conscious. Jeffy had been brought in to see her—polite little Jeffy, who had been well drilled in his lesson beforehand. "Po' lady, so sick," said Jeffy; "Jeffy sorry. Make it aw well;" and, giving her the only remedy his babyish mind knew, he took her face between his little soft hands and kissed it.

The sleeper stirred in her sleep. "Yes, yes, baby," she murmured, drowsily, "mammy knows. 'Tis cole in the cotton. Mammy cyar 'im home. Have a fire." Then she opened her eyes wide and saw them all. The spark in her dim eyes seemed to glow again, but no longer in anger or pain; she looked at Bulah, steadily, with the strange, peaceful, solemn gaze of the dying.

"Yes, I will," said Bulah, as though she had been asked a question; indeed, it seemed to Bulah that she had.

Headlights fumbled at her throat, with an old shoe-string that was around it; when Bulah drew out a feather bag, she smiled. "Fur—him," she murmured, and her hand groped for the child. Almost before it touched him, she was away from him and all earthly troubles, in the merciful shadows; and so gently did those waters of oblivion submerge her soul that no ripple was left to mark where it finally sank forever.

"An' I 'clare," avowed Mrs. Brand to S'leeny, "I are plum' surprised by myseff, I b'en cryin' fur that ar critter like she war my own kin. But she war so sorter bidable an' decent an' done the little trick so decent, ayfter all! I sw'ar some folkses don' git no fair show in this world!"

"Bulah been cryin', too," said S'leeny. "Wal, I don' see no call fur grievin'. All I wisht are that she'd of leff some money fur the buryin'. Bulah she will have Mr. Dake make oner his fust-rate coffins, though I say his second-bes' is plenty good nuff. Jeff done gone fur't now."

"She guv a little bag ter Bulah; whar's it at, Bulah?"

"It's Jeffy's," said Bulah, showing it, "but I don't guess there's any harm in lookin'——"

"My word, *naw!*" cried the widow, with her fingers inside. The contents of the bag were a roll of bank-bills and a folded paper. The roll contained twenty-seven dollars. The paper was a copy of the mortgage on Jeffy. The widow from Georgia dropped into a chair, alternately shook her head and waved her hands, and finished by wiping her eyes without saying a word.

"My, my, my!" cried S'leeny, "ain't it a main mussy the critter died; she cud of taken Jeffy 'way!"

But Bulah, who had grown very pale, said, "S'leeny, ye don't know. That woman trusted in me. I'm a-goin' to tell Jeffy all 'beout 'er when I give him this. Headlights, can ye hear me? Ye paid the morgige an' he b'longs to *you*, too!"

MUNICIPAL GOVERNMENT.

By Gamaliel Bradford.

F the science of municipal government has not yet been brought to ideal perfection in this country, it is not for want of writing upon the subject, the magazines of the last twenty-five years fairly teeming with articles in relation to it. It needs, therefore, a strong conviction of having something new to offer that one should be justified in making a further addition to the mass. These articles may be divided into two classes, which, in medicine, would be grouped under the heads of diagnosis and therapeutics—the one, and by far the larger part, treating of the symptoms and development of disease, the other of remedies and modes of treatment. The former field may be said to be pretty much exhausted. There is little profit and less satisfaction in the simple rehearsal of aldermanic corruption and inefficient administration, of the packing of primaries and the stuffing of ballot-boxes, of increasing debt and taxation with decreasing results in the care of streets, in police protection, in charities, and in correctional institutions.

And yet there is nothing in which the natural philosopher takes more delight than a constantly recurring series of apparently monotonous phenomena, because he knows that behind them must lie some common cause, which, through them, he hopes to reach and to make it the stepping-stone to future achievements. In this respect, at least, the history of our city governments is rich in attractions. Whether in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, St. Louis, Cincinnati, or any of the hundred smaller cities which dot the map of this country, the same events are repeated with a uniformity which makes the most careless student exclaim, "But there must be some special reason at the bottom of this!" What that reason is, or is assumed to be, is, moreover, not far to seek. Probably four out of five men would reply at once, "Oh, the reason is, of course, universal suffrage. The numerical majority in every city consists of the poor and ignorant, if not the vicious and depraved. If these classes, holding the majority of votes, are to choose the rulers of the cities, the uniformity of results is not surprising."

Of the remedies proposed, the one which is most frequently urged is to limit the suffrage by a property qualification. Now, this is so grave a matter as to demand very serious consideration. In the first place, how is it to be accomplished? The majority in a city can hardly be expected to vote to deprive themselves of their votes, especially if, as is charged, that voting power controls such rich plunder. Is it expected that the country people of the state will combine to disfranchise their fellows in the cities? Not to mention that quite one-half of the population, say of New York State, lives in cities, the majority, even in the country, consists of the poor and, comparatively speaking, ignorant. That they should combine with the rich of the cities to put the latter class in possession of the government may be possible, but needs a good deal of proof in the way of experiment. Suppose, however, the principle to be accepted, we may imagine a very considerable and protracted battle over the degree of property to be required. Grant, once more, that this is settled, and we come to a new difficulty. One of the greatest grievances in New York is the constant interference of the state legislature in city affairs. Up to 1870 the police commission was appointed by the state authorities, with eminently unsatisfactory results. In Boston the whole police system has been taken from the city authorities and handed over to a police commission appointed by the governor of the state, and there are symptoms of agitation in behalf of further interference in this direction, notwithstanding the baneful

consequences which experience has proved to attend it. Now, in disfranchising the majority in the cities as to local affairs, is it proposed to deprive it of votes for members of the state legislature and, therefore, of Congress? If it is, then popular government is an exploded humbug, and we had better set our houses in order for military rule. If it is not, what is to prevent the majority in the cities from choosing state legislatures (which must, after all, be the supreme authority) such as to completely frustrate the virtuous efforts of the propertied electors. If it is said that the constitution is behind the legislature, I reply that the whole people of the state make and can alter the constitution. Is it so certain, again, that we should be better off with a property qualification? The lust of power and wealth is quite as corrupting as poverty and ignorance. Municipal government in England, up to 1835, with an extremely limited suffrage, was about as bad as it is here. The government of London is not exactly a model for imitation. If the police and some other departments are better, it is simply because the central government is stronger than anything we know here. If two-thirds of the population of New York were a proletariat mob, without political rights or interests, how long would it be before fierce rivals were organizing them in faction fights? On the other hand, the late elections in New York seem to me extremely encouraging. Mr. Henry George is the beau-ideal of an agitator. His "Progress and Poverty" has been read wherever the English language is spoken, and his sympathies and his promises are all on the side of the poor. Messrs. Hewitt and Roosevelt distinctly represented conservatism and order. Yet Mr. George had 68,000 votes against 150,000 for the others. Is not that an ample working majority? Yes, but the division of Republicans and Democrats came much nearer giving Mr. George the requisite plurality. Still the fact remains that the mass of the people gave up, for an idea or a name, voting for a man who appealed directly to their supposed interest. That such unmeaning distinctions are introduced into city politics is not the fault of voters. Further than this, an election by plurality is in itself a most unjust and dangerous arrangement. In anything so important as an election of mayor or governor a majority should be imperatively required. Once more, if universal suffrage has failed in New York, has it done any better in Albany? And is not a property qualification as necessary for the state as the city? Are we not justified in asking the advocates of such a tremendous change to think out a little how it is to be brought about and what would be its actual effects?

It may be asked, "Is the case, then, hopeless and beyond remedy?" That depends upon the answer to the question, "What is the cause, or, at all events, the main cause, of the above-mentioned series of phenomena." There is one word which has, perhaps, more than any other in the language, to do with the success or failure of human institutions, and that is organization. The Prussian army at present excites the admiration of the world as an efficient machine; yet it differs from a riotous mob only in organization and discipline. Many of our great railroads are marvels of administration, but these results are obtained only through a rigid organization. If it can be shown that every city government in this country has an organization so loose that in private business it would bring speedy failure; if it can be shown that power and responsibility are so diffused that the voters do not and cannot know where the trouble lies, or how by their votes they can apply the remedy; that the arrangements are such as to offer prizes and success to weakness and dishonesty, and, on the other hand, to oppose an almost impassable barrier to integrity and ability, it may well be thought that there are yet some experiments to be made before we give up the whole principle of popular government.

Perhaps the best way of making the subject clear will be to consider, first, what the theory of government demands, and then how far these principles are carried out or departed from in our city governments. In all the representative governments of modern times there are two branches, the executive and the legislative. Not that the third, the judicial, is by any means less important, but from considerations of

space it will be left out of sight. We will take first the executive, which is absolutely indispensable, and without which no government can get on at all. The most efficient executive is that where a single brain and will direct everything, where all subordinate posts are filled by single individuals, each directly responsible to his immediate superior, and through him to the head, who has the power of promotion or removal along the whole line. Such was the government of Napoleon I., perhaps the most remarkable example of purely efficient administration in modern times. But that unrestrained power plunged Europe into twenty years of blood and flames and desolation, and it is not very rash to predict that Prussian efficiency will at no distant period achieve similar results. It is to control this despotic will of the executive that legislatures chosen by the people are established.

The function of a legislature has been defined as that of "critics with the power of the purse." Its work should be to see that the executive carries on the government faithfully, honestly, intelligently, and in the interest of the people, to vote money as long as it is so applied and to withhold it when it is not. Experience shows, unfortunately, that legislatures are by no means, and never, contented with such modest attributes. The modern world understands pretty well the dangers and abuses of executive power, but of those of legislatures it has a very imperfect knowledge. The case has perhaps been best stated by an English critic. "A legislature is greedy and covetous, it acquires as much, it concedes as little, as possible. The passions of its members are its rulers; the law-making faculty, the most comprehensive of the imperial faculties, is its instrument; it will take the administration if it can take it." The whole history of representative government is that of a struggle for power between executive and legislature; the whole of its future depends upon the possibility of establishing a working relation which shall keep each within its proper bounds. These propositions are equally true of our city, state, and federal governments. They are equally true of France, Great Britain, and the United States. In most, if not all, of our own constitutions it is set forth as a fundamental principle that executive and legislative power should be kept separate. In point of fact, we do not do it, and never have done it. The legislatures from the first have grasped at and absorbed executive power. It will be my purpose to show that this has been the main source of the evils of our city governments, and that upon our success in encountering it must depend the question of future reform or of sinking deeper and hopelessly into the mire. For government by legislature is, in the long run, impossible. It means corruption, inefficiency, quarrelling, the dominance of private over public interest—in a word, anarchy, and so decay goes on till an outraged people calls upon a strong hand for protection from all oppression save its own.

The first and most effective mode of encroachment of a representative body is in excluding the executive from all share in the guidance or control of legislation. It is obvious that the executive, being entrusted with administration, must know best what its wants and possibilities are. Moreover, the executive alone represents the whole of the city, state, or nation, the council, legislature, or Congress representing only partial and local interests. Yet all our arrangements are such as to prevent the mayor, governor, or president from having any active share in making the laws or ordinances under which the government is carried on. A city council is, in one sense, not a legislature, because laws, properly speaking, are made by the state, but through its ordinances, its voting of revenue and expenditure, its character as a representative body, and its modes of performing its functions, its political significance is precisely the same. The executive being thus excluded from a voice in legislation, the control of the whole matter is distributed among committees, each independent of the others and dealing with a separate subject, quite irrespective of its relation to the whole. These committees do their work practically in secret, and are therefore largely irresponsible. Being separated from the work of administration, first by the executive and then by the whole body of which they

are members, they have only a remote and indirect interest in its total results, but a direct and immediate one in taking care of themselves and their local constituents, especially their most prominent supporters. Of course, men of honor and ability will keep the former end in view, and sternly reject the latter; but when honest work is hard and without reward, either in money or reputation, while dishonest work is easy and well paid, it is asking a good deal of universal suffrage to insure that the holders of office shall be always of a kind to devote themselves to the former. Meantime, what has been left to the executive? In the nervous dread of abuse of power his functions have been confined to two. He can send written recommendations to the legislative branch, and he can veto its action as a whole or in part. The most superficial observation will show that the legislature pays no more attention to his recommendations than to those of any private citizen. As for the veto, its purely negative character makes it useless for administrative purposes. Imagine a general with a veto upon strategical operations devised by a majority of the line and company officers; a ship captain with a veto upon sailing directions prepared by the crew; a railway or factory manager with a veto upon plans of operation imposed by the directors, and as to which he has not been consulted. The only way in which an executive official can get anything positive accomplished is by a process of intrigue with committees of the legislature. Obviously, men of honor, ability, and intelligence will not take a position where the power is little or nothing except by means which carry a *prima facie* suspicion of dishonesty, and where the nominal responsibility at least is very great. It is often remarked that the men who hold public office are by no means the choicest specimens either in intellect or character. An explanation may be given in the words of an English journal: "The absence of great figures in the United States is not owing to democracy, but to the craftiest combination of schemes to defeat the will of democracy ever devised in the world."

Another method of weakening the executive is to make the holders of the leading subordinate offices separately elective. A mayor or governor can have no power over subordinates who are elected independently of him, whom he did not appoint, and whom he cannot remove, while the politicians of the legislature by manipulating the electors can make the executive officers mere creatures in their hands. In fact, it is almost impossible that executive administration in the hands of separately elected officials can be made to work at all. The Philadelphia charter, even in its amended form, furnishes one of the most striking examples of the separate election of officials either by the people or the councils. It is a consequence of this that the legislative body establishes boards or commissions to do executive work. This is well shown in the government of Massachusetts. The secretary of state, the treasurer, and the attorney-general are separately elected and little more than clerks, as, in fact, the governor is also. The whole government is carried on by a number of commissions established by the legislature, the members, indeed, being appointed by the governor, but practically irresponsible either to him or the legislature, and wholly out of sight of the people, of whom probably not one person in a thousand even knows their names. The government of Boston is in like manner carried on by commissions, for whose work the people cannot certainly be held responsible, as they know and can know nothing whatever about them. At the time of the great fire of 1872, in Boston, the fire department was governed by a chief engineer and fourteen assistants, all elected separately by the council. That fire broke out early on a calm evening in November, and the loss of seventy millions may be said to be chargeable, more than to any other one cause, to the inefficiency of a fire department thus constituted. Since that time it has been under the government of a commission, and of its actual condition the public really knows nothing at all. The evil of a commission is that it involves divided action and divided responsibility. "Deliberation is the work of many, execution is the work of one." The work of a commission is almost always done by the

strongest-willed man upon it, but his responsibility is shared by the others. The federal administration is far better than that of any state or city. Indeed, taking the mint, the post-office, and the customs, considering the absurd tariff, it may perhaps be said to be equal to any in the world. The reason is that it is organized upon a sound principle—that of one man in every place, dependent upon and responsible to his immediate superior, the line of subordination leading straight down from the President. The Inter-State Commerce Bill is a sign of an unfortunate tendency to entrust executive work to commissions.

As if to diffuse responsibility as much as possible, the ingenious idea has found great favor and been widely adopted of making the members of commissions have different terms—say, in the case of three members, one to be appointed each year—so that an appointing mayor cannot control even a majority till the second year. In Boston there has been a gradual though slow progress in principle. Thirty years ago many executive officials were elected directly by the people. Such was the case, for example, with inspectors of elections, so that if the ward politicians could control the election of these, they could work their will with the other elections. This being found to work badly, the next step was to transfer the election of officials to the city council. The evil principle, however, showing itself to be still untouched, slowly, grudgingly, and by instalments the appointment of his subordinates was given to the mayor, till by the last change of the charter, in 1885, the appointment of every city official was given to the mayor. And still, besides that of boards or commissions, there remains a check upon the power of the mayor so fatal in its effect as to account for any amount of misgovernment—the confirmation by the council or aldermen of the mayor's appointments. On November 12, 1884, Hon. John T. Hoffman delivered an address to the Constitution Club of New York, which, as a lesson in practical politics, should be in the hands of every citizen of the United States, and to the following words of which I can only add unqualified approval:

"To require the consent of the common council to the mayor's appointment of heads of departments only opens the way for dictation by the council or for bargains. This is not the way to get good men, nor to fix the full responsibility for maladministration upon the people's chosen prime minister.

"The head of every department should be a single one—no boards or commissions—and so the responsibility to the mayor will be consolidated, as is his to the people. What we need is not a complex system, but one that is simple and direct; all through which runs one sound principle. Such is the principle of the immense business of the greatest merchants of New York—one man at the head of every branch of it, and every one of these responsible to him the head of all."

It is, however, in the department of finance that legislative usurpation of executive power has made itself most apparent, upon the principle which is true, both in public and private life, that he who holds the purse-strings holds the power. There is no city in this country where the finances rest upon any personal responsibility, or where expenditure and revenue are adjusted upon any intelligible system. In Boston there is an auditor who simply adds up the discretionary estimates of the spending departments, while the taxing department is a mere machine for raising revenue. The whole control of the city finance rests with the council and its committees, checked only by statutes limiting the amount of debt and the rate of taxation. In Philadelphia the control of the committees of council is even more complete and irresponsible. In New York, expenditure is in the hands of a board of estimate and apportionment, consisting of: 1st, the mayor, elected by the people; 2d, a comptroller, elected separately by the people; 3d, the president of the board of aldermen, elected by the people; 4th, the President of the department of taxes, appointed by the mayor and confirmed by the aldermen. It is hardly possible to imagine a more heterogeneous authority, or one where responsibility more completely disappears.

Let us now sum up the conclusions at which we have arrived.

First, there should be but one elected executive official, the mayor. Only thus can power and responsibility be concentrated, and the people understand where credit or blame belongs, and how they are to be apportioned. The people are not good judges of measures. They are excellent judges of men. If one man is made responsible for the whole administration, they will soon make up their minds whether he is to be trusted. It is only after such a test has been applied that judgment can be fairly pronounced upon universal suffrage. To quote again from ex-Governor Hoffman: "Remember, first, that notwithstanding all the evils that exist in this city, the lovers of good order and honest government are, as in other cities, very largely in the majority. The people are desirous of good government, but to act efficiently they need leaders." Now, every city government in this country is so arranged as to render official leaders impossible. It is the most natural thing in the world that these cities should fall a prey to self-constituted leaders who organize the worst elements against an incoherent mass.

Second, every executive position should be held by a single individual, appointed and removable by the mayor without confirmation by anybody. The Philadelphia charter has made a great advance in placing the police and the public works departments each under a single head. Boston is the city, *par excellence*, of commissions, scarcely anything being entrusted to a single man. New York and Brooklyn seem to be the only cities which have had the frightful audacity to allow the mayor to make nominations independently of confirmation. In New York this principle, since its adoption in 1884, has worked so well that there seems to be some prospect of extending it to removals. The Brooklyn government seems, for the moment, to be under a cloud, but this may well be because this one principle, though perfectly sound, needs, as I shall endeavor to show, to be supplemented by another.

Third, the most important thing of all is to get all share in executive administration out of the hands of the committees of council. The new Boston charter declares in the most explicit terms that neither branch of the council, nor any member thereof, nor any committee thereof, shall have anything to do with executive administration. In point of fact they do control it as much as they did before; and they do it, first, through their veto on the mayor's nominations, second, through the irresponsibility of the commissions, but mainly from the fact that the executive in all its parts is excluded from all initiative in legislation or finance. The only way to prevent the council or its committees from exercising executive power is to make the executive branch completely independent of them so far as relates to direct interference, while leaving to them the fullest opportunities of public criticism, and the financial veto, which is now given to the executive, but which properly belongs to the legislature. This is actually the practice in the British Parliament, giving as its results the first financial administration in the world.

Fourth, the great increase of power thus accruing to the mayor, with a corresponding diminution of that of the council, involves a danger that the true functions of the latter may be lost sight of. If popular government and universal suffrage are to have any real meaning, the people must be placed in a position to know what is going on; whereas all our present arrangements, whether by the secrecy of committee-rooms, or by that of executive officials, who never appear before the public at all, are such that the people never know anything of that with respect to which they are yet expected to judge and to decide. In the New England town-meeting, the selectmen appear once or twice a year before the whole assembly of the inhabitants, and are cross-examined by individuals. The test is so severe, and the judgment follows so swiftly at the elections, that corruption and even political intrigue are almost unknown. When a town becomes too large for such a meeting, the change is made to a city government with one or two representative councils. In theory these councils should do the work of the town-meeting—that is, watch the course of administration, enforce re-

sponsibility, and keep the people informed. In practice they get possession of a large part of the administration, break up and destroy responsibility, and effectually conceal both their own doings and those of the executive. The offset and safeguard in entrusting extensive powers to a mayor is in providing a tribunal before which he and his agents may promptly, easily, and continuously be held to public account. If a body of one or two hundred men from all parts of New York were to assemble, say once a month, being debarred by law from any interference with administration, having no power to dictate any action or to vote any appropriation except upon proposal of the executive, but with full power of suggestion, of criticism, and of veto; if the mayor and his chief officials were to appear publicly before this body at each session to submit their plans, answer questions, and ask for votes of money, the people would be perfectly able to judge of the character and actions of their servants, and to express their opinions at the polls. Then, and not till then, can we hold universal suffrage responsible for failures of government. A kind of consciousness of this want is apparent in the provision embodied in the Brooklyn charter, the new Boston charter, and the new Philadelphia charter, directing the mayor to call together the executive officials at stated intervals for consultation. But when they have come together they may consult as much or as little as they please. They represent a combined interest on one side. Like most officials, they have no inducement to waste time upon the public, and prefer to do their work instead of talking about it. It is a very different thing from having a body whose special duty it is to watch their work and keep the public informed about it.

As finance is the mainspring of city as well as of all other governments, it may be well, in closing this paper, to compare the methods pursued in different cities, at the risk of some repetition, which the subject will bear. In Boston estimates of expenditures are sent in by the various departments to the city auditor. That official does little more than add them together and transmit them to the city council. The council is supposed to investigate them through its committees, and it is obvious at a glance how dangerous is the relation between these irresponsible and secret committees and the department officials, over whose resources they have so much power. But the committees with all their power are not responsible, because the councils, as a whole, have to pass upon the appropriations, and rarely diminish the amount. Then the mayor, the nominal executive head, makes his appearance for the first time. Formerly he could only accept or reject the appropriation bill as a whole. By the new charter he can veto single items, which is certainly a gain, but is yet a mere mockery as regards any real control of administration. It is very curious that up to this point no account of revenue is taken. Expenditure is voted quite independently, and then the amount handed over to the assessors' department to be raised as best it can. No discussion of methods or sources of taxation ever takes place, and that department is completely irresponsible; so that although its policy is constantly shown by outsiders to be almost ruinous to the city, it seems to be quite beyond the reach of any criticism or reform. A more unscientific system of finance can hardly be imagined. In Philadelphia the methods of finance appear to be substantially those of Boston. In Brooklyn there is a board of estimate and apportionment, composed of the mayor, the comptroller, the auditor, the supervisor at large, and the county treasurer, who form a budget or appropriation bill. The board is furnished in May with the requirements of the departments and considers them till July. The result is then submitted to the council, which can diminish, but not increase, any item, and has no power to originate any appropriation. At any time up to October 1st the council may diminish any item, but if it fails to do so it goes into operation. In New York the board of estimate and apportionment consists of the mayor, the comptroller, the president of the board of aldermen, and the president of the department of taxes and assessments. The board makes up a list of appropriations, upon estimates furnished by the departments, which goes to the board of aldermen for criti-

cism and revision, and then returns to the board of estimate for final action. These methods certainly offer great advantages over those of Boston and Philadelphia in shutting out the action of committees of council, and especially in that provision of Brooklyn which allows the council to decrease but not to increase any item, but they have serious defects of their own. First, the board is composed of too many authorities. The mayor, the head of administration, is only one of a number of persons elected separately and wholly independent of him and of each other. All action must take the form of compromise and with weakened responsibility. Then the action of the board is as secret as that of committees of council. The public do not know either motives or results, can form no definite judgment as to measures or men. Again, the board has no special connection with the various branches of city administration or fitness for adjusting means to ends. Lastly, all these provisions have an eye to appropriations alone. All considerations of revenue, the productiveness and the wisdom of certain taxes, the equity or hardship of their incidence, their effect upon the prosperity of the city—all these things seem to be left out of sight. Keeping in mind these three principles—concentration of power and responsibility, unity and subordination in administration, with such publicity as may enable the people to pass judgment—let us consider what arrangement would answer these requirements. The mayor would appoint and remove upon his sole authority, just as in any other department, a single chief of finance, in whose hands would be placed the whole control of every branch of finance, including both revenue and expenditure. In full consultation with the mayor and the revenue officials, on the one hand, and the spending officials, on the other, he would prepare a budget to be submitted to the council, say, on the 1st of October, for the year beginning with the following January. The council would, after the Brooklyn plan, have power to diminish but not to increase or add any item without the consent of the chief of finance, which would, of course, involve that of the mayor. This budget, on both its sides, would be fully discussed between the authorities, on one side, and the council, on the other; and after the year began the expenditure would be followed up in the same way, the chief of finance standing between the council and his colleagues of the executive departments. The public would thus know just what was done with their money and what they got for it, and that their approval or censure was to be expressed at the election of the one official, the mayor, who was responsible for the whole. All other fiscal officers—comptroller, assessor, tax-collectors, treasurer, and receiver, with the exception, perhaps, of auditors appointed by the council—would be subordinates appointed by the mayor through the chief of finance, just as is now done under the United States Government.

AN UNBIDDEN GUEST.

By Graham R. Tomson.

I said, my dwelling-place is passing fair,
  My dusk, dim chamber where the daylight dies:
  No sun doth blind, no tears may vex mine eyes;
Cast out alike are Glory and Despair.
My Soul is banishèd—I wot not where.
  I thrust him forth, unheedful of his cries,
  Long years ago: full vain is thine emprise,
O shrouded Stranger from the outer air!

He smiles, a bitter merriment is his!
  His footsteps falter not, but still draw nigh;
  He holds a crystal cresset-flame on high.
"So, friend, at last we meet again—is *this*
  The home forbidden me in years gone by?
Behold, how desolate and bare it is!"

IN THE VILLAGE OF VIGER.

By Duncan Campbell Scott.

THE LITTLE MILLINER.

IT was too true that the city was growing rapidly. As yet its arms were not long enough to embrace the little village of Viger, but before long they would be, and it was not a time that the inhabitants looked forward to with any pleasure. It was not to be wondered at, for few places were more pleasant to live in. The houses, half-hidden amid the trees, clustered around the slim steeple of St. Joseph's, which flashed like a naked poniard in the sun. They were old, and the village was sleepy, almost dozing, since the mill, behind the rise of land, on the Blanche had shut down. The miller had died; and who would trouble to grind what little grist came to the mill, when flour was so cheap. But while the beech-groves lasted, and the Blanche continued to run, it seemed impossible that any change could come. The change was coming, however, rapidly enough. Even now, on still nights, above the noise of the frogs in the pools, you could hear the rumble of the street-cars and the faint tinkle of their bells, and when the air was moist the whole southern sky was luminous with the reflection of thousands of gas-lamps. But when the time came for Viger to be mentioned in the city papers as one of the outlying wards, what a change there would be! There would be no unfenced fields, full of little inequalities and covered with short grass; there would be no deep pools, where the quarries had been, and where the boys pelted the frogs; there would be no more beech-groves, where the children could gather nuts; and the dread pool, which had gathered where old Daigneau had, years ago, mined for gold, would cease to exist. But in the meantime the boys of Viger roamed over the unclosed fields and pelted the frogs, and the boldest ventured to roll huge stones into Daigneau's pit and only waited to

see the green slime come working up to the surface before scampering away, their flesh creeping with the idea that it was old Daigneau himself who was stirring up the water in a rage.

New houses had already commenced to spring up in all directions, and there was a large influx of the laboring population which overflows from large cities. Even on the main street of Viger, on a lot which had been vacant ever since it was a lot, the workmen had built a foundation. After awhile it was finished, when men from the city came and put up the oddest wooden house that one could imagine. It was perfectly square; there was a window and a door in front, a window at the side, and a window up-stairs. There were many surmises as to the probable occupant of such a diminutive habitation; and the widow Laroque, who made dresses and trimmed hats, and whose shop was directly opposite, and next door to the Post Office, suffered greatly from unsatisfied curiosity. No one who looked like the proprietor was ever seen near the place. The foreman of the laborers who were working at the house seemed to know nothing; all that he said, in answer to questions, was—"I have my orders."

At last the house was ready; it was painted within and without, and Madame Laroque could scarcely believe her eyes when, one morning, a man came from the city with a small sign under his arm and nailed it above the door. It bore these words—"Mademoiselle Viau, Milliner." "Ah!" said Madame Laroque, "the bread is to be taken out of my mouth." The next day came a load of furniture—not a very large load, as there was only a small stove, two tables, a bedstead, three chairs, a sort of lounge, and two large boxes. The man who brought the things put them in the house, and locked the door on them when he went away; then nothing happened for two weeks, but Madame Laroque watched. Such a queer little house it was, as it stood there so new in its coat of gum-colored paint. It looked just like a square bandbox which some Titan had made for his wife; and there seemed no doubt that if you took hold of the chimney and lifted the roof off, you would see the gigantic bonnet, with its strings and ribbons, which the Titaness could wear to church on Sundays.

Madame Laroque wondered how Mademoiselle Viau would come, whether in a cab, with her trunks and boxes piled around her, or on foot, and have her belongings on a cart. She watched every approaching vehicle for two weeks in vain; but one morning she saw that a curtain had been put up on the window opposite, that it was partly raised, and that a geranium was standing on the sill. For one hour she never took her eyes off the door, and at last had the satisfaction of seeing it open. A trim little person, not very young, dressed in gray, stepped out on the little platform with her apron full of crumbs and cast them down for the birds. Then, without looking around, she went in and closed the door. It was Mademoiselle Viau. "The bird is in its nest," thought the old postmaster, who lived alone with his mother. All that Madame Laroque said was—"Ah!"

Mademoiselle Viau did not stir out that day, but on the next she went to the baker's and the butcher's, and came over the road to Monsieur Cuerrier's, the postmaster, who also kept a grocery.

That evening, according to her custom, Madame Laroque called on Madame Cuerrier.

"We have a neighbor," she said.

"Yes."

"She was making purchases to-day."

"Yes."

"To-morrow she will expect people to make purchases."

"Without doubt."

"It is very tormenting, this, to have these irresponsible girls, that no one knows anything about, setting up shops under our very noses. Why does she live alone?"

"I did not ask her," answered Cuerrier, to whom the question was addressed.

"You are very cool, Monsieur Cuerrier; but if it was a young man and a postmaster, instead of a young woman and a milliner, you would not relish it."

"There can be only one postmaster," said Cuerrier.

"In Paris, where I practised my art," said Monsieur Villeblanc, who was a re-

tired hairdresser, "there were whole rows of tonsorial parlors, and everyone had enough to do." Madame Laroque sniffed, as she always did in his presence.

"Did you see her hat?" she asked.

"I did, and it was very nice."

"Nice! with the flowers all on one side? I wouldn't go to St. Thérèse with it on." St. Thérèse was the postmaster's native place.

"The girl has no taste," she continued.

"Well, if she hasn't, you needn't be afraid of her."

"There will be no choice between you," said the retired hairdresser, maliciously.

But there was a choice between them, and all the young girls of Viger chose Mademoiselle Viau. It was said she had such an eye; she would take a hat and pin a bow on here, and loop a ribbon there, and cast a flower on somewhere else, all the time surveying her work with her head on one side and her mouth bristling with pins. "There, how do you like that?—put it on—no, it is not becoming—wait!" and in a trice the desired change was made. She had no lack of work from the first; soon she had too much to do. At all hours of the day she could be seen sitting at her window, working, and "she must be making money fast," argued Madame Laroque, "for she spends nothing." In truth, she spent very little—she lived so plainly. Three times a week she took a fresh twist from the baker, once a day the milkman left a pint of milk, and once every week mademoiselle herself stepped out to the butcher's and bought a pound of steak. Occasionally she mailed a letter, which she always gave into the hands of the postmaster; if he was not there she asked for a pound of tea or something else that she needed. She was fast friends with Cuerrier, but with no one else, as she never received visitors. Once only did a young man call on her. It was young Jourdain, the clerk in the dry-goods store. He had knocked at the door and was admitted. "Ah!" said Madame Laroque, "it is the young men who can conquer." But the next moment Monsieur Jourdain came out, and, strangely enough, was so bewildered as to forget to put on his hat. It was not the young man who could conquer.

"There is something mysterious about that young person," said Madame Laroque, between her teeth.

"Yes," replied Cuerrier, "very mysterious—she minds her own business."

"Bah!" said the widow, "who can tell what her business is, she who comes from no one knows where? But I'll find out what all this secrecy means, trust me!"

So the widow watched the little house and its occupant very closely, and these are some of the things she saw: Every morning an open door and crumbs for the birds, the watering of the geranium, which was just going to flower, a small figure going in and out, dressed in gray, and, oftener than anything else, the same figure sitting at the window, working. This continued for a year with little variation, but still the widow watched. Everyone else had accepted the presence of the new resident as a benefaction. They had got accustomed to her. They called her "the little milliner." Old Cuerrier called her "the little one in gray." But she was not yet adjusted in the widow's system of things. She laid a plot with her second-cousin, which was that the cousin should get a hat made by Mademoiselle Viau, and that she should ask her some questions.

"Mademoiselle Viau, were you born in the city?"

"I do not think, mademoiselle, that green will become you."

"No, perhaps not. Where did you live before you came here?"

"Mademoiselle, this gray shape is very pretty." And so on.

That plan would not work.

But before long something very suspicious happened. One evening, just about dusk, as Madame Laroque was walking up and down in front of her door, a man of a youthful appearance came quickly up the street, stepped upon Mademoiselle Viau's platform, opened the door without knocking, and walked in. Mademoiselle was working in the last vestige of daylight, and the widow watched her like a lynx. She worked on unconcernedly, and when it became so dark that she could not see she lit her lamp and pulled down the curtain.

That night Madame Laroque did not go into Cuerrier's. It commenced to rain, but she put on a large frieze coat of the deceased Laroque and crouched in the dark. She was very much interested in this case, but her interest brought no additional knowledge. She had seen the man go in; he was rather young and about the medium height, and had a black mustache; she could remember him distinctly, but she did not see him come out.

The next morning Mademoiselle Viau's curtain went up as usual, and as it was her day to go to the butcher's she went out. While she was away Madame Laroque took a long look in at the side window, but their was nothing to see except the lounge and the table.

While Madame Laroque had been watching in the rain, Cuerrier was reading to Villeblanc from *Le Monde*. "Hello!" said he, and then went on reading to himself.

"Have you lost your voice?" asked Villeblanc, getting nettled.

"No, no; listen to this—'Daring Jewel Robbery. A Thief in the Night.'" These were the headings of the column, and then followed the particulars. In the morning the widow borrowed the paper, as she had been too busy the night before to come and hear it read. She looked over the front page, when her eye caught the heading, "Daring Jewel Robbery," and she read the whole story. As she neared the end her eyebrows commenced to travel up her forehead, as if they were going to hide in her hair, and with an expression of surprise she tossed the paper to her second-cousin.

"Look here!" she said, "read this out to me."

The second-cousin commenced to read at the top.

"No, no! right here."

"'The man Durocher who is suspected of the crime is not tall, wears a heavy mustache, has gray eyes, and wears an ear-ring in his left ear. He has not been seen since Saturday.'"

"I told you so!" exclaimed the widow.

"You told me nothing of the kind," said the second-cousin.

"He had no ear-ring in his ear," said the widow—"but—but—but it was the *right* ear that I saw. Hand me my shawl!"

"Where are you going?"

"I have business; never mind!" She took the paper with her and went straight to the constable.

"But," said he, "I cannot come."

"There is no time to be lost; you must come now."

"But he will be desperate; he will face me like a lion."

"Never mind! you will have the reward."

"Well, wait!" And the constable went up-stairs to get his pistol.

He came down with his blue coat on. He was a very fat man, and was out of breath when he came to the little milliner's.

"But who shall I ask for?" he inquired of Madame Laroque.

"Just search the house, and I will see that he does not escape by the back door." She had forgotten that there was no back door.

"Do you want a bonnet?" asked Mademoiselle Viau. She was on excellent terms with the constable.

"No!" said he, sternly. "You have a man in this house, and I have come to find him."

"Indeed?" said mademoiselle, very stiffly. "Will you be pleased to proceed?"

"Yes," said he, taking out his pistol and cocking it. "I will first look downstairs." He did so, and only frightened a cat from under the stove. No one knew that Mademoiselle Viau had a cat.

"Lead the way up-stairs!" commanded the constable.

"I am afraid of your pistol, will you not go first?"

He went first and entered at once the only room, for there was no hall. In the meantime Madame Laroque had found out that there was no back door, and had come into the lower flat and reinspected it, looking under everything.

"Open that closet!" said the constable, as he levelled his pistol at the door.

Mademoiselle threw open the door and sprang away, with her hands over her ears. There was no one there; neither was there anyone under the bed.

some time the old man had not been seen about the place, when one day he came from the city, dead, and in his coffin, which was thought strange. This gave rise to all sorts of rumor and gossip; but the generally accredited story was, that there was insanity in the family and that he had died crazy. However cold Isidore Desjardin was to his neighbors, no one could have charged him with being unkind or harsh with his children, and as they grew up he gave them all the advantages which it was possible for them to have. Adèle went for a year to the Convent of the Sacre Cœur, in the city, and could play tunes on the piano when she came back; so that she had to have a piano of her own, which was the first one ever heard in Viger. She was a slight, angular girl, with a dark, thin face and black hair and eyes. She looked like her father, and took after him in many ways. Charles, the elder son, was like his grandfather, tall and muscular, with a fine head and a handsome face. He was studious and read a great deal, and was always talking to the curé about studying the law. Philippe did not care about books; his father could never keep him at school. He was short and thick-set and had merry eyes, set deep in his head. "Someone must learn to look after things," he said, and when his father died he took sole charge of everything.

If the Desjardins were unsociable with others, they were happy among themselves. Almost every evening during the winter, when the work was done they would light up the front room with candles and Adèle would play on the piano and sing. Charles would pace to and fro behind her, and Philippe would thrust his feet far under the stove, that projected from the next room through the partition, and fall fast asleep. Her songs were mostly old French songs, and she could sing "Partant pour la Syrie" and "La Marseillaise." This last was a favorite with Charles; he could not sing himself, but he accompanied the music by making wild movements with his arms, tramping heavily up and down behind the piano, and shouting out so loudly as to wake Philippe—"*Aux armes, citoyens!*" On fine summer evenings Philippe and Adèle would walk up and down the road, watching the marsh fire-flies, and pausing on the bridge to hear the fish jump in the pool and the deep, vibrant croak of the distant frogs. It was not always Philippe who walked there with Adèle; he sometimes sat on the veranda and watched her walk with someone else. He would have waking dreams, as he smoked, that the two figures moving before him were himself and someone into whose eyes he was looking.

At last it came to be reality for him, and then he could not sit quietly and watch the lovers—he would let his pipe go out, and stride impatiently up and down the veranda. And on Sunday afternoons he would harness his horse, dress himself carefully, and drive off with short laughs, and twinklings of the eyes, and wavings of the hands. They were evidently planning the future, and it seemed a distance of vague happiness.

Charles kept on his wonted way; if they talked in the parlor, they could hear him stirring up-stairs; if they strolled in the road, they could see his light in the window. Philippe humored his studious habits; he only worked in the mornings; in the afternoons he read, history principally. His favorite study was the "Life of Napoleon Buonaparte," which seemed to absorb him completely. He was growing more retired and preoccupied every day—lost in deep reveries, swallowed of ambitious dreams.

It had been a somewhat longer day than usual in the harvest-field, and it was late when the last meal was ready. Philippe, as he called Charles, from the foot of the stair, could hear him walking up and down, seemingly reading out loud, and when he received no response to his demand he went up the stairs. Pushing open the door, he saw his brother striding up and down the room, with his hands clasped behind him and his head bent, muttering to himself.

"Charles!" He seemed to collect himself and looked up. "Come down to supper!" They went down-stairs together. Adèle and Philippe kept up a conversation throughout the meal, but Charles hardly spoke. Suddenly he pushed his plate away and stood up-

right, to his full height; a look of calm, severe dignity came over his face.

"I!" said he; "I am the Great Napoleon!"

"Charles!" cried Adèle, "what is the matter?"

"The prosperity of the nation depends upon the execution of my plans. Go!" said he, pointing some imaginary person to the door.

They sat as if stunned, and between them stood this majestic figure with outstretched hand. Then Charles turned away and commenced to pace the room.

"It has come!" sobbed Adèle, as she sank on her knees beside the table.

"There is only one thing to do," said Philippe, after some hours of silence. "It is hard—but there is only one thing to do." The room was perfectly dark; he stood in the window, where he had seen the light die out of the sky, and now in the marshy field he saw the fire-flies gleam. He knew that Adèle was in the dark somewhere beside him, for he could hear her breathe. "We must cut ourselves off; we must be the last of our race." In those words, which in after-years were often on his lips, he seemed to find some comfort, and he continued to repeat them to himself.

Charles lay in bed in a sort of stupor for three days. On Sunday morning he rose. The church-bells were ringing. He met Philippe in the hall.

"Is this Sunday?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Come here!" They went into the front room.

"This is Sunday, you say. The last thing I remember was you telling me to go in—that was Wednesday. What has happened?" Philippe dropped his head in his hands.

"Tell me, Philippe, what has happened?"

"I cannot."

"I must know, Philippe; where have I been?"

"On Wednesday night," said he, as if the words were choking him, "you said, 'I am the Great Napoleon!' Then you said something about the nation, and you have not spoken since."

Charles dropped on his knees beside the table against which Philippe was leaning. He hid his face in his arms. Philippe, reaching across, thrust his fingers into his brother's brown hair. The warm grasp came as an answer to all Charles's unasked questions; he knew that, whatever happened, his brother would guard him.

For a month or two he lay wavering between two worlds; but when he saw the first snow, and lost sight of the brown earth, he at once commenced to order supplies, to write despatches, and to make preparations for the gigantic expedition which was to end in the overthrow of the Emperor of all the Russias. And the snow continues to bring him this activity; during the summer he is engaged, with no very definite operations, in the field, but when winter comes he always prepares for the invasion of Russia. With the exception of certain days of dejection and trouble, which Adèle calls the Waterloo days, in the summer he is triumphant with perpetual victories. On a little bare hill, about a mile from the house, from which you can get an extensive view of the sloping country, he watches the movements of the enemy. The blasts at the distant quarries sound in his ears like the roar of guns. Beside him the old gray horse, that Philippe has set apart for his service, crops the grass or stands for hours patiently. Down in the shallow valley the Blanche runs, glistening; the mowers sway and bend; on the horizon shafts of smoke rise, and little clouds break away from the masses and drop their quiet shadows on the fields. And through his glass Charles watches the moving shadows, the shafts of smoke, and the swaying mowers, watches the distant hills fringed with beech-groves. He despatches his aides-de-camp with important orders, or rides down the slope to oversee the fording of the Blanche. Half-frightened village-boys hide in the long grass to hear him go muttering by. In the fall he comes sadly up out of the valley, leading his horse, the rein through his arm and his hands in his coat-sleeves. The sleet dashes against him, and the wind rushes and screams around him as he ascends the little knoll. But whatever the weather, Philippe waits in the road for him and helps him dismount. There is something heroic in his short figure.

"Sire, my brother!" he says;—"Sire, let us go in!"

"Is the King of Rome better?"

"Yes."

"And the Empress?"

"She is well."

Only once has a gleam of light pierced these mists. It was in the year when, as Adèle said, he had had two Waterloos and had taken to his bed in consequence. One evening Adèle brought him a bowl of gruel. He stared like a child awakened from sleep when she brought the lamp in. She approached the bed, and he started up.

"Adèle!" he said, hoarsely, and pulling her face down, kissed her lips. For a moment she had hope, but with the next week came winter; and he commenced his annual preparations for the invasion of Russia.

Josephine Labrosse.

"Josephine," said Madame Labrosse, quietly, through her tears—"Josephine, we must set up a little shop."

Said Josephine, with a movement of despair, "Everyone sets up a little shop."

"True, and what everyone does we must do."

"But not everyone succeeds, and ours would be a very little shop."

"There are some other things we could do."

"Mamma," said Josephine, "do not dare! Let us set up a little shop."

And accordingly the front room was cleared out and transformed. What care they took! How clean it all was when they were at last ready for customers, even to a diminutive sign.

"My daughter, who will wait?" asked Madame Labrosse.

"I will wait," answered Josephine, and she hung her bird in the window, put the door ajar, and waited.

That was in the early summer, before the Blanche had forgotten its spring song.

"Mother," said Josephine, "we belong to the people who do not succeed."

"True!" replied Madame Labrosse, disconsolately. "But we must live, and there is the mother," and she cast her eyes to the corner where her own mother sat, drawing at her pipe, so dark and withered as to look like a piece of punk that had caught fire and was going off in smoke. "But there are some things we can do."

"Mamma, do not *dare!*"

But this time Madame Labrosse dared, and she put on her cloak and went into the city. When she came back her face was radiant, but Josephine cried herself to sleep that night.

All this was in the early March, before the Blanche had learned its spring song.

In truth, if the shopkeeping had been a failure, was it the fault of Josephine or Madame Labrosse? Their window was brighter than other shop-windows, and one would have thought that people would have come in, if only to look at the sweet eyes of Josephine and hear her bird sing. But no! In vain for months had the candy hearts and the red-and-white walking-sticks hung in the window. It was the crumble and crash of one of these same walking-sticks that had startled Josephine into the confession that the shop was not a success. In vain had Madame Labrosse placed steaming plates of pork and beans in the window. Their savor only went up and rested in beads on the pane, making a veil behind which they could stiffen and grow cold in protest against an unappreciative public. In vain had she made *latire* golden-brown, crisp, and delicate; it only grew mealy and unresisting, and Josephine was in danger of utterly spoiling her complexion by eating it.

"There must be something wrong with the window," said Madame Labrosse.

"Well, I will walk out and see," said Josephine, and she came sauntering past with as little concern as possible.

"Mother, there is nothing wrong with the window."

"Wait! I will try," said Madame Labrosse, and she in turn came sauntering by. But Josephine had stood in the door, and her mother, chancing first to catch sight of her, lost her view of the window in her surprise at the anxious beauty of her daughter's face.

"Well! mamma."

"Josephine, why did you stand in the door?" asked her mother, kissing her on either cheek.

"But the window?" persisted Josephine.

"Let the fiend fly away with the window!" said her mother; and Josephine's bird, catching the defiance of the accent, burst into a snatch of reckless song.

Now that Madame Labrosse had dared so much, Josephine was not to be outdone, and she commenced to sew. Her mother always went away early in the morning and came back before noon, and one day she caught Josephine sewing. She snatched the work.

"Josephine, do not dare!" When she next found her at work she said nothing, but instead of kissing her cheek, kissed her fingers.

But why was it that trouble seemed never very far away? Josephine sewed so hard that she commenced to take stitches in her side, and of a sudden Madame Labrosse fell sick—so sick that she could not go to her work, and Josephine had to go to the city with a message. Her heart beat as she passed the office-doors covered with strange names; her heart stopped beating when she came to the right one. She tapped timidly. Someone called out, "Come in!" and Josephine pushed open the door. There was a sudden stir in the room. The lawyers' clerks looked up, and then tried to go on with their work. A supercilious young man minced forward, and Josephine gave her message. The clerks pretended to write, but the only one who was working wrote Josephine's words into a lease that he was drawing —"the said party of the second part *cannot come.*"

When she went away, he leaned over the supercilious young man and asked: "Where did she say she lived?"

"At St. Renard," said the young man; at which everyone laughed, except his inquirer. He sat back in his chair, peering through his glasses at the place where Josephine had stood. St. Renard —St. Renard; was there ever such a saint in the calendar? was there ever such a suburb to the city? When he left the office he walked as straight home as he could go. He kept repeating Josephine's words to himself: "My mother, Madame Labrosse, being sick, cannot come; she lives at"—St. Renard? No, no; not St. Renard. When he had arrived at the house, where he had boarded for ten years, he went up to his room, and did not come down until the next morning. When he had shut himself in, he commenced to rummage in his trunk, and at last, after tossing everything about, he gave a cry of joy and pulled out a flat, thin book. He spread this out on the table and turned the leaves. On the first page were some verses, copied by himself. The rest of the book was full of silhouettes, cut from black paper and pasted on the white. He found a fragment of this paper, and taking his scissors he commenced to cut it. It took the form of a face; but, alas! not the face that was in his mind, and he let it drop in despair. Then he tried to sleep, but he could not sleep. Through his head kept running Josephine's message, and he would hesitate at St. Renard, trying to remember what she had said. At last he slept and had a dream. He dreamed that he was sailing down a stream which grew narrower and narrower. At last his boat stopped amid a tangle of weeds and water-lilies. All around him on the broad leaves was seated a chorus of frogs, singing out something at the top of their voices. He listened. Then, little by little, whatever the word was, it grew more distinct until one huge fellow opened his mouth and roared out, "VIGER!" which brought him wide awake. He repeated the word aloud, and it echoed in his ears, growing softer and softer until it grew beautiful enough to fill a place in his recollections and complete the sentence—"My mother, Madame Labrosse, being sick, cannot come; she lives at Viger."

The next Sunday, Victor dressed himself with care. He put on a new *peuce*-velvet coat, which had just come home from the tailor's, and started for Viger. What he said when he found Madame Labrosse's he could never distinctly remember. The first impression he received, after a return of consciousness, was of a bird singing very loudly—so loudly that it seemed as if its cage was his head, and that, in addition to singing, it was beating against the bars. He was less nervous the next time he came, and the oftener he came the more he wondered at the sweetness of Jo-

sephine's face. At last he grew dumb with admiration.

"He is very quiet, this Victor of yours."

"Mamma!" said Josephine, consciously.

"Does he never say a *word?*"

"Why, yes."

"Now, what does he say?"

"Mamma, how can I remember?"

"Well, try, Josephine."

"He said that now the leaves were on the trees he could not see so far as he used to. That before, he could see our house from the Côte Rouge, but not now."

"Well, and what else?"

"Mamma, how can I remember? He said that the birds had their nests all built now. He said that he wondered if any birds boarded out; that he had boarded out for ten years. Mamma, what are you laughing at? How cruel!"

"My little José, the dear timid one is in love."

"Mamma, with whom?"

"How can I tell? I think he will tell you some day."

But the some-day seemed to recede, and all the days of May had gone and June had begun, and still Josephine did not know.

Victor grew more timid than ever. Josephine thought a great deal about his silence, and once her mother caught her blushing when he chanced to stir in his chair. She intended to ask her about it, but her memory was completely unhinged by a letter she received. It was evidently written with great labor, and it caused the greatest excitement in the house.

"Mon Dieu!" Madame Labrosse exclaimed, "François Xavier comes to dine to-morrow!" And preparations were at once commenced for the reception of this François Xavier, who was Madame Labrosse's favorite cousin.

His full name was François Xavier Beaugrand de Champagne. He had just come down from his winter's work up the river, and on the morning of the day he was to dine with his cousin he stood leaning against the brick wall of a small hotel in the suburbs. The sunlight was streaming down on him, reflected up from the pavement and back from the house, and he basked in the heat with his eyes half shut. His face was burnt to a fiery brown; but as he had just lost his full beard, his chin was a sort of whitish-blue. He was evidently dressed with great care, in a completely new outfit. He appeared as if forced into a suit of dark-brown cloth; on his feet he wore a tight pair of low shoes, with high heels, and red socks; his arms protruded from his coat-sleeves, showing a glimpse of white cuffs and a flash of red underclothes. His necktie was a remarkable arrangement of red and blue silks mixed with brass rings. On his head he wore a large, gum-colored, soft felt hat. He had little gold earrings in his ears, and a large ring on his finger. As he leaned against the wall he had thrust his fingers into his pockets, and the sun had eased him into a sort of gloomy doze; for he knew he had to go to Madame Labrosse's for dinner, and he was not entirely willing to leave his pleasures in the first flush of their novelty. He had made arrangements to break away from the restraint early in the evening, which softened his displeasure somewhat, but when his friends came for him he was loath to go.

How beautiful Josephine had grown, how kind that cousin was, and how quickly the time went—now dinner, now tea; and who is this that comes in after tea? This is Victor Lucier. And who is this that sits so cheerfully, filling half the room with his hugeness? This is François Xavier Beaugrand de Champagne; he has just returned. Just returned! Just returned from where? What right has he to return? Who is this François Xavier, who returns suddenly and fills the whole room? Can it be so? A vague feeling of jealousy springs up in Victor. Can this be the one of Josephine's choosing? Yes, true it is—he calls her José. *José*, just like Madame Labrosse.

But he is going now, and he is very loath to go; but he will be back some day soon, and off he goes. And by and by away goes Madame Labrosse, "just for a moment," she says. They are alone now as they have never been before. Josephine sits with the blood coming into her face, wondering what Victor will say. Victor also wonders what he will say.

Josephine's bird gives a faint, sleepy twitter. They both look up, then he hops down from his perch and pecks at his seed-font. Suddenly he gives a few sharp cries, as if to try his voice. They both start to their feet. Now he commences to sing. What a burst of rapture! In a moment Josephine is in Victor's arms, her cheek is against the velvet coat. Is it her own heart she hears, or is it Victor's? No need of words now. How the bird sings! High and clear he shakes out his song in a passionate burst, as if all his life were for love. And they seem to talk together in sweet unsaid words until he ceases. Now they are seated on the sofa, and Madame Labrosse comes in.

"Josephine!"

"Mamma, how can I help it?" and the tears of joy creep out on her eyelashes.

Suddenly the grandmother, catching sight, through her half-blind eyes, of Victor and Josephine on the sofa, cries out and menaces him with her shrivelled fist, when they all rush upon her with kisses and pacify her with her pipe.

And now, what is this noise that breaks the quiet? It is a wild song from the street, echoing in the room. There is a shout, and a cab draws up at the door. It is François Xavier, returned for the second time. He stands swaying in the middle of the floor. There is a vinous lustre in his eyes. His coat is thrown back from his shoulder. Someone has been dancing on his hat, for it is all crushed and dusty. He mutters the words of the song which the chorus is roaring outside—"C'est dans la vill' de Bytown." Madame Labrosse implores him with words to come some other time. Josephine implores him with her eyes, clinging to Victor, who has his arm around her. But François Xavier stands unimpressed. Suddenly he makes an advance on Josephine, who retreats behind Victor.

"Scoundrel! base one," calls out Victor, "leave the house, or I myself will put you out!" François Xavier gazes for a moment on the little figure peering at him so fiercely through his spectacles. Then, as the chorus lulls for a moment, a smile of childish tenderness mantles all his face, and with the gesture of a father reclaiming his long-lost son he stretches his arms toward Victor. He folds him to his breast, and, lifting him from the floor, despite his struggles he carries him out into the night, where the chorus bursts out anew—"C'est dans la vill' de Bytown."

It is late when Victor at last escapes, and hears them go roaring away as he flees, hatless, through the fields to his home. It is still later when he falls asleep, overcome by excitement and the stimulants which have been administered to him; and through his feverish dreams runs the sound of singing, of Josephine's voice, inexpressibly sweet and tender, like the voice of a happy angel, but the song that she sings is—"C'est dans la vill' de Bytown."

THE VALLEY.

By Charles Edwin Markham.

I know a valley in the summer hills,
Haunted by little winds and daffodils;
Faint footfalls and soft shadows pass at noon;
Noiseless, at night, the clouds assemble there;
And ghostly summits hang below the moon—
Dim visions lightly swung in silent air.

THE BUCOLIC DIALECT OF THE PLAINS.

By Louis Swinburne.

LOOKING southward from Capital Hill, above Denver, following the eastern flank of the Rockies in a gradually diminishing distance for over a hundred miles, the eye traverses an enormous extent of plain, mesa, and mountain, embracing within their territory several counties, and innumerable villages, rivers, and creeks. If a friendly *cicerone*, acquainted with the landscape, happens to be at hand, he will be able to explain to you that the diversity of surface is accompanied by an almost equally striking diversity of nomenclature.

As the various place-names are mentioned in succession, you begin to realize that behind the visible panorama there is an inner history more deeply interesting and suggestive. You are reminded, in particular, of the vicissitudes of the three races—the Spanish, French, and Indian—which have crossed and recrossed one another over this entire country, from Cheyenne to Corpus Christi. The names they have left behind—and little else but the names now—bear present witness to their swift transitions, their overlappings, and ultimate fusion and partial disappearance in a common civilization. Partial, only because these relict-names still survive to prove their former separateness. You may journey by horse from Denver to Pueblo and never meet a Spaniard, unless it be that debased travesty, a Mexican sheep-shearer; you may go on to Trinidad and Salida, and fail to find a Frenchman; and it is pretty certain you will never espy an Indian outside the remotest reservations or the southern pueblos. These races, even to the individuals, have vanished from the broad paths of men; their life, their personality, their moral force were of no avail; only the impalpable breath they formed into words remains, but how persuasive these are, how endearing, how potent in association!

Of the three races, the Indians have transmitted the least in number. Their place-names are mostly identical with the tribes which were settled near them. The familiar Pawnee, Comanche, Crow, Ute, Uncompahgre, Cheyenne, and others, recur. One county in Colorado is named after a great chief, the famous *Ouray*, but such an origin is not usual. The local prejudice against the prairie tribes among all frontiersmen has probably discouraged any attempts to perpetuate Indian appellations. This is to be in some respects regretted. We would like to have known and had retained the aboriginal name for Pike's Peak, on whose summit the Utes used to kindle their beacon-fires for the gathering of the tribes to war. Pike is very well, and Zebulon M. Pike, after whom it was named, was no doubt a worthy officer and zealous explorer; but yet we exclaim, with Mr. Matthew Arnold, "By the Ilyssus there were no Pikes," and the great, bald mountain-mass which is constrained to pass under that title is noble enough for Olympus himself and many native Helicons. In every Colorado town there is also a score or two of streets called by Indian names, generally bestowed by the early settlers. The town in which the writer lives can boast *Nevada*, *Wahsatch*, *Kiowa*, *Uintah*, and others—all more flexile on the tongue than their Spanish similars, which undergo grotesque contortions on the lips of tourists from the East. Thus a very stickler is *Huérfano*, and *Tejon* lapses from its aspirated sonority into the vulgar *T-John*, in which the butcher-boys and the grocers take an inexplicable delight.* But all the aboriginal names put together cannot match that strange appellation which has fast-

* In Colorado Springs, I now learn through General William J. Palmer, one of its founders, the avenues were named by the town-company from the mountain-ranges between Colorado and the Pacific in their order of succession, and the cross streets from the principal rivers in their order of succession. But who gave the rivers and mountains their Spanish and Indian names?

ened itself upon a remarkable wind. This is the warm west wind which, after a long duration of unusual cold, blows upon Montana and adjoining States and Territories. It is called *Chinook*, but what it means I know not. In the depths of winter it is the forerunner of mild weather, and is eagerly watched and (perhaps) piously prayed for by stockmen whose lean kine are driving, shelterless and fodderless, before the blasts. There is said to be a wind something like it in Switzerland, but, however that may be, there is no resemblance in sound or root between the Alpine *Foehn* and the Rocky Mountain *Chinook*.

The Indian place-names in Colorado, however, are seldom musical or even pretty, as they are so often in Maine or New York State. I know of but one exception, and in that the beauty is of significance rather than of sound. Looking from the bluffs west of Colorado Springs, if the sky is clear, you descry, away in the south, two little dimly blue, softly swelling hills, which are commonly called the *Spanish Peaks*. But the Indians have given them a more gracious name, a name almost exquisite in its subtle sense of feminine loveliness. They called them *Wa-ha-toya*, which means "maiden's twin-breasts." It makes one wish they had exercised the same faculty elsewhere and more frequently to such fine purpose.

Of the evidences of French migration in these parts there are less signs, and they are more scattered. Whether there is anything characteristic in it or not, I cannot say, but it is a fact that no mountains in Colorado have been named by Frenchmen, at least by any recognizable French name. The only exceptions I know of—though there may be one or two others in the less-known ranges—is *Les Trois Tetons*. *Bijou*, for some reason or other, has been a favorite denomination; you find it applied to creeks, basins, and streets. Similarly, there is *Frenchman's Fork*, not necessarily French in origin, though implying some Gallic association. I recall also such names as *Roche, Purgatoire, Cache la Poudre*, and others. The French explorer St. Vrain has lent his homonym to several spots, and to at least one river; and the torrent that rushes through Manitou just under Pike's Peak was called by him, poetically enough, *La Fontaine qui bouille*. The hard-headed Anglo-Saxons, reckoning this altogether too poetical, abridged it to *Fountain*, by which "englishment" it is commonly known. It is curious to compare these western place-names with the town-names in New England, such as those Professor Dexter, of Yale College, commented on recently in an interesting essay. He shows that of the hundred given by public authority before the War of Independence, fifty-seven were taken direct from British sources, seventeen came from peculiarities of location, eight from the Bible, and only three from names of prominent early settlers and founders. In Colorado these last are numerous, though perhaps not equal to the number named from distinguished men of the past and present. But I have too little space at my disposal to linger any longer among these relics of French and Indian passage. A passage, indeed, through the country is all that is marked by these meagre designations of mountain and stream.

If we trust the testimony of surviving epithets alone, the Spaniards had more of a local habitation and a name than the others, and left more frequent and more permanent traces. All over the country we are contemplating they have left the marks of their occupancy; their sentiment and speech are closely intertwined with valley, peak, and plain. In nearly all their place-names there is the music and sonorousness with which the Castilian tongue endows even the commonplace. Among creeks we have Alamosa, Carnero, Ceballa, Chicosa, Gores, Piedra, Pintada, Gata, Graneros, Los Piños, Hermosa, Gregario, La Jara, etc.; among mountains, Blanca, Canejos, Dolores, the La Garita Hills, Sharano, Pagosa, La Plata, etc.; and among counties and rivers a rich variety of soft-vowelled, liquid vocables. With regard to their generic name for mountain-masses, I foresee a speculative problem of a minor sort more curious than the absence of French appellations for individual peaks. The Anglo-Saxon uses the term "range" in describing them, but to the Spaniard they constitute a *sierra*, an epithet which he applies to the crests of sea-waves also. Where the former sees mainly distance,

extent, continuity, the latter fixes his attention on the saw-like, serrated crowns, or summits, which are to him more typical, apparently, of true mountainous form. There are plenty of such features in the Rocky Mountains, and natives call them "buffalo-horns;" but I have often wondered if the hills of Spain—the *Sierra Madre*, for instance—possessed any dominant peculiarity of the kind, which led to its becoming a universal term for all mountain-ranges everywhere. It would be a nice question for Mr. Freeman or Max Müller, who possibly might discover (heaven help us!) a new myth in it. But I have said that in spreading over this wide territory and tossing his superb, high-sounding appellations about everywhere—leaving them to stick where they would—the Spaniard brought his sentiment with him, and transmitted it, or rather its husk, to a race of harsher tongue, on whom it hangs like some strange, barbaric jewel. Yes, it is here in Anglo-Saxondom in both its religious and chivalric forms. What was it but the fine Spanish audacity of worship that gave the sacred designation to the snowy hills encircling the Wet Mountain Valley, the *Sangre de Cristo* (Mountains of the Blood of Christ). It only remained for the prosaic, harvesting American to step in and "locate" its neighboring plateau as Wet Mountain Valley, for the historical imagination to find a new point for a long departure backward into the fatality of racial traits. The same survival of a vanished faith is seen in the beautiful names *Rio de las Ánimas* and *Rio Dolores*. After the persons of the Trinity they sought to celebrate all the saints of the calendar—not quite all, however, but enough to answer for scores of shrine-offered candles—San Miguel, San Luis, Santa Maria, Santa Clara, San Juan, and many others. San Cristobal is another among the titles of honor, but it is mentioned only because it suggests that if this simple personage was an early canonization of the Church, then the origin of the name in Coleridge's poem is far more ancient than either the poet or his annotator, Mr. Dante Rossetti, supposed.* At any rate, here these signs of old Spanish Christianity are, and here they will probably cling, rare and curious reminders of the bits of mediæval piety that have endured after the conquests of another race and an antagonistic culture.

All these town- and river- and mountain-names form part of the current coin of the people of Colorado. On their lips, however, and on the lips of all travellers, they have mostly, except in obvious cases of parallelism, lost their primitive meanings. Few persons stop to think, when they cross the Marshall Pass and sleep at Salida, that Salida is the *outlet* or *outgate* in the cleft of the environing hills. But the town was named, I believe, by Americans, reminding me—what I ought to have said before—that this is probably oftener the case than we know. There are some Americans, it seems, who are romantic enough to prefer the old Spanish names, and where a new one becomes necessary they have zeal enough to find one that shall accord with the ancient system of nomenclature. Women, in particular, have honored the custom by a generous observance, and it is not surprising to learn that the names of many of the small villages along the line of the Denver and Rio Grande Railway, and the whole nomenclature of one of Colorado's principal towns, were invented and affixed by feminine tact and fertility of suggestion.

Place-names, however, are in a manner permanently settled; you employ them as you do some other modern implements, because they are a convenience, because they are indispensable to finding your way or directing others to find theirs—not an easy task under the best circumstances. But the kind of frontier coin I am about to speak of has hardly this excuse; not, at least, in the same degree. It is not universally compulsory; it is a convenience only to the restricted class who use it, and to those who deal or consort with them. It constitutes, in short, the bucolic dialect of the great prairie States.

The large class of words that have sprung up among cattle-owners and cow-boys, to designate the various acts and general conduct of their occupation, has never been catalogued. On coming

* See a very curious discussion, in T. Hall Caine's Reminiscences of Rossetti, concerning the origin of the name of Coleridge's Christabel.

into contact with this pastoral life you find yourself, even within the limits of your own English, in a world of novel and not altogether comprehensible terms. It does not take long to master it, if you are thrown for a time among the rovers of the plains, and its strangeness gradually wears off. It becomes, indeed, a familiar and useful addition to your conversational stock of the vernacular. Nay, you even find the field of its usefulness enlarging, for the terms of the "round-up" and the "branding" and sheep-shearing are more or less piquant, and lend themselves easily to applications remote from their primitive usage. Transposed to the ordinary business or social concerns of modern life, they come to have a sort of zest in them; they reveal new sources of humor; they place old saws and old customs in a sharp light, a fresh illumination; but always by that undercurrent of suggestion, by contrast or association with the original pursuits, which the words described. So I heard, last year, a politician speak of a bolter of the Republican ticket as a "bucker." A "bucking horse" is one that "jumps sidewise or forward, up and down, with his legs stiffened into an unrelaxed perpendicular," and the image certainly has a kind of affinity with the moral action of a refractory voter.

"I'll put a check-strap on him, if he won't do it!" a little chap exclaimed to another, unconsciously using a phrase drawn from the training of horses; for the "check-strap," in cow-boy parlance, controls the bit in the horse's mouth. The cook on a ranch used to be called a "rustler;" but as it was necessary for a man who served three meals a day to a whole camp of hungry herders to be peculiarly alert and energetic, any uncommonly active man is now not seldom spoken of as a "rustler." A slight misuse of the powers of activity and craft has amplified its sense so that it may denominate a thief. "Pilgrim" and "tenderfoot" were formerly applied almost exclusively to newly imported cattle, but by a natural transferrence they are usually used to designate all newcomers, tourists, and business-men. "To go over the range" is to die, as any reader of Bret Harte's frontier stories knows; but once it was limited to cattle. Almost every visitor in the West has seen steers "roped" or "roped in" for the branding; but to "rope in" a man, nowadays, is to secure him in a business or social venture, and sometimes to his disadvantage. I don't know whether the epithet "thoroughbred" imposed on a fine woman is of western origin or not. I have heard Englishmen use it, but it is not uncommon here. A friend tells me he has heard a sheriff talk of "close-herding" several prisoners in his charge. On the plains it means the difficult art of keeping cattle in a compact body, close together. This is a novel transferrence of meaning, but it is well fortified by good example. The original meaning of our verb *hold* was something like herd, or rather the verb *corral*, Englished from the Spanish. It meant to *fend and feed* cattle, and from this primitive usage its multitudinous senses are derived. But these terms of widened application are few and far between; they give no idea of the extent of the cow-boy's specialized vocabulary. Here is a short list of the words used in connection with the ordinary occupations of his life on the plains: *Brand*, noun and verb; *brand-book*, containing the recorded brands of the county; *branding chute, branding-iron; counter-brand*, v. and n.; *flying-brand; lazy-brand; brand-bunch*, small herd of cattle; *bunch-grass; crease*, v. t., to stun a horse or steer by a blow in the neck in order to catch him; *cut out*, to separate an animal from the herd; *cutting-horse; crop*, n. and v., an ear-mark, or to make a mark by cutting the ear; *dewlap*, a cut in the lower part of the neck; *vent*, a brand announcing sale; *singlebob*, a slit ear dropping down. Other marks signifying ownership are *over-bit, over-hack, over-half-crop, over-slope, swallow-fork, under-bit, under-hack*, etc. These are mostly technical, but the common terms are almost equally unfamiliar—such as *grade*, adj. and v., improved cattle; *grass-cattle*, fed only on grass; *hack-amore*, bridle made of horse-hair; *heel*, to lariat an animal by the hind leg; *hondou* (derivation unknown, though probably from Spanish *honda*, the eye of a needle), the slip-knot of the lariat; *paunch*, to shoot a refractory steer

through the paunch, producing a temporary quietude; *rig*, *single-rig*, *double-rig* (in very general use throughout the Western States); *round-up*, n. and v.; *slicker*, a water-proof oil-coat; *string*, a small collection of horses or steers; *string-beam*, pairs of horses or mules in long succession; *tail*, to hold a steer down by the tail after it is lassoed and heeled; *trail*, n. and v.; *trail-cattle*, *trail-cinch*; *wrangler*, a dog-herder; *wrangle-footed*, mixture of several gaits. The list is by no means complete, but it comprises the most common vernacular terms in use.* It will be observed that they are nearly all simple, intelligible words with, for the most part, obvious meanings. In this respect they differ from the mass of the London slang or street designations for different pursuits published last year in the report of the Commissioner of the Census in England. There were at least thirty or forty of these, from which, taken by themselves, it would have been impossible to have guessed the kind of occupation they described or, rather, concealed. But besides being clear and pertinently formed, it is plain that very few of the terms in the cow-boy's vocabulary are susceptible of extended applications. They are not likely ever to penetrate polite society. Some of them will pass into manuals as Americanisms, and some, perhaps, will soon find themselves alongside "gerrymander," "boycott," and "dude," if the report respecting ex-President Porter's new edition of Webster is true. For the most part, however, they are at present calculated only to amuse young ladies at Eastern dinner-tables; and under the delicate manipulations of a "collegiate" ranchman they are indeed, on such occasions, capable of affording inexhaustible diversion, being continual reminders of stories of wild life and roving adventure.

When we come to consider the class of words drawn from the Spanish, we find them not only more numerous, but more interesting. It is astonishing, indeed, how many of these foreignisms have crept into the common speech of the Rocky Mountain States.

The central house on a landed estate, and the estate itself, is a ranch. The Spanish *rancho* means a mess, and so the American herder speaks of his companions collectively as the "ranch" or the "outfit." To "*vamos*" the ranch means to clear out, though in Spanish it is a familiar conversational interjection, as "Well, come now." *Ranchero* is the steward of the mess; it is used in New Mexico, and less frequently elsewhere. So, instead of herder, some say *vaquero* (Sp., cow-herd); instead of "pard," the usual mining slang, *compañero*; and for a friend, *compadre*—which are all good Castilian. *Corral* (Sp., small yard) is a universal term for the enclosure in which cattle are kept, but *corralero*, keeper of the yard, is scarcely ever heard. When the cow-boy is at home, or, as he usually puts it, at the "home-ranch," his house is often partly built of *adobe*, a species of sun-burnt brick, of which the Mexicans understand the value and craft of composition better than their sharper neighbors on this side the Rio Grande. If the weather is cold, you will probably find him inside, hugging his *estufa* (Sp., stove), regaling himself with a scanty breakfast of *tortillas* (diminutive of *torto*, cake). In Mexico, it is a pancake made of Indian meal, mashed, and baked on an earthen pan. If, on the other hand, the day is mild, as it is most likely to be so far south, where these epithets mostly prevail, he sits out on his *piazza*, with a light *serape* of striped woollen thrown over his shoulders, and gazes over his fields of *alfalfa*, which is excellent Spanish for lucern, or letting his eye wander past *arroyos*, on the one side (Sp., a brook or rivulet, but in the Northwest used for any dried-up creek—coulie [Fr., *couloir*] has the same sense, and is used quite as much in some States)—and *barrancas*, deep holes made by mountain-floods; and, on the other, along the gleaming lines of his *acéquias*, the same water-canals you see in the central parts and elevated plateaus of old Spain.

In the distance, beyond the *chaparral* (Sp., for plantation of evergreen oak, *Quercus ilex*, and so any thick tangle of bramble-bushes or thorny shrubs in clumps), he may descry the *cañon* (Sp., tunnel or cannon); or the *mesa* (Sp.,

* Many of the words enumerated here and elsewhere in this paper appeared in the Northwestern Live Stock Journal in the fall of 1885.

table-land), with its growth of *cactus*, *loco*, and *yucca*; or, if he lives far enough south, allow his eye to travel to the *pueblo* and the tower of the *mezquita* (mosque, in Spain generally applied, I think, to Mohammedan places of worship), or figure to himself what is going on in the *plaza* of the neighboring town. If there is to be a *baile* there that evening, he is pretty sure to go. *Baile*, corrupted into "bailee" among cow-boys, is allied to our ball, but it means also sheriff (bailiff), which is significant. The connection between balls and bailiffs in New Mexico is, unfortunately, more intimate and frequent than would be thought desirable in Boston or New York. The true cow-boy delights in the lingering waltz which the *señoritas* accord him; he will hop and roll about until he has worn out his *zapatos* (Sp., shoes), and still he is ready to swear that his partner is his *ojo*, the very eye of his heart. I mentioned *loco* above. The history of the word is rather singular. In the Spanish it is an adjective, meaning mad, crack-brained. There is a plant on the plains which poisons cattle, and produces all the ordinary symptoms of insanity; and someone, observing this, called it loco-weed. From the substantive a verb sprang into use; cattle showing signs of madness are said to be "locoed," and so finally the word extended to human beings. Some have derived these meanings from the plant itself, as if it had originally borne the name "loco;" but this is incorrect, the real process having been just the reverse of it. So much for the cow-boy at home; but the cow-boy at home is, however, a very tame, a hardly recognizable personage. Let us follow him as he equips himself and starts for a "round-up," and catch whatever flying vocables we can as we "lope," a contraction of gallop, on our *bronchos*, they being for the most part, as the Spanish word implies, rough and crabbed little beasts. *Cuddy* and *burro* are the two epithets which distinguish the small donkey; of the former the origin is buried in obscurity, but *burro* means primitively stupid, and all the world knows how well it is applied. *Es un burro en el tratajo*, says the Spanish proverb—"He drudges like an ass."

How much of the pastoral life of old Spain adheres to the cow-boy's language appears most plainly when he talks of animals, particularly of his horse, his horse's trappings, and his personal "outfit." More and more he is getting to prefer the American horse of large bone and sinew, and the pony is being increasingly set aside; but the *mustang* (Sp., *mesteño*), or cow-pony of the mixed Spanish and Indian breed, or the *broncho* (native Californian) used to be his favorite and constant companion. It was an undoubtable sign of his identity; the minute the eye could discern, on the farthest horizon, outlined against a clear sky, the cow-pony's small, slight frame, the drooping head and scraggy neck, you knew with whom you had to deal. The Cheyenne Indians in the old days, the Apaches now, might show a similar relief under the proper conditions, but if you were a wise man you would hardly find yourself within many miles of any such possible vision. A common Indian pony is called a *cayuse*, one of the few terms which stock-men have inherited from the tribes. It has come to be used in a depreciative sense, being applied to any poor, broken-down jade. But of whatever breed or strain it may be, when the beast is caught, by heeling or corralling, his troubles may be said to begin. Preparatory to saddling, the *hackamore*—which is said to come from the Spanish *jaquima*, a halter—on the plains usually wrought of twisted hair, is thrown over his head and firmly tied. Then the saddle-blanket is laid over his withers, with sometimes a *tilpah*, or parti-colored rug, woven and dyed by the Navajo or Taos Indians; and over this the saddle—the huge Mexican saddle, or perhaps the McClellan army-saddle. If it is the former, it has to be "cinched." This is from the Spanish substantive *cincha*, meaning a belt or girdle; *cinchar*, to girdle. To "cinch" a horse is by no means the same as girthing him. The two ends of the tough cordage which constitute the "cinch" terminate in long, narrow strips of leather, called *látigos* (Sp., thongs), which connect the "cinches" with the saddle and are run through an iron ring, called, if I remember correctly, the *larigo* ring, though why, deponent saith not, and then tied by a

series of complicated turns and knots known only to the craft. Sometimes there is a *cource* (Indian?), or leather cover, to protect the saddle in wet weather; and if the traveller has a pack-mule to accompany him, he will have further to master the art, not despicable, of securing his *aparejo*, which in Spain is the pack-saddle for sumpter horses or mules.

The herder in question has been a long time mounting; but now that he is up and pricking about before the start, let us have a good look at him. Examining more closely this picturesque figure of the plains, that flies rapidly past us as we whirl by in some westward-bound train, and analyzing his dress and accoutrements, we begin to see that even in this trivial matter of externals he bears the imprint of mixed associations. Whether he follows the trail in Texas, Arizona, or Wyoming, something of the habits and customs of the semi-civilized Mexican cow-herd or shepherd, something of the original pastoral centre in which his kindred first moved, still sticks to him, partly as indefinable atmosphere, but mostly as very definable substance and detail. With unvarying uniformity, cow-boys wear the broad *sombrero*. What an admirable head-gear it is—warm and stout in winter, and a sheltering shade against summer suns! When they ride through a country hedged with impenetrable thicket, where the cattle seek refuge from the driving "blizzards," or when the season comes for the shearing of Southdowns or rough-fleeced Mexicans, it is necessary to don their *chaps* (Sp., contracted from *chaparro*, oak-bush), which are trousers made of stout leather, and stitched with leather cording. A jacket of the same material is sometimes worn, cut short in the jaunty Spanish fashion, and braided, just as you see them in the streets of Seville. Add to these the woollen shirt, gay in color and laced in front, the high boots, the sash, and the great, jingling spurs, and you have of the outer apparel of the herders nearly everything except the *quirt*, the *reata*, the *látigos*, and the *tapaderos*. *Quirt* is probably Spanish also, if we may now have to find its Spanish equivalent in *cuerda*, a rope; it is a short whip, made generally of dressed leather, woven into many curious shapes, and, like the *hackamore*, often entwined with horse-hair. The *reata* in Spain is generally a rope used to tie one horse or mule to another to keep them in line, but in the West it is simply Englished *lariat*. Lasso is of course Spanish (*lazo*, a noose). *Convesta*, perhaps a corruption of *cuerda*, is another epithet for it. The old women in Spain cover or uncover their cooking-pots with *tapaderos*, loose lids, but among the Mexicans and herders the word is applied to the leather covering for the protection of the feet. *Legaderos* is probably not Castilian at all. It is the term used for the stirrup-straps; and it looks as if it might have been derived from the root of the noun *legadura*, ligature, but it is not. It seems to be the solitary instance of an English word passing into the Spanish or Mexican, and coming back to us, disguised, as a fine Spanish changeling. The straps which hold the stirrups on many of the large Mexican saddles are, in fact, leg-guards, and this seems to be the homely Cinderella whom the Spanish tongue, like a true prince, transformed into its *legaderos*.

The indispensable habiliments, of which I spoke above, seldom go alone and unadorned. The most ordinary "outfit" of a herder costs about one hundred and twenty-five dollars, which seems like needless extravagance, and is so, in part. The extraordinary dearness of certain articles, such as a fine *sombrero* or a heavy water-proof coat, is quite beyond their intrinsic value. The taste is indulged as a matter of whim mostly, but the cow-boy is far more the slave of caprice and the fashion of his kind than is imagined. Touches of ornament here and there betray how much of the civilized convention still clings to him, or, if you please, how much of the savagery to which he is exposed, and gradually conforms to, has grown into his nature. His life is so rough, so rude and brutal, that a sort of internal reaction occurs at intervals, out of which there flashes a coarse but genuine need for pleasure, for gayety, color; and its manifestations assume the strangest, most comical, and pathetic forms. The old and tattered *sombrero* has its sun-parched tassels of gilt and tinsel; the sash encircling the

waist, and streaming in the wind as he rides, is sometimes of orange or green, like that of a Spanish *toreador* in the bull-ring. But of all parts of his costume the boots are emphatically the most wonderful. It is in boots that the instinctive dandyism lying at the bottom of a savage's nature crops out unmistakably. Over a pair of stiff, straight boots—jacks, Bluchers, or raw-hides—an Indian is complacently and outrageously exultant. The cow-boy is discriminating and fastidious; he soars higher, and, what is better, really attains his aspiration. I am not travelled enough to say what the mode is everywhere among the drivers of cattle, but in Texas they really surpass the most ambitious conceptions of the modern Beau Brummel in the matter of leather and prunella. There the cow-boy sets himself out like the jay in the fable, with as small and narrow and high-heeled a boot as ever the cavaliers who followed Rupert could boast, so small and so tightly pinching that it is only donned and endured on certain solemn occasions. You will not see these extraordinary foot-coverings if he is whipping up a *caballo* or *caballada* (bunch of horses following a "round-up") or a *remontha* (bunch of saddle-horses), or if he has any other active work to do. The solemn occasion is commonly when he enters town after a long absence on "the trail." Nothing then can be allowed to dispense with the ceremony of boots; they must be worn, displayed, exulted in mightily and unctuously, as a monk exults in hair-cloth girdle. They are delectable things to the eyes of the nascent cow-boys, the novices of the trail. See how high they are! Look at the parti-colored laces in front! And listen to the *conchas*, the silver ornaments outside the spur, as they jingle and ring to the *broncho's* tread! This is indeed a glorious moment in his experience. But once out of town, and far from admiring eyes, off come these terrible tormentors, and a few miles out of San Antonio you will meet your hero or martyr, as the case may be, with the beautiful boots hanging to his saddle, and his eye surveying them with a defiant satisfaction. The heels, I omitted to say, are the chief points of pride. No Athenian buskin could have stood so majestically high; they lift a man several inches into the air of this poor world, and lend him a sort of moral loftiness. When, through over-much usage, they wear down on one side and the occupant stumbles and goes down, as may easily happen, what a fall and a humiliation is there, my friends! It is said that the audacious among "bull-whackers" dance from this elevation, but only he can believe it who has seen them egging around in a doleful *bolero*. There is, I doubt not, a suitably musical appellation for this foot-gear, but I have to confess myself ignorant of it. As for the boots themselves, I am quietly convinced in my own mind that they are neither American nor Mexican, but pure, untarnished Castilian. They have their proper and venerable parentage in the boots of the stately *hidalgos* who came over with Cortez, or with the old friars who sought the seven cities of Ciboa. Unfortunately, Prescott and other historians have failed to record this peculiar tradition; but that it is a fact you have only to see a native Texan mincing along in aristocratic agony and with a quaking heart of apprehension for that fickle, turnable heel. If it is not then clear to you that it was primitively made for those old courtiers of blood and ducats, in the days of the Spanish Inquisition, to prevent them from growing grossly fat and running away, I shall lose all faith in ocular testimony. It accompanied and expressed, no doubt, the contemporary taste in *cultos* in verse, and in sticking to it, as he so often does, particularly when it declines to come off at once, the cow-boy is only proving his affinity with the "swells" of a by-gone world.

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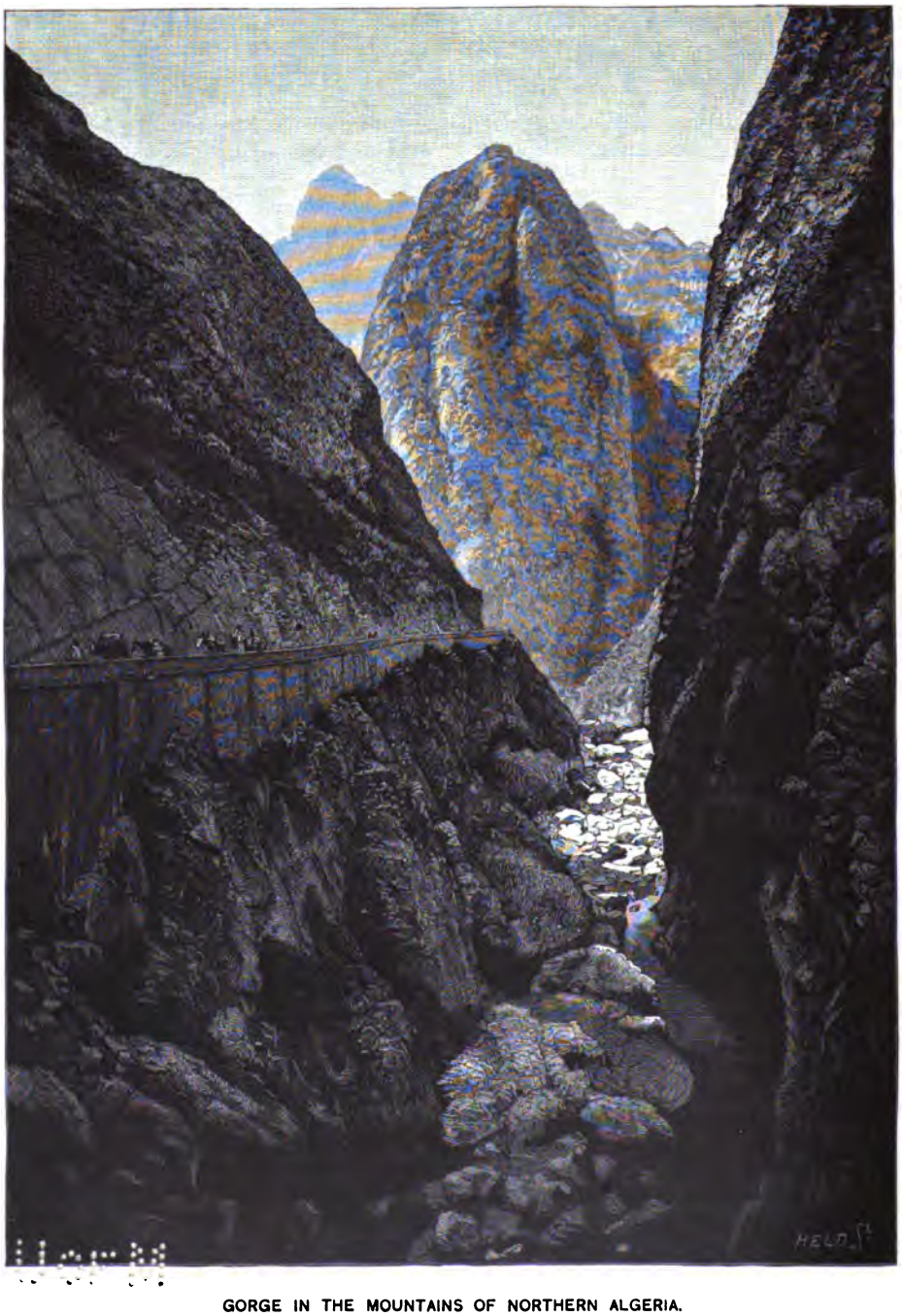

GORGE IN THE MOUNTAINS OF NORTHERN ALGERIA.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE.

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WAGNER AND SCENIC ART.

By William F. Apthorp.

AT a performance of "Lohengrin," given in Italian at the Globe Theatre, in Boston, some years ago, I was struck with a, to me, rather ludicrous incident. It happened at the close of the second act. The squabble between *Elsa* and *Ortrud* was well over for the nonce, the chorus had once more taken up its song of homage to the young bridal couple, who were now slowly passing up the church-steps with the king; just as they were entering the great Gothic portal, the assembled crowd stopped its singing, the orchestra was silent, and the only sound heard was the solemn peals of the organ, coming from the interior of the church. All of a sudden a terrific blast came from the three trombones. *Elsa* turned round as if in fright; *Ortrud*, catching her eye, raised her right arm in threatening gesture, as the curtain fell slowly. Being accustomed to look for a special significance in everything that happens in an opera of Wagner's, I naturally tried to account for this sudden affrighted turning round of *Elsa's*; the only explanation that lay on the surface was that the trombones had startled her, and that she turned round to see what was the matter. Yet, for a Wagnerian heroine to be so startled by anything trombones could do, seemed strange. When I got home I looked up the passage in the score, and found the following stage-direction:

> At this point the king and the bridal couple have reached the top step leading to the cathedral; *Elsa* turns in great emotion to *Lohengrin*; he receives her in his arms. From this embrace she glances in timid apprehension down the steps to the right, and sees *Ortrud* raising her arm against her, as if sure of victory; *Elsa* turns away her face in terror.

Tunc manifesta fides! The actors had made nonsense of the situation. *Elsa* should not turn round suddenly, as if startled, but slowly, shyly, to take one last timid look at her old enemy, who answers her glance with a threatening gesture. And the trombone blast? That, too, has its meaning: it is the motive of *Lohengrin's* solemn injunction to *Elsa* in the first act:

> Nie sollst du mich befragen,
> noch Wissen's Sorge tragen,
> woher ich kam der Fahrt,
> noch wie mein Nam' und Art!

(Never shalt thou ask me, nor have a care to know, whence I am come, nor what my name and condition!)

This trombone blast is to the ear what *Ortrud's* uplifted arm is to the eye: a reminder to *Elsa* of her promise to *Lohengrin*, which she is only too surely destined to break, and in breaking which she falls into *Ortrud's* snare. The trombone blast tells the meaning of *Ortrud's* gesture, and blast and gesture should come exactly together at the same moment. In this way, and in this

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Götterdämmerung, Act III., Scene 1.

(From the original sketch for the scenery used at Bayreuth, by J. Hoffmann.)

Last summer I got a letter from a competent judge of such matters, then travelling in Germany; the following sentence struck me as peculiarly noteworthy—doubly so, perhaps, because it confirmed my own experience: "I heard 'Lohengrin' in Vienna, and was disgusted—singers rushing up to the footlights and holding high notes as long as they could, just like old-fashioned Italian opera. My experience in several cities here has led me to the conclusion that Bayreuth and Munich are the only places where Wagner is given as he should be." Here we have the true present and, it is to be hoped, future mission of Bayreuth—to preserve intact the Wagnerian traditions of musico-dramatic performance.

The leading principle of the Wagnerian music-drama is, briefly, this: That, the text—what in old-fashioned dialect was called the *libretto*—once written by the poet, all other persons who have to do with the work—composer, stage-architect, scene-painter, costumer, stage-manager, conductor, and singing actors—should aim at one thing, and at one thing only: the most exact, perfect, and life-like expression and embodiment of the poet's thought. Of Wagner's ideas concerning the function of the composer, and of his own style of dramatic composition, much has been written, both in explanation and criticism. It is with his ideas on the proper functions of the other co-operators in the work of bringing the music-drama into complete being—that is, his ideas on the matter of musico-dramatic performance—that I have especially to do here. That these ideas of Wagner's have been so almost universally misunderstood, or only partially understood, and so incompletely carried out, is to be attributed to two things: in the first place, to a general lack of appreciation of the unexampled seriousness with which Wagner took every detail in a form of art which producers and performers—and the public,

too, for matter of that—had been wont to treat with a certain cavalier nonchalance ; in the next place, to that force of inertia which makes it so difficult for the human mind to free itself from the influence of long-acquired habit and leave the beaten path of familiar routine. That the Wagnerian system of musico-dramatic performance has been understood and practically carried out, in a certain wholesale way, by many a manager, conductor, and actor is true enough. The general artistic tendency of this system has been, as a rule, pretty accurately grasped. It is in the inadequate appreciation of the importance of, often insignificant seeming, details that performances of Wagner's music-dramas too frequently fall short of the true mark.

Let us, then, consider together some of the details in this system of Wagner's, for, as I have said already, the whole system is made up of details ; and consider especially such details as are most commonly slighted in the ordinary run of performances. For the sake of the greatest possible clearness, I will take up, successively, these four points :

I. SCENERY and STAGE-SETTING.

II. STAGE-MANAGEMENT.

III. ACTING.

IV. MUSICAL PERFORMANCE, which includes the singing of the actors and the playing of the orchestra.

In Wagner's treatment of each one of these several items one thorough-going guiding principle is to be noticed—the utter and absolute sinking of the performer in the work. Everything is done to prevent the attention and interest of the audience from being taken up with the performer's individuality, or with his personal vocal, or dramatic, talent. In the palmy days of Italian opera the stage was, by its whole construction and arrangement, an arena in which the protagonists should display their powers, and it was tacitly accepted as such by the public. With Wagner the

Mime's Hut. Siegfried, Act I., Scene 3.

(From the original sketch for the scenery used at Bayreuth, by J. Hoffmann.)

stage is simply the scene of a dramatic story. The scenery must be at once realistic and poetically significant; its merely picturesque value is of secondary moment. Its chief aim is to produce the illusion of reality. From Shakspere's placards, hung up in sight of the audience in the Globe Theatre, that the spectators might know what scene to picture in their imagination, to the elaborate scenes presented directly to the eye on the stage at Bayreuth, can be traced the whole evolution of scenery on the modern stage. And probably few of us, such is the force of convention, have taken the trouble to think how much of the Shaksperean explanatory placard still remains in the scenery of ordinary opera. Many, even of the best painted interiors, but more especially the out-of-door scenes, in conventional opera, go only one step farther than Shakspere's placards. The placard *told* the spectator what the scene was supposed to be; our more modern scenery *suggests* it to him, but does not do much more than that. If, for instance, the scene is a virgin forest, this is by no means what the stage shows our eye; what we actually see is not a virgin forest, but a rectangular or trapezoidal *clearing* in a virgin forest, and planked over at that. The scene may suggest a forest to the imagination, but it does not show it to the eye; there is no real illusion. The plank floor (or, perhaps, the green carpet), the regular rows of trees on each side of the stage, the flaps of blue canvas that do duty for sky, often encroaching upon the tree-tops and but ill-joined to the backgound—these are things to which custom has inured us, and the meaning of which we understand; but the illusion produced by them is slight, or null. And it is not

Das Rheingold, Scene 1.

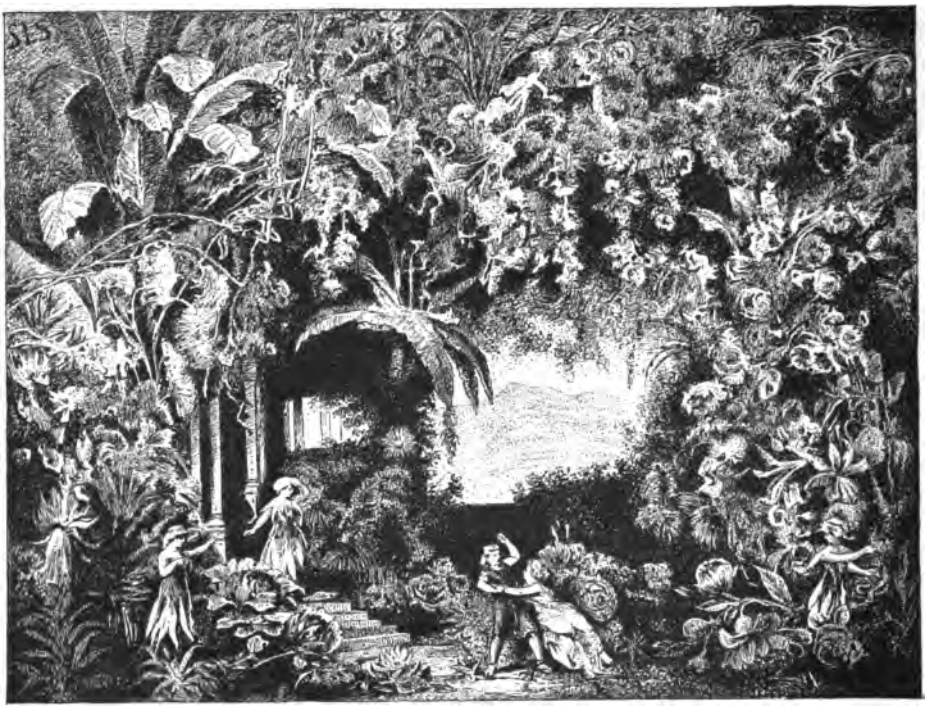
(From the original sketch for the scenery used at Bayreuth, by J. Hoffmann.)

Tristan and Isolde, Act I., Scene 2.
(From a photograph from life, by Hans Brand.)

merely the habit of long seeing such scenes as this on the stage that leads us to accept them ; that other habit of instinctively looking upon the stage as an "arena for protagonists" counts for much in our readiness to accept the partial suggestion for the complete picture. But compare such a stage-picture as I have just described with the scene in the third act of "Siegfried" as it is staged at Bayreuth [see the illustration on p. 516], and you see at a glance the superior illusion produced by Wagner's method of stage-setting. Here the natural wildness of the picture is lessened by no compromise with stage-conventions—the rocks do not stop short at the background, but cover the stage; the stormy sky is one great cloud-mass, not a series of overhanging arches of canvas ; the dark cavern seems to reach down into the very bowels of the earth. The stage is no longer a smoothed "arena for protagonists," but the scene of a real-seeming dramatic action. The stage-pictures of *Mime's* Hut, in "Siegfried" [p. 518], and of the first scene in "Das Rheingold" [p. 519], show an equal loving care for complete visual representation. In some fantastic scenes which play in the region of the supernatural, and with which exact realism has, consequently, little to do, Wagner shows how perfectly willing he is to sacrifice pictorial beauty to more purely dramatic considerations. The scenery of *Klingsor's* Magic Garden, in the second act of "Parsifal" [p. 522], came in for not a little pretty sharp criticism when that drama was first brought out at Bayreuth. The coloring (running mostly on violent reds and yellows, with some very vivid greens, if I remember aright) was declared to be garish and vulgar, and the extraordinary size of the flowers was much objected to. Indeed, this scene, as it first meets the eye, does not seem wholly a thing of beauty. But all this garish color, this Brobdignagian vegetation, have their allotted function to perform—a very useful illusion is produced. The flaunting hugeness of the surroundings dwarfs the figures of the *Flower-Girls*—the vivified flowers who try their seductions upon *Parsifal*—to elfin smallness ; those full-grown young women appear like tiny fairies, and all that might seem gross and earthly in the seduction-scene is cured by this dainty prettiness. When I first saw *Parsifal* clambering over the wall at the back I could not, for some moments, believe that it was really Herr Winkelmann, who stands a good six-foot-two-or-three in his stockings. I took the apparition to be a mock "*Parsifal* in perspective"—on the principle of the little pasteboard *Lohengrin* that hitches its way across the back-flat at our theatres before the real *Lohengrin* appears. It was only when he began to sing that I saw that the "*Parsifal* in perspective" and the real *Parsifal* were one ; and then he immediately looked a mile off.

One of the great triumphs of Wagner's system of stage-setting is his method of shifting scenery. In general, he shows himself averse to frequent changes of scene, especially to those sudden changes before the eyes of the spectator of which Shakspere's plays are full. Indeed, he deprecated anything that interrupted the continuity of the dramatic action. In most of his operas and music-dramas one set of scenery does for a whole act. Still, he sometimes found himself forced to shift the scenery *during* an act, and it is his manner of managing such *changements à vue* that is especially novel and poetic in its effect. Such changes as that from *Sachs's* Work-shop to the Field on the Banks of the Pegnitz, in the third act of "Die Meistersinger," or from the Hall of the Gibichungen to the Top of the Brünnhildenstein, in the first act of "Götterdämmerung," do not properly come under this head, for a curtain is dropped during the scene-shifting. All that distinguishes these changes of scenery from the usual ones that are made between two acts is that the orchestra continues playing until the new scene is set, and there is no real wait, or *entr'acte*. But the changes I now speak of especially are those which go on with the curtain raised. Such are all the changes in "Das Rheingold" (the curtain remains raised during the whole of this drama), the changes from the Mountain Pass to the Top of the Brünnhildenstein, in the third act of "Siegfried ;" from the Banks of the

Rhine to the Hall of the Gibichungen, in the third act of "Götterdämmerung;" the changes from the Forest to the Sanctuary of the Grail, in the first and third acts of "Parsifal." These changes of scene are of two kinds—either the scenery is shifted gradually, in sight of the spectator, as in the Descent into Nibelheim, in "Das Rheingold," and the passage from the Forest to the Sanctuary, in "Parsifal," or else the setting of the new scene is hidden behind clouds, as in the change from the Bottom to the Banks of the Rhine, in "Das Rheingold," and some of the changes in "Siegfried" and "Götterdämmerung." Infinitely the most impressive of the changes of the first kind are those in "Parsifal". The Act III. The scenery, which represents a flowery meadow, begins to move slowly from left to right, and a gradually shifting picture thus passes slowly before the spectator's eyes. The field, little by little, becomes dense, and ever denser, forest; the forest, in its turn, changes to rocky gulch or cañon. Soon there appear traces of man's handiwork—the rock appears roughly hewn, and, in almost total darkness, the spectator seems to find himself led through a subterranean passage cut in the solid rock. The change goes on—the rough-hewn rock becomes masonry, and soon we pass into a colonnade, through which we seem to be led until, at last, this underground corridor is seen to issue into the Sanct-



The Magic Garden. Parsifal, Act II., Scene 2.

(From the original sketch for the scenery used at Bayreuth, by the brothers Brückner and P. Joukovsky.)

cut [p. 523] represents the beginning of the transformation in the first act as Wagner originally meant to have it; but as this change was somewhat modified at the performances, at the instigation of Scaria, I prefer to describe the, in every way similar, transformation in uary of the Grail itself [p. 524], which appears before us deserted, dark, almost awful in its solemn architectural grandeur. The impressiveness of this gradual transformation, heightened, as it is, by the ever-increasing and, at last, almost total darkness and the unearthly

Parsifal, Act I., Scene 2.

(From the original sketch for the scenery used at Bayreuth, by the brothers Brückner and P. Joukovsky.)

music of the orchestra, is something of which words are impotent to convey an adequate idea. The *truc* (as the French have it) of a gradually shifting back-flat is by no means new, and has been employed more than once before, notably in spectacular fairy-pieces; but never, surely, has it been used to such majestic solemnity of effect as by Wagner in "Parsifal." And note here that, if any smallest detail had been lacking, if any merely conventional theatrical item had obtruded itself upon the seemingly real scene, the completeness of the illusion would have vanished, and, with it, the unspeakably grand and solemn impression. As an equally impressive example of the second sort of change of scene, let me take the one in the third act of "Götterdämmerung," which takes place after *Siegfried's* death. The stage-setting is shown in the illustration on page 517, which represents an earlier scene in the same act. The men place *Siegfried's* dead body upon his shield and bear it on their shoulders, in sad procession, up the rocky path at the right, to the alternately solemn and martial strains of the now familiar Dead-March. Twilight has set in. As the procession rounds the corner, and gradually disappears from sight, exhalations of evening mist begin to rise from the surface of the Rhine. The mist thickens into fog, and gradually covers the whole ground of the scene; little by little it rises into clouds, which at length hide the whole scene from view, pushing their way up into the nearest foreground. Then, after awhile, the clouds begin to rise, and dissipate themselves into finer and finer mist, which, in gradually vanishing, reveals to us the Hall of the Gibichungen at night, the rays of the moon falling upon the scene through the opening at the back. These mist- and cloud-effects are produced, as is now well known, by jets of steam, at last by steam and a series of gauze curtains combined. Practically the clouds serve as a curtain behind

Parsifal, Act III., Scene 3.

(From the original sketch for the scenery used at Bayreuth, by the brothers Brückner and P. Joukovsky.)

which the scene-shifters can ply their craft unseen by the audience. But the dramatico-poetic superiority of this natural-seeming curtain of cloud over the conventional act-drop, or over the still worse process of shifting scenery piecemeal in full sight of the spectator, can be seen at a glance.

It is impossible to leave this subject of Wagner's system of stage-setting without touching upon his equally noteworthy system of lighting the stage. That he presupposes that the auditorium shall be in as complete darkness as possible, so that all the effects of light shall be confined to the stage alone, and that the scene and what goes forward thereon shall be the only visible objects to the spectator, need hardly be said. The darkened auditorium is with him a *sine qua non*. But, beyond this, his method of lighting the stage itself presents points of especial interest. Wagner's management of light is in quite as strong contrast to old-time theatrical convention as his management of scenery. Here we find another example of his fundamental principle of dramatic performance—that the stage is not to be an "arena for protagonists," but the scene of a real, or real-seeming, dramatic action. The old method was so to arrange the means of lighting the stage—foot-lights, side-lights, and head-lights—that the greatest possible intensity of light should be shed upon the performer, especially upon his face. Where the public was, with reason, supposed to come to the theatre to judge and, if possible, enjoy the performance of certain artists, the point of paramount importance was that these artists should be distinctly *seen*. No smallest detail of their gesture or play of facial expression must be lost upon the spectator. The actor carried the drama on his shoulders, and the actor must be plainly visible. To what lengths of absurdity stage-convention carried this principle I hardly need say here. The

midnight murders that have been committed on the stage amid a blaze of light fit only for instantaneous photography must be ever-present to the memory of habitual theatre-goers. But with Wagner the play is the thing, not the actor. As his scenery is realistic, or romantically poetic, so also is his stage-lighting. His first principle is so to light the stage that the scene shall seem real. With him night is night, and day is day; evening and morning twilight are themselves, and nothing else. Shadows are cast *from* the sun and moon, and not *toward* them. If in some of the interiors at Bayreuth the light on the stage differs little from that at ordinary theatres, the out-of-door scenes are lighted in a manner utterly at variance with theatrical convention. The imitation of direct or diffused sunlight or moonlight is wonderfully perfect. The light seems all to come from one point; not from a point twenty, or thirty, or forty feet distant, but from the very sun or moon itself. Trees cast their proper shade. Then the illusion of out-of-door atmosphere is complete. One of the worst results of the crude glare cast upon the stage by the old method of lighting, especially in out-of-door scenes, was that the atmosphere seemed, so to speak, burnt up, and the dramatic action had too much the appearance of going on in a vacuum. With Wagner's often brilliant, but never garish, stage-lighting, effects of atmosphere are possible. These effects are produced by large curtains, not of gauze, as has sometimes been reported, but of coarse twine netting. These net-curtains are so hung that little or no direct light is shed upon them, and they are practically invisible to the spectator; but they produce just that effect of a denser atmosphere on the horizon which is noticeable in the real landscape, and also aid greatly in producing effects of atmospheric perspective. The range of hills at the back of the stage in the third act of "Parsifal" looks a good ten or twelve miles off. In the last few years I have seen similar net-curtains used for the same purpose at some of our theatres, but never with equally good results. The netting itself is too plainly visible, and no illusion is produced. The nets are, in the first place, made of too white a twine, and, as they are generally hung bias, the diagonal lines formed by the rhomboidal, or diamond-shaped, meshes are exceedingly liable to catch the light. The Bayreuth atmosphere-nets are of the natural écru-color of the hemp, and, unless my memory plays me foul, are hung so that the mesh-lines run vertically and horizontally, instead of obliquely. Quite as noteworthy as Wagner's imitations of sunlight and moonlight, and of natural out-of-door atmosphere, are his effects of partial or total darkness. As, practically, no light comes from the auditorium, he can throw his stage into complete darkness whenever the nature of the scene requires it. As the curtain rises on the second act of "Götterdämmer-

Parsifal and the Flower-Girls.

(From a photograph from life, by Carl Glessel, Bayreuth.)

ung, *Hagen* and *Alberich* are, at first, absolutely invisible, so dark is the stage; and, throughout the first scene, their figures are to be seen distinctly only at moments when the thick clouds part and the moon casts its light upon the couple. Of course, old-school stage-managers will object here that this darkness of the stage nullifies at once one of the actor's most valuable means of dramatic effect—it renders his play of feature invisible. But Wagner takes his effects where he can find them strongest; and if he can obtain greater dramatic force from the elements than from the actor, he does not hesitate to do so. Surely no gesture or facial expression that any actor ever had at command could produce an effect commensurate with that feeling of terror, in face of the supernatural, which seizes upon the awe-struck listener as *Alberich's*

> Sei treu, Hagen, mein Sohn!
> Trauter Helde, sei treu!
> Sei treu!—treu!

rings out, as from the very throat of black night itself, as the fell Nibelung gradually vanishes from sight.

Having shown the fundamental guiding principle, and some of the more important details of Wagner's stage-setting, let me now consider some of the characteristic points in his system of stage-management. Here we find him even more at variance with old methods than before. In the old opera the chief, if not the only, business of the chorus was to sing; the manner in which they were grouped on the stage was determined by certain practical considerations, which were, indeed, of some weight. They must enter upon the scene in the way least likely to create confusion; once on the stage, they must be so grouped as to leave a sufficient space free for the principal singers, and also so as to insure the best possible musical effect. The now familiar conventional placing of the chorus in two double lines, one on each side of the stage—sopranos and tenors on the left, contraltos and basses on the right—was the result. This was quite as much a piece of stage-convention as the "trapezoidal clearing in a virgin forest;" as we saw, in the one case, a regular line of painted trees on each side of the clearing, conventionally suggestive of a forest, so do we here see two corresponding rows of singers, conventionally suggestive of a crowd. In one case, as in the other, the smoothed arena is left free for the protagonists. Now, Wagner overthrew this military precision of arrangement completely. With him the chorus, together with the non-singing supernumeraries, have but two functions—either they are passive, but always more or less interested, spectators of the dramatic action, or else they take actual part in the action itself. In both cases the manner of their coming upon the stage, their grouping and their action thereon, are to be regulated by one principle, and by one only—they must produce the illusion of reality. I am here tempted to make two citations from Wagner's own writings, which, although they have to do especially with scenes in "Tannhäuser," an opera not yet given at Bayreuth, give a clearer idea of his management of masses on the stage than anything else I can think of. He writes:

> Let the stage-manager see to it that the processions in "Tannhäuser" be not conducted on the customary marching plan that has become so stereotyped in our opera-performances. Marches, in the accustomed sense, are not to be found in my later operas; and, accordingly, if the entrance of the guests into the Singers' Hall (Act II., Scene 4) is to be so managed that chorus and supernumeraries march on in couples, make the favorite serpentine procession round the stage, and then place themselves in two military rows along the side-scenes, expectant of further operatic occurrences, I only beg that the orchestra play to this some march from "Norma" or "Belisario," but not my music. On the other hand, if it is thought good to retain my music, the entrance of the guests must be so ordered as to imitate real life, and this, too, in its noblest and freest forms; away with that painful regularity of the traditional marching drill; the more manifold and unconstrained are the groups of arriving guests, as of separate families and parties of friends, the more captivating will be the effect of the whole entry.

Again he writes, in another place:

> For the performance of my "Tannhäuser" in Paris I had rewritten the first scene in the Venus Mountain, and carried out on a larger plan what had previously been only cursorily indicated. I called the ballet-master's attention to how very nonsensically the wretched, mincing little *pas* of his mænads and bacchantes contrasted with my music, and asked

Parsifal, Act II., Scene 1.

(From the original sketch for the scenery used at Bayreuth, by the brothers Brückner and P. Joukovsky.)

him to invent instead, and have performed by his corps, something daring and wildly sublime, that should correspond to the bacchanalian groups represented on famous antique bas-reliefs. The man whistled on his fingers, and said: "Ah, I understand you; but for that sort of business I should have to have all *premiers sujets;* if I were to breathe a word of this to my people, and show them the attitude you mean, we should have the *can-can* on the spot, and we should be lost."

This last is particularly suggestive, for it has to do with the one scene in all Wagner's works, since "Rienzi," in which the *corps de ballet* is brought into play—a scene which seems to bear considerable external resemblance to the conventional operatic *ballet divertissement*, but which differs therefrom utterly in its real character. I have seen this scene most sumptuously mounted in Munich, but with no better artistic results than those which Wagner probably had to put up with in Paris. The "wretched, mincing little *pas*" of the dancers—not to speak of the quite conventional short skirts of the *premières*—contrasted violently enough with the otherwise Hellenic character of the scene. It is highly probable that this scene will never be correctly mounted until "Tannhäuser" is given at Bayreuth. But a visible example, or suggestion, of what Wagner demanded in scenes of this description is to be found in the seduction-scene in the second act of "Parsifal," as it is given at Bayreuth. There is, to be sure, no dancing in this scene, but its general dramatic character is very similar to that of many operatic ballet-scenes; indeed, it recalls vividly the scene between *Robert* and the *Nuns*, in Meyerbeer's "Robert le Diable," and any dramatic composer but Wagner would undoubtedly have turned it into a ballet. Here the *Flower-Girls* (vivified flowers) who ply *Parsifal* with their fascinations run about the stage in absolute disorder; what little grouping there is seems purely accidental. Each girl wants *Parsifal* for herself; and the way they all flock around him, and pull

one another this way and that, in order to get at him, gives no suggestion of concerted or *pre*concerted action. The accompanying cut [p. 525] gives some notion of the lawless freedom of the scene, only it is to be noted that something of the original vivacity of pose has been lost under the fire of the photographer's camera. Still the group shows plainly enough that nothing remains here of that military precision which marks the evolutions of *figurantes* or chorus-singers in conventional opera.

The style of acting which Wagner demands is, essentially, that which the best modern taste requires in heroic spoken drama. The meaningless, merely conventional gesticulation of the traditional opera-singer is to be replaced by all the subtile, natural-seeming, and dramatically effective histrionism which has hitherto been more especially associated with the non-lyric stage in its best estate. The actors are not to address themselves to the front benches, or to the chandelier—that time-honored repository of heroic aspirations—but to one another. There is, however, one point which actors of Wagner's music-dramas are, almost everywhere, too prone to overlook, and which is of the most vital importance. This is the intimate and indissoluble connection, which exists throughout, between the music in the orchestra and the dramatic action on the stage. The anecdote about "Lohengrin," that I told at the beginning of this article, is a fair example of what I mean. It is not enough for the singing actor to know the text and music of his own part in a scene; not enough, even, for him to know the parts of those who play with him; he must know the orchestral score of the scene—or, at worst, the piano-forte transcription thereof—by heart. The Wagnerian actor who does not know the score of all the scenes in which he takes part is in as bad a case as the pianist who knows only the solo part in the concerto he is to play. This complete knowledge is necessary not merely to insure the perfection of certain realistic details, as when Wagner wrote, as a foot-note to *Tannhäuser's* song to *Venus*, in the first act of the opera: "This harp accompaniment must be copied into the part given to the singer, that he may learn it, and seem to play it on the mock instrument he carries on the stage." It is necessary for a far more important purpose—the actor's by-play is often to be regulated by what music is going on in the orchestra. In the spoken drama an actor's by-play is conditioned by one of two things—by what goes on around him, or by the emotions that arise in the breast of the character he impersonates. The same is true in Wagnerian music-drama, only that here the actor is less free to put in what by-play he chooses and, especially, *when* he chooses. In Wagner's music-dramas there is not a little dumb-show, and this dumb-show is, in every case, accompanied by appropriately expressive and illustrative orchestral music. The actor is in duty bound, not only to assume the required expression of face, and perform the proper pantomimic action, but, also, so to regulate his acting that every change of facial expression, every gesture and movement, shall fall pat with the corresponding musical phrase or accent in the orchestra. There must be this quasi-Leibnitzian *harmonia præstabilita* between the orchestral music and the histrionic act if the illusion is to be produced that both music and act are essentially one, only apprehended by us simultaneously through two different senses. Without such "pre-established agreement" the full realization of Wagner's dramatic ideal is impossible; and to what minutiæ of detail he wished it carried can be appreciated only after a very careful study of certain scenes in his works. Here is one of the points where the average actor of Wagnerian music-drama is weakest; and, it must be admitted, even the Bayreuth performances leave much to be desired in this respect. I remember saying to a high authority on matters Wagnerian, after first seeing "Parsifal," at Bayreuth, in 1884, that, of all the members of the double cast of the drama, Frau Materna and Herr Scaria seemed to me the only ones who had completely grasped, digested, and assimilated Wagner's idea. The answer was: "*Na!* between you and me, you are perfectly right!" (*Sie haben vollkommen recht.*) And, if Bay-

reuth is not quite perfect in this matter, what shall be said of performances of Wagner's works elsewhere? If any of my readers should have the curiosity to see for themselves (in their mind's eye, of course) what effect can be produced by this accurate agreement between the actor's pantomime and the music in the orchestra, let them turn to "Die Meistersinger," Act III., beginning of Scene 3,* and to "Die Walküre," Act I., Scene 1, † and compare the elaborate stage-directions with the music. A pretty accurate knowledge of the various leading motives is to be presupposed.

If the too common lapses in the matters of stage-setting, stage-management, and acting, that are to be deplored in most performances of Wagner's works, give the unguarded spectator an incomplete idea of the character of these works themselves, and enable him to form only an approximate notion of their dramatic beauty and power, the equally frequent lapses from correctness of style in the matter of musical performance (singing and playing) place him in a still more helpless predicament, for they give him an absolutely wrong idea. Few of Wagner's ideas on the subject of musico-dramatic performance have been so generally misunderstood, it seems to me, as his ideas on the art of singing, and the demands he made upon singers, as such. Many critics, even of acknowledged Wagnerian proclivities, seem to have the haziest notions on this head. That there is a certain excuse for this must be admitted. In reading such theoretical works as "Oper und Drama," and others that came from Wagner's pen, it is, perhaps, not unnatural to hold fast by that upon which he threw the greatest stress, and to forget, or undervalue, that which he emphasized less strongly. Again, it is natural for the average art-lover, who does not, as a rule, care to dabble in theoretical reading, to get his ideas of Wagnerian performance from the practical examples that have come within the scope of his own experience. But it should be remembered that, because this or that singer is famous in Wagnerian rôles, and has been highly praised by the master himself, it does not necessarily follow that he is a model of all the artistic virtues that Wagner prized. No more does it necessarily follow, because Wagner valued a fine stage-presence, good acting, distinct enunciation, and correctness of rhetorical accent more than he did singing, in its purely musical aspect, that he did not value fine singing at all. Wagner, like the rest of us, had to put up with the best he could get; the artists he had to do with were Germans, who, as he himself admitted, "have, as a rule, but little talent for singing." The notion that Wagner cared nothing for fine singing, and was willing, and even glad, to dispense with it in performances of his works, seems to me utterly without foundation. That he strongly deprecated that somewhat foppish preciosity of style which belongs to "Bellini-and-Donizetti opera," and of which Rubini was probably the most perfect exponent, is true enough. But between this and the almost total absence of musical phrasing, the mere declamatory shouting that we have heard from some loudly acclaimed singers in Wagnerian rôles, there lies a considerable distance; and it is, to me at least, indubitable that Wagner's ideal lay somewhere between these two limits. Frau Materna once told me that Wagner's own singing of passages in the "Nibelungen" and "Parsifal," when he showed his singers how this or that phrase ought to go, as he often had occasion to do at the Bayreuth rehearsals, was literally the despair of all the artists present. She said that his voice was bad and his vocalization very defective, but that the lyric purity, perfection, and poignant expressiveness of his musical phrasing were simply astounding. If, for the Bayreuth festivals, he chose some artists because they had a fine stage-presence and were good actors, apparently overlooking the fact that they were poor singers and often sang out of tune, it was simply because, with him, good acting was a *sine qua non*; and eye-witnesses at the rehearsals report, quite credibly, that he, more than once, expressed himself in no measured terms about the singing of these very artists. Indeed, it is said that, after the first "Nibelungen" festival, in 1876, Wagner was sorry that he had given the part

* Tausig's pianoforte-score, pp. 273-276.
† Klindworth's pianoforte-score, pp. 8-16.

of *Siegfried* to Georg Unger, with all his superb stage-presence, instead of to Heinrich Vogl, who would have sung it better. Whether this be true or not, it may safely be asserted that, in general, the often ungainly singing, false intonation, and poor vocal phrasing of some, even of the famous singers of Wagnerian rôles, were things that Wagner had, perforce, to put up with, but which neither pleased nor satisfied him.

And, upon the whole, it should be said, emphatically, that good singing and musical phrasing are of importance in the Wagnerian music-drama; of less importance than good acting and a distinct enunciation of the text, but by no means valueless for all that. What Wagner did deprecate in singing was anything that tended merely to display the singer's voice; the prolonged sustaining of high notes, after the Italian fashion, was his pet abhorrence. Many a *Lohengrin* has come in for a sound rating from him for dwelling too long on "*Elsa, ich liebe dich!*" He abominated all those "heroic" vocal effects with which Italian singers are wont to bring down the house. His first demand was that every word and syllable of the text should be distinctly heard by the listener. And this brings me to a point in which almost all performances of Wagner's dramatic works that I have heard, in Germany, England, and America, agree in being sadly incorrect. The orchestra almost everywhere plays too loud, either drowning the singers' voices or else forcing them to inordinate vocal exertions to make themselves heard. Nothing could have been more un-Wagnerish than the almost continual shouting that marred the otherwise fine performances of "Tristan" at the Metropolitan Opera House last winter; and what was worst of all was that this strenuous vocal effort was necessary. The reckless way in which Herr Seidl threw the reins upon the neck of his orchestra made it so; and Herr Seidl is not alone in this—it is done almost everywhere where Wagner's operas and music-dramas are given. It may possibly be objected here, that if Wagnerian opera is given "almost everywhere" in this way, in the most famous opera-houses and by the most noted conductors and singers, is it not likely that this way is right? A thousand times No! Hear what Wagner himself says about the manner in which his works are usually given in Germany. I may change the phraseology, for I quote from memory, but of the purport I am sure. Some years ago, when the proposed scheme of giving the complete cyclus of Wagner's works at Bayreuth had to be abandoned for lack of the needful funds, Wagner wrote to a friend: "Perhaps it is, after all, better as it is. It is quite possible for me to mount the 'Nibelungen' and 'Parsifal' at Bayreuth; these works are new. But for the 'Holländer,' 'Tannhäuser,' 'Lohengrin,' and 'Die Meistersinger'—perhaps even for 'Tristan'—I should have to employ absolutely green hands, who, as such, might be unable to cope with their task. For there is hardly a singer of any experience or eminence, in Germany, who has not repeatedly sung in these works; and as such singers have thus become accustomed to doing almost everything wrong, it would be hopeless for me to try to lead them into the right path." But the best reply is furnished by Bayreuth itself. There you hear little or no shouting; the beautifully moderate playing of the orchestra makes it possible for the singers to use the *mezza voce* almost everywhere, except in passages of extreme passionate violence. Hardly a word is lost; and the singers sing easily and humanly, without excessive exertion. Even for the "Ride of the Valkyrior" (in "Die Walküre"), which we know here as a rather striking example of powerful orchestration, Wagner said to the orchestra, at one of the Bayreuth rehearsals, in 1876: "Gentlemen, I want a great deal of accent here, but little noise" (*sehr viel Accent, aber wenig Lärm*). Indeed, not a little of the bad singing we too often hear in Wagner's operas is quite sufficiently accounted for by the fact that the singers are too hard pushed by the orchestra. Of the specifically un-Wagnerian singing, of which we hear not a little, much comes, doubtless, from an ingrained and inveterate operatic habit. The effective "final cadence that brings down the house" is something that few singers can be prevailed upon to forego. I wonder how many habitual opera-goers, who are familiar with "Die Walküre," are aware

that *Siegmund's* love-song, in the first act, really ends *piano;* I, for one, have never heard it sung so. Upon the whole, it may be said that just those vocal effects which are so telling, stirring, and perfectly in place in operas like "Aïda," or the "Prophète," are precisely the ones Wagner did not wish for in his own works. But it is not merely the ordinary "heroic" effects, and the "final cadence that brings down the house," so dear to the hearts of case-hardened opera-singers, that Wagner deprecated. Foreign as such things are to the spirit of his music, there is still another thing which he held in equal abhorrence. This is the rhythmic liberties habitually taken by opera-singers—the whole unrhythmic style of singing prevalent on the operatic stage.

In the old, traditional Italian opera the lyrical numbers had, as a rule, so simple, strongly marked, and perspicuous a rhythm that no irregularity in the singing, no *rubato* phrasing, could very well make it incomprehensible, if the singer was only possessed of a decent rhythmic sense. Retarding here, and hurrying there, imparted a certain expressive vivacity to the phrase, besides allowing the singer to make play with his voice at effective points. And this was all the more legitimate that the phrase itself was usually so simple in outline that this quasi-distortion did not hinder its being readily grasped by the listener. In the recitatives, on the other hand, there was no question of any rhythm at all; the singer was free to give the notes what value he pleased.

Now, what Wagner wrote for his singers, especially in his later works, is equally far removed from the regular rhythmic *carrure* of the lyrical numbers, and from the absolutely unrhythmic character of the recitatives, in Italian opera. No doubt there is not a little in his music-dramas that might be called recitative without an inordinate stretching of terms. But he was far from intending the singer to take any marked rhythmic liberties even here. As far back as "Tannhäuser," Wagner writes:

> In my opera no distinction holds good between those passages which are to be "sung," as the phrase goes, and those which are to be "declaimed;" on the contrary, my declamation is, at the same time, singing, and my singing, declamation. The definite cessation of "singing," and the definite beginning of the customary "recitative," by which the singer's performance in opera is divided into two wholly different styles, does not exist in my works. I do not recognize at all the real Italian recitative, in which the composer hardly indicates the rhythmic element in performance, but leaves it to the singer's discretion; in passages where the poetry sinks from the more impassioned lyrical plane to the homelier level of mere emotional speech I have never forfeited my right to determine the style of performance quite as precisely as in outbursts of lyric song. Therefore, he who confounds such passages with the customary recitatives, and alters and transforms their rhythmic character accordingly, distorts my music quite as much as if he added new notes and harmonies to my lyric melody.

If this principle holds good in "Tannhäuser," it is of threefold weight in the later music-dramas. At the beginning of *Wotan's* long narrative: "*Als junger Liebe Lust mir verblich*, etc.," in the second act of "Die Walküre," we accordingly find the direction, "*streng im Zeitmaass*" (in strict time)—a direction which probably recurs oftener in Wagner's scores than in those of any other dramatic composer. Shamefully as this principle is disregarded by most singers who have to do with Wagner's music-dramas, we have had here at least one noteworthy example of its complete application—Albert Niemann. Whatever this distinguished artist's singing may not be, it is thoroughly Wagnerian in its persistently rhythmic quality.

I have shown here what seem to me the most important elements of correct musico-dramatic performance according to Wagner's ideas, laying especial stress upon such principles and details as are oftenest neglected, and in the practical following-out of which the Bayreuth Theatre stands, as yet, solitarily alone. And, as I have said, it is by this faithful adherence to Wagnerian principles that the importance of Bayreuth, as the headquarters of Wagner's art, still maintains itself.

SETH'S BROTHER'S WIFE.

By Harold Frederic.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE SHERIFF ASSISTS.

WHILE Isabel sat over the stove in the cold, austere parlor of the Warren house, with its ancient furniture, the never-failing photograph album, and those huge pink shells on the mantel-shelf, without which no rural home used to be complete—waiting for she scarcely knew what—strange things were going forward in the home of the Fairchilds.

On the forenoon of this same day, Thursday, there had been a gathering in the office of the Thessaly *Banner of Liberty*. It was the publication day of the paper, but for once it went to press without enlisting even the most careless scrutiny, let alone the solicitude, of its editor-proprietor. He had more serious business on hand. Closeted with him in the little editorial room, whose limited space had rarely before been so taxed, were Beekman, Ansdell, the District Attorney, the Sheriff, and the younger of the dead man's two New York partners, a shrewd, silent, long-faced man. Seth had desired to be of the party, but his brother had sent him off, to return after dinner.

These men gravely discussed some subjects with which our readers are familiar, and some now first brought to light. John had a letter from Annie, sent by hand the previous evening, detailing the strange things Milton had said to her about the black mare. Ansdell and Mr. Hubbard, the partner, recited how they had discovered that Albert Fairchild, on the preceding Monday, sold $16,000 worth of Government bonds, and the abortive effort he made to so arrange the transfer that it would not be traced. Beekman recalled how the black mare had balked on the edge of the gulf the day after the murder—for they all thus characterized it now. Later, the Coroner came in by appointment, and, in the presence of the dreaded District Attorney, was meekness itself. He even heard that two physicians were to go out with the party, and make an examination, without taking offence.

After the noon-day dinner the gathering was reinforced by the two doctors and by Seth, the latter devoured by curiosity, and vexed at being kept so long in the dark. Soon after, all of the party save the Sheriff made their way to the Fairchild house, driving by twos or threes, and at intervals, to avoid exciting suspicion. It was after the arrival of the last division that Ansdell met Isabel, and advised her to stay away from the house for a time.

The two surgeons and the Coroner went silently into the parlor, and closed the door behind them. In the living-room Ansdell, Hubbard, John, and the District Attorney took chairs around the stove, having given word that Milton, who was off on the other side of the hill, arranging the sale of some apples, should be sent in to them when he arrived, which could not be very long now. In the kitchen, opening back from the living-room as this in turn did from the parlor, Seth and Beekman sat with the three women of the household.

These latter had been told that something was going on, or rather had inferred it from being forbidden to leave the room, and were agog with puzzled excitement. They had no clew, save a vague understanding that important personages were in the front portions of the house, but Alvira and Melissa stole unhappy glances toward Seth, in uneasy fear that the worst suspicions born of Samantha's recital were to be realized in fact. Aunt Sabrina, sitting with her shawl wrapped about her gaunt shoulders, and with her feet on a piece of wood in the oven, did not know of this story which gave point to the other women's anxiety, but was in misery between a deep yearning to learn what had happened, and a pessimistic conviction that it must be another addition to the Fairchilds' load of calamities.

They heard Milton drive up presently, and hail Dana with instructions to put the horse out, and a query concerning the several strange vehicles under the shed. Then he came into the kitchen, stamping his feet with the cold, and walking straight to the stove to warm his hands. It was growing dark in the low room, and he did not recognize Beekman.

Seth delivered his errand, saying that his brother John wished to see Milton, as soon as he returned, in the living-room. The hired man gave the speaker a curious glance, and, after a moment or two of hand-warming, went in to learn what was wanted.

Almost as he closed the door behind him, the Sheriff entered the kitchen from the outside, and after an interrogative glance toward Beekman, which the latter answered by a nod, drew up a chair leisurely by the stove.

"Who'd a thought it 'd a turned out so cold, 'fore the moon changed?" he asked of the company collectively. "Hev yeh got any cider abaout handy? 'N' a daoughnut, tew, ef yeh don't mine."

While Melissa was in the cellar, the Sheriff, who was a Spartacus man, and a stranger to both Seth and the females, asked of Beekman: "What did yeh agree on fer a sign?"

"Th' shakin' of th' stove."

Seth had been annoyed all day at the pains taken by John to keep the facts of the enterprise now in hand from him, and he displayed so much of this pique in the glance he now cast from the Sheriff to Beekman, that the latter felt impelled to speak:

"P'raps you disremember my askin' yeh t' other day 'baout whether yer brother had much money on him that night. Well, we've settled thet point. He did hev'—'n' 'twas a considerable sum, tew—'baout sixteen thaousan' dollars."

"No!" Seth's exclamation was of incredulous surprise.

"Yes, sixteen thaousan'. We knaow it."

"Oh! I remember now," said Seth, searching his impressions of the night. "I remember that when I said he might fail to be nominated, he slapped his breast two or three times as if he had something in the pocket. By George! I wonder——"

"Yeh needn't waste no more time wond'rin'. Thet was it! 'N' d'yeh knaow what he was goin' to dew with thet money? No, yeh daon't! He was agoin' to buy me! I wouldn't say this afore aoutsiders; I dunnao's I'd say it to yeou ef your paper wa'n't so dum fond o' pitchin' into me fer a boss, 'n' a machine man ez yeh call it, 'n' thet kine o' thing. Yer brother hed th' same idee o' me thet your paper 's got. He was wrong. They tell me ther air some country caounties in th' State where money makes th' mare gao. But Jay ain't one of 'em. Yer brother wanted to git into Congress. Ther was nao chance fer him in New York City. He come up here 'n' he worked things pooty fine, I'm baoun' to say, but he slipped up on me. Bribes may dew in yer big cities, but they won't go daown in Jay. I don't b'lieve they's ez much of it done anywhere ez folks think, nuther."

"But this money, then, was——"

"Lemme go on! P'raps this 'd never be'n faound aout, ef yer brother hadn't made mistake number tew in pickin' aout the wust 'n' meanest cuss in th' caounty to be his gao-between. I kin tell mean cusses when I see 'em, 'n' this feller he had was jest *the* dirtiest scalawag I ever did see. I kin stan' a scoundrel in a way ef he's bright abaout it, but this was a reg'lar, natchul born fool. Somehaow in th' kentry, these men don't seem to hev no sense. Ef they're goin' to rob a man, or set his barns afire, or kill him, they dew it in the darnedest, clumsiest saort o' way, so they're sure to git faound aout the minute anybody looks an inch beyond his nose into th' thing. It makes a man ashamed to be a kentryman to see th' foolish way these here blockheads git caught, ev'ry time."

The women had been listening intently to this monologue. They looked at one another now, with the light of a strange, new suspicion in their eyes.

"Who is this man? Who are you talking about?" Seth asked, eagerly.

At that moment the sound of a stove being shaken vigorously came from the living-room. The Sheriff rose to his feet, and strode toward the door of this room.

"I'll shaow him to yeh in th' jerk of a lamb's tail," he said.

The conversation in the living-room, after Milton entered, had been trivial for a time, then all at once very interesting. He had been disagreeably surprised at finding three men with John, but had taken a seat, his big hands hanging awkwardly over his knees, and had been reassured somewhat by the explanation that Mr. Hubbard, the dead man's partner, was anxious to hear all he could about the sad occurrence. The District Attorney he did not know by sight, and he did not recognize Ansdell, who stood looking out of the window, softly drumming on the panes.

Milton told a lot of details, about Albert's return, about hitching up the grays for him, about how the news was received at the Convention and the like, all recited with verbose indirectness, and at great length. Once he stopped, his attention being directed to a slight sound in the parlor, and looked inquiry. John promptly explained that it was the undertaker, and the hired man went on.

At last the District Attorney, who had hitherto been silent, asked quietly:

"You went back to the stable—to your own room—after Mr. Fairchild drove away?"

"Yes, 'n' went to bed."

"Did you hear anyone enter the stables afterward?"

"No, nary a soul."

"There is a black mare in the stables, used under the saddle. Was she taken out that night?"

"Not thet I knaow of. Why?"

"Well, there seems to be a pretty positive story that she was. She was seen on the road, in fact, late that night, coming from the ravine. The rider was not recognized, but the mare was. How do you account for that?"

"Tain't none o' my business to 'caount for it." Milton did not like the tendency of the conversation.

"No, I know that, but we are interested in finding out. I don't think you know me—I am the District Attorney—and I shall take particular pains to find out."

A gulf suddenly yawned before Milton's feet, and he made a prompt, bold attempt to leap it. "I didn't like to say nothin' 'baout it, being as it's in th' fam'ly"—he cast an uneasy glance at John here—"but Seth Fairchild rides th' mare a good deal. I did hear somebody saddlin' th' mare, but I took it fer granted it was him, 'n' sao I didn't git up. It 'd be jes like him, I said to myself, to go ridin' in th' moonshine. He's thet sort of a feller, naow ain't he, John?"

The sound of his own voice frightened Milton as he went on, and his closing appeal to the brother for corroboration carried the nervous accent of fear. John did not answer, but rose and walked over to join Ansdell at the window.

"Of caourse," Milton began, in a lower voice, to which he sought to give a confidential tone, "I don't wan' to say nothin' agin Seth. Of caourse, he's John's brother, 'n'——"

The words were cut short by the rolling back of one of the parlor doors, and the entrance of the three doctors. The Coroner, who came last, pulled the door shut again. The older of the other two came to the District Attorney and said, with deliberate distinctness:

"We are both prepared to swear that Mr. Fairchild's death was caused by a gunshot wound in the head."

It was then that John sprang to the stove, and shook its grate vehemently.

At sight of the Sheriff, who advanced upon him with a directness which left no ambiguity as to his purpose, Milton rose excitedly from his chair, cast a swift, scared glance around the company, and then, while the handcuffs were being snapped upon his wrists, began to whimper.

"I didn't do it! It's a put-up job! It's them brothers o' his thet allus hankered after his money, 'n' naow they got it they're tryin' to put the thing on me. 'N' his wife, tew, thet stuck-up city gal, she——"

"Come naow, yeou better shut up," said the Sheriff, sententiously. "Th' more yeh say th' wuss it'll be fer yeh."

Most of the men present averted their gaze during the brief period of alternate threats and cringing, of rough curses and frenzied fawning on the Sheriff, the District Attorney, and even the Coroner, which ensued; but Mr. Hubbard watched it all carefully, with evident interest.

"That is a very curious type of criminal," he said, as the Sheriff and his prisoner left the room; "very curious, indeed! I never saw a murderer before who had so little nerve, and funked so absolutely when he was confronted with detection. Why, I've seen men, guilty as guilty could be, who would deceive even their own lawyers. But such a simpleton as that—he's not worth his rope."

"That is because you are a city man," explained the District Attorney. "You don't know the kind of murderers we raise here in the country. The chances are that your city assassin would be tortured by remorse, if he escaped discovery, and that he committed the deed in a moment of passion. But the rural murderer (I am speaking of native Americans, now) plans the thing in cold blood, and goes at it systematically, with nerves like steel. He generally even mutilates the body, or does some other horrible thing, which it makes everybody's blood boil to think of. And so long as he isn't found out, he never dreams of remorse. He has no more moral perspective than a woodchuck. But when detection does come, it knocks him all in a heap. He blubbers, and tries to lay it on somebody else, and altogether acts like a cur—just as this fellow's doing now, for instance."

A hubbub of shrieks and sobs rose from the kitchen as he finished this sentence, and they with one accord moved toward the door.

The Sheriff, with an eye to his promise to the two men in the kitchen, had led the livid and slinking wretch out to the centre of the room, where the dim candles had now been lighted, and, forcing him to hold up his hands so that the manacles might be fully visible, said to Seth:

"Here yeh air! I said I'd shaow him to yeh! Here is the whelp thet did th' mischief. Look at him!"

There was a second of dead silence, as the several listeners took in the significance of his words, and of the spectacle.

The silence was broken by an inarticulate, indescribable cry from Aunt Sabrina. Then came, with startling swiftness, a confusion of moving bodies, of screams, and the rattling of the handcuffs' chain, which no one could follow. When the intervention of the Sheriff and Beekman had restored quiet, it was discovered that the old lady, with an agility of which none could have supposed her capable, had snatched a potato-knife from the table, and made a savage attempt to wreak the family's vengeance upon Milton. She had not succeeded in inflicting any injury, save a slight cut on one of his pinioned hands, and Seth now with some difficulty persuaded her to leave the room.

It fell to Alvira's lot to bind up the bleeding hand—for Melissa, undertaking the task, was too nervous and trembling to perform it.

A little dialogue, in hushed whispers, which only imperfectly reached even the sentinel Sheriff, ensued:

"Sao this is what yeh've come tew!"

"It's all a lie!"

"Oh, don't tell *me!* Ef you'd b'en contented with yer lot in life, 'n' hadn't tried to swell yourself up like a toad in a puddle, this wouldn't a happen'd. But nao, yeh poor fewl, yeh must set yerself up to *be* somebody! 'N' noaw where air yeh?"

Words with which to answer rose to Milton's bloodless lips, but he could not give them utterance. He could not even look at her, but in a dazed way stared at the hand, which he held so that she could wind the bandage in spite of the gyves.

"I didn't use to think yeh was aout-'n-aout bad," she continued, more slowly; "they was a time when yeh might a made a decent man o' yerself—ef yeh'd kep' yer word to me."

This time he did not make an effort to answer.

The task of sustaining the talk alone was too great for her. The tears came into her eyes, and blinded the last touches to the bandage. As it was completed, the Sheriff put his hand roughly on the prisoner's shoulder. The meaning of this movement spread over her mind, and appalled her. With a gesture of decision she stood on tiptoe, lifted her face up to Milton's and kissed him. Then, as he was led away, she turned to the onlookers, and said, defiantly, between incipient sobs:

"I daon't keer! Ef t' was th' last thing I ever done in my life, I'd dew it. We was—engaged—once't on a time!"

CHAPTER XXXIV.

AT "M'TILDY'S" BEDSIDE AGAIN.

"Do you clip over and tell Annie," John had said to Seth, when the first excitement of the scene had passed off, and they stood at the kitchen window, watching the Sheriff's buggy fade off in the dusk down the hill toward Thessaly jail. "It's the thing for you to do—the quicker the better!"

Annie had been home from her day's task some minutes, and sat by her grandmother's bedside. The patient was in a semi-comatose state, breathing with unnatural heaviness, and Samantha had been despatched with all haste to bring a doctor from Thessaly. It seemed terribly probable that Mrs. Warren's last day had come.

Yet as she sat by the curtained recess, holding in her's the withered hand which lay inanimate on the high edge of the bed, Annie still thought very little of the great change impending over her home; she had faced this death in life so long that its climax did not startle her, or wear the garb of strangeness. Instead, she was pondering the unaccountable, unwelcome fact with which Samantha had greeted her on her return—that Isabel was in the adjoining room, and had asked to see her.

What could it mean? What could Isabel's purpose be in coming? And ought she to sacrifice her own feelings to the dictates of politeness, and go in to see this wicked, cruel woman? Perhaps she had come to retract and apologize for the fearful words of Tuesday. Perhaps her intention was to reiterate them, or worse, to recount that now the whole world would know of them—and gloat over her pain. No, that could scarcely be, for, since her interview with Milton, Annie felt satisfied at least of Seth's innocence. But still something new might have been disclosed—Isabel might have evil tidings of some sort with which to overwhelm her afresh. What should she do?

The parlor door was ajar, and though she could not see her visitor, she could plainly hear the snapping of the wood fire within, which Samantha had kindled. Isabel must be perfectly aware of her return, and of her presence in this sick chamber. Every minute that she hesitated would only augment the widow's anger at being thus inhospitably neglected. Even if she had relented, and had come with kindly intent, this reception might alter her impulses.

She rose to enter the parlor, but still stood irresolute, holding her grandmother's hand, when there came the sound of footsteps in the front hall—then of a hasty knock on the door opening from the hall into this room in which she was. She opened the door, and before her, excited and jubilant, stood her cousin Seth.

"I've come to tell you!" he burst out, "It's all cleared up. There *was* a murder. Milton did it! He's just been arrested! I tried to ring your bell, but it didn't seem to work. So I *had* to come in! And now——"

He opened his arms with an unmistakable gesture, and they closed fondly upon an overjoyed maiden, who sobbed upon his breast for very relief.

When she found breath and words, it was to say:

"Oh, you can't guess what I have suffered these last two days; I thought I should never live through them! And now it seems as if I should go wild with joy—as if I couldn't keep my feet down on the floor!"

"Yes, yes, I know, my darling. But we shall be all the happier for this spell of wretchedness. Dry your eyes, pet. There shall be no more thought or talk of tears—much less of dying."

"O Seth!—I forgot!—my grandmother!"

She lowered her voice, and told him her fears.

Hand in hand, and with his arm about her shoulder, they moved softly to the bedside of the dying woman. The noise of the talking, or some less apparent influence, had aroused her from her lethargy. Her pale eyes were brilliant still, with an unearthly light, it seemed to the awed young man, and she rested their gaze fixedly upon the couple.

"Who is that?" she asked in a querulous whisper.

"It is Seth; Granny," the girl answered, relapsing unconsciously into the familiar form she had not used since childhood.

The aged woman restlessly moved her head, and her eyes snapped with impatience at her inability to raise herself from the pillow.

"I won't have him here! Tell him to take his arm away. What's he doin' here, anyway? He desarted yeh! His own father told me so! Tell him to go away! I hate the sight of the hull breed!"

"But he's come back to me, Granny," the girl pleaded, while Seth shrank backward in the shadow of the curtain. "Truly he has, and he's not to blame. And I love him very dearly"—a pressure from the young man's hand answered the sweetness of this avowal—"and he will be all I shall have left when—when—" she stopped, unwilling to conclude her thought in words.

"An' will he take yeh away, an' do by yeh ez a husban' ought to do, or will he take yeh onto that Fairchild farm, an' break yer heart out, ez his father did his mother's, an' ez his uncle did yer mother's, an' ez his brother, so they tell me, is doin' with his wife?"

"Oh, mercy!" the girl exclaimed, involuntarily; then she whispered to Seth, back of the curtains: "What shall I do! I forgot all about it—Isabel is there in the parlor and she has heard every word we've said."

The quick ears of the invalid caught the whispered explanation.

"Isabel!" she said, sharply. "That's Albert Fairchild's wife, ain't it?"

"Yes!" the girl answered. She tried in dumb show to convey to Seth that her grandmother was ignorant of his brother's death.

"Go an' fetch her in here," said Mrs. Warren, with more animation in her voice than it had shown before. "I want to see her—to talk with her."

"But, Granny, you oughtn't to see strangers; you know, the doctor——"

"I guess she ain't much more of a stranger than this young man you've got here. Go an' fetch her, I say! I won't hurt her, an' she won't hurt me."

There was nothing for Annie to do, but go into the parlor, and bow shamefacedly to Isabel, and say, with embarrassment in every syllable: "Excuse me for not coming before, but I think my grandmother is dying. She wants very much to see you. Won't you come, please?"

Isabel had risen to her feet upon Annie's entrance. To the latter's surprise and increased confusion she held forth her hand with a friendly gesture. "Yes, I will come with you," she said, as Annie doubtingly took the proffered hand, and the two women entered the sick-room.

Isabel did not seem to see Seth, who stood at the head of the bed, among the drawn curtains, but walked to the bedside and said, softly: "I am Isabel, Mrs. Warren; I am sorry that our first meeting should find you so low."

"So you're Albert's wife, eh?" The old woman eyed her keenly for what seemed a long time. "I've heered tell o' you. Would you mind gettin' that candle there, on the mantel-piece, an' holdin' it so't I kin see yer face?"

Isabel gravely complied with the request, and stood before the invalid again, with the yellow light glowing upon her throat and lower chin and nostrils and full, Madonna-like brows. Her face was at its best with this illumination from below. She would have been a rare beauty close before the footlights.

"Well," said Mrs. Warren, after a long inspection, "p'raps it'll sound ridiculous to yeh, but yeh don't look unlike what I did when I was your age. The farm ain't had time to tell on yeh yit. But it will! It made me the skeercrow that you see; it'll do the same for you. When I was a girl, I was a Thayer, the best fam'ly in Norton, Massachusetts. We held our heads high, I kin tell yeh. Why, when I brought my side-saddle here, stitched with silk, 'twas the fust one they'd ever seen in these parts. But I married beneath me, an' I come up here into York State to live, on this very farm. With us, farmin' don't mean a livin' death. P'raps we don't hev sich fine big barns ez yeh build here, but our houses are better. We don't git such good crops, but we pay more heed to

education and godly livin'. It's th' diff'rence 'twixt folks who b'lieve there's somethin' else in life b'sides eatin' an' drinkin' an' makin' money, an' folks that don't. Well, I left a good home, an' I come here, an' here I am. Look at me! Look at Lemuel Fairchild's wife, Cicely—she was a relation of yours, wasn't she?—see how the farm made an ole woman o' her, an' broke her down, an' killed her! You're young, an' you're good lookin' yit, but it'll break yeh, sure's yer born. Husban's on these farms ain't what they air in the cities, nor even in the country in New England. I'm told your husban' don't treat you right."

"Don't let us talk about that—please!" said Isabel: she stole a swift, momentary glance toward Seth as she spoke.

The keen eyes in the recess followed this look. "Well, no," the husky, whispering voice went on, "p'raps it ain't none o' my business. But tell me about this young man here—yer husband's brother. I want to know about him."

"What about him?" asked Isabel, slowly, after a pause.

"Why, is he a likely man? Air his habits good? Could he take this girl o' mine—an' she's a good girl, Annie is—could he take her to Tecumsy, an' make a fit home fer her? An' *would* he do it? Would he make her a good husban'—ez good ez she desarves? I ask you, 'cause you know him. I leave it to you—would you yerself marry him ef yeh was free, an' feel safe about him? Come, now, tell me that!"

Isabel hesitated so long that the old woman, seemingly wandering a little after her long, laborious concentration of thought, broke in again:

"Oh, I know 'em! I know 'em! Of all the Fairchildses, there never was one decent one. They stole my daughter, an' let her die 'mongst strangers, an' they made a broken ole woman o' me, an' they slaved Cicely's life out o' her, an' now they want my Annie——"

"No," said Isabel here, speaking softly, and putting her hand on the wasted arm which lay above the coverlet. "I think you wrong Seth. Whatever the rest may have done, I think he will be a good husband to Annie. I am *sure* he will."

No answer, save a low, incoherent murmuring, came from the recess. The invalid had lapsed into the lethargy of exhausted nature. As the trio stood by the bedside even this sound ceased. Nothing was to be heard but the labored, unnatural breathing.

Isabel placed the candle again upon the shelf. She had not removed her bonnet and wrap, and she turned now irresolutely toward the door.

Annie went to her, and silently took her hand. "I forgive you," she whispered. "Was there anything else? Did you want to speak to me?"

"I don't know what I wanted when I came. Let me go now. Perhaps if I said any more, I should hate myself afterward."

And thus, without a glance at Seth, she went.

CHAPTER XXXV.

"SUCH WOMEN ARE!"

THE story, such as it is, is told.

Before the daily press of the State, which had given great attention to the tragedy in Dearborn County, became fairly aware that a mystery attached to it, the wretched Milton had confessed his crime. He had followed and come up with his employer, who stopped at his call. There was a conversation—then the killing. The prisoner made a weak effort to pretend that there was a quarrel first, and that his deed was in self-defence, but he deceived no one. He had, with much difficulty led the grays off the side of the ravine, the murdered man being first thrown over, and the horses and buggy purposely hurled down upon him. There was some angry criticism when it become known that the District Attorney had agreed to accept a plea of murder in the second degree, and the popular explanation—that it was done from motives of consideration for the family—provoked not a few jibes from people who wanted to know why the Fairchilds were any better than other folk. But the course of the law

was not affected by this comment, nor did the District Attorney suffer appreciably from it when he came up the succeeding autumn for re-election. The money was all recovered—and, if you have the influence requisite to obtain a visiting pass to New York's forest-girt prison on the Eastern watershed of the Adirondacks—that terrible subterranean place of woe from which even Siberian jailers might get some hints of new things in anguish—you may still see a thin, bent, evil-faced wretch dragging out existence in the mines, who once was reckoned a likely man in Dearborn County, and who cast its united vote at the most famous of all Tyre's conventions.

The funeral of Albert Fairchild will long be remembered in all the section round. More than one State official attended, and there was a vast concourse of lesser political lights, who kept a shrewd eye upon opportunities for profitable discourse with each other, before and after the services, while they put themselves dignifiedly in evidence before the public by getting their names in the local papers.

There were no surprises to the inner circle of the family when the will came to be read. Subject to the widow's third, the farm was devised in equal parts to the two brothers, but the major share of the other property went to Seth. The partner from New York remained at the homestead long enough to arrange the details by which the widow's portion was bought by the brothers, and her leave-taking accomplished.

John Fairchild lives in high contentment on the ancestral farm. He grows stout now, in the accustomed Fairchild fashion, and though his light ruddy face and brown beard are hostile to the suggestion, people profess to see the family likeness in him as he grows older. Aunt Sabrina especially cherishes this fancy with fondness. She has come to regard this nephew, whom once she so deeply disliked, with some affection and vast esteem, and she devotes her hours to dreaming of the great things he may accomplish as the Fairchild of Dearborn —what time she is not joining Alvira in prayer that he may not be moved to marry a city woman. Thus far there are no indications that he thinks of marrying anyone, and his ambitions seem to take no higher form than the reinvigoration of the *Banner of Liberty*, which he drives over to Thessaly three times a week to superintend, and which, they say, promises soon to blossom into a daily.

One closing scene we may glance at—a pretty room, with modern furniture, and wide, flower-clad windows looking upon one of the best of Tecumseh's residential streets. Annie, grown brighter-faced and yet no older in looks, despite the nearly four years of married life which have gone by, stands at the window with a baby in her arms, and laughs as she tosses the infant forward toward the panes, in greeting to the paternal parent, who is coming up the front steps. The wife is in gay spirits, not only because the head of the house has come home to dinner instead of stopping at the club, but for another reason, compared with which all dinners were trivial.

"Oh, Seth, her first tooth has come through!"

"That so? It's about time, I should think."

His reception of the great tidings is so calm, not to say indifferent, that the beaming wife looks at him in mock surprise. Seth has not aged specially either, but he wears this evening an unwontedly serious expression of face, and gets into his dressing-gown and slippers with an almost moody air.

Baby is brought up in frowning, blinking proximity to her sire and made by proxy to demand an explanation of this untoward gloom, on an occasion which ought to be given over to rejoicing.

"Oh, I'm tired," Seth answers; "and then—then I have a letter which puzzles and annoys me a little."

"Is it anything that I know about?" Annie has seated herself beside him now, and looks sweet inquiry.

"Well, yes. It is a letter from Dent —you know I've let him go down to Washington to get an idea of the place and the men while the session is on—and along with a letter to the paper, pretty good stuff, too, he sends me this personal note. Read it for yourself."

Annie took the letter, and read steadily along through its neat chirography:

"WASHINGTON, March 7th.

"DEAR FAIRCHILD:

"I send a letter going into the silver question from the standpoint of some of the Western men I have talked with. They impress me as being more sincere than sensible on the subject. I think the trip will be of vast service to me—and also, I trust, to the paper.

"Last evening, I met for the second time since I have been here, an elderly gentleman from your part of the State, named Beekman. Like myself, he is down here to look around, and get an idea of things. It is the first time, I should judge, that he has been so far away from home, and his comments are extremely droll—often very clever, too. He seems to know you very well, and asked me to remember him kindly to you, and express his congratulations upon your purchase of a controlling interest in the paper. He wanted me to be sure and say to you that while the experiment of electing Ansdell had worked very well—he seems to admire Ansdell greatly—you mustn't allow that to lead you into the habit of thinking that all bolters are saints and all straight-party men devils. It seems that since he has been here he has encountered some foolish and exceptional Southern Congressman who provoked him by saying '*Your* Government' and '*your* laws' instead of using the pronoun '*our*,' and that has made him a great stalwart again—for the time being."

Annie looked up from the sheet. "I must say I don't see anything in all this to particularly disturb anybody. This seems just the harmless sort of letter I should expect your innocuous Mr. Dent to write."

"Read the rest of it," was Seth's reply.

She went on:

"By the way, I met your sister-in-law among the guests at a reception the other evening, to which Mr. Ansdell kindly secured me an invitation. Her residence on K Street—she gave me the number, which I have somewhere—is said to be one of the most charming homes in Washington. She is very popular in society here, and I am told that you meet her at every fashionable gathering. She was certainly very pleasant with me, when Mr. Ansdell presented me and explained who I was. She especially asked me if I knew what you had named your baby-girl, but I could not tell her."

"*I* could tell her if she asked *me!*" remarked the young wife, grimly. "The very idea!"

"Go on," said Seth—"or I shall feel that we ought to have named her Procrastinatia instead of Annie; get to the end of the thing."

Annie got to the end with a single sentence:

"By the way, it may interest you—and I hope you wont be annoyed at my mentioning it, and indeed you may very possibly have heard it already—to learn that everybody here seems to understand that Mr. Ansdell is shortly to marry your sister-in-law, and he himself, speaking to me, referred to her in a way which amounted to a declaration of the fact."

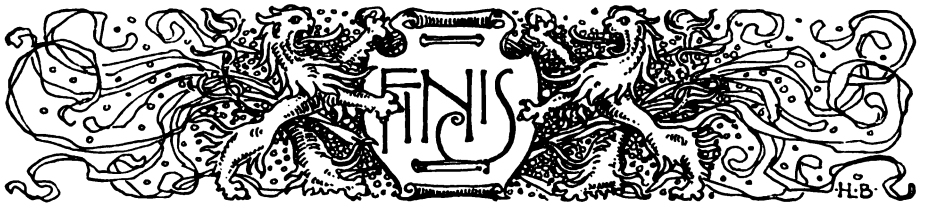
"Well, there you have it!" said Seth, slowly, after a long pause in which husband and wife looked at each other. "That *is* news, isn't it?"

"I should think so!" Annie spoke deliberately, too, turning the letter over with a meditative air, "I should think so!"

The gravity of his wife's tone seemed to Seth to be more profound than the circumstances altogether demanded.

"I don't know after all," he said, in half-apology for his own earlier confession of gloom, "but that it would be a tolerable match. I don't say that they would be happy in the sense that we are happy, my girl; but she has a great many qualities which would make her a helpful wife to an ambitious, successful, masterful sort of public man like Ansdell. Come, now, let's be fair to her. Dent says that she is very popular in Washington."

"Yes," replied Annie, thoughtfully, drawing her daughter closer to her breast, "she always will be popular with people who are not married to her. Such women are!"



THE PHYSICAL CHARACTERISTICS OF THE ATHLETE.

By D. A. Sargent, M.D.

IN spite of their objectionable tendencies, the beneficial effects of athletic sports upon the development of the physique are evident. The nature of this development is governed largely by the constitutional bias of the individual, the sport in which he is engaged, and the time devoted to it.

There is, however, a general development which distinguishes the athletic from the non-athletic class. The tracings given in Chart I.* (p. 542) were made from the measurements of twenty-three hundred Harvard students, of whom seventeen hundred had never practised athletics systematically, while six hundred had been active members of college athletic organizations from one to four years. Many of the former class, however, were accustomed to some form of physical exercise, and the athletic career of many in the second class was limited to a single season.

It may be said, also, that men are often selected for athletics on account of their height and weight, so that the increased size exhibited in such cases cannot always be attributed to the practice of athletic exercises. The chances are, however, that every member of a college team has had more or less previous experience in athletics.

Knowing, as we do, the influence of physical activity upon the development of the individual, it is fair to presume that a like influence will be exerted on the development of a class. The nature of this development may be found by referring to the heavy lines on the chart. Supposing the fifty per cent. line to represent the mean measurements of the non-athletic class, the heavy line at the right of the fifty per cent. line will then indicate the mean relative standing of the athletic class. On the other hand, let the fifty per cent. line represent the mean measurements of the athletic class, and the mean measurements of the non-athletic class will be represented by the heavy line at the left of the fifty per cent. line. The chart as a whole seems to indicate that the first and most marked changes produced upon the physique by the practice of athletics are shown in the weight, girth of chest, hips, thighs, and arms, in breadth of shoulders, and in the increased strength of all parts of the body, while the girth of the neck, waist, and calves, the depth of chest and abdomen, the breadth of neck, waist, and hips, seem to respond more slowly. The total height is slightly increased, through increase in length of the lower extremities, but the sitting height, the girth of head, knees, insteps, wrist, and the length of upper arm and foot are at first hardly altered.

In the athletic class, the excess in development of the right arm tends to establish the fact that our popular games give more employment to the right arm than to the left. The great showing of strength in the forearm of athletes is probably due to the number of tennis-players, boating and base-ball men, that belonged to the class measured. The slight difference between the two classes in the girth of the waist and the calf, and the consequent tendency of the lines to approach at these points, may be easily accounted for. In persons who engage in very active exercise, the girth of the waist will at first diminish, while in persons of less active habit the size of the waist increases. The muscles of the lower leg are generally well developed in the non-athletic class, being the principal muscles brought into play in walking. The depth of abdomen and breadth of waist would not be likely to show a marked change, for reasons already given. The depth of chest and breadth of hips, being principally bone measurements, are slow to

* In order to understand the construction of the charts used in this article, see "The Physical Proportions of the Typical Man," in the July number of this MAGAZINE.

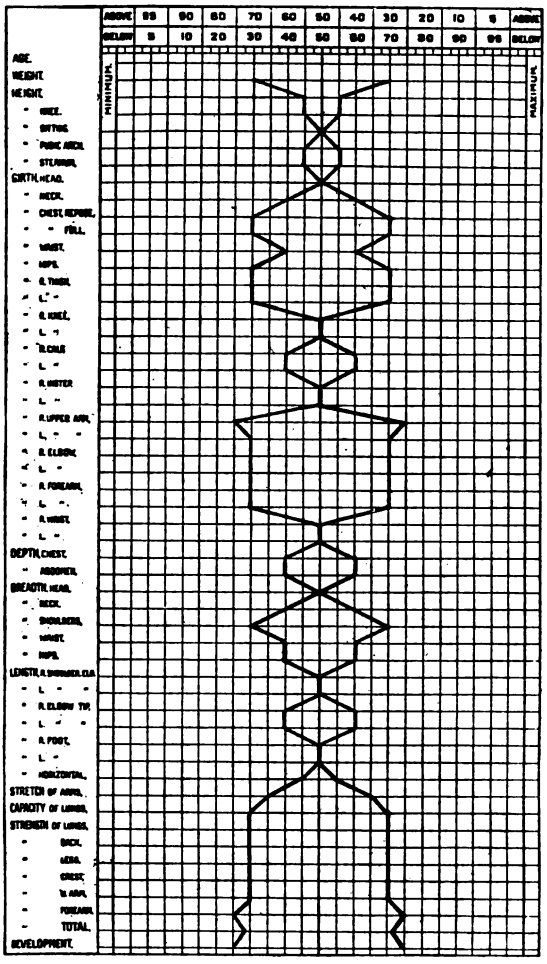


Chart I., showing the comparative measurements of the athletic and non-athletic classes.

respond to exercise. The similarity in the two classes between the mean girth of head, knee, instep, and wrist, and the length of foot, may perhaps be accounted for by the smallness of the athletic as compared with the non-athletic class.

The most significant fact in connection with this diagram is that it shows, in certain directions, the uplifting of a class. The data collected are not sufficient to lead to any satisfactory conclusions as to the trustworthiness of the diagram here plotted. The addition of a few more rowing men, or the subtraction of a few base-ball men, or, in fact, a change in the relative numbers of any of the so-called specialists, might have altered the result.

The improvement of the physique and strength in certain directions is indicated by the strength tests and by the increase in weight, height, chest-girth, etc. How far this development can be attributed to athletics, and how far to gymnastic training remains an open question, as the work on the water and in the field is supplemented by a few months' practice in the gymnasium.

What the gymnasium is doing for the strength and vigor of the masses in some of our institutions of learning may be inferred from a single illustration taken from the records at Harvard University.

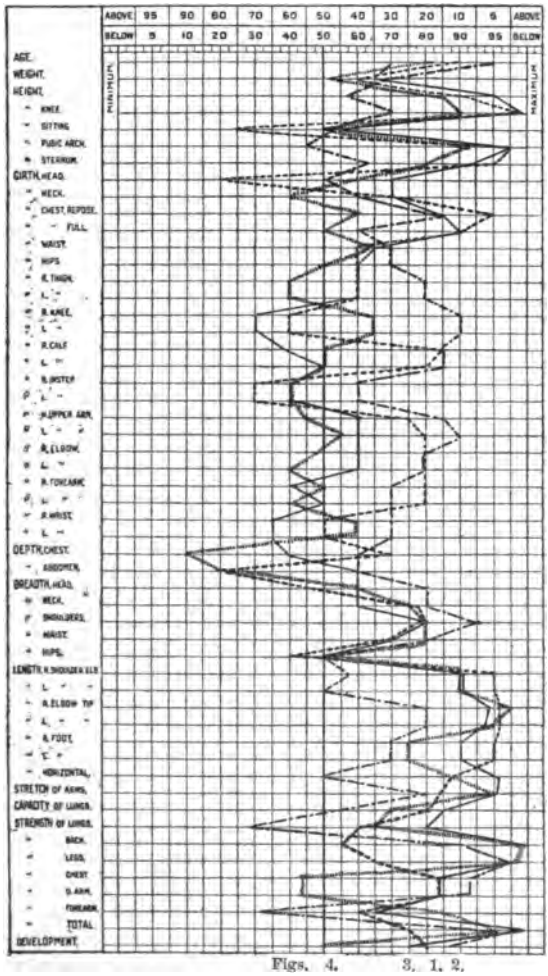
In the year 1880, seven hundred and seventy-six men were physically examined. The strongest man out of this number showed in strength of lungs, back, legs, chest, and arms, as indicated on the chart, a grand total of 675.2. At the close of the summer term of the present year, the highest strength test recorded was 1272.8, and there were over two hundred men in college whose total strength test surpassed the highest test of 1880. This general gymnasium work is therefore reducing the one-sided development once so common with athletic specialists.

It must not be forgotten, however, that there is a development peculiar to the runner, jumper, wrestler, oarsman, gymnast, ball-player, heavy-lifter, etc., and anyone familiar with athletics at the present day can easily recognize one of these specialists. The same training that produced those matchless specimens of human development embodied in the statues of the Gladiator, the Athlete, Hercules, Apollo, and Mercury of old, would produce the same results under similar circumstances at the present time.

With every kind of physical exercise, the qualities at first required are the qualities at length developed. Speed and endurance are required of the run-

ner, and these are the qualities that come to him by practice. In a like manner, skill and activity come to the gymnast and ball-player; and strength and stability to the oarsman and weight-thrower. Most of these qualities are accompanied by physical characteristics. If it were not for the recognized tendency of certain exercises to produce certain results, it would be impossible to prescribe special work for individual cases. All men, however, who practise athletics for the same length of time, and under similar conditions, do not attain identical results in their physical proportions or the same degree of success in their athletic achievements.

In order to illustrate some of the distinguishing features that characterize the development of successful athletes, I have selected representative members of the different athletic organizations in the universities of Yale and Harvard, a few of whom distinguished themselves, within the last two years, by breaking all previous college records for certain events. The photographs of these men, in spite of their dissimilarity, show us certain characteristics common to certain figures, and marked peculiarities of another kind will accompany others. Some of these characteristics are not readily detected by the eye, but appear distinctly in the charts (see Fig. 1, p. 545; Chart II., p. 543). Sixty per cent. of the ten thousand examined failed to surpass this young man in weight, while ninety per cent. fell short of him in stature, and ninety-eight and three-fourths per cent. in height of knee. The sitting height drops back to the twenty-five per cent. class, while the height of the pubic arch, which gives us the length of the thigh, is very near the ninety-seven and a half per cent. line. The position of the sternum would indicate that the neck and head were a little short, thus adding something to the relative length of the short body. In glancing down the line, it will be observed that the girth of most of the bone measurements and the breadth of head and hips are below the mean. The chest is deep and full, standing almost as high proportionally as the length of the lower limbs. The waist, though small for the weight and height, is above the average. The calves are large and the arms well developed, but the thighs are deficient in girth, and do not compare favorably with the other muscle measurements. The arms and feet are long for the girth of the bones and muscles, but are in harmony with the length of the leg and thigh. The capacity of the lungs is very good.



Figs. 4. 3. 1. 2.

Chart II., plotted from Figs. 1, 2, 3, and 4.

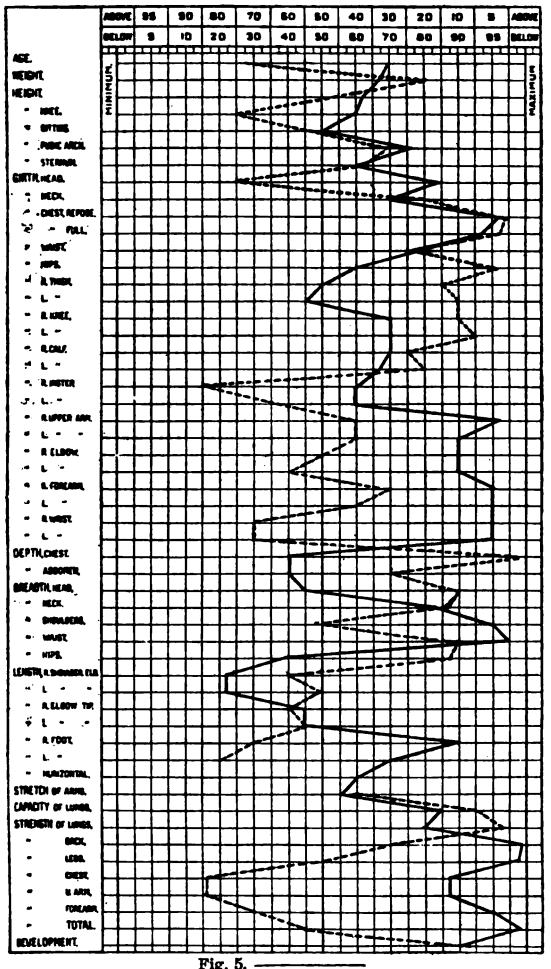


Fig. 5. ———
Fig. 6. - - - - - -

Chart III., plotted from Figs. 5 and 6.

and the strength of the chest and arms is in keeping with the measurements of these parts. The strength of the back, legs, and forearm are deficient, and the total strength is small for the total development.

In looking at the chart as a whole, the striking points are the shortness of the body as compared with the total height, the great length of limbs, the large and deep chest, the well-developed calves and proportionally small thighs. To these points might be added the smallness of the bones as measured by their girth and diameter. A person familiar with zoology and comparative anatomy, in selecting an animal for speed, would unhesitatingly choose one similarly constituted, for many of the points necessary to the development of speed in animals are equally essential in man. These, in a word, are the qualities possessed by the subject of the chart just described, who, though not a professional runner, has made the fastest time for certain distances that has as yet been recorded. That all the qualifications possessed by the subject must necessarily be possessed in the same degree by all runners who would equal his performances would be an idle statement. One might compensate for great length of limb by a greater development of muscle, or for want of chest-capacity by a large supply of nervous energy, etc. We feel prepared to maintain, however, that relatively long limbs with a short body, full chest, and small bones, will characterize the typical short-distance runner wherever he may be found. Short races (100, 220, and 440 yards) are often won by a few inches, and the value of an inch or two in a runner's stride is of the greatest importance, for, other qualifications being equal, this man is bound to be first at the goal.

The small girth of the legs of runners is often mystifying. From the girth of a muscle we get a correct idea of its volume or transverse diameters, but learn little of its length and the extent of its contractile fibres. Whereas it is the length of the muscle, and not the thickness, that is of significance to short-distance runners. Given the physiological fact that a muscle can contract about one-third of its length, it will readily be seen that the longer the muscle the greater will be the movement of the part to which it is attached. To the runner the desired movement is in the elevation of the thigh and the extension and flexion of the leg and foot. An instantaneous photograph of sprint-runners shows

that the range in the movement of the limbs is very extensive—the stride of a fast walker being from four to six feet, and that of a fast runner from six to eight feet. If the stature is short, it is necessary

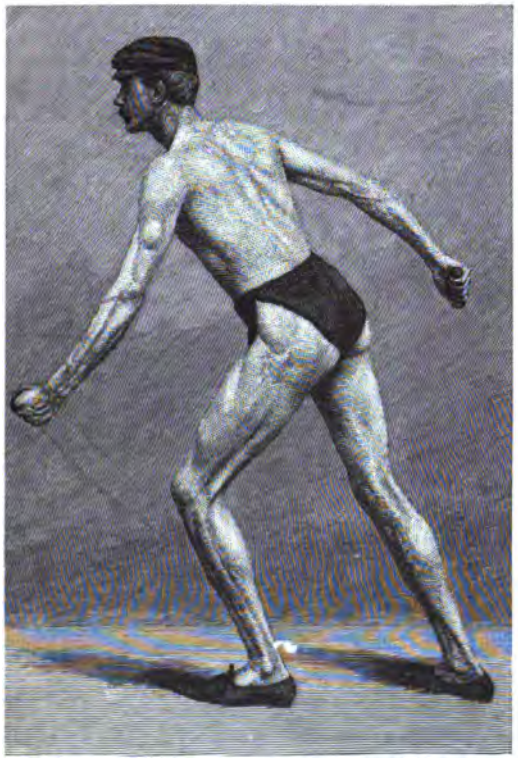


Figure 1.

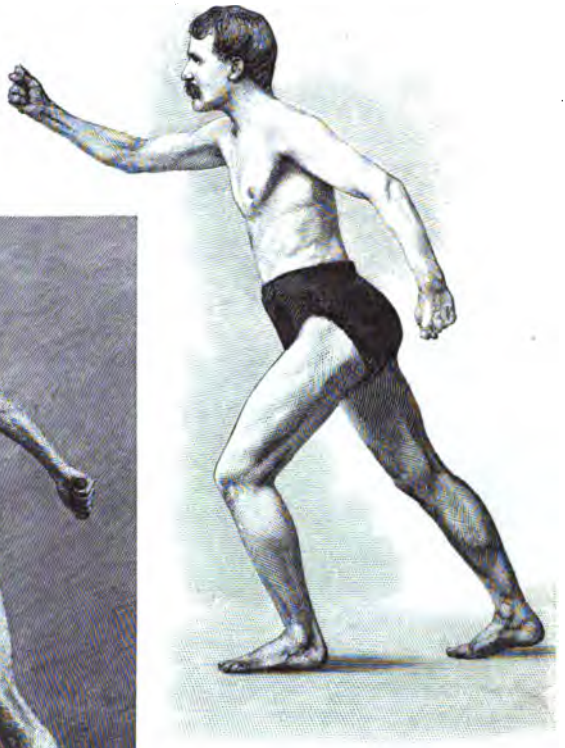


Figure 2.

for the runner to get a greater elevation from the ground at each step in order to maintain a long stride. When this is done a relatively long lower leg is of the greatest advantage. This fact is admirably brought out in the case of Myers, the professional runner. With a height of 5 feet 7½ inches, which is a little below the mean, or fifty per cent. class, he has a length of lower leg which corresponds to a man over 5 feet 10 inches in height, a length of thigh usually found in men of 5 feet 9 inches, while the sitting height is the same as that which makes up the stature of men of 5 feet 4 inches.

Figs. 2 and 4 (pp. 545–6), Chart II., give the physical proportions of two other runners noted for their speed. Fig. 3 (p. 546), with the same chart, represents a walker of some prominence. Many of the characteristics that distinguish the short-distance runner are apparent in this case, but it is difficult to affirm that they would be found in other walkers, as there are not sufficient data at hand to establish any satisfactory conclusions.

In Figs. 5, *a*, *b*, and 6, *a*, *b* (pp. 547–8), Chart III. (p. 544), you will see runners

FIGURE 1.—B——, Harvard, '86; age, 23 years, 7 months; wt., 140 pounds; ht., 5 feet, 10.9 inches. Holds nearly all the amateur records from 100 yards to 440 yards, and the Harvard record for ¼ mile: 100 yards, 10 seconds; 110 yards, 11 1/5 seconds; 130 yards, 13 seconds; 180 yards, 18 seconds; 220 yards, 22 seconds; 440 yards, 47¾ seconds.

FIGURE 2.—W——, Harvard, '82; age, 27 years; weight, 125.7 pounds; height, 5 feet, 9.7 inches. He holds the best American and college record for 100 yards in 10 seconds. In justice to Mr. W—— it should be said that he consented to have his measurements and photograph taken at a time when he was not in running condition.

of another type. In neither of these cases do we find so great a relative distance between the height standing and sitting as marked the individuals just considered. In both cases the sitting height is proportionally short, and in one case both

Figure 3.

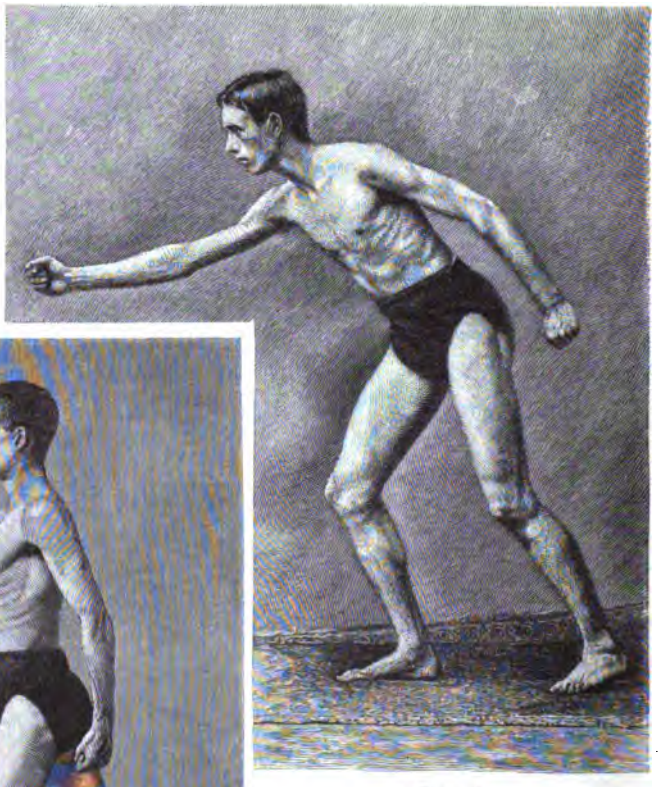


Figure 4.

the leg and thigh are long for the length of the body. In the other case, however, the thigh is long and the leg is short for the sitting height. It will be noticed that in both figures, as shown by the chart, the thigh is long for the leg. The chest and waist measurements are large, when compared with other parts of the body. But the striking characteristic in both cases is the large girth measurement taken below the chest-muscles immediately over the ninth rib. Unfortunately this measurement is not shown in the chart, but the expansion in that region is apparent in both photographs. In the Harvard man (Fig. 5) there is a greater development of the chest-muscles, while the Yale man (Fig. 6) has a larger chest-girth, though the lower border of the pectorals is hardly discernible.

The Harvard man has broad shoulders and large arms with narrow hips and

FIGURE 3.—B——, Harvard, '87; age, 21 years, 7 months; weight, 141 pounds; height, 5 feet, 11.9 inches. Holds the Intercollegiate-walking records from one mile to seven; has practised walking for last four years: 1 mile, 6 minutes, 59¼ seconds; 2 miles, 15 minutes, 10⅕ seconds; 3 miles, 24 minutes, 14⅘ seconds; 7 miles, 58 minutes, 52 seconds.

FIGURE 4.—W——, Harvard Law School; age, 22 years, 4 months; weight, 136 pounds; height, 5 feet, 10.3 inches. Holds no records, but has won the quarter-mile race in the Intercollegiate sports for two years, and he is a fast runner for all distances between one hundred and four hundred and forty yards.

small thighs, while the Yale man has narrow shoulders and small arms with broad hips and large thighs. The Harvard man has a very wide chest, with great muscular strength and good lung-capacity, while the Yale man has a very deep chest, with less muscular strength, but greater lung-power. As these men are noted in their respective institutions as great distance-runners, we ought to find some characteristics common to both. All that remains, however, is the length of body and thighs and the great girth of chest and the region just above the ninth rib. To these qualifications may be added the splendid heart- and lung-power that usually accompanies this peculiar formation of the body. Without this power great muscular strength in body or limbs cannot be depended upon for long-continued exertions. With a good respiratory and circulatory apparatus an immense amount of work can be accomplished by comparatively small muscles.

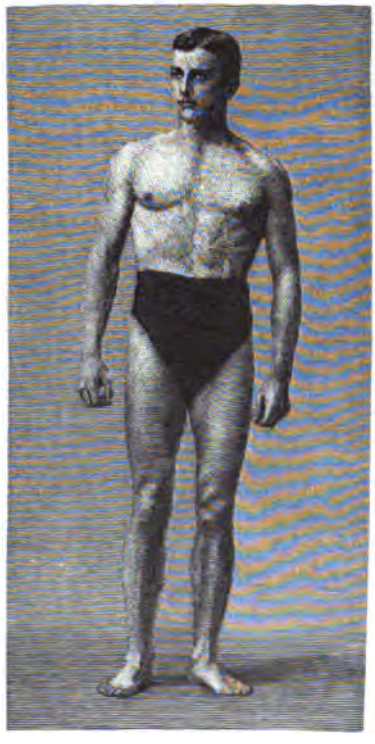


Figure 5, *a*.

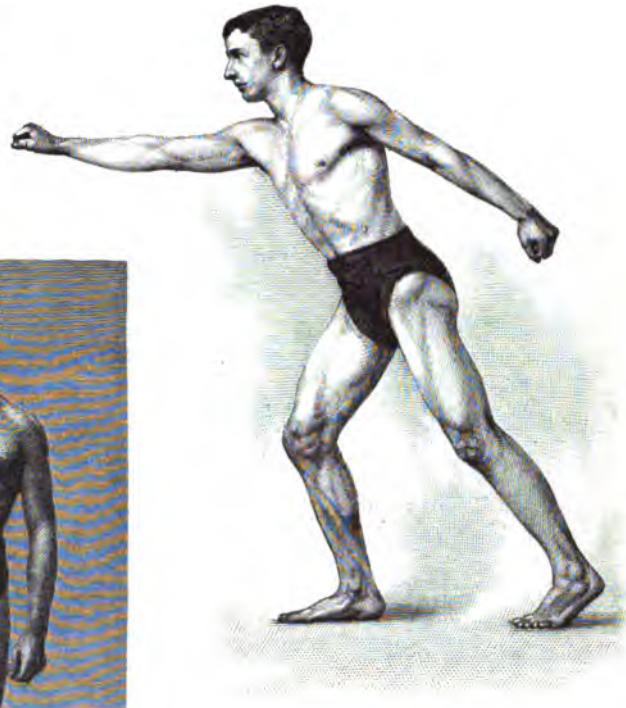


Figure 5, *b*.

The essential requisites of a long-distance runner, then, are a strong heart and capacious lungs in a broad, deep, and mobile chest. The reason for this will be apparent to those who understand the physiology of exercise. To sustain long-continued exertion latent energy in the muscles used is necessary, and also a ready means of supplying these muscles with an increased amount of oxygen while in action, and of carrying away the carbonic acid that results from the combustion in the tissues. Hence the necessity of breathing faster

FIGURE 5, *a* and *b*.—D——, Harvard, '90; age, 21 years; weight, 142 1/8 pounds; height, 5 feet, 8 1/4 inches. Holds the 3-mile Intercollegiate record of 16 minutes, 5 2/5 seconds; has raced but one season, but has practised much in the gymnasium, and ran long distances in "Hare and Hounds" races before coming to college.

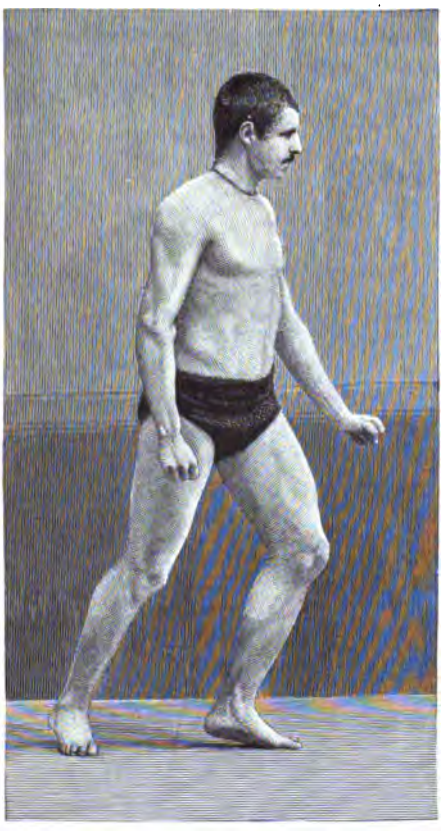


Figure 6, *a*.

while running than while walking, and unless this exchange of gases can be carried on with sufficient rapidity and in sufficient quantities to meet the demands of the organism under these trying circumstances, there soon comes an end to further muscular activity, though the muscles themselves may be far from exhaustion.

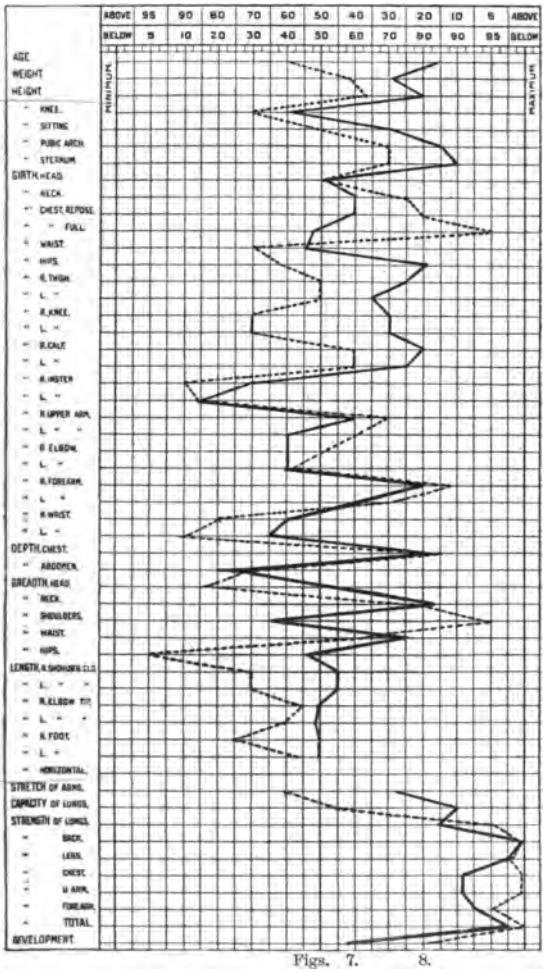
Figs. 7 and 8, *a*, *b* (pp. 550–1), and Chart IV. (p. 549), represent two young men whose peculiar development characterizes another branch of athletics. Fig. 7 has the college record as a hurdle-jumper. His height falls in the eighty per cent. class, his height of knee in the forty per cent. class, his sitting height in the seventy per cent., and his pubic arch in the eighty-seven and a half per cent. class. When it is known that this man clears his hurdles in regular strides, "bucking" them, as it is termed, the advantage of the short leg, long thigh, and comparatively short body is manifest. The chest is small and the girth of the chest in repose is proportionally larger than the girth of the chest when inflated. This is due to the fact that in most men the difference between the natural and inflated chest is due in part to the muscular development, so admirably exhibited in Fig. 8, *a*, *b*.

Figure 6, *b*.

In Fig. 7, Chart IV., the breathing capacity reaches the ninety per cent. class. Here the pectoral muscles show a comparatively slight development, but the breathing is largely abdominal, and the broad waist and deep chest indicate

FIGURE 6, *a* and *b*.—H——, Yale, '90; age, 18 years, 10 months; weight, 150 pounds; height, 5 feet, 7.7 inches. Holds the Intercollegiate record for 1 mile in 4 minutes, 36⁴/₅ seconds, and the College record for 2 miles in 10 minutes, 7 seconds.

considerable mobility in the chest and abdominal walls. The gluteal muscles about the hips are well developed, as



Figs. 7. 8.

Chart IV., plotted from Figs. 7 and 8.

are also the muscles of the thigh and leg. The development of the arms and shoulders is not so favorable. The difference in favor of the right side of the body is probably due to the take-off (start) of the jump being from the right leg. The outlines of the muscles in this case are remarkably well defined, indicating a fine condition.

In Fig. 8, *a*, *b*, Chart IV., the same peculiarity in the relative length of body, legs, and thighs is not so well marked. The bony framework in this case is considerably smaller and the muscles are proportionally larger. Here the ability to excel in pole-vaulting rather than in long jumping is apparent. The peculiar development of the arms, chest, and shoulders is characteristic of the gymnast. The shortness of the upper and forearm affords an excellent leverage for the muscles attached to these bones, and this young man could easily excel on the parallel bars, horizontal bar, or rings. For a similar reason the intercollegiate record for pole-vaulting is within his grasp. The development above the hips may enable him to get a lift or elevation from the ground, which he cannot obtain in any other way. This advantage, coupled with the relatively long and muscular thigh, the ability to run short distances, and to concentrate the nervous energy of the body into single efforts, gives the power needed.

How little this ability to make violent spasmodic efforts contributes to one's lasting or staying power may be inferred from a glance at the lung-capacity. Here depth of chest is to be attributed largely to muscular development, and the strength of lungs to the power of exhaling with a quick, explosive effort. Contrast the form of the chest and waist in this case (Fig. 8) with that of the long-distance runner from Yale (Fig. 6).

In connection with jumping, the measurements of W. B. Page, who recently represented this country in athletic contests in England, will be interesting. Page has a record of 6 feet 3¼ inches for high jumping. Considering his height (5 feet 6.9 inches), this performance is something phenomenal. We find his weight on the fifty-five per cent. line, his height on the forty per cent., knee-height on the twenty per cent., sitting height just above the five per cent., pubic arch on the fifteen per cent., and height of sternum on the fifty-five per cent. line. Although very short compared with the sitting height, the body

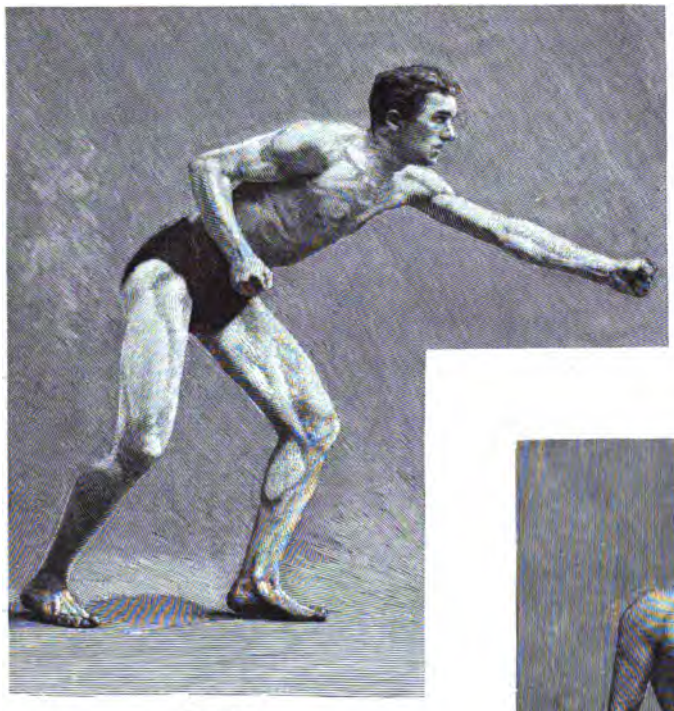


Figure 7.

is long compared with the stature, as evidenced by the high position of the sternum. This being proportionally several points above the total height on the chart, it would indicate a relatively short neck. It will be seen that the jumper's characteristics are wanting here in the relatively long thigh and short leg, though both are proportionally long for the body. When we come to consider the other measurements, this apparent disadvantage is to a certain extent accounted for. All the bone measurements are very small, and the muscle measurements exceedingly large, the girth of head falling on the five per cent. line, while the girth of chest is on the ninety per cent. line. The girth of the knee falls on the thirty per cent. line, the girth of elbow on the twenty, and the girth of the thigh, calf, arm, and forearm near the eighty per cent. line. If the measurements as plotted are correct, this man owes his success in jumping rather to his light, bony framework, short trunk, and superb muscular development than to the relative strength of limb that we find in many jumpers. In a person so constituted nearly every muscle in the body contributes something to the effort in jumping.

Figure 8, *a*.

Figs. 9, 10, and 11, *a*, *b* (pp. 551–2 and 556), Chart V. (p. 554), introduce us to men prominent in another branch of athletics. In each case the weight

FIGURE 8, *a* and *b*.—S——, Yale, '89; age, 19 years, 1 month; weight, 138 pounds; height, 5 feet, 8.5 inches. Holds the Intercollegiate record for broad-jumping, 21 feet, 7⅛ inches; and the Yale record for pole-vaulting, 10 feet, 3½ inches; and 5 feet, 6¾ inches, for the running high jump.

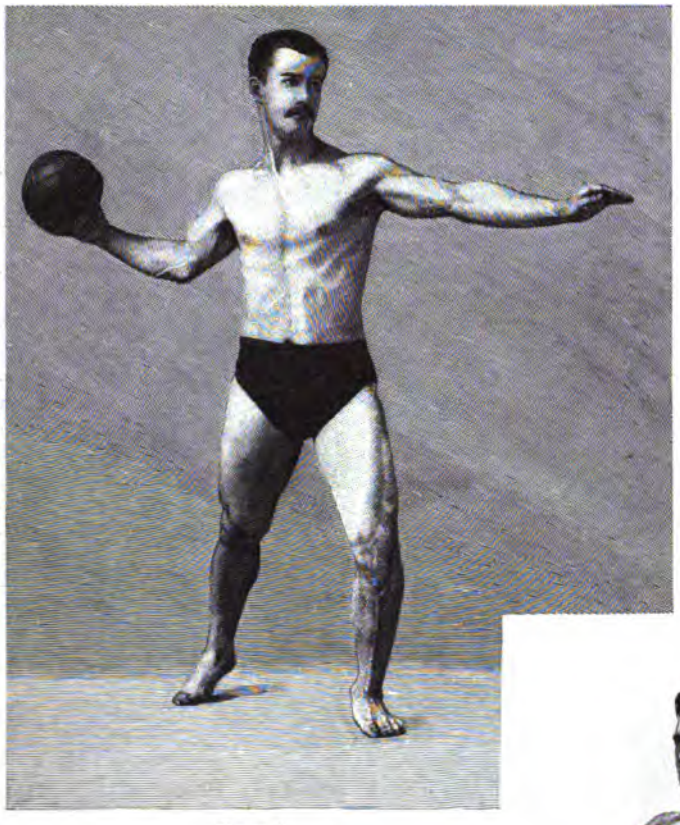


Figure 9.

falls near the ninety-five per cent. class, though the height varies considerably. In all of the tracings, however, it will be noticed that the relative position occupied by the body and limbs on the chart has changed. In the figures previously considered, length of limb predominated; here the body, as shown by the sitting height, is longer proportionally than either the arms or legs. In one case the height of knee is relatively less than the length of thigh, as shown by the height of the pubic arch; in the other cases the length of the lower leg is relatively in excess of the upper. Here all the bone and muscle measurements are large and massive, the girth of head in one case being above the ninety-five and in another at the eighty-five per cent. class, while the girth of the bones of the legs and arms are nearly in the same class as the muscles that act upon them. In each case the girth of the chest reaches the ninety-seven and one-half per cent. class, and in two cases the depth of the chest corresponds. In all there is a slight falling off in the girth of the waist. This is due to the fact that the greater number of those who make up the measure-

Figure 8. *b*

FIGURE 9.—B——, Harvard, '87; age, 22 years, 3 months; weight, 172 pounds; height, 5 feet, 9.3 inches. Pulled the past three years on the Harvard University crew; played centre-rush in the '86 Harvard foot-ball eleven, and has had at least five years of exercise as a rowing man and foot-ball player.

ments of the classes in this part of the chart owe their extensive girth more to fat than to muscle. In comparison with the athletic class the falling off is not so perceptible, and it will be noticed in these cases that the breadth of waist is larger proportionally than the depth. In two of this group the arms are relatively short, and in each of the group the upper arm is proportionally shorter than the forearm. The lung-capacity in one case is very good, reaching the ninety-five per cent. class, but in the other cases, though above the mean, it is not large enough to support the fine muscular development represented. In Fig. 11, *a*, *b*, the muscle measurements are large for the age, and consequently threaten to exceed the vital resources. The showing of muscular strength, so far as the tests could be taken, is excellent.

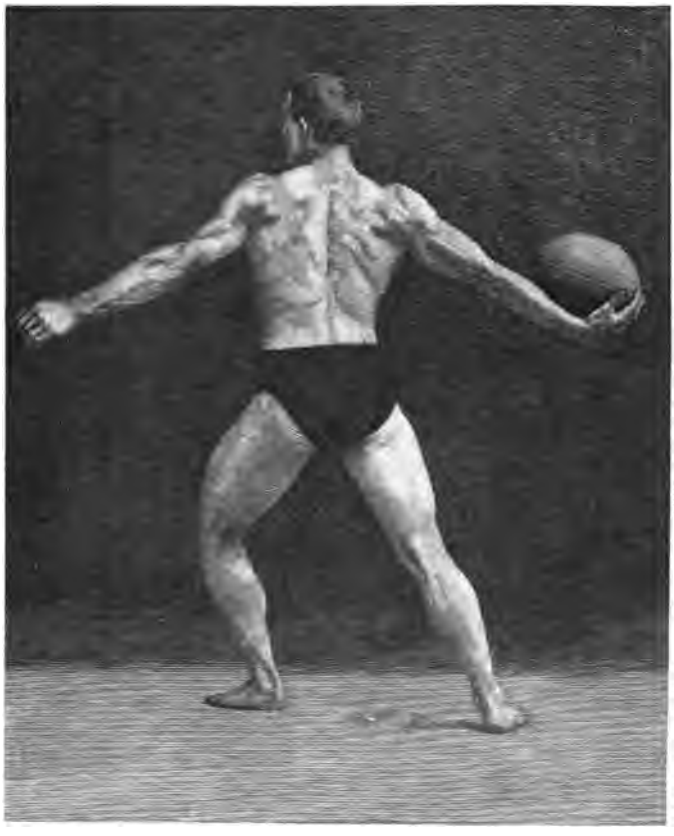


Figure 10.

The striking characteristics of the three figures are the long body, short thigh, large bones, full chest, short upper arm, good lung-capacity, and fine muscular development throughout the whole physique. What better illustration could be furnished of the perfect harmony between the form of the muscles and the character of their functions? Here we find the large transverse development of arms and thighs, indicating great strength and short range of action; and the expansive chest and long body, indicating great vital power and extensive range of muscle-movement.

Let us consider, briefly, the branches of athletics which these three men represent, and see the connection between their peculiar development and the sports they are familiar with. Each has played in the rush-line of a foot-ball team, and has been a member of a university boat-crew. Of all athletic sports, foot-ball is the best game to test a man physically. In the pushing and hauling, the jostling, trampling struggle for supremacy, few muscles of the body are inactive. The legs are almost constantly in motion, and the arms, chest, abdomen, and back get their share of activity; the lameness and soreness in these regions of the body after a fierce contest is due as often to great muscular effort as to collision with opposing rushers. In spite of the accidents attending this game, as at present played,

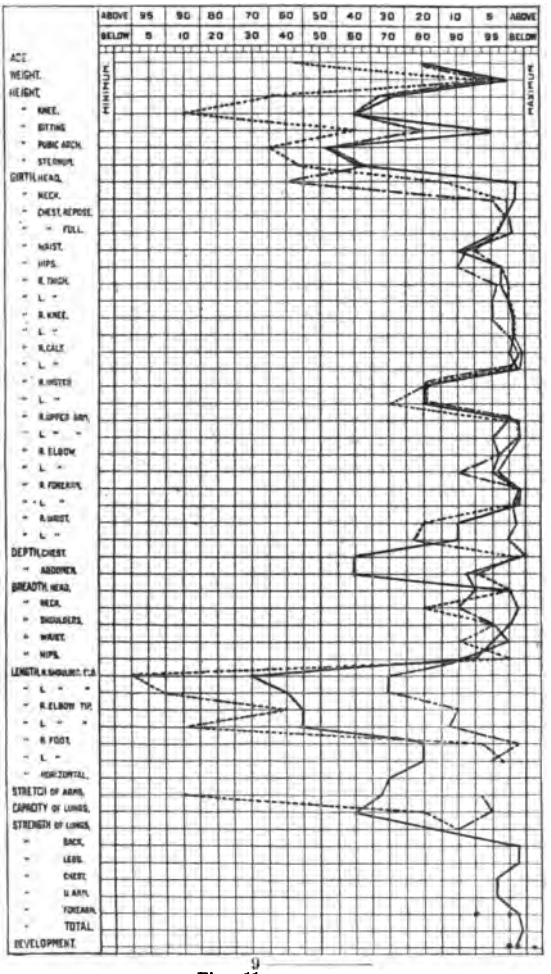
FIGURE 10.—W——, Yale, '89; age, 23 years, 4 months; weight, 167 pounds; height, 5 feet, 8.9 inches. Played right guard on Yale's foot-ball eleven for '87, and rowed on the Yale University crew for two years.

Figures 12 and 13.

FIGURE 12.—G——, Harvard, '88; age, 22 years, 10 months; weight, 169 pounds; height, 5 feet, 7.7 inches. Has the Harvard leg- and back-lift records of 520 kilos (1146.6 pounds) for the legs, and 370 kilos (815.8 pounds) for the back; he is a hammer-thrower and broad-jumper, and has had four years' general exercise in gymnasium and field sports; is third strongest man at Harvard, having a total strength record of 1139.7.

FIGURE 13.—H——, Harvard, '88; age, 19 years, 10 months; weight, 150 pounds; height, 5 feet, 4.3 inches. Is the type of a middle-weight wrestler, had three years' practice in general athletics, has a total strength of 1060.3.

no sport affords better opportunity for vigorous training. Though rowing contributes largely to the development of the back and legs, and slightly to the arms and chest, to the gymnasium and foot-ball training we must attribute much of the superb muscular development of the men just considered.



Figs. 11 9
10 — · — · — · —

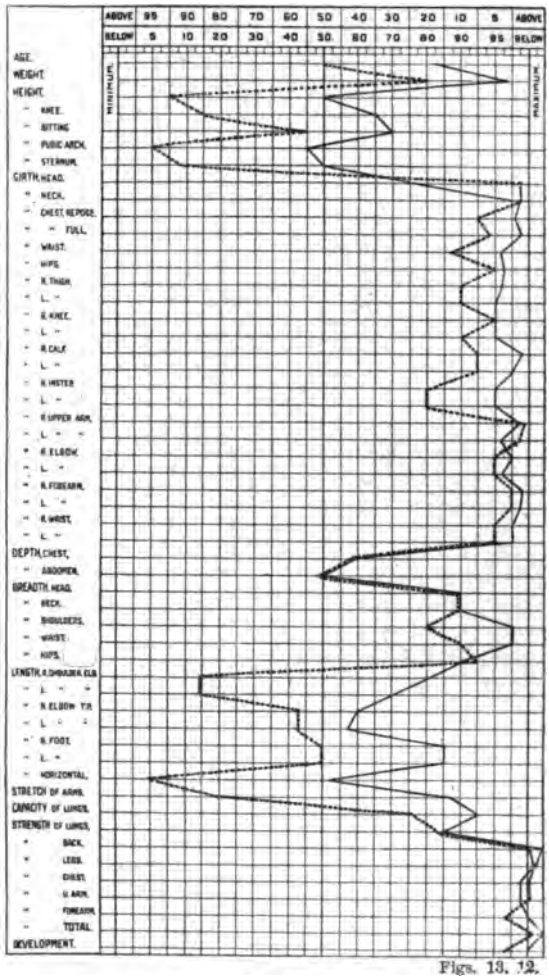
Chart V., plotted from Figs. 9, 10, and 11.

In rowing the back takes the greatest portion of the strain, unless the friction of the seat is excessive, in which case a double duty is imposed upon the flexors of the legs. A long stroke being desirable, the advantage of a long body, if sufficiently broad and deep to furnish extensive attachments for the rowing muscles, becomes apparent, while the short thigh and upper arm give power to the muscles that are working these shortened levers from the body. It is only when the stroke is taken principally by the arms or legs that the great length of thigh and upper arm, as compared with the lower leg and forearm, is of service; when otherwise, a greater reach is obtained, without losing any mechanical advantage. These facts are better illustrated in Hanlan, the professional oarsman, than in the men we are now considering. His total height entitles him to a place in the sixty-five per cent. class, and his sitting height in the ninety per cent. class, while the height of knee remains with the thirty, and the pubic arch with the twenty-five per cent. class, the most surprising difference being in the relative length of the upper arm and forearm. Eighty per cent. of all those examined surpassed this man in length of upper arm, and only twenty-five per cent. surpassed him in length of forearm. In view of Hanlan's style of rowing, these measurements are suggestive.

Large bones, which usually accompany large muscles, may result from slow, heavy work, and are indispensable to him who handles great weights. If the bones have large, prominent processes for the attachment of muscles, or the muscles have short tendons and long insertions, great strength is the usual result.

Perhaps no one thing is more important to a successful oarsman than good lung-capacity. In order to relieve the heart and lungs of the embarrassment at first accompanying severe exertion, it is necessary to enlarge the chest and increase its mobility, especially in the region of the eighth, ninth, and tenth ribs. This can be accomplished by the use of light chest-weights, dumb-bells,

and running exercises. I am prepared to maintain, also, that rowing, with the use of the sliding-seat, is one of the best exercises for enlarging the chest, and believe that conclusions of Maclaren and others to the contrary were formed before the introduction of the sliding-seat, as the evidence is indisputable that the girth of the chest is greatly increased by rowing. The use of the sliding-seat brings more muscles into action ; there is, in consequence, an increased demand for oxygen, which necessitates a larger chest-cavity, and the effort of nature, by aid of the muscles used in natural and forced respiration, is to produce this result. Nearly all the muscles of the chest, abdomen, and back assist respiration when the exercise is violent and prolonged. Considering that these accessory muscles are contracted and relaxed at least one thousand times a day during a season of vigorous training, we ought to get some result in the shape of increased volume of muscle and enlarged chest-capacity. This would naturally account for the increased girth of the chest from rowing.



Figs. 13, 12.

Chart VI., plotted from Figs. 12 and 13.

The physical proportions of the two wrestlers, Figs. 12 and 13 (p. 553), as shown by the tracings in Chart VI. (p. 555), are distinguished from those just described in proportional shortness of stature and in great volume of muscle. In one case the lengths of the arms and legs are very short for the length of the body. In both cases the depth of chest and abdomen is proportionately small, but the width of the waist corresponds more nearly to the other measurements. In the chart-tracings of Fig. 12 we have the nearest approach to symmetry in the girth of body and limbs that has thus far been recorded.

The group of tracings in Chart VII. (p. 561), representing Figs. 14, 15, *a*, *b*, and 16, *a*, *b*, *c* (pp. 557–560), are in some respects unique. Here we have for the first time some approach to symmetry in the relative heights of different parts of the body. There is no marked divergence in the points indicating the relative length of trunk and lower limbs. In two cases none of the measurements fall below the normal or fifty per cent. line, and in one case only thirty per cent. of them fall below the eighty per cent. line. In Fig. 14 the line of symmetry is very nearly approached in the chest, waist, hips, thighs, and knees. The upper arm, elbow, and forearm, also, are nearly symmetrical, although a trifle large for the lower extremities. The depth of chest and abdomen is a little low, and the lung-capacity is de-

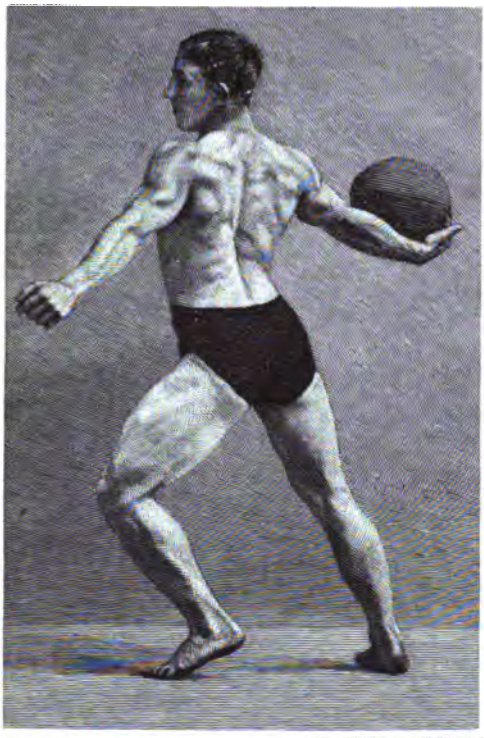


Figure 11, *a* and *b*.

owing to the shortness of the arms and legs, and have reached the region of the maximum.

These two men are base-ball players of some prominence. As a base-ball pitcher offers the batters from two hundred to three hundred balls a game, superior development of the right arm and shoulder is the natural result, although the gymnasium training counteracts in a measure this one-sided tendency. Anyone familiar with the modern style of delivering the ball, the number of times the pitcher turns around to

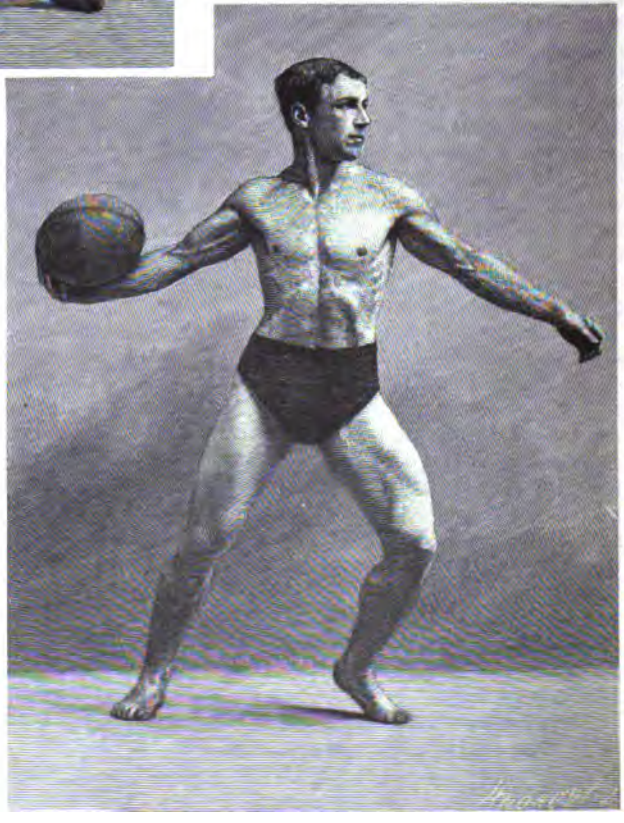


FIGURE 11, *a* and *b*.—G ——, Yale; age, 19 years, 4 months; weight, 164 pounds; height, 5 feet, 6.9 inches. Played in the rush line of Yale's foot-ball team, and has rowed two years on the University crew.

ficient, but nearly all the strength tests are in the region of the maximum.

Fig. 16, *a*, *b*, *c*, is pleasing, and the harmonic poise and beautiful outlines it illustrates serve to show, also, that a man may depart from the normal standard in several parts and yet retain all the appearance of grace and symmetry. In girth of neck this man approaches within two and one-half per cent. of the maximum, while in length of upper arm he falls to within two and a half per cent. of the minimum. The waist and neck are very broad for the hips and shoulders, and the instep is apparently low, as the result, probably, of a high arch and narrow foot. In this, as in the preceding figure, the depth of chest is somewhat low and the lung-capacity at the normal. The strength tests would probably have exceeded the muscle measurements,

perplex the batter or watch the bases, will know that the neck and waist are called upon for a large share of work, and must be developed correspondingly. Where the arms are short the muscles around the waist and body are used more in pitching. As the leverage in the former case is more favorable than in the latter, this advantage should naturally add to the endurance of the pitcher so favored. In striking, the muscles of the arms, chest, abdomen, and back are brought more or less vigorously into action. In running bases the legs and arms do the work, as in "sprinting," but the lungs are not brought into full play, as in running long distances, and the lung-capacity is but slightly increased. The other developments peculiar to base-ball players will, of course, depend largely upon the positions they occupy.

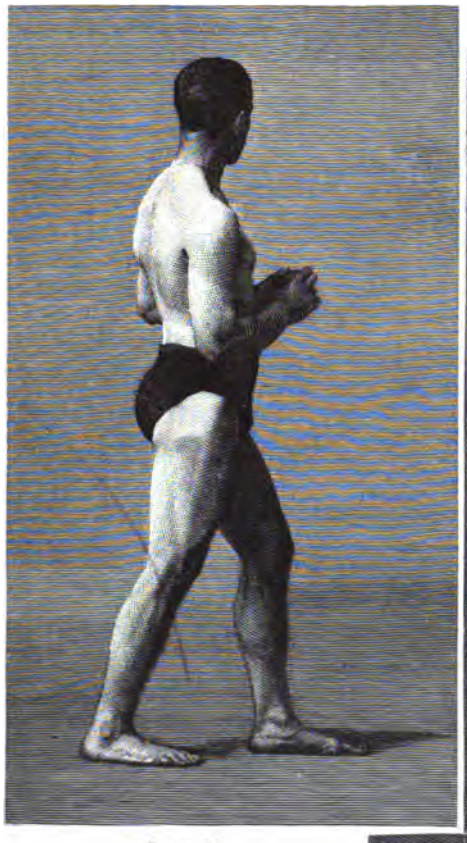


Figure 14.

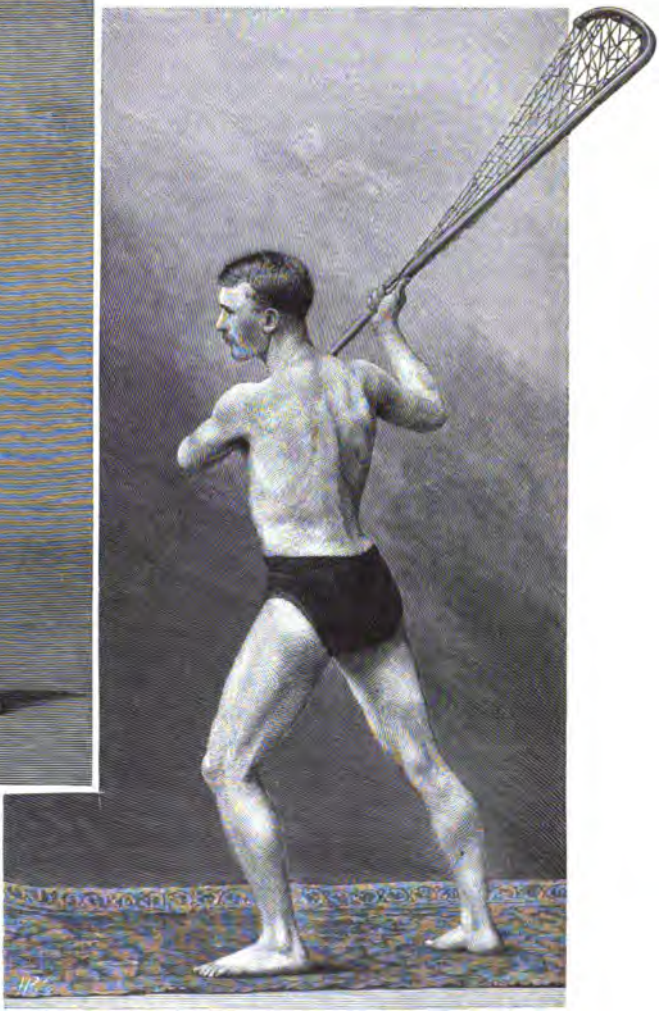


Figure 15, *a*.

In Fig. 15, *a*, *b*, we have a typical lacrosse-player. In this game the muscles of

FIGURE 14.—B——, Harvard Law School; age, 22 years, 6 months; weight, 166 pounds; height, 5 feet, 8.1 inches. One of Harvard's pitchers on the 'Varsity nine for '87, and half-back on the '86 'Varsity foot-ball eleven: he is second strongest man at Harvard, with a record of 1141.9 for total strength, and has had six years' training in college athletics.

FIGURE 15, *a* and *b*.—P——, Harvard, '87; age, 22 years; weight, 164¼ pounds; height, 5 feet, 10.5 inches. Captain of '87 'Varsity Lacrosse team, and full-back of 'Varsity foot-ball eleven for '86; has had, at least, four years of athletic training.

the arms, chest, back, abdomen, and legs are called upon, and the heart and lungs are often kept in a state of prolonged activity. As a means of general development, few games can be compared with lacrosse. It has many of the advantages of foot-ball without its element of danger, although the method of using the stick which has come into practice within the last few years threatens to deprive lacrosse of this distinction. In the figure under consideration, we see the result of a harmonious development in all directions. No one point stands out prominently. The extent of divergence on the chart is limited to a very few lines, and the approach to symmetry is apparent. The length measurements of the upper arm and forearm fall exactly on the normal line, and both are perfectly symmetrical as related to each other, and to the right and left sides. When compared with other parts of the body, however, it will be seen that the arms are short, illustrating a point in connection with the chart that may be of interest. In the original table, the fifty per cent. line represents the value of the measurements for each part at which the greatest number of observations occurred. For example, if out of any given number of men, collected from all parts of the globe, the largest group was 5 feet 5¼ inches in height, this measurement would naturally fall upon the central line of a chart composed of these records, and so would the measurements of the other parts common to the greatest number. If any one man could be found, all of whose measurements corresponded to those on the central line in the table, he would be termed a *mean* or typical man, *i.e.*, he would represent the type most common to the human race.*

The height, weight, and physical proportions of such a man are those that all men who have attained their growth would possess but for the influence of climate, heredity, nurture, and a multitude of accidental causes that have assisted or interfered with nature's plan of development. These causes, operating on a grand scale, have given us the forms and proportions that characterize different races.

We see their influence also upon a people of the same race, family, and kindred. It is manifest that a chart made up from the measurements of ten thousand African Bushmen, whose average height is 4 feet 4.78 inches, would have a different mean from a chart composed of the measurements of the same number of Englishmen or Americans, whose average height is nearer 5 feet 7¾ inches. For the same reason a chart composed of the measurements of a picked class in the community would represent a higher mean than a chart made up from a class less favorably situated.

Now, the same laws that govern the growth and development of the body in races and different classes in the community are just as apparent in the development of the class itself. The general chart at present under consideration was made up largely from college students, as stated in my paper in the July number of this MAGAZINE. There were about as many men above the mean as below it in the measurements of every part taken. In some individual cases all the measurements were above the mean, in other cases all were below, while others ranged extensively in both directions. To assume that the man whose measurements all come on the mean, normal, or typical line represents the *ideal* type, *i.e.*, the type to pattern after, is to assume that the standing taken by the average man of a class is more worthy of imitation than that taken by those nearer the top. If this were true, we should be obliged to admit that the lengths of the

* "The conclusions arrived at up to the present time, by the most eminent investigators in this particular branch of science (anthropometry), may be summarily stated as follows:

"1. There is a perfect form or type of man, and the tendency of the race is to attain this type.

"2. The order of growth is regular toward this type.

"3. The variations from this type follow a definite law, the law of accidental causes.

"4. The line formed by these variations, when arranged in groups, receding on either side of their mean, is the curve well known to mathematicians as the binomial; it was first applied by Newton and Pascal to questions of astronomy and physics, but it is applicable to all the qualities of man which can be represented by numbers.

"5. The more numerous the data obtained by actual measurements, supposing them to be made with reasonable care and without bias, the more nearly accurate is the mean result, and the more closely does it correspond with that obtained by calculation."—*Statistics, Medical and Anthropological of the Provost-Marshal-General's Bureau, Washington, D. C.*

FIGURE 16, *a*, *b*, and *c*.—S——, Yale, '88; age, 24 years, 9 months; weight, 149 pounds; height, 5 feet, 5.4 inches. Has pitched on the Yale base-ball nine for two years, and had considerable experience in ball-playing before entering college.

upper arm and forearm as shown in Chart VII. to come exactly on the mean line, were the only normal proportions exhibited by this man, and that all the others had exceeded the proper standard. This is not the case. The reverse, however, is true. With a good inheritance to start with, and by dint of systematic exercise and correct habits of living, this young man has worked his way up through the fifty, sixty, seventy, and eighty per cent. classes to a position approximately near the ninety per cent. class. The measurements on this line may be reasonably considered to define *his* normal proportions, whereas the parts remaining on the so-called normal or typical line are the only ones in which he is defective.

Figure 15, *b*.

Figure 16, *a*.

The point, then, which is of the greatest significance is not to see how many of your measurements come in the centre of the chart, but to first endeavor to *straighten* your own line wherever it may be, and then carry it forward as near the one hundred per cent. line as possible. In other words, endeavor to obtain a symmetrical figure, then strive for a full-orbed and harmonious development of all parts of the body.

By so doing you will help raise the standard of the mean, and assist in determining the exact ratio between the different heights and girths that exists in a fully developed man.

We have seen that excellence in athletics is not incompatible with a fine figure and a superb development. The tendency, however, of all special exercises is to produce special results. The physical characteristics which we have found peculiar to runners, jumpers, oarsmen, etc., have in a measure been acquired

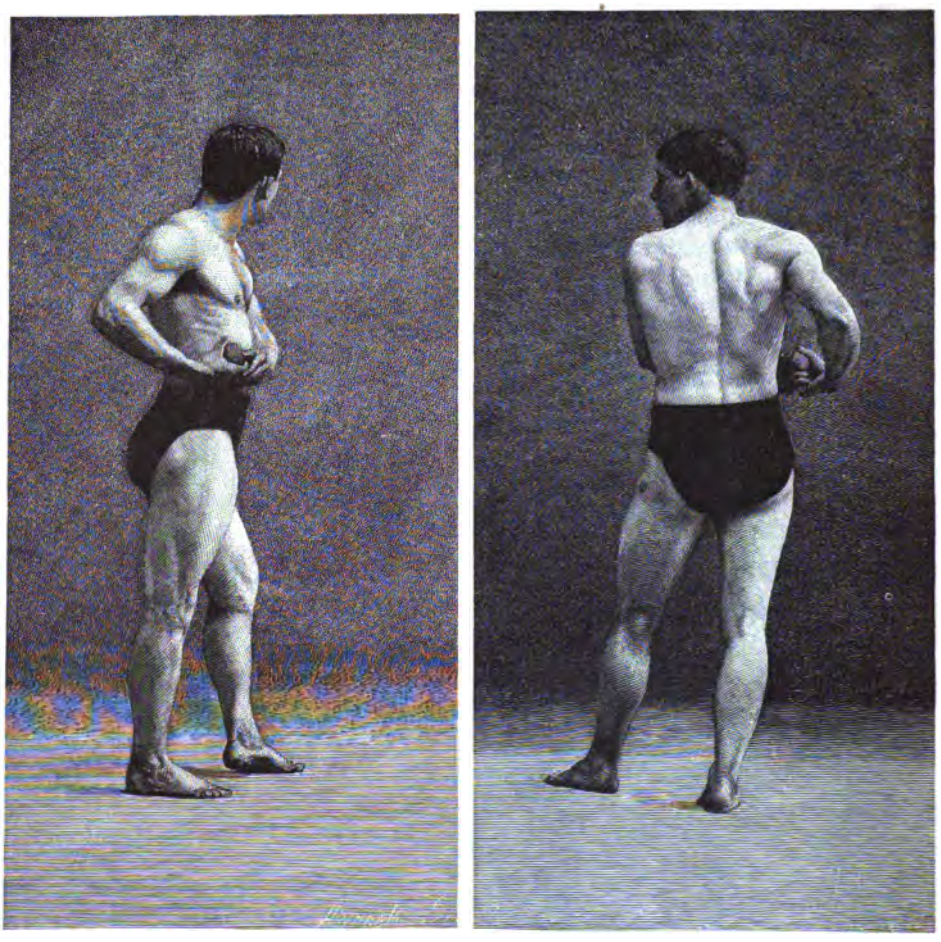


Figure 16, *b* and *c*.

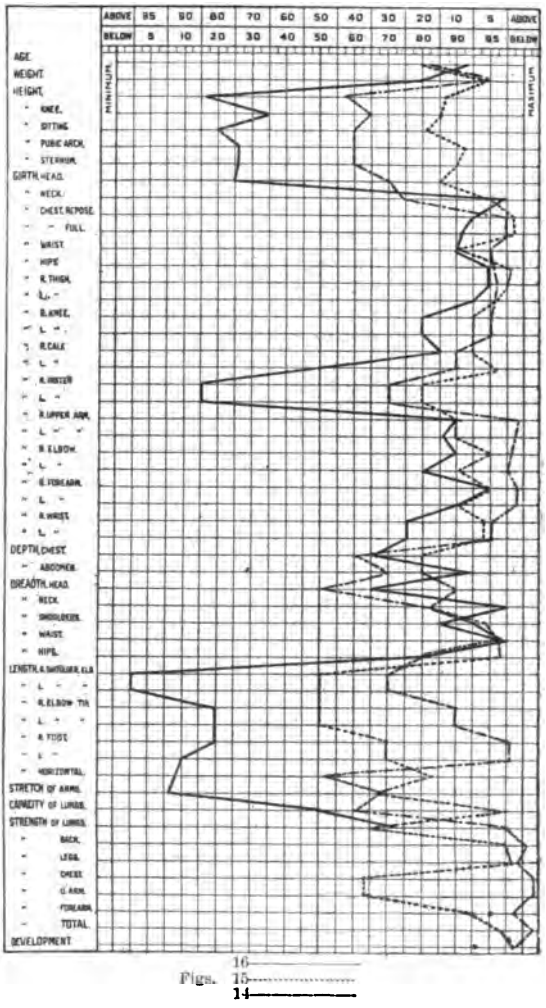
by long and arduous practice in these sports. In many cases the special qualifications that make a man a first-class athlete are gifts of nature. Add to this inheritance the prolonged training that tends to cultivate these special powers to the extreme and we get sometimes a prodigy but more often a failure.

It would be of interest to know if an inch added to Myers's legs would have made him a greater runner than an inch added to his sitting height; or an inch added to Hanlan's long body would have made him a greater oarsman than an inch added to his relatively short legs. There is certainly a limit beyond which the development of special parts cannot be carried without interfering with the functions of other parts upon which their ability to act effectually depends. This and many other problems of a similar nature can never be decided until an immense amount of data has been collected and many experiments have been performed. In the meantime we feel prepared to affirm that mankind would be better served by a more general cultivation of athletics than by the cultivation of specialties to an extreme; that the development of athletes themselves would be more complete, and that they would even realize a greater progress in the pursuit of their specialties, if they participated in a greater range of exercises. The runner would find it to his advantage to practise rowing, and to use

the gymnasium for the purpose of cultivating the muscles used in forced respiration. The oarsman would add greatly to his breathing capacity by long-distance running, and acquire dash and vim through foot-ball and lawn-tennis. The jumper could add to his agility by frequent trials at short-distance running and occasional spins on the bicycle. The gymnast would be likely to add to the permanency of his development, and improve his constitutional vigor by indulging more freely in out-of-door sports.

And so on through all the range of specialties. Let the active learn something from the strong, and the strong take lessons from the active, while both acquire the great secret of enduring. When our athletes shall have learned the full value of indirect training, we shall not only have greater athletic performances, but better specimens of physical manhood.

In conclusion let it be said, whatever may be the physical qualifications of the athlete, in his achievements he will fall short of success without a well-developed nervous system and the possession of that almost sublime quality in man, courage. As a means of developing such qualities, added to those of coolness, presence of mind, and the rapid and responsible exercise of judgment under trying circumstances, which are so desirable in the "battle of life," athletics should be kept from degenerating into the bad associations that often accompany professionalism, and be elevated to a high plane by the lovers of manly sport.



Figs. 16 15 14

Chart VII., plotted from Figs. 14, 15, and 16.

TO RHODOCLEIA

ON HER MELANCHOLY SINGING.

By Andrew Lang.

(Rhodocleia was beloved by Rufinus, one of the late poets of the Greek Anthology.)

Still, Rhodocleia, brooding on the dead,
Still singing of the mead of asphodel,
Lands desolate of delight?
Say, hast thou dreamed of, or rememberèd,
The shores where shadows dwell,
Nor know the sun, nor see the stars of night?

There, 'midst thy music, doth thy spirit gaze
As a girl pines for home,
Looking along the way that she hath come,
Sick to return, and counts the weary days!

So wouldst thou flee
Back to the multitude whose days are done,
Wouldst taste the fruit that lured Persephone,
The sacrament of death: and die, and be
No more in the wind and sun!

Thou hast not dreamed it, but rememberèd!
I know thou hast been there,
Hast seen the stately dwellings of the dead
Rise in the twilight air,
And crossed the shadowy bridge the spirits tread,
And climbed the golden stair!

I know thee who thou art!
That Rhodocleia who, when all was done
The golden time of Greece, and fallen her sun,
Swayed her last poet's heart.

With roses did he woo thee, and with song,
With thine own rose, and with the lily sweet,
The dark-eyed violet,
Garlands of wind-flowers wet,
And fragrant love-lamps that the whole night long
Burned till the dawn was burning in the skies,
Praising *thy golden eyes,*
And feet more silvery than Thetis' feet!

But thou didst die and flit
Among the tribes outworn,
The unavailing myriads of the past:
Oft he beheld thy face in dreams of morn,
And, waking, wept for it,
Till his own time came at last,
And then he sought thee in the dusky land!

Wide are the populous places of the dead
Where souls on earth once wed
May never meet, nor each take other's hand,
Each far from the other fled!

So all in vain he sought for thee, but thou
Didst never taste of the Lethæan stream,
Nor that forgetful fruit,
The mystic pom'granate;
But from the Mighty Warden fledst; and now,
The fugitive of Fate,
Thou farest in our life as in a dream,
Still wandering with thy lute,
Like that sweet paynim lady of old song,
Who sang and wandered long,
For love of her Aucassin, seeking him!
So with thy minstrelsy
Thou roamest, dreaming of the country dim,
Below the veilèd sky!

There doth thy lover dwell,
Singing, and seeking still to find thy face
In that forgetful place:
Thou shalt not meet him here,
Not till thy singing clear
Through all the murmur of the streams of hell
Wins to the maiden's ear!
May she, perchance, have pity on thee and call
Thine eager spirit to sit beside her feet,
Passing throughout the long unechoing hall
Up to the shadowy throne,
Where the lost lovers of the ages meet;
Till then thou art alone!

TIRAR Y SOULT.

By Rebecca Harding Davis.

ROBERT KNIGHT, who was born, bred, and trained in New England, suckled on her creeds and weaned on her doubts, went directly from college to a Louisiana plantation. The change, as he felt, was extreme.

He happened to go in this way. He was a civil engineer. A company was formed among the planters in the Gulf parishes to drain their marshes in order to establish large rice-farms. James B. Eads, who knew Knight, gave his name to them as that of a promising young fellow who was quite competent to do the simple work that they required, and one, too, who would probably give more zeal and time to it than would a man whose reputation was assured.

After Mr. Knight had thoroughly examined the scene of operations, he was invited by the president of the company, M. de Fourgon, to go with him to his plantation, the Lit de Fleurs, where he would meet the directors of the company.

"The change is great and sudden," he wrote to his confidential friend, Miss Cramer. "From Boston to the Bed of Flowers, from the Concord School of Philosophy to the companionship of ex-slave-holders, from Emerson to Gayarré! I expected to lose my breath mentally. I expected to find the plantation a vast exhibit of fertility, disorder, and dirt; the men, illiterate fire-eaters; the women, houris such as our fathers used to read of in Tom Moore. Instead, I find the farm, huge, it is true, but orderly; the corn-fields are laid out with the exact neatness of a Dutch garden. The Works are run by skilled German workmen. The directors are shrewd and wide-awake. Madame de Fourgon is a fat, commonplace little woman. There are other women—the house swarms with guests—but not an houri among them. Till to-morrow. R. K."

The conclusion was abrupt, but Knight had reached the bottom of the page of his writing-pad. He tore it off, put it in a business-envelope, and mailed it. He and Miss Cramer observed a certain manly disregard to petty conventionalities. He wrote to her on the backs of old envelopes, scraps of wrapping-paper, anything that came first to hand. She liked it. He was poor and she was poor, and they were two good fellows roughing it together. They delighted in expressing their contempt for elegant nick-nackery of any sort, in dress, literature, or religion.

"Give me the honest—the solid!" was Emma Cramer's motto, and Knight thought the sentiment very high and fine. Emma herself was a little person, with an insignificant nose, and a skin, hair, and eyes all of one yellowish tint. A certain fluffiness and piquancy of dress would have made her positively pretty. But she went about in a tightly fitting gray gown, with a white pocket-handkerchief pinned about her neck, and her hair in a small knob on top.

But, blunt as she was, she did not like the blunt ending of this letter.

What were the women like who were not houris? He might have known that she would have some curiosity about them. Had they any intellectual training whatever? She supposed they could dance and sing and embroider like those poor things in harems——

Miss Cramer lived on a farm near the village of Throop. That evening, after she had finished her work, she took the letter over to read to Mrs. Knight. There were no secrets in any letter to her from Robert which his mother could not share. They were all intimate friends together, Mrs. Knight being, perhaps, the youngest and giddiest of the three. The Knights knew how her uncle overworked the girl, for Emma was an orphan, and dependent on him. They knew all the kinds of medicine she took for her dyspepsia, and exactly how much she earned by writing book-reviews for a Boston paper. Emma, too, could tell to a dollar what Robert's yearly expenses had been at college. They had all shared in the terrible anxiety lest no position should offer for him, and rejoiced together in this opening in Louisiana.

Mrs. Knight ran to meet her. "Oh, you have had a letter, too? Here is mine!"

She read the letter with nervous nods and laughs of exultation, the butterfly-bow of yellow ribbon in her cap fluttering as if in triumph. Emma sat down on the steps of the porch with an odd, chilled feeling that she was somehow shut out from the victory.

"The 'Bed of Flowers?' What a peculiar name for a farm! And how odd it was in this Mr. de Fourgon to ask Robert to stay at his house! Do you suppose he will charge him boarding, Emma?"

"No, I think not."

"Well, Robert will save nothing by that. He must make it up somehow. I wouldn't have him under obligation to the man for his keep. I've written to him to put his salary in the Throop Savings Bank till he wants to invest it. He will have splendid chances for investment, travelling over the country—East, West, South—everywhere! House full of women? I hope he will not be falling in love in a hurry. Robert ought to marry well now."

Miss Cramer said nothing. The sun had set, and a cold twilight had settled down over the rocky fields, with their thin crops of hay. To the right was Mrs. Knight's patch, divided into tiny

beds of potatoes, corn, and cabbage. As Emma's eyes fell on it she remembered how many years she had helped the widow rake and weed that field, and how they had triumphed in every shilling which they made by the garden-stuff. For Robert—all for Robert!

Now he had laid his hand on the world's neck and conquered it! North and West and that great tropical South, with its flowers and houris—all were open to him! She looked around the circle of barren fields. He had gone out of doors, and she was shut in!

She bade his mother good-night, and went down the darkening road homeward. What a fool she was! The fact that Robert had a good salary could not change the whole order of the world in a day. Her comradeship with Knight, their plans, their sympathy—this was the order of the world which seemed eternal and solid to poor Emma.

"I am his friend," she told herself now. "If he had twenty wives, none of them could take my place."

Now, Knight had not hinted at the possibility of wiving in his letter. There had never been a word or glance of love-making between him and Emma; yet she saw him, quite distinctly now, at the altar, and beside him a black-eyed houri.

She entered the farm-house by the kitchen. There was the bacon, cut ready to cook for breakfast, and the clothes dampened for ironing. Up in her own bare chamber were paper and ink and two books for review—"Abstract of Greek Philosophy" and "Subdrainage."

These reviews were one way in which she had tried to interest him. Interest him! Greek philosophy! Drainage!

She threw the books on the floor, and, running to the glass, unloosened her hair and ran her fingers through it, tore the handkerchief from her neck, scanned with a breathless eagerness her pale eyes, her freckled skin, and shapeless nose, and then, burying her face in her hands, turned away into the dark.

. . . . . .

The night air that was so thin and chilly in Throop blew over the Lit de Fleurs wet and heavy with the scents, good and bad, of the Gulf marshes. Madame de Fourgon's guests had left the supper-table, and were seated on the low gallery which ran around the house, or lounged in the hammocks that swung under the huge magnolias on the lawn. There were one or two women of undoubted beauty among them; but Robert Knight was not concerned, that night, with the good- or ill-looks of any woman, either in Throop or Louisiana. He was amused by a new companion, a Monsieur Tirar, who had ridden over from a neighboring plantation. Knight at first took him for an overgrown boy; but on coming close to him, he perceived streaks of gray in the close-cut hair and beard.

Tirar had sung and acted a comic song, after dinner, at which the older men laughed as at the capers of a monkey. While they were at cards he played croquet with the children. The women sent him on errands. "José, my thimble is in the library!" "José, do see where the nurse has taken baby!" etc.

A chair had been brought out now for M. de Fourgon's aunt, an old woman with snowy hair and delicate, high features. José flew to bring her a shawl and wrapped it about her. She patted him on his fat cheek, telling Knight, as he capered away, how invaluable was the *cher enfant.*

"He made that Creole sauce to-day. Ah, the *petit gourmand* has many secrets of crabs and soups. He says the *chefs* in Paris confide in him, but they are original, monsieur; they are born in José's leetle brain"—tapping her own forehead.

"Ah, hear him now! 'Tis the voice of a seraph!" She threw up her hands, to command silence in earth and sky; leaning back and closing her eyes, while the little man, seated with his guitar at the feet of a pretty girl, sang. Even Knight's sluggish nerves were thrilled. He had never heard such a voice as this. It wrung his heart with its dateless pain and pathos. Ashamed of his emotion, he turned to go away. But there was a breathless silence about him. The Creoles all love music, and José's voice was famous throughout the Gulf parishes. Even the negro nurses stood staring and open-mouthed.

The song ended and Tirar lounged into the house.

"Queer dog!" said M. de Fourgon.

"He will not touch a guitar again perhaps for months."

"He would sing if I ask it," said the old lady. "He has reverence for the age."

M. de Fourgon, behind her, lifted his eyebrows. "José," he said, aside to Knight, "is a good fellow enough up here among the women and babies; but with his own crew, at the St. Charles, there is no more rakehelly scamp in New Orleans."

"Is he a planter?" asked the curious New Englander. Madame Dessaix's keen ears caught the question.

"Ah, the poor lad! he has no land, not an acre! His father was a Spaniard, Ruy Tirar, who married Bonaventura Soult. The Soult and Tirar plantations were immense on the Bayou Sara. José's father had his share. But crevasse—cards—the war—all gone!"—opening wide her hands. "When your government declared peace, it left our poor José, at twenty, with the income of a beggar."

"But that was fifteen years ago," said Knight. "Could he not retrieve his fortune by his profession—business? What does he do?"

"Do? do?"—she turned an amazed, perplexed face from one to the other. "Does he think that José shall work? José! *Mon Dieu!*"

"Tirar," said M. de Fourgon, laughing, "is not precisely a business-man, Mr. Knight. He has countless friends and kinsfolk. We are all cousins of the Tirars or Soults. He is welcome everywhere."

"Oh!" said Knight, with a significant nod. Even in his brief stay in this neighborhood, he had found other men than José living in absolute idleness in a community which was no longer wealthy. They were neither old, ill, nor incapable. It was simply not their humor to work. They were supported, and as carefully guarded as pieces of priceless porcelain. It is a lax, extravagant feature of life, as natural to Louisiana as it is impossible to Connecticut.

It irritated Knight, yet it attracted him, as any novelty does a young man. He turned away from his companions, and sauntered up and down in the twilight. To live without work on those rich, prodigal prairies, never to think of to-morrow, to give without stint, even to lazy parasites—there was something royal about that. It touched his fancy. He had known, remember, nothing but Throop and hard work for twenty-two years.

The air had grown chilly. Inside, M. Tirar had kindled a huge fire on the hearth. He was kneeling, fanning it with the bellows, while a young girl leaned indolently against the mantel, watching the flames, and now and then motioning to José to throw on another log. The trifling action startled Knight oddly. How they wasted that wood! All through his boyhood he used to gather every twig and chip. How often he had longed to make one big, wasteful fire, as they were doing now.

The young lady was a Miss Venn, who had been civil to him. It occurred to him that she was the very embodiment of the lavish life of this place. He did not, then or afterward, consider whether she was beautiful or not. But the soft, loose masses of reddish hair, and the large, calm, blue eyes, must, he thought, belong to a woman who was a generous spendthrift of life.

Perhaps Knight was at heart a spendthrift. At all events, he suddenly felt a strange eagerness to become better acquainted with Miss Venn. He sought her out, the next morning, among the groups under the magnolias. There could be no question that she was stupid. She had read nothing but her Bible and the stories in the newspapers, and had no opinions about either. But she confessed to ignorance of nothing, lying with the most placid, innocent smile.

"'Hamlet?' Oh, yes; I read that when it first came out. But those things slip through my mind like water through a sieve."

To Robert, whose brain had long been rasped by Emma's prickly ideas, this dulness was as a downy bed of ease. Emma was perpetually struggling after progress with every power of her brain. It never occurred to Lucretia Venn to plan what she should do to-morrow, or at any future time. In Throop, too, there was much hard prejudice between the neighbors. To be clever was to have a sharp acerbity of wit: Emma's sarcasms cut like a thong. But these

people were born kind; they were friendly to all the world, while in Lucretia there was a warm affluence of nature which made her the centre of all this warm, pleasant life. The old people called her by some pet name, the dogs followed her, the children climbed into her lap. Knight with her felt like a traveller who has been long lost on a bare, cold marsh and has come into a fire-lighted room.

One afternoon he received the card of M. José Tirar y Soult, who came to call upon him formally. The little fop was dazzling in white linen, diamond solitaires blazing on his breast and wrists.

"You go to ride?" he said, as the horses were brought round. "Lucrezia, my child, you go to ride? It portends rain"—hopping to the edge of the gallery. "You will take cold!"

"There is not a cloud in the sky," said M. de Fourgon. "Come, Lucretia, mount! José always fancies you on the edge of some calamity."

"It goes to storm," persisted Tirar. "You must wear a heavier habit, my little girl."

Miss Venn laughed, ran to her own room, and changed her habit.

"What way shall you ride?" José anxiously inquired of Knight.

"To the marshes."

"It is very dangerous there, sir. There are herds of wild cattle, and slippery ground"—fuming up and down the gallery. "Well, well! Tirar himself will go. I will not see the child's life in risk."

Knight was annoyed. "What relation does Monsieur Tirar hold to Miss Venn?" he asked his host, apart. "He assumes the control of a father over her."

"He is her cousin. He used to nurse the child on his knee, and he does not realize that she has grown to be a woman. Oh, yes, the poor little man loves her as if she were his own child! When their grandfather, Louis Soult, died, two years ago, he left all his estate to Lucretia, and not a dollar to José. It was brutal! But José was delighted. 'A woman must have money, or she is cold in the world,' he said. 'But to shorn lambs, like me, every wind is tempered.'"

Mr. Knight was thoughtful during the first part of the ride. "I did not know," he said, presently, to young McCann, from St. Louis, a stranger like himself, "that Miss Venn was a wealthy woman."

"Oh, yes, the largest land-holder in this parish, and ten thousand a year, clear, besides."

Ten thousand a year! And Emma drudging till midnight for two or three dollars a column! Poor Emma! A gush of unwonted tenderness filled his heart. The homely, faithful soul!

Ten thousand a year! Knight would have been humiliated to think that this money could change his feeling to the young woman who owned it. But it did change it. She was no longer only a dull, fascinating appeal to his imagination. She was a power; something to be regarded with respect, like a Building Association or Pacific Railway stocks. But for some unexplained reason he carefully avoided her during the ride. Miss Venn was annoyed at this desertion, and showed it as a child would do. She beckoned him again and again to look at a heron's nest, or at the water-snakes darting through the ridges of the bayou, or at a family of chameleons who were keeping house on a prickly-pear. Finding that he did not stay at her side, she gave up her innocent wiles, at last, and rode on in silence. M. Tirar then flung himself headlong into the breach. He poured forth information about Louisiana for Knight's benefit, with his own flighty opinions tagged thereto. He told stories and laughed at them louder than anybody else, his brown eyes dancing with fun; but through all he kept a furtive watch upon Lucretia, to see the effect upon her.

They had now reached the marshes which lie along the Gulf. They were covered with a thin grass, which shone bright-emerald in the hot noon. The tide soaked the earth beneath, and drove back the narrow lagoons that were creeping seaward. A herd of raw-boned cattle wandered aimlessly over the spongy surface, doubtful whether the land was water, or the water, land. They staggered as they walked, from sheer weakness; one steer fell exhausted, and as Lucretia's horse passed, it lifted

its head feebly, looked at her with beseeching eyes, and dropped it again. A flock of buzzards in the distance scented their prey and began to swoop down out of the clear sky, flashes of black across the vivid green of the prairie, with low and lower dips until they alighted, quivering, on the dying beast and began to tear the flesh from its side.

José rode them down, yelling with rage. He came back jabbering in Spanish and looking gloomily over the vast, empty marsh. "I hate death anywhere, but this is wholesale murder! These wretched Cajans of the marsh raise larger herds than they can feed; they starve by the hundreds. That poor beast is dead—thanks be to God!" After a pause. "Well, well!" he cried, with a shrug, "your syndicate will soon convert this delta into solid ground, Mr. Knight; it is a noble work! Vast fortunes"—with a magniloquent sweep of his arm—"lie hidden under this mud."

"Why don't you take a share in the noble work, then?" asked McCann. "That is, if it would not interfere with your other occupations?"

"Me? I have no occupations! What work should I do?" asked José, with a fillip of his pudgy fingers. Presently he galloped up to Miss Venn's side with an anxious face.

"Lucrezia, my child, has it occurred to you that you would like me better if I were doctor, or lawyer, or something?"

She looked at him, bewildered, but said nothing.

"It has not occurred to *me*," he went on, seriously. "I have three, four hundred dollars every year to buy my clothes. I have the Tirar jewellery. What more do I want? Everything I need comes to me."

"Certainly, why not?" she answered, absently, her eyes wandering in search of something across the marsh.

"Then you do not mind?" he persisted, anxiously. "I wish my little girl to be pleased with old José. As for the rest of the world"—he cracked his thumb contemptuously.

Miss Venn smiled faintly. She had not even heard him. She was watching Knight, who had left the party and was riding homeward alone. José fancied there were tears in her eyes.

"Lucrezia!"

No answer.

"Lucrezia, do not worry! *I* am here."

"You! Oh, *Mon Dieu!* You are always here!" she broke forth, pettishly.

José gasped as if he had been struck, then he reined in his horse, falling back, while Mr. McCann gladly took his place.

M. Tirar, after that day, did not return to the plantation. Once he met M. de Fourgon somewhere in the parish, and with a sickly smile asked if Lucretia were in good health. "Remember, Jean," he added, earnestly, riding with him a little way, "*I* am that little girl's guardian. If she ever marry, it is José who must give her away. So ridiculous in her father to make a foolish young fellow like me her guardian!"

"Not at all! No, indeed! Very proper, Tirar," said M. de Fourgon, politely, at which José's face grew still paler and more grave.

One day he appeared about noon on the gallery. His shoes were muddy his clothes the color of a bedraggled moth.

"Ah, *mon enfant!*" cried Madame Dessaix, kindly, from her chair in a shady corner. "What is wrong? No white costume this day, no diamonds, no laugh? What is it, José?"

"Nothing, madame," said the little man, drearily. "I grow old. I dress no more as a young man. I accommodate myself to the age—the wrinkles."

"Wrinkles? Bah! Come and sit by me. For whom is it that you look?"

"But—I thought I heard Lucrezia laugh as I rode up the levee?"

Madame Dessaix nodded significantly and, putting her fingers on her lips, with all the delight that a Frenchwoman takes in lovers, led him, on tip-toe, to the end of the gallery and, drawing aside the vines, showed him Lucretia in a hammock under a gigantic pecan-tree. A mist of hanging green moss closed about her. She lay in it as a soft, white bird in a huge nest. Knight stood leaning against the trunk of the tree, looking down at her, his thin face intent and heated. He had spoken to her, but she did not answer. She smiled lazily, as she did when the children patted her on the cheek.

"*Voilà la petite!*" whispered Madame Dessaix, triumphantly. Then she glanced at M. Tirar, finding that he looked on in silence. He roused himself, with a queer noise in his throat.

"Yes, yes! Now—what does she answer him?"

"*Mère de Dieu!* What can she answer? He is young. He is a man who has his own way. He will have no answer but the one! We consider the affair finished!"

Tirar made no comment. He turned and walked quickly down to the barn-yard, where the children were, and stood among them and the cows for awhile. The stable-boys, used to jokes and picayunes from him, turned hand-springs and sky-larked under his feet. Finding that he neither laughed nor swore at them, they began to watch him more narrowly, and noticed his shabby clothes with amazed contempt.

"Don José seek, ta-ta!" they whispered. "Don José, yo' no see mud on yo' clo'es?"

But he stood leaning over the fence, deaf and blind to them.

His tormentors tried another point of attack. "Don José no seek, but his mare seek. Poor Chiquita! She old horse now."

"It's a damned lie!" Tirar turned on the boy with such fury that he jumped back. "She's not old! Bring her out!"

The negroes tumbled over each other in their fright. The little white mare was led out. José patted her with trembling hands. Whatever great trouble had shaken him turned for the moment into this petty outlet.

"There is not such a horse in Attakapas!" he muttered to himself. "I am old, but she is young!" The mare whinnied with pleasure as he stroked her and mounted.

As he rode from the enclosure a clumsy bay horse was led out of the stable. Knight came down the levee to meet it. José scanned it with fierce contempt. "Ah, the low-born beast! And its master is no otherwise! But who can tell what shall please the little girl?"

But Tirar could not shut his eyes to the fact that the figure on the heavy horse was manly and fine. The courage in his heart was at its lowest ebb.

"José is old and fat—fat. That is a young fellow—he is like a man!" His chin quivered like a hysteric woman's. The next minute he threw himself on the mare's neck.

"I have only you now, Chiquita! Nobody but you!"

She threw back her ears and skimmed across the prairie with the hoof of a deer. When he passed Knight, M. Tirar saluted him with profound courtesy.

"Funny little man," said Robert to McCann, who had joined him. "You might call him a note of exaggeration in the world. But that is a fine horse that he rides."

"Yes; a famous racer in her day, they tell me. Tirar talks of her as if she were a blood-relation. I wish we had horses of her build just now. That brute of yours sinks in the mud with every step."

"It is deeper than usual to-day. I don't understand it. We have had no rain."

They separated in a few minutes, Knight taking his way to the sea-marshes.

The marshes were always silent, but there was a singular, deep stillness upon them to-day. The sun was hidden by low-hanging mists, but it turned them into tent-like veils of soft, silvery brilliance. The colors and even the scents of the marshes were oddly intensified beneath them; the air held the strong smells of the grass and roses motionless; the lagoons, usually chocolate-colored, were inky black between their fringes of yellow and purple flags; the countless circular pools of clear water seemed to have increased in number, and leaped and bubbled as if alive.

If poor Emma could but turn her eyes from the barren fields of Throop to this strange, enchanted plain!

He checked himself. What right had he to wish for Emma? Lucretia—

But Lucretia would see nothing in it but mud and weeds!

Lucretia was a dear soul; but after all, he thought, with a laugh, her best qualities were those of an amiable cow. That very day he had brought himself to make love to her with as much force

as his brain could put into the words, and she had listened with the amused, pleased, ox-like stare of one of these cattle when its sides were tickled by the long grass. She had given him no definite answer.

Knight ploughed his way through the spongy prairie, therefore, in a surly ill-humor, which the unusual depth of mud did not make more amiable. He was forced to ride into the bayoux every few minutes to wash the clammy lumps from the legs of his horse.

Where M. Tirar went that day, he himself, when afternoon came, could not have told distinctly. He had a vague remembrance that he had stopped at one or two Acadian farm-houses for no purpose whatever. He was not a drinking-man, and had tasted nothing but water all day, yet his brain was stunned and bruised, as if he was rousing from a long debauch. When he came to himself he was on the lower marshes. Chiquita had suddenly stopped, planted her legs apart like a mule, and refused to budge an inch farther. What ailed this bayou? It, too, had come to a halt, and had swollen into a stagnant black pond.

José was altogether awake now. He understood what had happened. A heavy spring tide in the Gulf had barred all outlet for the bayous, which cut through the marshes. The great river, for which they were but mouths, was already forcing its way over their banks and oozing through all the spongy soil. There was no immediate danger of his drowning; but unless he made instant escape, there was a certainty that he would be held and sucked into the vast and rapidly spreading quicksands of mud until he did drown.

If Chiquita——?

He wheeled her head to the land and called to her. She began to move with extreme caution, testing each step, now and then leaping to a hummock of solid earth. Twice she stopped and changed her course. José dismounted several times and tried to lead her. But he soon was bogged knee-deep. He saw that the instinct of the horse was safer than his judgment, and at last sat quietly in the saddle. At ordinary times he would have sworn and scolded, and, perhaps, being alone, have shed tears, for José was at heart a coward and dearly loved his life.

But to-day it was low tide in the little man's heart. The bulk of life had gone from him with Lucretia. His love for her had given him dignity in his own eyes; without her he was a poor buffoon, who carried his jokes from house to house in payment for alms.

He did what he could, however, to save his life, rationally enough—threw off his heavy boots, and the Spanish saddle, to lighten the load on the mare, patted her, sang and laughed to cheer her. Once, when the outlook was desperate, he jumped off. "She shall not die!" he said, fiercely. He tried to drive her away, but she stood still, gazing at him wistfully.

"Aha!" shouted José, delighted, nodding to some invisible looker-on. "Do you see that? *She* will not forsake me! So, my darling! You and Tirar will keep together to the last." He mounted again.

Chiquita, after that, made slow but steady progress. She reached a higher plateau. Even there the pools were rapidly widening; the oozing water began to shine between the blades of grass. In less than an hour this level also would be in the sea.

But in less than an hour Chiquita would have brought him to dry ground.

José talked to her incessantly now, in Spanish, arguing as to this course or that.

"Ha! What is that?" he cried, pulling her up. "That black lump by the bayou? A man—no! A horse and man! They are sinking—held fast!"

He was silent a moment, panting with excitement. Then—"It is Knight!" he cried. "Caught like a rat in a trap! He will die—thanks be to God!"

If Knight were dead, Lucretia would be his own little girl again.

The thought was the flash of a moment. Knight's back was toward him. José, unseen, waited irresolute.

After the first murderous triumph he hoped Robert could be saved. Tirar was a coward, but at bottom he was a man—how much of a man remained to be proved. The longer he looked at the engineer, the more he hated him, with a blind, childish fury.

"But I am not murderer—I!" he said to himself, mechanically, again and again.

Chiquita pawed, impatient to be off. The water was rising about her hoofs. It sparkled now everywhere below the reeds. Death was waiting for both the men—a still, silent, certain death—the more horrible because there was no fury or darkness in it. The silvery mist still shut the world in, like the walls of a tent; the purple and yellow flags shone in the quiet light.

Chiquita could save one, and but one.

The Tirars and Soults had been men of courage and honor for generations. Their blood was quickening in his fat little body.

A thought struck him like a stab from a knife. "If Knight dies, it will break her heart. But me!" Then he cracked his thumb contemptuously. "What does she care for poor old José?"

We will not ask what passed in his heart during the next ten minutes.

He and his God were alone together.

He came up to Knight and tapped him on the shoulder. "Hello! What's wrong?"

"I'm bogged. This brute of a horse is sinking in the infernal mud."

"Don't jerk at him! I'll change the horses with you, if you are in a hurry to reach the plantation. Chiquita can take you more quickly than he."

"But you?—I don't understand you. What will you do?"

"I am in no hurry."

"This horse will not carry you. It seems to me that the mud is growing deeper."

"I understand the horses and mud of our marshes better than you. Come, take Chiquita. Go!"

Knight alighted and mounted the mare, with a perplexed face. He had begun to think himself in actual danger, and was mortified to find that José made so light of the affair.

"Well, good-day, Monsieur Tirar!" he said. "It is very kind in you to take that confounded beast off my hands. I'll sell him to-morrow if I can." He nodded to José, and jerked the bridle sharply. "Come, get up!" he said, touching Chiquita with a whip.

José leaped at him like a cat. "Damnation! Don't dare to touch her!"—wrenching the whip from his hand, and raising it to strike him. "Pardon, sir," stiffening himself, "my horse will not bear a stroke. Do not speak to her and she will carry you safely." His hand rested a moment on the mare's neck. He muttered something to her in Spanish, and then he turned his back that he might not see her go away.

Mr. Knight reached the upper marshes in about two hours. He caught sight of a boat going down the bayou, and recognizing M. de Fourgon and some other men from the plantation in it, rode down to meet them.

"Thank God, you are safe, Knight!" exclaimed M. de Fourgon. "How's that? Surely that is Chiquita you are riding! Where did you find her?"

"That queer little Mexican insisted that I should swap horses with him. My nag was bogged, and——"

The men looked at each other.

"Where did you leave him?"

"In the sea-marsh, near the mouth of this bayou. Why, what do you mean? Is he in danger? Stop!" he shouted, as they pulled away without a word. "For God's sake, let me go with you!" He left Chiquita on the bank and leaped into the boat, taking an oar.

"You do not mean that Tirar has risked his life for mine?" he said.

"It looks like it," McCann replied. "And yet I could have sworn that he disliked you, especially."

"The old Tirar blood has not perished from off the earth," said M. de Fourgon, in a low voice. "Give way! Together now! I fear we are too late."

The whole marsh was under water before they reached it. They found José's body submerged, but wedged in the crotch of a pecan-tree, into which he had climbed. It fell like a stone into the boat.

M. de Fourgon laid his ear to his heart, pressed his chest, and rose, replying by a shake of the head to their looks. He took up his oar and rowed in silence for a few minutes.

"Pull, gentlemen!" he said, hoarsely. "The night is almost upon us. We will take him to my house."

But Knight did not believe that José was dead. He stripped him, and rubbed and chafed the sodden body in the bot-

tom of the boat. When they reached the house and, after hours of vain effort, even the physician gave up, Knight would not listen to him.

"He shall not die, I tell you! Why should his life be given for mine? I did not even thank him, brute that I am!"

It was but a few minutes after that, that he looked up from his rubbing, his face growing suddenly white. The doctor put his hand on Tirar's breast. "It beats!" he cried, excitedly. "Stand back! Air—brandy!"

At last José opened his eyes, and his lips moved. "What is it, my dear fellow?" they all cried, crowding around him. But only Knight caught the whisper. He stood up, an amazed comprehension in his eyes.

Drawing M. de Fourgon aside, he said: "I understand now! I see why he did it!" and hurried away abruptly, in search of Miss Venn.

The next morning M. Tirar was carried out in a steamer-chair to the gallery.

He was the hero of the day. The whole household, from Madame Dessaix to the black pickaninnies, buzzed about him. Miss Venn came down the gallery, beaming, flushed, her eyes soft with tears. She motioned them all aside and sat down by him, stroking his cold hand in her warm ones.

"It is me that you want, José? Not these others? Only me?"

"If you can spare for me a little time, Lucrezia?" he said, humbly.

She did not reply for so long that he turned and looked into her face.

"A little time? *All* of the time," she whispered.

José started forward. His chilled heart had scarcely seemed to beat since he was taken from the water. Now it sent the blood hot through his body.

"What do you mean, child?" he said, sternly. "Think what you say. It is old José. Do you mean——?"

"Yes; and I always meant it," she said, quietly. "Why, there are only us left—you and me. And Chiquita," she added, laughing.

. . . . . .

A week later Mrs. Knight received a letter from Robert, with the story of his rescue. She cried over it a good deal.

"Though I don't see why he thinks it such an extraordinary thing in that little man to do!" she reflected. "Anybody would wish to save Robert, even a wild Mexican. And, why upon earth, because his life was in danger, he should have written to offer it to Emma Cramer, passes me! She hasn't a dollar."

Through the window she saw the girl crossing the fields, with quick, light steps.

"She's heard from him! She's coming to tell me. Well, I did think Robert would have married well, having his pick and choice——"

But the widow's heart had been deeply moved. "Poor Emma! She's been as faithful as a dog to Robert. If she has no money, she will save his as an heiress would not have done. Providence orders all things right," she thought, relenting. "If that girl has not put on her best white dress on a week-day! How glad she must be! I'll go and meet her, I guess. She has no mother now, to kiss her, or say God bless her, poor child!" and she hurried to the gate.

IN GRAND KABYLIA.

By Henry M. Field.

"WHAT are those mountains covered with snow?"

I had just come to Northern Africa, and had passed along the coast for two hundred and fifty miles, from Oran to Algiers, under the shadow of the Great Atlas chain. But we were now looking in another quarter of the horizon, to the east, where the snowy heights were glistening in the rays of the morning sun. "Those," said my friend, "are the mountains of Grand Kabylia, the Switzerland of Africa." The name recalled the descriptions I had read of its Alpine scenery and its warlike people. A thousand legends gather about those mountains. It is a wild and savage country, long the habitation of lions, and of a people as brave as lions, who from time immemorial have fought for their independence. When the Romans, after destroying Carthage, pursued their conquests westward along Northern Africa, they came to a mountain region in which nature itself opposed their advance, held by tribes whose courage long kept even the Romans at bay, and though the country was reckoned a part of their African empire, yet they prudently left a good deal of liberty to these fierce warriors as an untamed and untamable race.

The Arab conquest swept over Africa, but left them still in possession of their mountains and, to a great degree, of their freedom. They became Moslems, yet they took even their religion in a somewhat free and independent way. They would be no man's slave. They clung to their mountain homes, instead of following their new masters into the desert; and retained many of their ancient customs, their women never veiling their faces after the manner of the East. Such were the Berbers, so famous in the history of Northern Africa, and such are their descendants, the Kabyles of to-day.

In the many-colored population of Algiers the stranger recognizes a variety of African races, with others that show traces of an Asiatic origin, most of which he can make out, as to what they are and where they came from; but he is a good deal puzzled by one that is neither white nor black, but of a light-brown or olive complexion, a race that stands apart with its own language and its separate communities, governed by its own laws and institutions. These are the Kabyles, the children of yonder mountains, a people of fiery and impetuous nature—ardent lovers and bitter haters, hard workers and terrible fighters, as they have shown in a hundred wars, from the days of the Romans to the last insurrection against the French. American readers may be interested to be introduced to this picturesque country and people.

Although I had seen the Kabyles in the streets of Algiers, I had not observed them closely till one day the American Consul, Mr. Grellet, took me out to Koubba, five miles from the city, to pay a visit to his father, a fine old gentleman, who is a resident of the country. It is a beautiful drive over the hills to the top of the Sahel, from which one looks across the valley of the Metidja to the chain of the Little Atlas. Here Mr. Grellet has a vineyard of several hundred acres, cultivated wholly by Kabyles; a hundred of them were at work at that very moment. They were alert and active fellows, of middle stature, lightly yet strongly built, with frames all nerve and muscle, in which toughness was combined with agility. Their eyes were bright, and as they recognized a stranger, they looked up in my face with a pleased expression that was in itself a kindly greeting. Mr. Grellet said they were excellent laborers. It was evident that they were in the best relations with their employer, whom they never passed without a "Bonjour!" which was perhaps all the French they knew. I was at once struck

with the difference in their physique from that of the Arabs, who are taller and more striking in appearance, while the Kabyles, though not so picturesque in figure, have more stuff in them for work and are ready to turn their hands to anything. At this season (it was the middle of January) they were busy in grubbing up the old roots, clearing out worthless stocks, or those which had been touched by any insect pest (not the phylloxera, which has not yet made its appearance here); or pruning the vines and preparing shoots for planting elsewhere, as Mr. Grellet had an order for four hundred thousand shoots for Tunis. They take naturally to the labors of the field, in which they are a perfect contrast to the Arabs, who look upon such labor as a degradation, and even hire the Kabyles to do work which they are too lazy to do themselves. The Arab is at home on his steed, scouring the desert, while the Kabyle is never seen on horseback. He is content to go on foot, and is not ashamed of honest labor; he earns his money in the sweat of his brow, and, what is better, *he knows how to keep it.* They are a thrifty folk, living on little, and saving every hard-earned penny.

"How much do you pay them?" I asked.

"Two francs and a quarter" (forty-five cents) "a day."

That may seem small pay to American laborers, but it is good wages in Africa. All depends on what it will bring. A French *ouvrier* would eat and drink it all up, for he must have his meat every day and his bottle of wine, while the Kabyle is content to do without either, and thus saves nearly three-quarters of all he earns. He is a true economist; he has made it a matter of exact calculation, and reduced the art of living to a minimum. One who knows them well, said to me: "A Kabyle will live on twelve sous a day, two of which he will spend in tobacco, his only luxury."

"These men," said Mr. Grellet, "live almost wholly on bread. Meat they do not touch unless it be on some special occasion, such as a Moslem feast. Every morning the Kabyle cuts off his portion of bread for the day; sometimes he will cut out the inside of a loaf and put it to soak in olive-oil, which is here so abundant and so cheap, and this makes a nutritious food; and if, with the two sous for tobacco, he can spare one sou more for a small cup of the black coffee of which he is very fond, he asks heaven for no more. This is his daily portion; but, if to-morrow should be a rainy day, so that he could not work, he would not give himself the same allowance and consume a whole day's provision, for that would be eating his bread before he had earned it, and so encroaching on his little capital. He will cut a day's portion in two and go on half-rations for two days, so that he can 'start even' on the third!"

American laborers, who are the most wasteful in the world, may think this a petty economy, which shows a miserly spirit. "Why do not these poor fellows do as we do, and enjoy their earnings as they go? What is the use of all this saving and hoarding?" So little do we know of what is stirring in these dusky bosoms.

As we stood looking at the different groups, which were not only very busy, but very happy, Mr. Grellet said to me: "Every one of these men, to the youngest (for some of them were little more than stout boys), has the ambition to earn a few hundred francs, with which he will go back to his native village and buy him a wife!" Indeed! and so the fire of love is burning in these African breasts. It is the old story of Jacob serving seven years for Rachel. Love cannot have its reward without toil. No maiden wastes her affections on an impecunious lover. A man must pay "the old gentleman" for the hand of his daughter. It may not be in money, but in sheep or camels, though the thrifty father likes to see the shining pieces of precious metal. On one occasion, at a hotel in the interior, I paid a bill in napoleons, at seeing which the landlord said that there was but little gold in the country; that whenever a Kabyle got hold of a piece, he hoarded it against the day when he might wish to buy him a wife, trusting that, if the old man would not take a camel, his heart might be softened by sight of the glittering coin. This bit of information caused me to look with new interest into the bright faces before me. I saw that the laborer of the Sahel, in the midst of his

toil, was dreaming dreams of a cottage in the mountains, and of the little group that in time would gather round the door.

"And how much does one of these mountain maidens cost?"

"*Cela dépend.* A man may get a common-looking girl for a hundred francs" (twenty dollars), "but the more handsome (and some of them are very pretty) are much higher. One of my men had saved, in the course of two or three years, six hundred francs, all of which he paid for his bride. He did not begrudge the money, for she was the fairest of her village, and in her he saw the mother of a son who would be the pride of his old age. But just as he was looking for his first-born, to his bitter disappointment the son proved to be a daughter! And when this happened a second time, I believe, if the neighbors had not interfered, he would have killed her! At least this would have been considered sufficient reason for a divorce. Indeed, it is not necessary to have any reason; the Moslem law of divorce is so easy that a man has only to say to his wife three times, in the presence of witnesses, 'I divorce you,' and he is free!"

This facility of divorce comes in as a sad contrast to the romance that we were beginning to weave about the domestic life of the Kabyle. It is one of the curses of every Moslem country that the sexes are so lightly bound and so easily separated. If we could know the whole inner life of those mountain villages, we might hear many sad tales. There is a divorce-court which sits regularly in Algiers, in which unhappy couples are parted with the greatest facility. You enter and find the men sitting on one side and the women on the other, waiting their turns till the Cadi (the Moslem judge) shall hear their cases. First the man tells his story, and then the woman tells hers. But it is not probable that the testimony of either avails much, for it is not often that a divorce, thus asked for, is refused. All rests with the Cadi. To him goes whoever wishes to be married or to be divorced. The same power that makes the relation of husband and wife can unmake it also, and perhaps the Cadi is more ready for the latter than the former because he is paid more for it. Whether it be intended to discourage divorce or not, the charge is double that for a marriage; but as the highest charge is only ten francs (for a marriage it is but five), the tariff can hardly be considered prohibitory.

And how do the women take this abrupt ending of their married life?

An English friend who attended one day at a divorce-court told me that generally the result seemed to be accepted by both parties as a matter of course, with which they were too familiar to be much overcome. It may even have been arranged beforehand by mutual understanding. Some, no doubt, thought it a happy relief to get rid of a cruel husband or an ill-tempered wife. But to others, especially where there were children, the separation had a terrible meaning. While many looked round the court-room, seemingly indifferent, one poor woman buried her face in her hands and wept bitterly. This breaking up of homes must be accompanied in many cases by the breaking of hearts, and a broken heart is as heavy a burden to carry on the mountains of Africa as in any unhappy home of England or America.

"And do you trust these men perfectly?" I asked.

"Yes and no. They are good, faithful fellows, industrious and honest according to their ideas of honesty. But in the time of the vintage, when the grapes are to be gathered, I have to employ two hundred men, and then I must keep a sharp watch. It will not do to leave anything of value about, for they will take it without a moment's hesitation, thinking that Allah has put it in their way, and that it would be a disregard of his gifts to neglect the opportunity. Everything is thrown upon Allah. He is not only the inspirer of all good deeds, but the scape-goat for all bad ones. I had a Kabyle who was a good laborer, but who had an incurable habit of petty thieving. He would steal without any motive, taking what he could have had for the asking; and when I charged him with it and said, 'Why do you steal what you can have without stealing? You know that I would give you all the grapes you

want,' he was not at all abashed, but threw off the responsibility by saying that 'Allah made him steal it!'"

This lying and stealing are such contemptible vices that an Anglo-Saxon cannot understand how they can coexist with anything that is worthy of respect. And yet these very men, as we shall see, have many noble traits,

A Kabyle Tent near Algiers.

and belong to one of the bravest races in the world.

As they are not only brave, but quick to resent an injury, they furnish an inflammable material that may flame out suddenly into insurrection; and what fighters they can be they showed in the insurrection of 1871. Mr. Grellet was at that time in Algeria, and I asked him if he was in danger?

"No," he said, "the insurrection did not come this side the mountains."

"And is there any danger now?"

"I think not. We are too near Algiers, where there is always a large body of French troops; but still you cannot be sure of anything with races that are so excitable. You cannot restrain them from revolt by showing them that the attempt would be hopeless. They recognize the power of France because they see French soldiers in the streets; but if it were not for this, it would be very difficult to give them an idea of a power that is on the other side of the sea. Even as it is, you cannot convince them that they are not really stronger than their masters, whom they could 'wipe out' if they had a mind to! This confidence in themselves is kept up by religious fanaticism. The Kabyles, though not so fanatical as the Arabs, are still greatly under the influence of their priests, and think that a 'marabout' (the descendant of a Moslem saint) has some mysterious and irresistible power. One day I was talking with a Kabyle, who was old enough to have good-sense, and I said to him, 'How is it that you dare to make war against France, that has an army larger than your whole population?' 'No matter for that,' said the fiery old mountaineer; 'what do we care

Kabyle Woman.

for your armies? If one of our marabouts were to wave a stick at them and pronounce a curse upon them, he could sweep them all into the sea.'" It did not seem to occur to him as somewhat remarkable that, if *one* holy man had such power, all of them together, raging and cursing, and stirring up the tribes to put forth their utmost strength, did not produce more impression, but had finally to give in and make their submission to the French! However, it

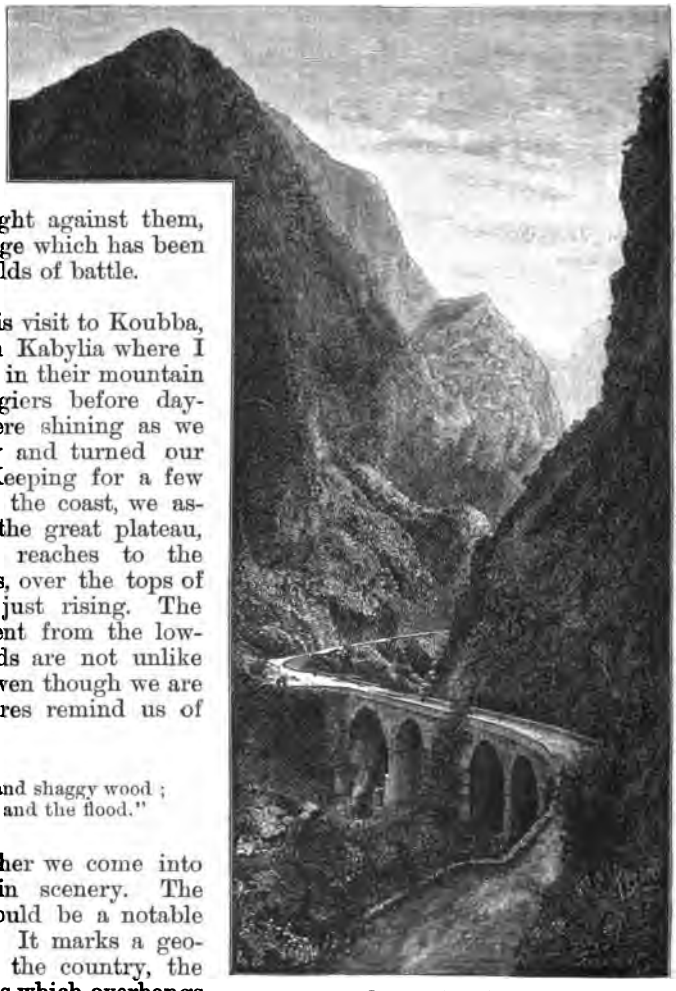
is best not to ask too many questions. There is no reasoning with fanaticism. Putting aside all foolish boasting, no one who has seen the Kabyles, and least of all those who fought against them, will dispute the courage which has been proved on so many fields of battle.

A few days after this visit to Koubba, I was riding through Kabylia where I could see the Kabyles in their mountain homes. We left Algiers before daybreak. The stars were shining as we swept round the bay and turned our faces to the east. Keeping for a few miles to the level of the coast, we ascended gradually to the great plateau, or table-land, which reaches to the foot of the mountains, over the tops of which the sun was just rising. The first steps of the ascent from the lowlands to the highlands are not unlike those in Scotland. Even though we are in Africa, some features remind us of "Old Scotia:"

"Land of brown heath and shaggy wood;
Land of the mountain and the flood."

As we rise still higher we come into the wildest mountain scenery. The Gorge of Palæstro would be a notable pass in Switzerland. It marks a geographical division of the country, the ridge of the mountains which overhangs it being the dividing line between the Arabs and the Kabyles. On the western side are the Arabs, while on the eastern, which we now enter, are the Kabyles, and one cannot but admire the industry of these *indigènes* as he sees how they carry their patches of cultivation to the very mountain-top.

This Via Mala of the African Switzerland merits that name, not only for the stupendous cliffs that shut it in, but for a tragedy of which it was the scene but a few years ago. The river that rushes down from the mountains here finds a rocky barrier in its path, and sweeps round it, nearly enclosing a little plateau, which is thus almost islanded from the banks on either side; and here stood, twenty years ago, a village of a hundred inhabitants, chiefly emigrants from France and Italy. As it was an outpost of the settlements, it was one of the first points which the mountain tribes swooped down upon in the insurrection of 1871. With no fortification to protect it, the people took shelter in their houses, which they defended for several days till they were set on fire, and the inmates surrendered, the greater part of them only to be brutally massacred. This was the first deed which showed what savages the Kabyles can be under the excitement of war. But a few weeks passed before the place was retaken by the French, and now it is cheer-



Gorge of Bardj-Bouira.

ing to see how civilization has penetrated the wilderness; for on the banks of the stream that roars through this gorge a macadamized road, like that over the Simplon, has been built on one side and a railroad on the other. The latter is a marvellous piece of engineering, being carried for miles on embankments along the mountain-sides, with innumerable bridges spanning the torrents, sometimes at a height of a hundred feet, while tunnels in swift succession pierce the barriers which are too lofty to be scaled. Along such a line are sprinkled a number of villages, peopled by emigrants from Alsace and Lorraine, who, driven from their own homes by the German possession of the Rhine, can here sing the Marseillaise amid the mountains of Africa.

Along this line we advance till we are amid the snows. These do not remain through the year, for the mountains of Kabylia are not so high as the Alps; but it is now midwinter, and they are mantled in white far down their sides. I observed here the "massing" of mountains; that, instead of lying in one long chain, like the Apennines in Italy, or the Pyrenees on the north of Spain, they stand in a group, as in Switzerland, where they form the table-land of Europe and the water-shed of a continent, from which flow, not only the Rhine and the Danube, but rivers that empty themselves toward the north and the south, into the Baltic and the Mediterranean.

Those who have penetrated into the interior of Kabylia give the most picturesque descriptions of its mingled wildness and beauty. As they go farther into it, the mountains rise higher and the valleys sink deeper. In some places it seems as if the mountains had been cleft asunder by some convulsion of nature, and tremendous cliffs stand facing each other, parted by gorges of almost unfathomable depth, down which the torrents roar, while the eagles soar and scream over the abyss.

There, in those wild mountains, is the home of the Kabyles; for homes they have, to which they cling with all the fondness habitual to mountain tribes. In this, again, their life is in contrast to that of the Arabs, who live on the desert, dwelling in tents, wandering hither and thither, now to this oasis and now to that, wherever they can find subsistence for their flocks and herds, and as soon as this is exhausted, striking their tents and disappearing below the horizon.

The Kabyles, on the other hand, live in villages, which are generally perched on some high point of the mountains for protection and defence. Look yonder! We can see them distinctly, and very picturesque they are, clinging to the mountain-side. But if we were to interrupt our journey long enough to pay them a visit, we might find them marked by other features than picturesqueness. Mr. Grellet once made an excursion into Kabylia, passing from village to village, and his descriptions were anything but attractive. Climbing to their heights, he found a village, sometimes perched on a cliff, looking sheer down into the vale below, or on the ridge of a mountain, with an outlook on either side. As its space was so confined, the houses were packed together into a solid mass. Streets there were none—at least, which deserved the name—many of the villages being divided only by a single lane, so narrow that two could not walk abreast. The houses are of but one story and *one room*, in which all the family sleep together, lying down at night on the bare ground, which they share with the domestic animals. As there are no windows, the interior is dark, the door being the only opening for light and air to come in and for the smoke to go out, as it rises from a hole in the ground where the inmates cook their food, like Indians in their wigwams. Of course the air is vile, even on the mountain-top, for all the winds of heaven cannot drive out the smells of such a place. How anything in the shape of humanity can live in these hovels is a mystery; but the fact that the Kabyles do live, and not only live, but increase and multiply, is proof of the vitality of the race. Some of these villages have a thousand inhabitants; indeed, I have been told that there were several with *five* thousand, but this seems hardly possible. And yet, who can count the bees in a hive, or the ants in an ant-hill? The bees in *these* hives are certainly not drones;

they are busy bees, presenting an example of industry that is a marvel among the idle and indolent populations of Africa.

As soon as a young Kabyle has bought a wife, he must have a little patch of ground on the mountain-side. No matter how rough it may be, he will dig round the rocks, pick out the stones, sow a little wheat and barley, plant a few fig-trees and olive-trees, have his sheep and his goats; and then he will sit before his door and smoke his pipe with a proud consciousness of independence.

The Kabyles have a political life of their own, which is at once patriarchal and democratic. Each village is a little republic, or commune, governed by its own "head-men," and a number of these villages are formed into a rude confederation like the early leagues in the Swiss cantons.

With such simplicity of government, and such industry of the people, a romantic traveller might easily imagine to himself an ideal republic—an Arcadia—throned on these mountain-tops, an abode of happiness which the outer world could not invade. But a community that has no fear of violence from the "outer world" may yet have elements of discord within that make it to come short of Arcadia. Such elements there are even in the heart of Kabylia, whose pastoral people may yet learn from the outer world some lessons, not only of household cleanliness and comfort, but of neighborly kindness and peace.

As we were crossing the mountains, I was sitting alone in the railway-carriage, looking at the villages in the distance, when an old officer entered, booted and spurred, and bowed to me with true

The Pass El Kantra, Entrance to Sahara.

French courtesy, which seemed to invite conversation.

"You have been long in service in Kabylia?"

"Many years."

"And how do you find the country and the people?"

The country was "sauvage," but "magnifique;" and the people were "braves gens," "bons pour le travail," but hot-tempered, quick in anger, and if it came to war, they were "bêtes féroces!" The latter was a harsh imputation; and yet it did not grate on my ears as it might have done, if I had not remembered that at Palæstro the Kabyles threw wounded men into the flames of their own dwellings and even vented their rage and fury on the bodies of the dead! I now learned that this natural fierceness is not always reserved for open war, but that the people are of a combative temperament, so much so that, if they have no "grand affair" on hand, they will fight among themselves; that the mountains are full of feuds, in which village is set against village and neighbor against neighbor. In telling me this the old officer only repeated what has been said by other military men and travellers who have had occasion to explore this mountain region, and who go so far as to say that when their blood is up, the Kabyles will fight, not only with their fists, but with their teeth and nails, biting and tearing each other's faces like panthers of their own forests; and that if nature's weapons are not sufficient to decide the quarrel, they will seize the gun or the yataghan.

A Kabyle Girl.

But while we do not cover up this fault of quarrelsomeness, as shown in their feuds and vendettas, we can at least take pleasure in recognizing their courage when displayed against the enemies of their country. Like the Swiss, the Kabyles have an intense love of their country. They love it for its very savageness, in which every peak and crag seems to frown defiance at an invader. They are as jealous of its independence as the brave warriors of Montenegro. Those who have fought for generations against the Turk in the passes of the Black Mountains, overlooking the Adriatic, have not shown more valor than the natives of Kaby-

lia. This courage flames out clearest and brightest in the moments of greatest danger. One custom they have which shows that the blood of heroes is in their veins. When tidings of an invasion come to their mountain retreats, the whole land rises up at the sound of war. The young men of the different tribes enter into a solemn "league and covenant," which might be called the league of death, since all who join in it swear to die for their country. So complete is this offering up of their lives, that the prayers for the dead are read over them, so that when they go forth to battle they are already as dead men, and have only to seek the place where they may give up their lives. If, indeed, they annihilate the enemy, they may return *and live*. But if the foe is still in the field, they must seek death until they find it. If one were to flee in the day of battle and return to his tribe, he would be received as the Athenians received the one survivor of Thermopylæ. He would be an outcast in his tribe, doomed to suffer a thousand insults worse than death. But for those who are killed there is glory here and rest hereafter. Their souls ascend to paradise, while their bodies are buried apart, in a place which is thus rendered forever sacred, and to which pious Moslems will come and pray over the dust of their heroic dead.

One thing more only is needed to complete the picture of Kabyle virtues to be set against the dark background of deeds of violence. They are capable, not only of courage, but of fidelity in the face of great temptations, of which they have given an example, which should be told in their honor, and to which the French owe their empire in Africa. Never was that empire in such danger as in the Franco-German War. As soon as it was evident that it was going against the French, their troops

Kabyle Women.

were recalled from Africa to take part in the great struggle at home—till Algeria was left almost without defence.

Then the hour for which the conquered races had long waited had come, and if they could at once have joined their forces and proclaimed a holy war, it is altogether probable that the French would have been driven from Northern Africa. They might have regained Algeria after the German war was over, but only by a repetition of the years of fighting which it cost to conquer it. That the tribes did not take advantage of this, and rise while the French had their hands full on the other side of the Mediterranean, was owing wholly to their fidelity to a solemn pledge.

When the war broke out, a chief of great influence among the tribes, Mokrani, gave his word to the Governor-General of Algeria that there should be no insurrection *while the war lasted.* That word was faithfully kept. The French arms were followed by disaster after disaster; Napoleon surrendered at Sedan, and Bazaine surrendered at Metz. Then it seemed as if a voice from the Rhine called to the tribes of Kabylia to seize an opportunity which might never come again. But not a man stirred; nor yet when all the defeats and disgraces of the war culminated in the siege and surrender of Paris. The Moslem's faith was plighted; the Moslem's faith was kept! *But*—when all was over, when the last battle had been fought, and the treaty of peace had been signed at Frankfort, then Mokrani was released from his pledge, and then, and not till then, did he declare war. And still he would take no unfair advantage, but gave forty-eight hours' notice. Then the war-cry went through the mountains, and the tribes rushed to the field. They fought desperately, not only destroying towns, but laying siege to fortified places. Even Fort Napoleon, now Fort National, the strongest fortress in Kabylia, had to sustain a siege of over two months before the French troops could come to its relief. But the end was inevitable, for as soon as the French armies were freed from duty at home, they came in large divisions across the Mediterranean. Seeing that all was lost, Mokrani put himself at the head of his troops for the last battle, and dashing to the front, "foremost, fighting, fell."

The war was ended, and the Kabyles were subdued, but with no loss of reputation for courage, and with increase of honor, in that they had kept faith, even with unbelievers; and it was fitting that the French should themselves erect a monument to mark the spot where this noble enemy perished. Such fidelity, coupled with valor in war and industry in peace, with intense love of country and courage in defending it, are enough to redeem a whole people from the reproach of barbarism.

A CONFESSION.

By Henrietta Christian Wright.

Do you suppose if all the world, some day,
Should come and stand beside my grave and say,
"Here lies one who can never be forgot,"
I would care aught for it, if you came not?

But if alone you came, and said, with tears,
"Here lies one that I loved"—ah! then the years
Since we had met would quickly fade away,
And heaven, for me, be reckoned from that day.

View of the Town and Harbor of Saint Thomas.

A DIPLOMATIC EPISODE.

By Olive Risley Seward.

THE defects in the domestic organization of the United States Government were not only relentlessly laid bare at the beginning of the Civil War, but the results of the national foreign policy, neutrality toward all nations and alliance with none, were also unmistakably demonstrated.

As an immediate result of that policy, the United States was found untrammelled by alliances and at peace with the world, but without a practical ally, in all its round, when the ominous gun was fired at Fort Sumter, and the gazing nations were free to act under influences of personal sympathy, selfish interest, or dispassionate judgment, in the matter of our national struggle, and the vital question it involved.

England, closely followed by France and other maritime powers, betrayed extreme haste to recognize the belligerency of the South. Later, by allowing cruisers to be built in her waters, Great Britain materially aided the Southern cause against the United States, both in her own jurisdiction and on the high seas, our whaling ships being destroyed by the Shenandoah for lack of sheltering harbors in the northern waters of the Pacific, while at the same time, the British ports of the Antilles were closed to the national navy.

During the progress of the struggle, and when victory seemed possibly turning against the United States, the Emperor of the French undertook openly, and in defiance of American traditional policy, to establish monarchical institutions in Mexico.

This unfriendly activity on the part of the Western powers of Europe led their cautious and far-reaching antagonist in the East to assume a contrary attitude. Russia, whose power is felt through the world to be mysterious and encroaching, and whose unassailable position and exhaustless resources fully justify that dread, declared strongly on the side of the United States. Not content with expressing encouragement and cordiality in the unlimited phrases of diplomacy, she sent a splendid squadron to New York, under instructions to neglect no opportunity to exhibit to the world the strength of her friendship in the darkest days of the struggle.

Actual assistance came also from another illustrious state, from Denmark, which, with her small territory on the Baltic and her islands in the Caribbean Sea, is one of the smallest and weakest of European dynasties, but whose genius is so ready to grasp the spirit of progressive development, and whose record is so valorous of the past, that she holds a place of honor among the greatest. As if purely by the force of harmony in ideals inherent in both countries, Denmark showed from the beginning a marked sympathy with the national cause of the United States. Without infringing the regulations of neutrality which applied to her possessions in the Antilles, she afforded every possible advantage to the United States navy in permitting access to the coaling and supply station at St. Thomas when it had been refused at Madeira and the Azores, and without which assistance we could scarcely have kept our cruisers in the Caribbean; and still further, the fidelity of her friendship prevented the hoisting of the Confederate ensign in any Danish port.

Less brilliant, but not less beneficent than Russia's demonstrations of friendliness, these generous acts on the part of Denmark were set as a seal to the reciprocal relations of cordiality and justice which had marked the intercourse between the United States and that nation for nearly four score years. Moreover, when the war was ended, while a bitter feeling prevailed in America against England and her followers, on

account of the course they had pursued, the firm attitude of friendship which Russia and Denmark had maintained became the subject of praise and gratitude throughout the land. As time passed, new and far-reaching questions arose in our foreign relations from these circumstances and conditions, which pressed for attention from the Government, at a moment when the public mind was so torn ard divided by questions of restoring the functions of the disaffected States at home, that opinion was not deeply aroused concerning them.

Negotiations with these friendly states —with Denmark for the purchase of the islands of St. John and St. Thomas, and with Russia for the acquisition of her American possessions—were the first irrelative foreign transactions which the United States engaged in after the war.

The foresight and energy which marked the conception of the Russian treaty, and compassed its achievement, combined with the success which vindicates the wisdom of the Alaska purchase, cause that transaction to rank among the great American diplomatic triumphs of the past hundred years, by which the area of the country has been quadrupled, the coast line extended many times, and which have given us command of the Western Pacific coast, and assured our lasting control of Asiatic commerce.

The Danish negotiation holds an interest far different from that which attaches to a brilliant success. We may read in this episode of diplomatic history the political foresight which sought to strengthen our power on the Atlantic coast and give us control of the Antilles, and also the series of combinations which led to the failure of a measure obviously as wise and prudent as the Alaska purchase. And further, we may see how, by the failure of this plan, the accretion of territory south of the southern shores has been postponed for many years, and how a shadow of reproach has been cast upon that integrity and solidarity which should be confidently depended on, as underlying and sustaining the national system of negotiations.

The unprotected condition of the Atlantic coast line of the United States was never fully comprehended until exposed by the experiences of war. It was then demonstrated that the command of the harbor of Nassau, or some other equally good, in the West Indies, was indispensable to successful naval operations, if not to marine enterprise, on that coast. The want of such a port was detrimental to the national cause beyond estimate, while the advantage to the enemy in possessing facilities, not accorded to us, in the British West Indian harbors, enabled them to secure prizes and evade the blockade, prolonging the war at the cost of thousands of lives and uncounted treasure.

The sovereignty of the thousand islands in the Caribbean Sea, comprising the West Indies, is divided among all the naval powers, the United States alone having no foothold there. Convinced of the actual necessity of securing for that government a fortified naval supply station in the Caribbean, President Lincoln and Secretary Seward summoned Vice-Admiral Porter for consultation in regard to the matter. Admiral Porter procured the necessary charts and descriptions of the region from the Hydrographic Bureau, and laid them before the President and Secretary. Forty-five of these islands have a certain importance, and a glance at the map will show that the Danish possessions, viz., the islands of St. Thomas, St. John, and Santa Cruz, of the Virgin group of the Antilles, are peculiarly adapted to the purposes of anchorage and defence. Admiral Porter strongly advised their acquisition, and prepared a memoir on the subject of the Danish islands, more comprehensive, while not practically differing from many other descriptions written at different times and from different standpoints by the various naval officers, merchants, missionaries, and historians who have visited the islands.

Admiral Porter says: "St. Thomas lies right in the track of all vessels from Europe, Brazil, the East Indies, and the Pacific Ocean, bound to the West Indian Islands or to the United States. It is the point where all vessels touch for supplies when needed, coming from any of the above stations. It is a central point from which any or all of the West Indian Islands can be assailed, while it is im-

pervious to attack from landing parties, and can be fortified to any extent. The bay on which lies the town of St. Thomas is almost circular, the entrance being by a neck guarded by two heavy forts, which can be so strengthened and protected that no foreign power can ever hope to take it. St. Thomas is a small Gibraltar of itself, and could not be attacked by a naval force. There would be no possibility of landing troops there, as the island is surrounded by reefs and breakers, and every point near which a vessel or boat could approach is a natural fortification, and only requires guns with little labor expended on fortified works. There is no harbor in the West Indies better fitted than St. Thomas for a naval station. Its harbor and that of St. John, and the harbor formed by the Water Island, would contain all the vessels of the largest navy in the world, where they would be protected at all times from bad weather, and be secure against an enemy. In fine, St. Thomas is the keystone to the arch of the West Indies. It commands them all. It is of more importance to us than to any other nation."

These facts, accepted in connection with the injuries and embarrassments suffered by our navy and commerce, left no doubt in the minds of President Lincoln's administration of the importance to the United States of the acquisition of these islands; the question was frequently discussed with the Danish Minister, and in January, 1865, both President Lincoln and Secretary Seward caused the desire of this Government to purchase the provinces in the West Indies to be made known to Denmark.

The Danish representative at Washington, General de Raasloff, to whom this information was given, was peculiarly adapted, by practical experience and rare social qualities, to understand the bearings and conduct the negotiation of the proposed delicate transaction. An army officer, with all the accomplishments of a courtier, he had a soldier's habit of practical observation, combined with statesmanlike comprehension. He had early practised the art of war in Africa, on the French staff of General de Lamoricière, where he had been received as a Danish officer charged with a mission.

At the close of the Holstein uprising, in which he served with distinction on the side of the Danish Government, he came to the United States and engaged in various important engineering enterprises. Shortly afterward he was chosen to represent Denmark, first as consul-general at New York, and afterward as envoy extraordinary, and minister plenipotentiary at Washington. A true Dane, absolutely devoted to the traditions and principles of his own country, he was also an enthusiastic admirer of the United States, where he had formed many ties of friendship.

Although the communication to the Danish Government made through General de Raasloff was an informal proposition on the part of the United States, the subject was widely discussed. In Washington anti-annexation prejudice asserted itself to some extent—the prejudice which always rises to oppose the principle of extension in America, notwithstanding that principle has proved itself so many times over to be the true policy of the United States. Antagonism to the West Indian purchase was, however, so small in comparison with that which, in the past, resisted and endangered the acquisition of the Louisiana tract, and even Arizona and New Mexico, including California, that, as the subject was opened by discussion and the reasons for the purchase became apparent, no strenuous opposition seemed probable. Indeed, the unprecedented promptness with which the idea of the St. Thomas purchase was at first accepted in the United States, attracted observation in Europe and made a deep impression on the Danish people.

In Copenhagen a feeling prevailed, in the Liberal party, strongly favorable to the proposition; but it cannot be denied that close attention to the clause in the Constitution of the United States, which makes the final enactment of treaties, which in the first and most important stages are conducted by the executive branch of the Government alone, to depend for conclusion on the sovereign expression of the treaty-making power vested in the Senate, lends an air of insecurity to such negotiations, which the more prudent Danish politicians did not fail to perceive. The ministry was still

controlled by a circle of Conservative families who had influenced the national policies for years to resistance of advanced theories or changes of any kind. This circle was now in the act of defeating a project of the Liberal or "Peasants' Party" for a new and revised constitution, and was also totally opposed to the partition of the West Indian provinces.

Denmark was freer to act than for many years, but being at peace after heavy conflicts, and desiring to remain so, was peculiarly exposed and well-nigh defenceless. The disastrous Schleswig-Holstein imbroglio was not yet wholly settled with Germany. The state was still suffering from the dismemberment of two important provinces, comprising a third of her territory and two-fifths of her population, and was in no position to hazard further issues with her great natural foe, nor to make other enemies. When it was found, therefore, that the American proposition was offensive to Germany, and in different degrees to England, France, and Spain, it became less and less popular in Denmark. Thus many-sided considerations prompted Mr. Bluhme, the Conservative Minister of Foreign Affairs at Copenhagen, to refuse point-blank to treat on the question proposed by the United States.

The project was completely lost sight of and well-nigh forgotten in the quick succession of overwhelming events which mark the year 1865, the most momentous in American history. When it was ended, notwithstanding the idolized President had been assassinated and a stranger had succeeded to his place, the United States Government, now an integral union, with the question of States rights settled forever, and slavery abolished, was enabled to assert its position in the world—a free republic, established on principles which, laid down by Washington and the forefathers, and sustained by patriots, were formulated by Lincoln in the immortal phrase, "With malice toward none, with charity for all."

When the excitement of these great events had subsided, American statesmen saw that the necessity for a southern naval station not only remained unchanged, but seemed to be even more imperative. The tri-color of France was still flying in Mexico, protecting an imposed imperial rule sustained by thirty thousand French bayonets, and the Alabama claims controversy with England remained so far from a harmonious settlement, that grave apprehensions for the future peace of the country assailed many thoughtful minds. Admiral Porter and his fellow-officers did not fail now to place the gravity of the situation before the administration of President Johnson, with the same statements and arguments which had induced President Lincoln to try to purchase the best harbor that could be secured in southern waters for the United States.

An event transpired, in the midwinter weeks of 1865–66, which excited endless comment in diplomatic circles in Washington, whispering among French and Spanish attachés, and frowns from German secretaries. In London it aroused Earl Russell, then Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, to exact from the Danish envoy an unofficial assurance that Denmark would not proceed with negotiation for the sale of her islands to the United States without consultation with England. This stir was occasioned by a voyage of Secretary Seward to the West Indies, which was undertaken for restoration of health, shattered by the same murderous purpose which had struck President Lincoln. On this voyage, the secretary, at the request of President Johnson and his colleagues, took occasion to make personal observations in the West Indian islands, with a view to a purchase there for the Government. Secretary Seward, whose conviction in favor of expansion of territory was as well known as his opposition to the extension of slavery, had all his preconceived opinions confirmed, in regard to the Danish Antilles, by these observations. His report determined the President to open negotiations a second time, and at once, with Denmark. The cabinet acquiesced, and was sustained by the counsel of such congressional advisers as it was deemed wise to consult. Consequently, in July, 1866, a formal proposition was made to Denmark, through General de Raasloff, for the purchase of the islands of St. Thomas, St. John, and Santa Cruz, for the sum of five million dollars.

General de Raasloff was about proceeding to Copenhagen, and reserved all speech and action until he should have placed the matter personally before his government. Important changes had recently transpired in Denmark. The prolonged difficulties growing out of the action of the powerful German allies, in wresting the duchies from Denmark, had been concluded, and the disputed question partially provided for by the convention of Gastein. The "Peasants' Party," had grown strong enough to obtain a new and revised constitution, and had also achieved many reforms and changes in the governmental system—among them the reorganization of the Rigsdag, equalization of power between the legislature and crown, and the abolishment of old regulations giving special political privileges to birth, rank, and title.

General de Raasloff arrived at Copenhagen at the moment of the defeat of the Conservative party, which had declined the original overtures of the United States. A new ministry was formed in November, 1866, including Count Frijs-Frijsenburg, a leading constitutional statesman, as Prime Minister, and for Minister of War and Navy General de Raasloff, whose well-known patriotism, as well as his long experience of a liberal government in the United States, gave him a prominent influence. But the energy of the new ministry, chosen from outside the Conservative circle, in reorganizing the army and navy, and in promoting schemes for improvement in many directions, caused it to be looked upon as adventurous by the old party and the moment was not propitious for presenting the American proposition.

The active measures of the popular ministry included a determination to renew their national defences. The famous Dannewerk fortification, constructed under the reign of Queen Margaret, and whose rampart and batteries, sluices and moat, caused it for hundreds of years to be regarded as impregnable, became untenable for Danish troops in the late struggle, when Prussian soldiers, aided by the Austrians, effected a crossing over the Schlei. A plan for renewing these important defences, on advanced scientific models, made an increased treasure without taxation desirable. It was readily seen that the proposed transaction with the United States, if accomplished, would provide that income, but domestic interests continued to absorb the attention of the ministry, and no response was made to the second and formal advances toward the island purchase; no successor was appointed to fill the vacancy left in Washington by the withdrawal of General de Raasloff.

In the meantime, the Government at Washington, not hearing from Denmark, was perplexed. It became known that the Republic of San Domingo might possibly be annexed, or that the peninsula and bay of Samana could be leased by the United States. The consummation of one or the other of these projects was pressed upon the Government from interested quarters, and it was possible, in the event of not securing the Danish islands, that one of them might be accepted, though neither held comparison in point of value with the bay and island of St. Thomas for the uses of a naval station. The Government telegraphed to Mr. Yeaman, the United States minister at Copenhagen, in January, to know how matters stood, and communications followed urging some action on the part of Denmark.

It was a critical question for Denmark, beset as she was with anxieties from without, and conflicts within; and Mr. Yeaman failed to obtain any expression whatever from the government. It was for the interests of the German Confederacy of 1866, as it is for the German Empire of to-day, that the Dannewerk should remain as it had been found in the war for the duchies, and any scheme which might give Denmark the means to fortify her defences was not likely to escape the German prime minister's vigilance. The French minister at Copenhagen did not disguise the fact that a failure of the project would be acceptable to his government.

The paternal relations of king to people are very deeply felt in Denmark, and the brotherhood is strong and close between the subjects of the fatherland and the tropical islanders. Prudent Danish politicians, moreover, foresaw in the probabilities of an approaching rupture between President Johnson and Con-

gress, a reason for fearing that an annexation policy on the part of the Administration would be seized on as a reason for further discord by the already disaffected legislature.

These various interests, sentiments, and conditions had to be regarded and conciliated, and the natural timidity of a nation so exposed as Denmark to enter upon negotiations whose ultimate success, at best, depended on contingencies, may not be wondered at; nor can it be doubted that, hereafter, grave reasons for even more reluctance and greater sense of insecurity than the Danish government manifested must underlie the action of any feeble nation in a question of negotiating with the United States.

But the Liberal ministry in Denmark became reassured, by the absence of opposition among the people and press in the United States to the project which the Administration was committed to and the navy endorsed, and in May, ten months after the proposition was received, Count Frijs communicated to Minister Yeaman that the Danish government declined the American offer of five million dollars, but would cede all the provinces to the United States for fifteen million dollars, the transfer of Santa Cruz to depend on the consent of France—the last in accordance with a treaty stipulation of two hundred years' standing—or two of the islands for ten million dollars, providing the inhabitants would freely and formally consent, by ballot, to the change of allegiance. This proposition was met with an offer from the United States of seven million five hundred thousand dollars for the three islands, which offer was declined by Denmark, and again amended by the United States to an offer of the same sum for the islands of St. Thomas and St. John—leaving Santa Cruz, which is an agricultural island, and not specially desirable as a port of the naval station, out of the question. The two governments differed as to the expediency of postponing the transaction until such time as the concurrence of the inhabitants had been secured, and Secretary Seward, while declining to have the stipulation which Denmark claimed inserted in the treaty, instructed Mr. Yeaman to say that permission would be granted the inhabitants to leave the island within two years after the annexation, if they preferred their original allegiance; and he also inclosed a draft of such a convention as would be acceptable to the United States.

But Count Frijs made the consent by vote of the islanders the *sine qua non* of transaction. The principle of allowing or compelling a people to express a preference in questions of this sort originated with Bonaparte, and the exceptional practice of it was introduced into modern transactions by Napoleon III., when France acquired Nice and Savoy. Prussia, by way of conciliating France, consented, in the treaty of Gastein, that a like provision might be resorted to in allowing the North Schleswigers to vote for or against a return to Danish allegiance, and Denmark retained hopes that a retroversion of a portion of Schleswig might be obtained by an expression there of the popular will. It became consequently a question of national dignity and political import that the king should allow an equally frank expression of his West Indian subjects before consenting to an irrevocable disposition of their fealty. In the light of these circumstances the United States could not withhold assent to the measure, and finally agreed to the stipulation, adhering to the offer of seven million five hundred thousand dollars for the two islands.

At this moment another negotiation, that for the acquisition of Russian America, was entered upon by the United States. It intermingled with the Danish negotiation to such a degree, and exercised so misleading an effect upon the Danish mind, that a few pages must be devoted to it.

Russia, in the autumn of 1866, signified to the United States a desire to sell her American possessions. The question of this purchase, which was first suggested between the governments during the presidency of James K. Polk, was highly unpopular then, and had been forgotten when the subject was now revived. Notwithstanding the unmistakable disfavor with which the project was received, Russia unhesitatingly signed a treaty, in March, 1867, ceding her vast American domain to the United States.

This treaty, executed in Washington, was ratified as promptly at St. Petersburg in May, and, so sealed and executed, was entrusted to Mr. Waldemar de Bodisco, who carried it straightway to Washington. Thus the Russian treaty came before the Senate for final action while the Danish negotiation was still pending. Strong opposition to it was looked for in the Senate, and, if not rejected there, again in the House of Representatives, when the responsibility should devolve upon that body of appropriating the purchase money; but should it pass the Senate and the House, it was fair to infer that the Danish purchase would be ratified also. Directly the Alaska treaty came before the Committee on Foreign Relations, Senator Sumner, whose voice at that time was almost implicitly followed, reported favorably as chairman of the Committee, being well aware that national policy and diplomatic courtesy demanded a prompt acknowledgment of Russia's energetic action. His report, vigorous and effective, silenced opposition among his associates, and, in a modified form, was incorporated in a comprehensive and exhaustive speech on the cession of Russian America, which he delivered in the Senate before the final vote was taken on the ratification or rejection of the treaty.

In this grand oration, Mr. Sumner uttered, in all the sonorous gravity of his peculiar eloquence, and with the authority of leadership, his opinions and convictions on the questions arising under this treaty, of "considerations," "advantages," "extension of dominion," ditto of "republican institutions," and "anticipations of Great Britain." "Such," said Mr. Sumner, "are some of the obvious considerations of a general character bearing on the treaty. . . . Most of these are calculated to impress the public mind; but I can readily understand a difference of opinion with regard to the urgency of negotiation at this hour. . . . And yet some of the reasons for the treaty do not seem to allow of delay.

"At all events, now that the treaty has been signed by plenipotentiaries on each side duly empowered, it is difficult to see how we can refuse to complete the purchase without putting to hazard the friendly relations which happily subsist between the United States and Russia. The overtures originally proceeded from us. After a delay of years and other intervening propositions, the bargain was at length concluded. It is with nations as with individuals, a bargain once made must be kept. Even if still open to consideration, it must not be lightly abandoned. I am satisfied that the dishonor of this treaty, after what has passed, would be a serious responsibility for our country. As an international question, it would be tried by the public opinion of the world, and there are many who, not appreciating the requirement of our Constitution by which a treaty must have the advice and consent of the Senate, would regard its rejection as bad faith. There would be jeers at us, and jeers at Russia also—at us for levity in making overtures, and at Russia for levity in yielding to them."

In short, Mr. Sumner left no doubt in the minds of those who heard or read his speech that he profoundly regarded the consummation of the Russian treaty to be the real wish of the American people and the unmistakable duty of the Government, sustained by statements and arguments which remained uncontroverted, as they were unanswerable. All the general reasons and arguments set forth in this speech applied with equal force to the Russian treaty for the cession of the bleak northern tract, and to the Danish transaction for transfer of the verdant islands in the south, and their utterance would seem to have bound him to support the Danish treaty, which he was aware was in process of negotiation, and for the consummation of which he seemed pleading in advance.

Ratification of the Russian treaty instantly followed the overmastering advocacy of Senator Sumner, and it relieved the Administration of any apprehension of a rejection of their extension policy, as it did the Danish government of any further reluctance to treat with the United States.

About this time also, the Danish ministry at Copenhagen had reason to feel doubly assured, by the presence in Copenhagen of a senator of the United States, who came charged with the mis-

sion to conclude the transaction. The indirect cause of his coming may be recalled with some interest. Twenty years ago the success of telegraphic communication by sea was not demonstrated beyond question of doubt. The cable of 1858 across the Atlantic proved a failure, and a Russo-American Company was formed to carry the line around the world by America, Siberia, and Behring Strait, when the successful laying of a second Atlantic cable defeated the plan for this international land line.

The power of the two governments had been invoked to promote the enterprise, and it had thus passed from a question of commercial importance to one of international concern, and the "Western Union Russian Extension" company, which had adopted the scheme and assumed control of it, needing a representative at St. Petersburg, secured the services of Senator Doolittle, of Wisconsin, for that object. The Administration applied to him at once to look after the St. Thomas matter, pending at Copenhagen, on his way. It was thought that his judgment would be useful to the Government, in case his observations at the Danish capital should bring to light any unforeseen responsibility likely to arise in the event of successful negotiation, and important to his colleagues in the Senate if the question of ratification should come before them. He was instructed, therefore, to communicate fully with Count Frijs and General de Raasloff, and if all was found satisfactory, to close the matter definitely for the United States, on the terms already stated.

It was further proposed that Mr. Doolittle, while at St. Petersburg, should confer confidentially with Prince Gortschakoff, and learn from him how the Russian government would regard the transaction.

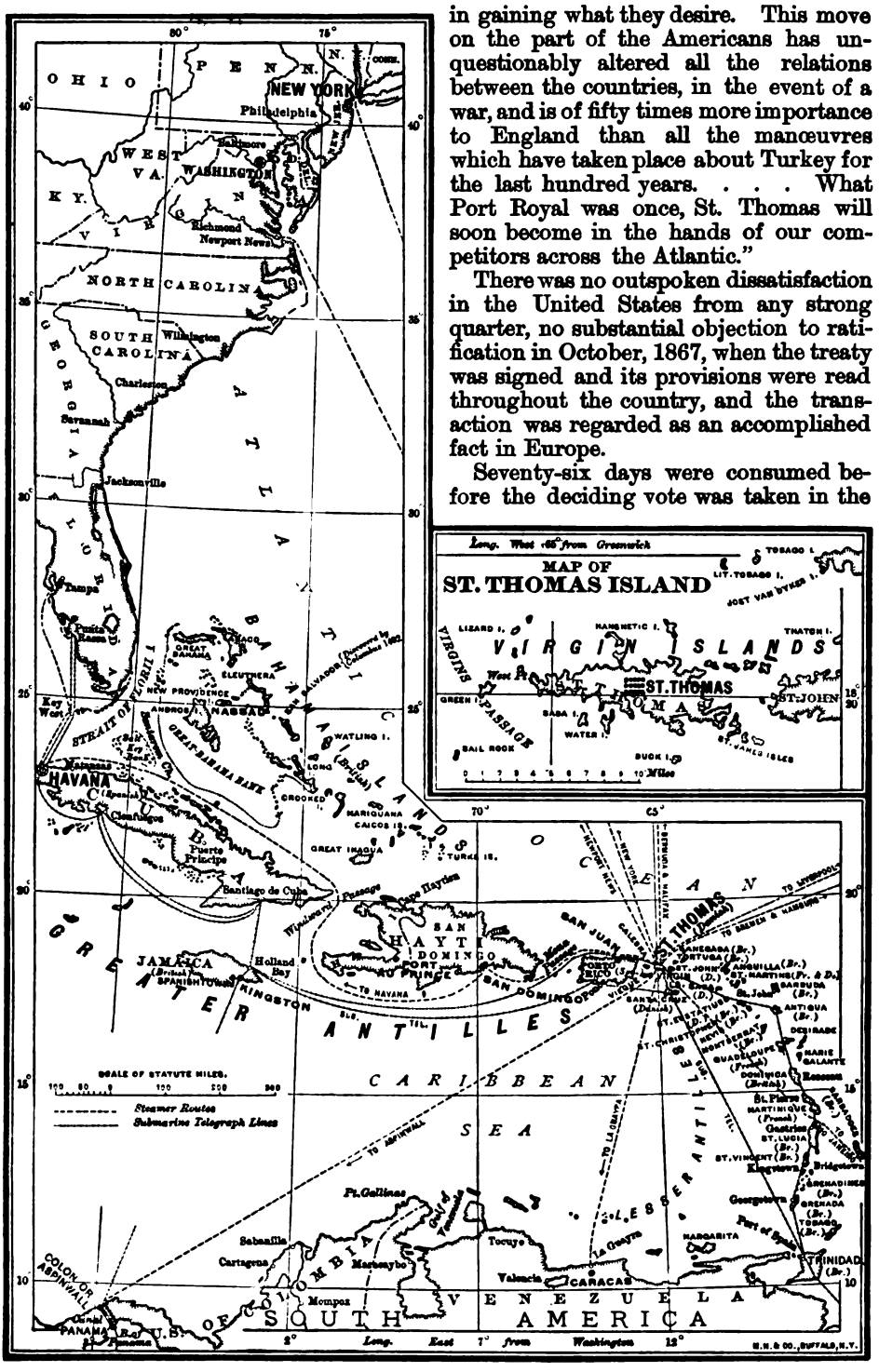
After serious consultation at Copenhagen, and discussion with the ministry, the Danish government accepted the offer which Senator Doolittle had been empowered to repeat, and the decision was telegraphed to Washington.

At St. Petersburg, Senator Doolittle, in conversation with Chancellor Gortschakoff, was assured by him that Denmark would have the moral support of Russia in the proposed transaction. This gratifying assurance was confidentially made known in Washington and in Copenhagen, and contributed largely to increase the confidence of both the parties interested in the negotiation.

Meantime Russia, who, entering the arena of negotiation long behind Denmark, had been destined to lead, now left that small power far behind in the conclusion of her project. Although the House of Representatives had not yet passed the bill appropriating the money for the purchase of Alaska, possession was granted to the United States military authority early in the autumn, and all Russian troops were withdrawn. A formal transfer was effected at Sitka on October 18th, and the stars and stripes were hoisted over the territory, giving last proof of Russia's trust in American legislative discretion.

When this had transpired, the King of Denmark, "armed at all points capa-pie," as it seemed, consented on the 24th of October to a solemn treaty for the sale of his West Indian islands to the United States. Ratification was made by stipulation to be contingent on the favorable vote of the West Indian subjects. When Congress convened in December, 1867, this treaty was sent to the Senate for discussion, investigation, and consideration, specially recommended, described, and explained in the annual presidential message, and was duly referred to the Committee on Foreign Relations.

Denmark, meanwhile, was seriously embarrassed by the promise given to Earl Russell by the Danish plenipotentiary in London, at the beginning of the negotiation, and was now obliged to decline the responsibility of an unauthorized agreement. This silenced the ministry, but the British press, which has never rested willingly under the American policy of extension, sounded the alarm at our good fortune, and reproached the ministry for not having interfered in a measure which would give such power and advantage to America. A prominent journal and one friendly to the United States says in December, 1865: "The object of the United States has been to acquire war ports against European enemies, and in St. Thomas and St. John they have certainly succeeded



in gaining what they desire. This move on the part of the Americans has unquestionably altered all the relations between the countries, in the event of a war, and is of fifty times more importance to England than all the manœuvres which have taken place about Turkey for the last hundred years. . . . What Port Royal was once, St. Thomas will soon become in the hands of our competitors across the Atlantic."

There was no outspoken dissatisfaction in the United States from any strong quarter, no substantial objection to ratification in October, 1867, when the treaty was signed and its provisions were read throughout the country, and the transaction was regarded as an accomplished fact in Europe.

Seventy-six days were consumed before the deciding vote was taken in the

islands. But in that brief time the Danish treaty encountered opposition in many forms. The transaction had seemed doomed at first to fall in times of distracting events, and it now encountered a series of disastrous accidents.

The Danish government appointed Edward Carstensen as commissioner to St. Thomas, in November, 1867, to superintend the taking of the vote. This gentleman had earned the confidence of the king by long and successful administration of the government of the Danish possessions on the coast of Guinea. When that colony was sold to Great Britain, Governor Carstensen was retired with a pension and the title of "Kammerherre," and also decorated with the silver cross of the order of the knighthood of Dannebrog. As these honors imply, he was a man of rank and character, and it was regarded as a mark of still further distinction when he was chosen to conduct the delicate and, for Denmark, solemn proceedings at St. Thomas. The United States, not desiring to exercise any political influence there, was represented at the same time by the Rev. Dr. Hawley, a gentleman eminently fitted to answer questions of a general character, or to give any desired information in regard to the United States to the people who were about voting upon a measure which was to affect them so deeply, that of a possible change of allegiance from the king, whom they honored and loved, to a republic, whose ways were practically unknown to them.

The Danish inhabitants of the beautiful island of St. Thomas inherit the characteristics of their race. Their moral standards are high, they are industrious, proud, peaceable, and high-spirited. Their attention has been directed to the pursuits of commerce and agriculture in their tropical home. They are planters, merchants, or seamen of all ranks, and have been educated in the free school and academic system which is maintained among them.

Denmark abolished slavery from her dominions in 1848, having begun that humane work fifty years before, when the slaves were instructed and taught trades, to prepare them gradually for the step from bondage to freedom. Her constant tendency since 1779, to maintain neutrality in European wars, has opened Danish ports to all nations, and St. Thomas, by reason of its peculiar position, had come to be in 1867 a distributing centre and market of consequence. When, therefore, the question of annexation to the United States was presented to the inhabitants, their first thought was of their extensive interests, to which the whole commercial world more or less contributed.

Dr. Hawley was a neighbor of Secretary Seward, at Auburn, and the letter which the secretary wrote him on the subject of his mission was more in the character of friendly suggestion than of official instruction. He found the people earnestly and amiably inclined, but the question of revenue tariff proved to be a serious stumbling-block. The merchants desired the assurance that, in the event of a transfer to the United States, the port of St. Thomas should remain free for at least a stipulated length of time. Dr. Hawley was unauthorized to meet this difficulty, and Commissioner Carstensen could not proceed with the vote until it was finally settled. Rear-Admiral Palmer, who was at that time in command of the North Atlantic squadron, had been at St. Thomas, co-operating with Dr. Hawley, and was under orders to hoist the United States flag and take possession of the islands in the event of a transfer, now despatched a vessel of the fleet to convey the Danish commissioner and Dr. Hawley to Washington, to lay this important question of the tariff before the Government. Previously to sailing, and on the last day appointed for final discussion of the matter, November 18th, an earthquake was felt at St. Thomas, expending its force in a tidal wave, and exciting the consternation which always accompanies such awful events. Rumblings were heard for several days after the shock, and the terror caused by these convulsions was fully increased by the experiences of a hurricane. St. Thomas being rocky and high, her harbor landlocked, had been protected against the hurricane, and exempt until now, so far as records show, from the earthquakes which are of such common occurrence in the West Indies. The architecture of the island shows none of those precautionary features which the inhabitants of

San Francisco adopted in their buildings at an early day. After these disasters, and before his departure for Washington, Commissioner Carstensen read aloud and caused to be published in the island press, the royal proclamation which the King of Denmark, Christian IX., addressed to the inhabitants. Notice of this proclamation was also published in the United States.

Having recited his resolution to cede the islands to the United States of America, and stating the wise and paternal provisions of the convention, King Christian says:

"With sincere sorrow do we look forward to the severance of those ties which for many years have united you to us and the mother-country, and never forgetting those many demonstrations of loyalty and affection which we have received from you, we trust that nothing has been neglected from our side to secure the future welfare of our beloved and faithful subjects, and that a mighty impulse, both moral and material, will be given to the happy development of the islands under the new sovereignty."

It must not be forgotten that the Danish treaty had been sent to the Senate on December 3d. When the De Soto, bearing the Danish commissioner and Dr. Hawley, arrived at Washington, sixteen months remained of President Johnson's administration. An open and bitter conflict between the President and Congress was beginning to find expression, and Commissioner Carstensen, having in the Danish islands just undergone the terrific experience of an earthquake, hurricane, and tidal wave, found himself facing, in Washington, a great human convulsion, a very maelstrom of passionate political combat, in which the legislative and executive branches of the Government were arrayed against each other in deadly strife. No progress had been made toward the completion of the Danish negotiation. Denmark had failed to appoint a successor to General de Raasloff, and her interests had remained unrepresented at Washington for eighteen months. The arrival of a new minister, Mr. Franz de Bille, was welcomed at this moment as most opportune by Commissioner Carstensen. The political situation filled them both with consternation. From an European standpoint the United States was in imminent peril, from causes which betrayed a possibly fatal weakness in the constitution of the Government itself. For their own treaty these officers felt the gravest apprehension. It was eminently an executive measure, and was a scheme originated by the martyred President and the Secretary of State for the protection of that very coast and section of country which seemed now in a fair way to be deprived of a political recognition. Mr. Lincoln's home policy was so completely ignored, and, as carried out by his successor, even denounced by Congress, that the Danish ministers feared any foreign measure sanctioned by an administration which held the tradition of his policy, would meet a cold reception. Commissioner Carstensen used his best efforts to ascertain the probable action of the Senate in regard to the treaty so soon to come before it for ratification. He scrutinized the press, he talked with representatives and with different members of the Senatorial Committee on Foreign Relations, and found none of the hostility or opposition for which he was jealously looking. An intimation from any authorized source that the Senatorial Committee might recommend rejection of the treaty, would have been the signal to the Danes for withdrawing the vote, and postponing ratification. There was still time to save Denmark the humiliation of the rejection by the United States of an allegiance so secured. But no sign was shown, no word of warning given. The Administration, while powerless to press any action on Congress, felt secure, knowing the merits of the treaty to be unimpeachable; and, on the other hand, Mr. Sumner, who had, by personal efforts, enforced the ratification of the Alaska treaty, did not now say one word against the St. Thomas treaty, and his silence was significant as a leader in the disaffected legislature.

It is true that a sort of cavil prevailed against the acquisition, originating apparently in the republican press, and among thoughtless talkers, who made opportunely the disastrous occurrences at St. Thomas in November grounds for

that malicious detraction which is the inevitable accompaniment of intrigue, and in this case an excuse for ridiculing the proposed purchase, the earthquake and storm being made to appear as no mere natural phenomena, but rather a kind of legitimate consequence of the administrational policy. Mr. Carstensen could not be deeply impressed by such superficial criticism, in view of the extreme gravity of the transaction, involving as it did the very principles of international intercourse, as well as American interest. He judged that the favorable opinion of many papers in the country, as, for instance, that of the Washington *Evening Star* of December 21, 1867, expressed the real sentiments of Government and people alike. The *Star* said: "To those who remember the intense national yearning exhibited a few years ago for a foothold in the West Indies, the irritation and heart-burning displayed because foreign powers held there the key to the Gulf, to the mouth of the Mississippi, and to the Isthmus transit, while the United States, with her surpassing interests at stake, had not an inch of land even for a coaling station; to those who remember further, that our feverish solicitude to gain some such foothold carried us nearly to the point of hostilities with Spain, when that power absolutely refused to sell us what we wanted; to those, we say, who remember all this, it certainly seems odd that now, when by peaceful diplomacy the acquisition of what was so much desired can be gained without a drop of bloodshed, and for a bagatelle in the way of price, an opposition should display itself in every form of depreciation and ridicule. The squibs about Mr. Seward's purchase of icebergs, tornadoes, and earthquakes are innumerable. . . . Mr. Seward, however, can afford a philosophic smile at such ebullitions, on the doctrine that they are privileged to laugh who win, and he probably has no fear that he will not be backed up in his territorial acquisitions by the American people." . . .

Commissioner Carstensen returned alone to St. Thomas, determined to enforce the vote, although bearing word to the merchants there that their request to retain free trade could not be granted by the United States. The 9th of January was appointed for casting the vote. The inhabitants recall it now as the brightest holiday the quaint town has ever witnessed. Rejoicings with guns and ringing bells, accompanied the ceremony, which was furthermore cheered and enlivened by processions and serenades. Star-spangled banners floated from every roof and tower, while in the decorations American blue was substituted for Danish scarlet. The stars and stripes waved over the cross of Denmark, and "Hail Columbia" became by repetition, echoed from the surrounding hills, as familiar as "King Christian," the Danish national hymn.

The ballot cast was declared unanimous in favor of annexation to the United States, there being but twenty-two votes cast against it in St. Thomas, and not one dissenting voice at St. John.

Other independent states have adopted the American republican system, and by so doing have justly claimed special right to our sympathy and protection. The first case on record, however, in which a prosperous, peaceful, loyal, and contented community has freely, and without the prospect of special commercial gain, voted away its natural allegiance and adopted a totally different rule, is that of the Danish West Indians voting themselves American citizens by joyous acclamation. The record of another national conquest, so proud and peaceful, does not exist in all history, and it is incomprehensible that no response should ever have been made to it by the nation to whom this matchless tribute of confidence and admiration was so gratuitously paid.

Denmark was now irrevocably committed to the transaction, and could show no reason for withholding the last acts of consummation.

When the news of the vote reached Copenhagen the Rigsdag ratified the treaty without debate, and the king, on January 31, 1868, as promptly signed it.

The news of this action was telegraphed to the Secretary of State by Minister Yeaman, with the intimation that several European powers hoped the treaty would fail in Congress.

Meantime the fierce political storm

was raging at Washington, and no notice was taken of the treaty, recommended to the consideration of the Senate by a presidential message weeks before. The instrument itself lay buried in a drawer of Mr. Sumner's table, in the Foreign Relations Committee-room.

Official notice was sent from the Department of State to the Senate when the result of the vote in the islands was known, and the final action of the Danish Rigsdag and king were also reported. Attention was called to the fact that four months from the date of conclusion was the limit of time named in the treaty for the exchange of ratification, and that on February 24, 1868, that time would expire. No response was received at the Department of State to this important notice. In due time, Minister Franz de Bille communicated to Secretary Seward his readiness to exchange ratifications, all requirements under the treaty having been complied with on the part of Denmark. In answer he was informed that the convention was in the Senate.

The preliminary proceedings in the impeachment of President Johnson began on February 21st, and the approaching trial absorbed all the public interest. Congress adjourned on March 4th and reassembled at once. The eyes of the nation were for a few weeks centred on the capital, and the great American political typhoon may be said to have reached its height when the President, having been brought to trial in constitutional form, was duly acquitted. The trial ended in June, 1868. The Republican convention which nominated General Grant for the presidency, had already met at Chicago, and on the other side, Governor Seymour was named the candidate of the Democratic party at Cincinnati. Through all the weeks of agitation which the vehemence of that presidential campaign aroused, the Danish trust was neglected, if not yet betrayed, for it provoked in the country neither interest nor discussion.

But to turn back. During the spring, notwithstanding the concentration of all interest in the impeachment trial going on in the Senate, the House of Representatives had passed the most pressing appropriation bills. The purchase money for Alaska, it will be remembered, was not yet provided. When the question came up in the Fortieth Congress, all the correspondence and information relating to the transactions on file in the departments was sent to the House of Representatives, in response to a resolution of that body; with a special message from the President. The whole subject was thereupon referred to the Committee on Foreign Relations in the House. Conspicuous among these papers was Senator Sumner's famous speech on the "Cession of Russian America."

Studious attention and careful consideration of these documents resulted in a comprehensive and masterly report, made by General N. P. Banks, the chairman of the Committee, which ought to have put an end to the question of division of action between the branches of the treaty-making power in the United States. General Banks, in the House, sustained Mr. Sumner's position on the same question in the Senate, and although the House had no right, according to the best established constitutional precedents, to refuse to appropriate the money necessary to carry out the Alaska purchase, nevertheless its solemn expression of opinion on the policy of extension, and on the necessity of combined action in the different branches of the treaty-making power in granting that appropriation, was not without much weight, and encouraged a belief in the Administration, and also in the Danish plenipotentiary, that the public sense of responsibility only wanted an occasion to assert itself in the same spirit. Accordingly, in August, 1868, the Government proposed to Denmark to extend the time for the exchange of ratifications, and an additional article to the convention of October, 1867, was agreed upon to that effect.

The preamble stated that circumstances had prevented the fulfilment of the original engagement to exchange ratifications before February 24, 1868, and the article provided that the period should now be extended one year from October 14, 1868. In this way the treaty was revived at the request of the United States, and placed in the same position as in February, 1867.

General Grant was triumphantly elect-

ed in November, and the action of the Republican party which had added Alaska to the vast domain of the United States was vindicated.

The Danish government, meantime, with a keen sense of the indignity of the delay in acknowledgment from America, and too honest to understand the perfidious intrigues which were undermining the whole fabric of European politics, appealed to France and Russia for the exercise of their good offices with the United States in behalf of Danish interests. With what success may be told in a few words.

The French Government sent a cool and reserved despatch of instructions to the minister at Washington. France was then represented at that capital by a thoroughly trained diplomatist, M. Berthemy, who did not fail to grasp the true import of the letter he had received, and confined himself to addressing a few general remarks on the subject of the Danish treaty to the Secretary of State, who told him that the question of ratification rested with the Senate; and M. Berthemy, having thus exhausted his instructions, explained to his government that nothing could be done in the matter so long as the present attitude of hostility existed between the political leaders there, which information was duly conveyed to Denmark, with many expressions of friendship, sympathy, and regret, and the diplomatic comedietta was over. The government of Napoleon, having done as little as it could for a friendly neighbor in distress, continued preparations for the desperate struggle with Germany, then fast approaching.

As for Russia, Denmark might seem to have just reasons for strong reliance on the friendly action of that power. A Danish princess had become the wife of the future czar; the questions of political balance of power in Northern Europe created apparently indissoluble ties between the little kingdom and the great empire. The declaration of Prince Gortschakoff to Senator Doolittle seemed, to casual observers, the simple expression of truth and the practice of a firmly established tradition. It cannot be imagined that, in answering the American senator, the chancellor hesitated, or betrayed insincerity in his penetrating glances, but it is well known now that Prince Gortschakoff's early friendship for Count Bismarck had led him to become also his steadfast political ally, and that the King of Prussia and the czar had already clasped hands. It was never known that any attempt was made at St. Petersburg to favor the Danish purchase, but it is highly probable that if such a step was contemplated it was also made known at Berlin, that the effect might be summarily warded off at Washington.

Meantime, General de Raasloff, immersed in Danish home politics and military measures, had been so engrossed with cares that he seldom conversed on the subject of the American treaty with Count Frijs, who had the negotiation in hand. General de Raasloff, however, had it strongly at heart, and never failed to express himself in favor of closer relations between the two countries, when acting as interpreter between Count Frijs and Mr. Yeaman, nor to counsel the former to push the St. Thomas matter more vigorously. But his suggestions were counteracted by Conservative influences, and General de Raasloff was fully aware that the failure of the transaction would constitute a Liberal defeat which the cabinet could not survive. His deep sense of responsibility for the honor of the Liberal ministry before the state now prompted him to offer himself for a non-official mission to the United States, in the winter of 1868–69; and he soon found himself in Washington among his old friends of all parties and professions, where he quickly discerned that the subject which was of such vital importance to his government was very little known or understood. He spoke openly of his mission and its object, and met no antagonism, although he was not unaware of what was whispered in diplomatic circles, that an undercurrent of foreign influence was opposing the Danish project in the Senate, notwithstanding which many statesmen, politicians, and officers expressed the deepest interest in seeing the transfer accomplished.

During those anxious days, the part which Napoleon III. had played toward Denmark became known to General de

Raasloff, and also the contents of a letter written by one of the most prominent diplomatists then living in Europe, describing how the secret alliance between the King of Prussia and the Russian emperor had just been concluded, which would prove a disastrous combination for Denmark if in any degree directed against her. The general, reluctant to draw conclusions fatal to the serious object of his mission, was forced to admit that he must rely solely on the justice of his cause for its success. He saw that the Executive was powerless, and he bravely decided to appeal directly to the Senate committee for an opportunity to be heard by them on behalf of his government. They could not honorably deny him this privilege, and waived all technicalities in permitting him to appear before them. The Foreign Relations Committee was then composed of seven senators, viz., Fessenden, Cameron, Harlan, Morton, Patterson, Casserly, and Sumner, chairman. General de Raasloff, having carefully prepared his argument, delivered it before these senators, and eloquently presented the claims of Denmark to their consideration. He set forth the reasons why the St. Thomas treaty should be ratified by the United States Senate, or just cause shown for the failure to do so. He addressed Mr. Sumner with the report on the cession of Russian America in his hand, and said, "How, having uttered such sentiments and proclaimed such principles as are herein contained, can you refuse to act in the like matter of the Danish treaty?" Mr. Sumner bowed his head and did not answer. Personal appeals to Senator Morton and others elicited nothing but silence, and no senator on the committee made response except Senator Fessenden, who pointedly referred to the provisional clause in the Constitution in regard to the treaty power, reminding General de Raasloff that "the provisions of the Constitution of the United States were notice to the world." This was the only answer vouchsafed; but the Danish minister's statements before the senatorial committee were so straightforward and clear, his cause so just, and his arguments so unanswerable, that he made it morally impossible for that body to report openly against the ratification of the treaty. If they had conceived such a purpose, it was abandoned when his speech was ended.

President Johnson's term of office expired on the 4th of March, and President Grant succeeded him, with Hamilton Fish as Secretary of State. There had been for years a pleasant relation of military comradeship between General de Raasloff and General Grant, and they now met with the utmost cordiality. The President, in their repeated interviews, did not conceal the fact that he had given no attention to the St. Thomas treaty, and said, with soldierly candor, if without diplomatic reserve, that it was a "scheme of Seward's, and he would have nothing to do with it." Mr. Sumner still preserved his silence, but General de Raasloff, feeling unusually sure that he could not on any known grounds refuse to report favorably on the treaty, was confirmed in this opinion by an incident which seemed to him significant, and which occurred the day before he left Washington. In Mr. Sumner's art collection there was one picture which he valued very highly, a striking and beautiful portrait of the Danish sculptor, Thorwaldsen, painted from life, at Rome, by the American artist, Rembrandt Peale. It hung in Mr. Sumner's dining-room, and was often the subject of conversation at those dinners so famous in Washington political social history. General de Raasloff rather envied his friend the possession of this rare picture, which he thought should belong to the Thorwaldsen collection in Copenhagen. Mr. Sumner had playfully said to him, in the summer of 1866, "When the St. Thomas treaty is concluded and we have annexed the Danish Antilles, you shall have the Peale portrait." General de Raasloff being often at Mr. Sumner's table during his sojourn in Washington in 1868 and 1869, reminded his host of this joking promise, and Mr. Sumner always replied that he adhered to it. Early one morning, General de Raasloff saw Mr. Sumner trudging up the street with a large package under his arm, and hastened to open his door. "There is your picture, Raasloff, and God bless you," said Mr. Sumner; then wrung the general's hand and turned

away. It was the Thorwaldsen portrait. Interpreting this and other incidents in their favorable sense, General de Raasloff went away, satisfied on the whole with the results of his mission. At home again in June, he made a speech in the Rigsdag on the cession of the West Indian islands. Extracts of this speech were published with commendatory notices in the New York papers. In referring to his late mission to the United States, the Minister of War said: "In no part of the United States have I found a want of friendship for Denmark, and many calm and impartial persons have expressed to me sincere regret at the delay in ratifying the treaty. . . . The principal obstacle to the ratification has been ignorance of the facts, and that may be to-day regarded as decidedly removed. . . . Strong in the intimate knowledge which I have of the Government and people of the United States, I do not hesitate to convey certainty of the conclusion of the treaty, and if I find myself disappointed in my hopes, and will have led my colleagues and the Rigsdag to an erroneous belief, I shall feel as if the earth had ceased to be under my feet, and as if nothing more could be believed or confided in."

This resolute zeal and unbroken faith would seem not to have been in vain; the press became more favorable in many directions, and efforts were made by members of both political parties in America to have the matter clearly understood. Pamphlets and papers were written, and memorials addressed to the Senate on the subject, among them a strong letter from ex-Assistant Secretary of the Navy, Fox, to Mr. Sumner. Captain Fox in conclusion says:

"The persistent unfriendliness of the British government made a painful impression upon Mr. Lincoln, and led him to reflect on the best means of lifting the country from humiliating dependence upon foreign governments for naval repairs and supplies of coal during war. Hence his authority for commencing negotiations looking to the purchase of St. Thomas. . . .

"The value was measured approximately by remembering the cost of our efforts in obtaining coaling-stations on the southern coast, and reflecting upon the immense value of the menacing points belonging to Great Britain, near us.

"The experience of centuries has demonstrated that defensible depot-stations in waters where a fleet is intended to act, are invaluable for the protection they afford to commerce, the efficiency they give to naval power, and the economy they produce in repairing and supplying such force. History is full of the struggles of nations for the control of such positions; Rhodes, Malta, Minorca, Gibraltar, Louisburg, Havana, and Carthagena readily occur to the memory. Their loss was followed by diminished naval power, their gain by large influence. . . .

"The reasons which made it wise and patriotic for Mr. Lincoln to open negotiations to this end, have lost none of their force now. New grounds for favoring the object come constantly into notice, and our country can hardly fulfil the great destinies expected of her, unless she secures, when the opportunity is presented, a position which by strategic art will serve as an out-work to the coast of our Union, and give additional efficiency to the means of defending our commerce, and our Atlantic and Pacific communications."

But throughout the busy session of Congress in 1869, the St. Thomas treaty remained suspended, or at least no evidence was shown to the contrary. Secretary Fish being therefore unable to give any answer to Denmark, agreed with Minister Franz de Bille to a second article postponing the date of exchange of ratifications to April 14, 1870. The article was sent to the Senate, with a formal message from President Grant, to be filed with the treaty. There had been an exchange of letters, in September, between Secretary Fish and M. de Bille, from which it appears that the extension was granted expressly for the purpose of giving the Senate an opportunity to come to a decision either for or against the transaction.

The United States, however, did not profit by even this third opportunity to prove good-faith. The Senate Committee on Foreign Relations could no more now than heretofore assign a reason for an adverse report, nor could Mr. Sum-

ner or other senators speak against it, nor could German or other foreign influence be openly used to defeat it.

Public opinion, the arbiter of international as of national and personal wrongs, was not fully awake to the question, nor conscious of the injustice involved, and the stubborn silence was preserved unbroken.

It is now known that in March, 1870, the Committee on Foreign Relations, Senator Sumner at its head, indorsed the one word "Adversely" on the St. Thomas treaty, and recommended "Suspension of action" in regard to it. The matter was never brought before the Senate, and may be said to have been "smothered" in committee. How secretly and silently this was done may be gathered from Secretary Fish's note to Minister Franz de Bille in the following April, when the time expired for the exchange of ratifications under the stipulation of the second additional article. Secretary Fish wrote that "the Senate, having given neither consent to the treaty nor opinion concerning it," he was not authorized to pursue the negotiation any farther. The matter was exhausted, and it may be inferred that the Secretary of State was unaware of the final course of the Senate committee.

As General de Raasloff predicted, the failure of the negotiation with the United States caused the downfall of Denmark's first Liberal ministry. As soon as the collapse of the treaty was known, General de Raasloff, in a manly speech before the Rigsdag, resigned the office of Minister of War and Navy. The resignation of Count Frijs-Frijsenburg, the Prime Minister, quickly followed.

It has been asserted that the friendly relations between the United States and Denmark were impaired from this moment. How far this is true cannot be known without rare penetration into the silent dignity with which the sturdy Danish people have borne the bitterness of unavenged wrong, and the calm reserve which has characterized all intercourse between that small but indomitable state with America since the course of the United States in this transaction was fully known and comprehended.

Notwithstanding the statement in a recent well-known book on "American Diplomacy," that the St. Thomas treaty was brought before the Senate in a subsequent session, and rejected, research in the archives of the Government reveals the fact that the Danish convention, despite its dignity of solemn contract and sacred seal, still lies neglected and forgotten in an obscure pigeonhole in the Senate wing of the United States Capitol, where it was ignominiously relegated, seventeen years ago, under the "Suspension of action recommended."

At that time many senators and some members of the Committee on Foreign Relations had permitted their judgments to become so warped and blurred by personal animosity and political passion, that, unwilling to adopt, by a direct vote, a wise measure which had originated in the opposing party, and having no just reason for rejecting it, they adopted a dilatory policy, as fatal to the measure as an open rejection would have been, and further resorted to the expedient of sequestering the treaty, intrenching themselves behind a disdainful and, for Denmark, an unassailable silence. That such manifest discourtesy and injustice could not have been practised with impunity toward a powerful or aggressive nation, as fully admitted in one of Mr. Sumner's strongest arguments for ratifying the Russian treaty, only adds offence to the objectional action of the Senate, which, in this transaction, has no parallel in the annals of modern diplomacy, no precedent nor copy in American methods, and may be happily regarded as an isolated and exceptional episode in the national records.

The statesmanship which sought to secure to the United States, by fair and peaceful means, strong naval and military stations (shown by the experience of war to be of the utmost importance to possess), outside the continent, can hardly be denied by any but the prejudiced partisans of non-extension. Impartial history will pass its judgment on those statesmen and politicians who defeated a measure, in the very moment of achievement, which would have secured the priceless possession of the

Danish Antilles to the nation, and who permitted a brave people's preference, shown in the vote of the islanders, to remain unrecognized, and a pledge of confidence on the part of a friendly power, expressed by Denmark in the St. Thomas treaty, to die, unacknowledged, on their hands.

IN HER GARDEN.

By Susan Coolidge.

Still swings the scarlet penstamen
Like threaded rubies on its stem,
In the hid spot she loved so well;
Still bloom wild roses brave and fair,
And like a bubble borne in air
Floats the shy Mariposa's bell.

Like torches lit for carnival
The fiery lilies straight and tall
Burn where the deepest shadow is;
Still dance the columbines cliff-hung,
And like a broidered veil outflung
The mazy blossomed clematis.

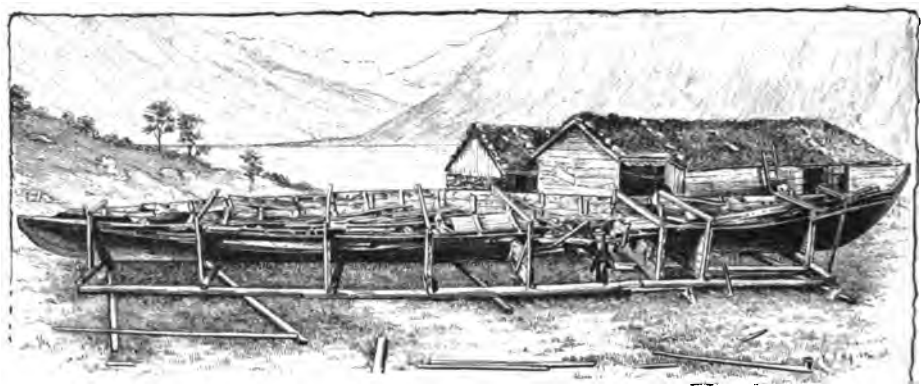
Her Garden! All is silent now,
Save bell-note from some wandering cow,
Or rippling lark-song far away,
Or whisper from the wind-stirred leaves,
Or mourning dove which grieves and grieves,
And "Lost! Lost! Lost!" still seems to say.

Where is the genius of the place—
The happy voice, the happy face,
  The feet whose light, unerring tread
Needed no guide in wild-wood ways,
But trod the rough and tangled maze
  By natural instinct taught and led?

Upon the wind-blown mountain-spur
Chosen and loved as best by her,
  Watched over by near sun and star,
Encompassed by wide skies, she sleeps,
And not one jarring murmur creeps
  Up from the plain her rest to mar.

Sleep on, dear heart; we would not break
Thy slumber for our sorrow's sake:
  The cup of life, with all its zest,
Thy ardent nature quaffed at full,
Now, in the twilight long and cool,
  Take thou God's final gift of rest.

And still below the grape-vine swings,
The Mariposa's fragile wings
  Flutter, red lilies light their flame,
Larks float, the dove still plains and grieves;
But while one heart that loved thee lives,
  Still shall thy Garden bear thy name.



The Viking Ship of Gokstad after its Removal from the Mound.

THE VIKING SHIP.

By John S. White.

THE striking improvements in the building of pleasure-yachts and of ocean-steamers, which have come in swift succession during the last four or five years, have awakened a wonderful interest on both sides of the Atlantic in the practical search for that model which shall combine the greatest speed with sea-going qualities. The much-mooted questions of construction appear to be approaching a settlement, but a comparison of the lines of vessels built a thousand years ago with the swiftest models of to-day lends powerful support to the wise preacher's asseveration that the sun looks upon novelties no more.

No object so thoroughly fascinated me in a visit to Norway and Sweden during the summer of 1882 as the splendid example of ancient shipping discovered shortly before at Gokstad, on one of the peninsulas of Southern Norway.

The Norsemen were a nation of mariners. They loved the sea as they loved their lives, and roamed abroad for conquest and settlement to every island and country from Iceland to the gates of the Mediterranean. Their ancient literature is crowded with tales of ocean and fiord, of mighty ships, of daring voyages, and of heroic deeds in far-away lands. When Frithiof the Bold sailed to the Orkneys in his stout ship Ellide, to collect tribute for the brother-kings Halfdan and Helge, they wilfully broke their promise to guard Frithiof's possessions until his return. They set fire to his dwelling in Framness, and carried away all his cattle and goods. Not content with this, for they dreaded his return, they summoned the two witch-wives, Heidi and Hamglom, and bribed them with gold to bring storm and shipwreck upon Frithiof and his brave crew of eighteen picked men. And the women "sang their songs of witchcraft and climbed the witch-scaffold, with sorcery and incantations." So runs the Icelandic saga. And when the viking chief and his men had sailed forth out of the Sogne-fiord, a dreadful tempest burst upon them, the sea rolled mountain-high, but Ellide bounded merrily on over the waters, for she had "an excellent form for breasting the waves."

Then Frithiof, nothing daunted, sang these verses :

"In former days,
At Framness,
I rowed to meet
My Ingeborg ;

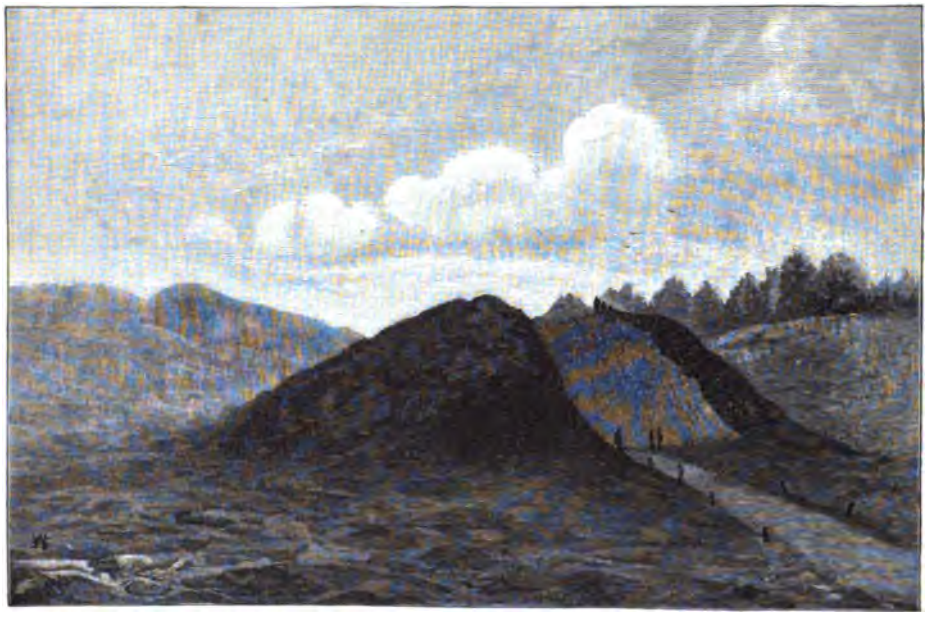
But now I sail
In the tempest cold,
Making the horse of the wave
Speed smoothly on."

The gale waxed yet more wild and a snow-storm began to fall, so dense that they could not see half the boat's length. Again and again the waves swept over the ship, so that she had to be baled out constantly. Once more sang the chieftain :

" The waves are hid from sight,
For witch-wrought is the weather ;
Heroes we of a well-famed band,
Far out on the sea have come—
Eighteen men a-baling,
And Ellide sustaining."

But all the cunning of the witches availed nothing against the hero. The stanch ship outrode the storm, and safely gained her port ; but the men were so exhausted from want of sleep and many days and nights of baling that Frithiof was forced to carry eight of them ashore upon his back.

Two elements of situation and climate contributed to this national penchant for the sea—the peculiar conformation of the coast, and the extreme length of the days in the summer season. A glance at the map of Norway, that " big bag slung across the shoulders of Sweden," as Boyesen has called it, reveals an extraordinary indentation of the sea-coast by deep bays forming many peninsulas, between which communication is impossible, except by water, without long and tedious detours. So that the row-boat and the skiff are, on a greater scale, to the Norwegians what the gondola is to Venice. Indeed, the word " viking," almost the synonym of pirate, is derived from " vicks " or " wychs," the inlets in which the ships were harbored. Again, the far northern summer of almost continuous daylight must have afforded, before the discovery of the mariner's compass, a keen stimulus to navigation, especially to the restless, war-loving Norsemen, planted on their rocky islands and promontories, within a day's sail of half a score of rich and fertile lands tempting to conquest.



The King's Mound.

The inhabitant of a southern country can with difficulty comprehend how fully the shortness of the winter day in the

far North is compensated by the extreme duration of the daylight in summer. As we steamed up the harbor of Christiania at noon on a bright June day, it seemed like the entrance into dreamland. The sensation of seeing the sun *low* on the horizon at mid-day, and finding it scarcely lower at seven in the evening, is far more easily remembered than described. The towers of Christiania always cast long shadows, and the dreamy feeling is only intensified when the sun persists for hours in staying above the horizon until, at ten o'clock, you can still see the men and boys playing games in the fields. Bedtime is a movable feast to the native in the summer season, and comes not at all to the visitor, unless he darkens his windows and persuades himself that it ought to be night if it is not.

The Ship viewed from the Stern.

It appears marvellous that, notwithstanding the repeated allusions to the viking ships in the sagas and other sources of Norwegian history which we possess after the middle of the seventh century, no description of the war-ships or merchant-vessels exists, sufficiently minute to convey to the reader more than the vaguest idea of their construction. But the extreme familiarity of the people with the building and management of boats would no doubt preclude any detailed account. The discovery of the Gokstad ship, therefore, brought the most important contribution ever made to our knowledge of early Norse ship-building, and enabled antiquarian scholars to replace with facts many long-standing theories and speculations.

That most courteous and hospitable representative whom our country possesses in Northern Europe, Mr. Consul Gade, kindly placed me in the way of obtaining the information I sought regarding the new-found treasure, which then stood, protected by a temporary shed, upon the grounds of the University in Christiania. Early in January, 1880, Mr. F. Host, of Sandefiord, some sixty miles south of Christiania, notified the directors of the Antiquarian Society that the sons of one of the farmers in Lower Gokstad had begun digging into the "King's Mound," a curious hillock which many persons had supposed to be the tomb of an ancient king interred with all his treasures. The society, with the aid of their informant, succeeded in stopping the excavations for a time,

but only with the result of stimulating the curiosity of the farmers to begin work again. On February 6th, Mr. N. judge of its original form or size. It now measured about one hundred and seventy by one hundred and fifty feet,

View of stern, Port Side.

Nicolaysen, the president of the society, left Christiania for Gokstad, and induced the owners of the land to transfer the control of the excavations to himself and the Board of Directors, promising to complete them as soon as the spring opened, without expense to the proprietors. It had happened that Mr. Nicolaysen, stimulated by the discovery, in 1867, of a smaller boat in a similar mound, near Sarpsborg, in the parish of Tune, had been making careful researches for several years, with the view of presenting to the public as correct a notion as possible of the construction of ancient ships. The results of his investigations he published in a valuable monograph upon the subject, two years after the discovery at Gokstad, with a full description of the latter.

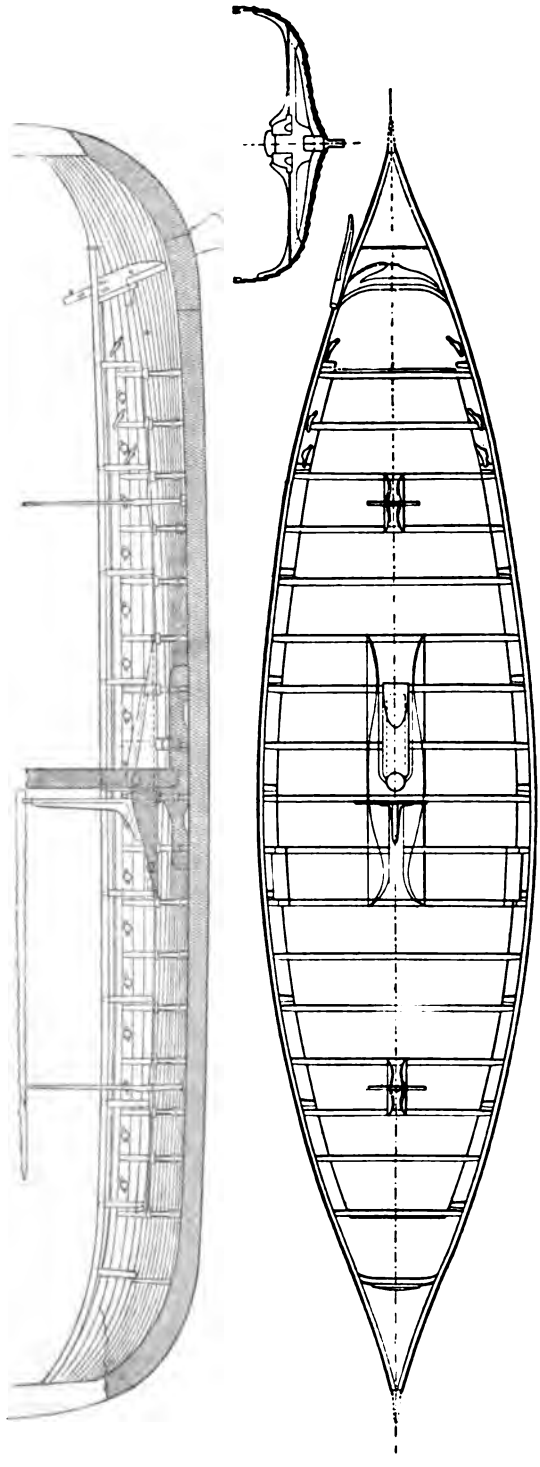
"I returned to the place," he says, "on April 27th (1880), and, after a close examination, began digging in accordance with a plan I had already matured. The mound had been so much changed by repeated ploughings around it and up against it that it was impossible to and was seventeen feet in height. We began cutting from the south toward the north, at the base of the mound, making the passage eight feet wide. Before the second day was over we were greatly surprised to see the prow of a ship rise out of the soil exactly in the middle of the passage cut. This lucky hit saved a great deal of work, it being necessary only to widen the passage considerably on both sides. Then the soil covering the vessel and what afterward appeared as the sepulchral chamber had to be carried away, the contents taken out of both, and the ship left standing free. For this purpose no supporting pillars were needed, as such were found in round, thick logs that were laid at intervals horizontally against the upper part of the vessel. When the digging was completed, and the ship properly strengthened, the whole was lifted up to the height of the ground outside of the opening. What now was to be done? There were two plans which offered themselves—either to buy the mound and let it remain where it was,

or to remove it to the grounds of the University of Christiania and build a shed over it, as had been done with the vessel from Tune. The latter course was chosen, as the vessel would then be accessible to the people at large ; and a break in the keel made it feasible to divide it into two nearly equal parts, which could easily be transported by water. On July 15th, I had the great joy of seeing the tug steaming along with the discovered treasure, which had cost us the labor of two and a half months, and which had all the time been the object of the greatest attention to many thousands of visitors."

In comparison with all other vessels and fragments which have been found, the Gokstad ship is remarkable for its size, its almost perfect preservation, and its richness in relics. The length from stem to stern over all is 78 feet (23.80 metres), the keel alone measuring 66 feet (20.10 metres). The breadth of beam is 16½ feet (5.10 metres) and the depth about 4 feet (1.20 metres). Oak alone was used in the construction, the body being unpainted, while the stem- and stern-posts were decorated. The planks were laid on over the frame-timbers in our lapstreak style, each overlapping the one below it, and were fastened together with iron bolts riveted and clinched upon the inside—" clinker-built," as we now call it. The planking was lashed to the frames by means of projections, with wicker-like cords, or withes, made from the roots of trees ; and the seams were calked with hair of cattle spun into a cord of three strands, and this was not driven into the crevices, but laid in when the planking was put together.

From this method of construction, as well as from the character of the relics found and the use of the vessel as a means of sepulture, Mr. Nicolaysen infers that it was built during the later iron age, or between A.D. 700 and 1000. (The early iron age comprises the first seven centuries after the Christian era.) The decoration of the trimmings on the prow, gunwale, and stern-post, the numerous carvings, both upon the ship and the relics, together with the handy use of colors, exhibit a very strong influence from Irish decorative art. For in her palmy days, before the beginning of the eighth century, Ireland outstripped every other country of Europe in minia-

The Ship in its Shed at Christiania.

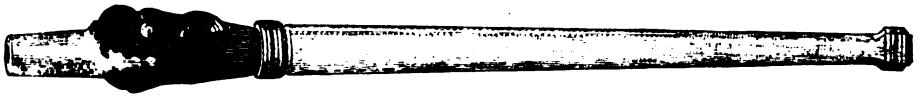


Central Longitudinal, and Transverse Sections, and Bird's-eye View of the Viking Ship. (From N. Nicolaysen's description.)

ture-painting and the ornamentation of metal and wood. This consideration fixes the date of construction subsequent to A.D. 700, while the sacrifice of a large number of domestic animals for interment by the side of the ship, as well as the ship-burial itself, makes it extremely improbable that the mound was erected later than the year 900.

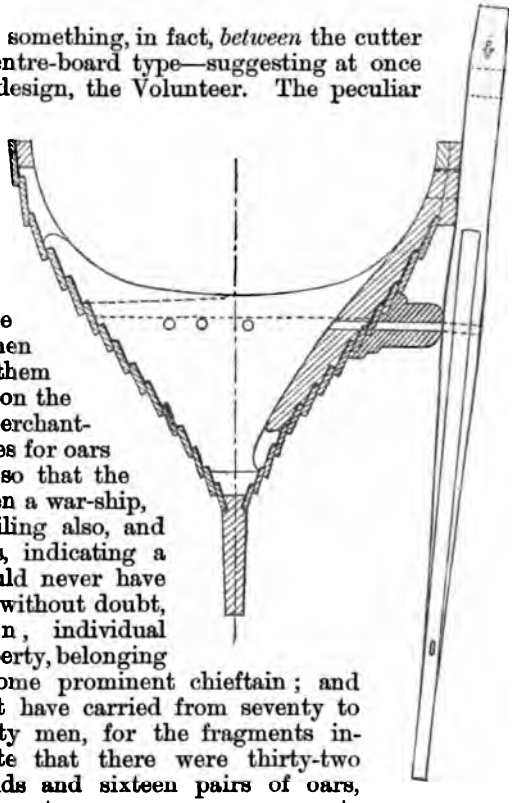
There were sixteen planks on the sides of the ship, and the third from the top on each side, which was nearly twice as thick as the rest, was pierced with port-holes, sixteen in number, for the reception of the oars. These ports were slit on the upper edge, to permit the insertion of the oar-blade, and were of various sizes, being largest amidships and diminishing in aperture toward the ends, indicating that oars of different weights and sizes had been employed. When not in use the ports were ingeniously closed with wooden shutters, to keep out the water, and some of these shutters were carved, suggesting a probable difference in the rank of the oarsmen.

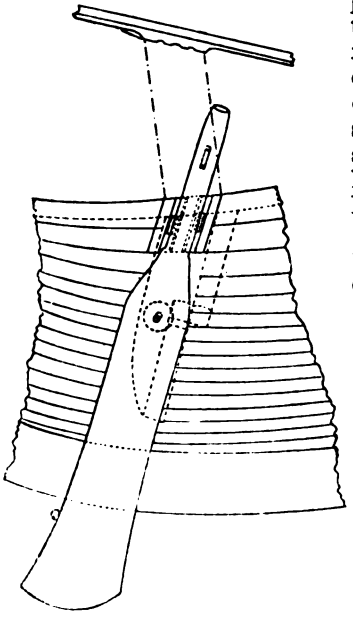
That the ship was not new at the time of its interment is shown by the wear and tear traceable on the oars and the rudder. Being pointed at both ends, it could be rapidly driven astern with the oars, if suddenly caught upon a dangerous reef or shoal. Its great sharpness of build and fine sheer gave to it a model which does not suffer in comparison with that of the Galatea, or the best of the yachts used on the English coast for sailing in deep waters. It had the advantage, however, of a flattened bottom amidships, which must have secured to it much greater



The Tiller.

steadiness than the English cutters; something, in fact, *between* the cutter and the flat, keelless boat of the centre-board type—suggesting at once the model of Mr. Burgess's latest design, the Volunteer. The peculiar method of attaching the rudder to the side of the stern, which is best understood from the illustrations, afforded manifest advantages for shipping and unshipping, but did not admit of as prompt an effect as does the adjustment of the modern rudder. From the height of the port-holes cut in the sides to receive the oars, it is certain that the oarsmen rowed in a sitting posture, as we see them on the Bayeux tapestry (p. 616), and on the Häggeby stone in Sweden. The merchant-vessels were not fitted with port-holes for oars and had no flooring on the beams, so that the Gokstad vessel could only have been a war-ship, especially as she was fitted for sailing also, and carried at least three small boats, indicating a large crew. Besides, a trader would never have been thought of for burial. It was without doubt, then, individual property, belonging to some prominent chieftain; and must have carried from seventy to eighty men, for the fragments indicate that there were thirty-two shields and sixteen pairs of oars, and as two men were necessary to handle one oar of this size, the rowers alone must have been sixty-four in number.





The Rudder and its Method of Attachment. (This and the next following cuts from Nicolaysen).

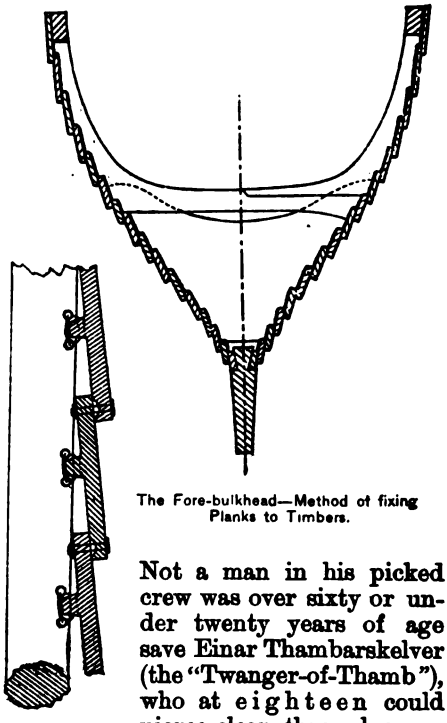
Mr. Nicolaysen enthusiastically prophesies that "no vessel of ancient construction will ever be discovered which, in respect to model and workmanship, will outrival that of Gokstad. Indeed, in the opinion of experts, this is a masterpiece of its kind, hardly to be surpassed by any which the ship-building art of the present age can produce. In the symmetry of its proportions and the wonderful beauty of its lines is exhibited a perfection never again approached until, after a long and dreary period of clumsy unshapeliness in naval architecture, it was once more revived in the present century in the clipper-built craft of the North European nations."

Such mention as we find in Scandinavian history of the great ships of the vikings is scanty enough in its details, serving commonly as a foil to enhance the splendor of the leader's personal

description. The first actual account ever given simply chronicles the fact that Thorolf, son of Kveld-Ulf (Night Wolf), in 872 built a "long-ship" with a dragon's head upon the prow.

The conceit of reproducing the form of the fabled dragon, or serpent of the sea, in the construction of their ships of war came to be universal with the Norse pirates, and the semblance was still further carried out by surmounting the stern with the curling tail of the serpent carved in wood and fluked at the end. The sails stood for the dragon's wings. Both head and tail were often richly gilded, and it was a custom on leaving or entering port to hang the shields, tinted in various colors, at the prow and stern or all along the gunwale, overlapping each other like huge, sheeny scales upon the monster's sides. We see them thus in the Bayeux tapestry. The old Gula laws prescribed that the shield should be "made of wood, with three iron bands placed crosswise on its outer surface, and the handle fastened to the inner, with iron nails." St. Olaf's men bore "white shields decorated with red, blue, or golden crosses." In later times the shield was made of double thickness, and the color was red. The shields of the Gokstad ship were painted alternately black and yellow, of the same tints as those used on the tiller and the carved heads of the tilt-boards —the framework over which the awning was stretched at night. As she sped through the water, with oars moving in unison, the long lines of yellow and black half-moons glowering from her sides, the sight must have filled the spectator with feelings of awe and quickened the pulse of the oldest chieftain.

At Drontheim, in 997, Olaf Tryggvesson, the King of Norway, built a high-stemmed ship, for a hundred and twenty rowers; but having soon afterward captured a much more beautiful vessel from the viking, Raud the Strong, he determined to build the "biggest dragon ever seen." This he named the Long Serpent, to distinguish it from the former vessel. The Long Serpent was 117 feet in length, very broad and high, profusely gilded, and carried six hundred men. In this mighty man-of-war did Olaf sail to meet King Sweyn of Wermland, accompanied by sixty more great war-vessels and sixty transports.

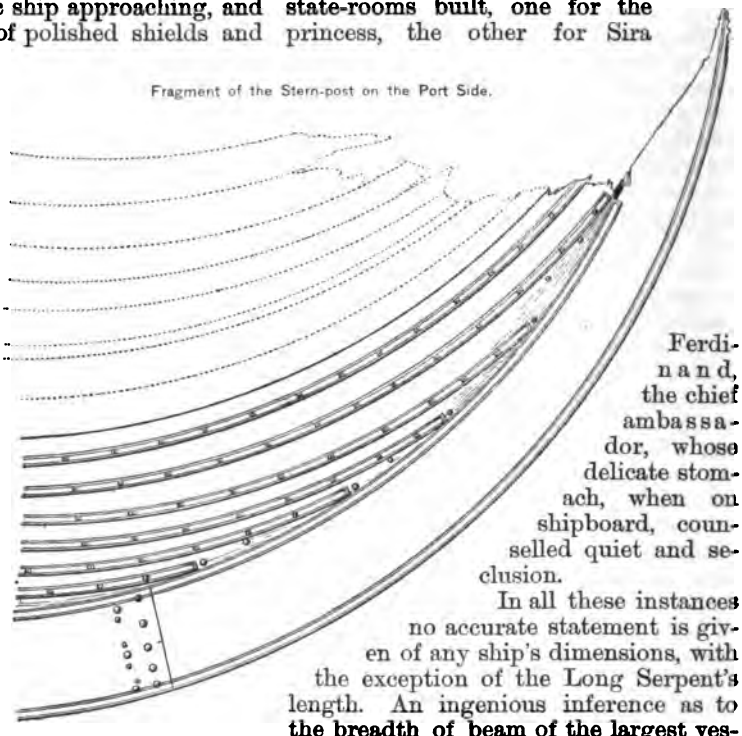


The Fore-bulkhead—Method of fixing Planks to Timbers.

Not a man in his picked crew was over sixty or under twenty years of age save Einar Thambarskelver (the "Twanger-of-Thamb"), who at eighteen could pierce clean through a raw cow's-hide, hanging loose from a pole, with a blunt arrow from "Thamb," his bow. Earl Sigvalde, of the Jomsvikings, betrayed the friendship of the Norse king, and led him to sail through a narrow strait where only a few of his vessels could engage with the enemy at once. Here, with seventy war-ships, in ambuscade lay Sweyn, and Erik, the son of Haakon, and Olaf of Sweden.

"By twos and threes," says Professor Boyesen, "the great ships of the Norse chieftains passed by, and every time the Swedish and the Danish king were sure that one of them must be the Long Serpent. Soon came the Short Serpent, casting golden gleams across the water from its shining dragon-head. And King Sweyn cried exultingly, 'Loftily shall the Serpent bear me to-night, and I shall steer her.' Earl Erik replied, 'Even if Olaf Tryggvesson had no larger ship than this, Sweyn with all his army of Danes could not win it from him.'

When at last the Long Serpent reared its flaming prow against the horizon, shooting long beams in the sun, the princes marvelled at its beauty. Many a one trembled, too, with fear, when he saw the majestic ship approaching, and the dense rows of polished shields and swords flashing from afar. 'This glorious ship,' said Earl Erik, 'is fitting for such a king as Olaf Tryggvesson; for it may, in sooth, be said of him, that he is distinguished above all other kings, as the Long Serpent above all other ships.'"



Fragment of the Stern-post on the Port Side.

One of the war-vessels of King Olaf the Saint, built about 1024, was called Karlshöfdi, because its prow carried the king's head which he himself had sculptured. Another he embellished with the head of a bison upon the prow and its tail upon the stern.*

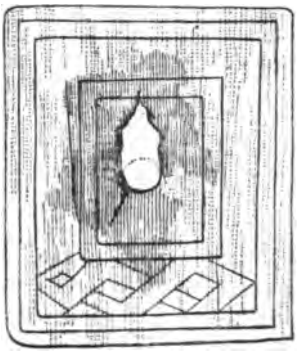
Thore Hund's great war-ship, upon which eighty warriors rode at its launching, in 1027, was so high that many barrels could stand under the flooring; and "*such* barrels!" exclaims the admiring historian; "they had double bottoms, and there was ale at both ends!"

A glorious fleet had King Haakon in 1257, and chief of all the ships in Norway, for size and beauty, was the Mariesuden. She had gilded figure-heads and shields, and pennons of golden ribbon; her sails were embroidered with pictorial designs, and a hundred and fifty men were needed for her crew alone. In the sunshine the assembled fleet "shone as if it were actually on fire." On the war-ship in which he sent his daughter Christina to Spain, to be married, the king had two state-rooms built, one for the princess, the other for Sira Ferdinand, the chief ambassador, whose delicate stomach, when on shipboard, counselled quiet and seclusion.

In all these instances no accurate statement is given of any ship's dimensions, with the exception of the Long Serpent's length. An ingenious inference as to the breadth of beam of the largest vessels is drawn by Mr. Nicolaysen in this way: When King Sverre, in the winter of 1250, wished to clear his fleet out from Aaslo Harbor, he ordered a channel to be cut through the ice four fathoms wide. "The ice being very thick, as a matter of course the channel was not cut broader than absolutely necessary, certainly not so broad that one ship could pass another, but roomy enough to afford space for the largest vessels; from which we infer that the utmost width could not have exceeded twenty feet."

The interior of the viking ships had five compartments. In the prow was the "lokit," or forecastle, in which the king's standard-bearers were quartered. The second and third were called respectively the "sax" and the "krap-room;" the former appears to have been used as a general store-room, while the latter held the sails and tackle when not

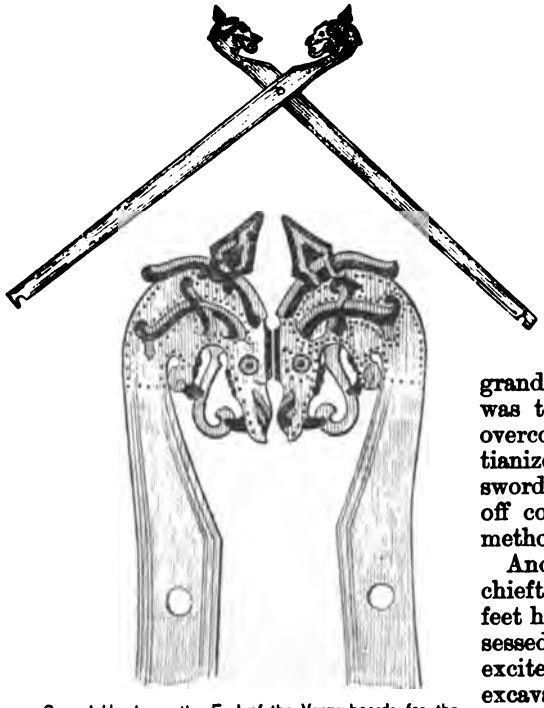
* It was called the Visund. Great herds of these animals roamed over the plains of Germany in the early ages, and were often found farther north and east. Not a vestige of them remains to-day except about six hundred, which are preserved in a great park in Lithuania, by the Czar of Russia. All efforts to domesticate them have failed on both sides of the Atlantic.



Bottom of a Flat Candle-stick.

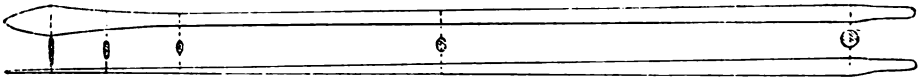
in use. Next came the room which contained the great armor-chest; and here were the quarters of the warriors who ranked next to the chieftain. It was named the fore-room, because it was in front of the "lofting," or cabin, which occupied the stern of the boat, and was elevated above the other floors. Here slept the commander of the vessel. "When the ship lay in harbor at night," says Mr. Nicolaysen, "it was covered with a 'tilt,' a sort of ridge-pole with pillars and rafters. Over this the cloth was stretched from side to side of the ship. In Egil's saga it is recorded that Kveld-Ulf bade the people go along the ship's side and cut the tilt from its fastenings, and in another passage the tent is spoken of as being ripped from the sides, which would indicate that the lowest edges were tied with rope to the gunwale. The merchant-ships, which must have been exceedingly numerous, differed from a long-ship, or war-ship, in no point of construction except that their timbers were probably stouter, their masts of greater height, and their length was less. They were rarely ornamented by painting, and carried no figure-head at prow or stern. The crew was very much smaller; in fact, mention is made, in one instance, of a large merchant-man in which, all told, there were only eight men. One of the sagas mentions the circumstance that at Nidaros (Drontheim), in 1199, King Sverre Sigurdsson seized some trading-ships, hewed them in two transversely, and lengthened out their keels and sides that they might be used as war-vessels."

There is something majestic in the thought of the old pagan viking of Gokstad buried in his sturdy ship, with its stem to the sea, ready, at the life-restoring call of Odin's voice, to sail away over the vast waters to Valhalla, whence evermore the heavenly warriors "issue forth by day to fight great battles, killing and maiming each other. But every night they wake up whole and unscathed and return to Odin's hall, where they spend the night in merry carousing." It was far different from the Christian idea of the happy future life, for the Norseman's heaven was his ideal earth—the place where he could enjoy the grandest fighting and ale. To be happy was to fight—to meet opposition and overcome. St. Olaf would even Christianize his country at the point of the sword. "Believe and be baptized, or off comes thy head!" was virtually his method of evangelization.



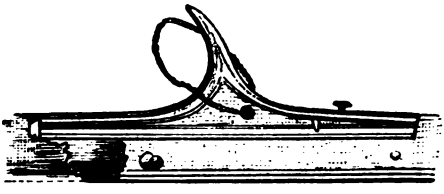
Carved Heads on the End of the Verge-boards for the Vessel's Tent—Their Supposed Position.

And what a mighty man this ancient chieftain was! He stood six and a third feet high upon his naked soles, and possessed a giant's strength. Imagine the excitement and curiosity with which the excavators at Gokstad explored their new-found treasure, to discover if per-

haps some famous weapon was there, like "Excalibur," or "Balmung," of marvellous temper and edge!

Oars of the Viking Ship and Boats.

But the mound had been opened hundreds of years before by robbers, who had rifled it of every weapon and garment which it contained. Fortunately, however, these marauders, in their desire to save themselves trouble, penetrated the side of the mound, and wrought but slight injury to the vessel. Indeed, we owe indirectly to them the preservation of an extraordinary number of relics; for through the aperture which they made there fell quantities of a sort of blue clay, which acted as a preservative of all wood-work with which it came in contact. The vessel had been buried in a deep layer of this clay, whether by accident or design, otherwise no vestige of it would have been preserved.

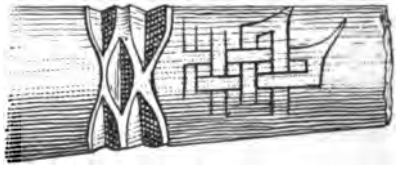
Modern medical science is capable of furnishing much curious information in regard to the buried chieftain. The bones of the skeleton were carefully studied by Professor Heiberg, of the



An Oar-lock.

University of Christiania, who states that the man was powerfully built, was more than three inches over six feet in height, and had passed the age of fifty years. He had been a great sufferer from chronic muscular rheumatism, as was shown by the abnormal enlargement of the bone at the joints. So severe had been the disease at the left knee that he must have walked with great difficulty. The sepulchral chamber was built just in front of the mast, and was like a modern woodsman's log-hut, with "bird's-mouthed" corners and a gabled roof—"the earliest authentic instance of this mode of construction." Every chip and shaving made in its erection would seem to have been religiously preserved, such quantities lay in heaps all around.

A thousand years have gone, yet a strangely vivid story is told by the ob-



Carved Oar-handle.

jects found in and about the ship—a story of ancient manners and customs, of a mechanical skill and artistic feeling which suffer little in comparison with much later times. Just without the chamber was a skin covered with shining feathers. Professor Esmark, of the University, tells us that it belonged to a peacock, and was no doubt a pet of the chieftain and a memento of some foreign expedition. Its presence here proves that communication must have existed with far-distant lands. The island of Ceylon is said to have been the "Tarshish" from which, every three years, the ships of Hiram came, bringing to King Solomon "elephants' teeth and apes and peacocks."

The four thin, oblong disks of oak, neatly carved and ornamented, with round holes at the centre, are candlesticks without a doubt, for the sides of the openings are charred with fire. And there are the fragments of several oak bedsteads, one nearly perfect, and so like the common rough bedsteads used nowadays, which everybody has seen, that a little incredulity concerning their tremendous age may well be pardoned in the reader when the illustration meets his eye (p. 616). A sled, too, was found, also of oak, the best preserved

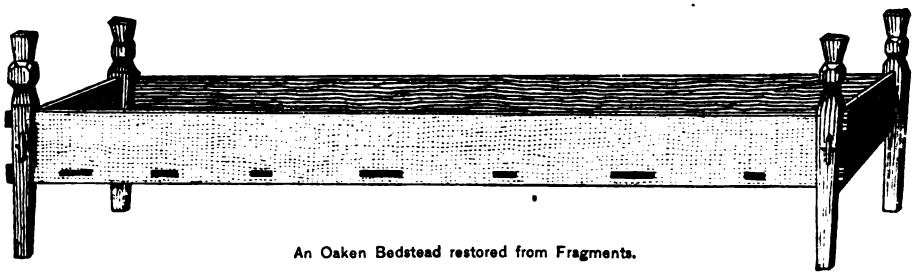
parts of which are the shapely, carved runners. Almost the whole outfit of the ship is here—mast and block, anchor and stock, fir-wood spars for extra masts in the event of breakage, oars, and reels, and shutters for the portholes, pins for binding nets, oaken treenails, and tilt-fastenings of hempen rope, together with the long hawser for the anchor.

The object of the quantity of charcoal found is not clearly understood—possibly it may have been used for making fires; but the cooking for the crew appears to have been done almost always on land; however, there was a great copper caldron lying by the ship's mast, bottom upward, beaten out of two massive plates of sheet-metal and fitted with a band on the rim to add greater strength, to which were attached two huge rings of solid copper. Near by this a series of links of twisted iron terminated by hooks were lying, by means of which the caldron could be suspended from a crane or other support. The ship's drinking-vessel is as perfect as when the crew dipped their last draught from it—a huge tub of pine-staves, four feet in diameter and one-half as high. The cover, still held together by cross-pieces underneath, is decorated with circular figures upon the upper side. It seems to have been the intention to bury with the chieftain's body every object which had been familiar to him in life, even the plates of carved oak from which he ate, his purse of leather lined with bright-colored cloth, the axe with which the timbers of the sepulchral chamber were hewn, and a thousand and one other objects of great interest to the antiquarian—the most curious of all being a pair of odd-looking little contrivances, thin bits of wood riveted to a handle, which are thought to have been a child's playthings.

There were, also, many of the metal parts of a horse's harness and mountings of lead and bronze, in oblong, circular, and cruciform devices. Some of these mountings of gilt bronze, both in the character of their workmanship and the beauty of their devices, are unique, and would do credit to the best designer of to-day. "Such ornaments as had been before discovered," says Mr. Nicolaysen, "were in the customary style of the younger iron age, and were, at most, the representations of fantastic animals; but in one of these is to be seen a warrior, with helmet on and with outstretched lance, on a galloping steed, designed with much skill and with the reproduction, evidently, of a peculiar dress, so strange to the country and to its customs which we know then to have existed that the designer had evidently brought its prototype from abroad. No saddle-tree is seen, and it cannot be perceived whether there are any stirrups or not, but the spear is barbed, bringing us into conflict with the fact that the spears of this form hitherto discovered belong only to the earlier iron age."

Copper Caldron, and Links of Iron Chain for hanging it.

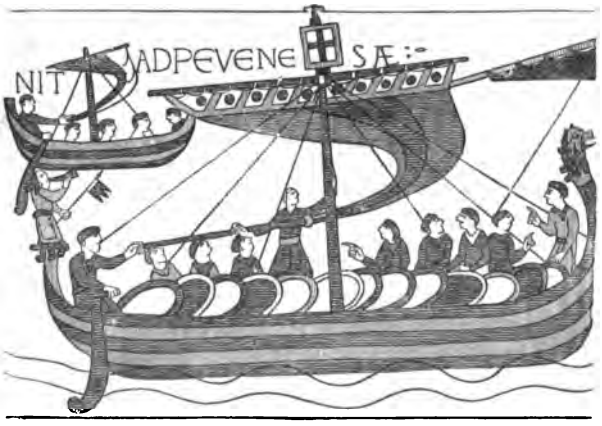
On the outside of the vessel were found



An Oaken Bedstead restored from Fragments.

embedded in the clay the skeletons of several horses and dogs, parts of the hide and hoofs of the horses being also well preserved; and a careful examination by an expert anatomist, Mr. C. A. Guldberg, shows that there were "not fewer than twelve horses, some very young and some 'aged,' or over eight years old; rather smaller, apparently, than the ordinary Norwegian horses at present, but of the same race as the fiord horses." The small size of the horses is an interesting feature, for it may throw light upon some historical statements hitherto considered fabulous. The great Norse leader who, a century and a half before the Conquest, led into France the colony that founded the Norman race was called Hrolf "Ganger," Rollo "the Walker," because he was "too tall and stout for any horse to carry."

There were at least six dogs, one of which was very long-legged, but the rest were small, one of them closely resembling the smallest of our lapdogs—evidently pets belonging to the chieftain. The size of the others, and the grayish-brown color of the hairs that were found, show them to have been similar to the common Finnish or Lapland house-dogs. There were horseshoes of iron and a dog-collar of bronze lying near the skeleton. "But," says Mr. Nicolaysen, "horseshoes proper were brought into use among the Norwegians at a much later period, nor were they known to the Romans, yet, curiously, they are everywhere to be seen on the Bayeux * tapestry" —one of the many evidences which exist of the inventive genius of the Norman. It was a custom during the later iron age in the northern countries, as the sagas and previous discoveries show, to bury with a dead viking his horses and dogs, but never were so many animals found as at Gokstad.



Ship from the Bayeux Tapestry. (Repeated from Mr. Lowell's paper.)

It is the greatest of pities that we can never lift the curtain which veils the personal history of the Gokstad sea-king. A mighty man he was, of famous deeds, as the stately ship-burial

* An admirable paper upon the Bayeux tapestry, by Mr. Edward J. Lowell, was printed in the March number of this MAGAZINE.

proves. Had Tegnér lived to behold these treasures, he would have carried away the inspiration and the material for a new "Frithiof." The closing scene of such an epic would have been a fitting companion-piece to that grand and touching requiem of Siegfried, the mightiest figure of the Nibelungen songs, which Mr. Baldwin's version so beautifully reproduces: "Siegfried was dead! Faded, now, was the glory of Nibelungen Land, and gone was the mid-world's hope. It is told in ancient story how men built a funeral-pile far out on the grassy meadows, where the quiet river flows; and how, in busy silence, they laid the sun-dried beams of ash and elm together, and made ready the hero's couch; and how the pile was dight with many a sun-bright shield, with war-coats and glittering helms, and silks and rich-dyed cloths from the Southland, and furs, and fine-wrought ivory, and gem-stones priceless and rare; and how, over all, they scattered sweet spices from Araby, and the pleasantest of all perfumes. Then they brought the golden Siegfried, and laid him on his couch; and beside him were his battered shield, and Balmung, with its fire-edge bare. And as the sun rose high in heaven, the noblest earl-folk who had loved Siegfried best touched fire to the funeral-pile. And a pleasant breeze from the Southland fanned the fire to a flame, and the white blaze leaped on high, and all the folk cried out in mighty agony to the gods."

A Modern Norwegian Boat.

THE HAUNTS OF THE HALCYON.

By Charles Henry Lüders.

To stand within a gently gliding boat,
  Urged by a noiseless paddle at the stern,
  Whipping the crystal mirror of the fern
In fairy bays where water-lilies float;
To hear your reel's whir echoed by the throat
  Of a wild mocking-bird, or round some turn
  To chance upon a wood-duck's brood that churn
Swift passage toward their mother's warning note:
This is to rule a realm that nevermore
  May aught but restful weariness invade;
This is to live again the old days o'er,
  When nymph and dryad haunted stream and glade;
  To dream sweet, idle dreams of having strayed
To Arcady, with all its golden lore.

SONG.

By Ellen Burroughs.

Laughter that ringeth all day long
  In a world of dancing feet;
A heart attuned to a bird's wild song,
  As eager, as wayward and sweet.
Love, passing by, drew near and smiled:
"Ah, dear Love, wait, she is a child!"
Reluctantly he went his way:
"I shall come back another day."

A heavier-drooping lid, a line
  Gentler in curving cheek and chin;
Lips where joys tremble, where hopes shine;
  And something more—a storm within—
A heart that wakes to sudden fears,
And eyes that know the use of tears:
"Ah, cruel Love! to come and teach
A pain that knows nor name nor speech!"

Love stands aggrieved: "Farewell, I go!
  Take back thy child-heart's unconcern."
"Nay, nay! Thou shalt not leave me so!"
  She holds him fast with tears that burn.
"Sweet Love, I pray thee to abide.
If thou walk constant at my side,
Through doubt, through sorrow, through despair,
No pain can be too hard to bear."

WHAT SHALL WE TELL THE WORKING-CLASSES?

By Francis A. Walker.

HEN, recently, in conversation with a distinguished American economist, I mentioned the title of this article, he said, "Ah, yes! what shall we teach the working-classes? Good!" "Not at all," I replied; "in my opinion, we have undertaken to teach them quite enough already, and a pretty mess we have made of it. No; the subject of my paper is, What shall we tell the working-classes? What shall we say to them, not as the priests of a mystery addressing their believers, not even as the professors of a science delivering to laymen conclusions which they are to accept upon authority; but as man to man, discussing a subject of common interest, regarding which we occupy a different point of view from themselves, and on which, therefore, we may fairly assume to be able to throw some light?"

I confess I have little respect for the objection which is often interposed to the use of the term "working-classes." Every now and then some lawyer or professor or editor informs the public that he works twelve or fifteen hours a day himself; that he is just as much a working-man as any carpenter or cotton-spinner; that we are all working-men together; and that the use of this term, in application to a section of the community, is both etymologically wrong and economically misleading. Indeed, I know one highly intelligent gentleman who sincerely believes that the correction of our popular speech in this regard will nearly, if not quite, remove all our labor troubles and restore industrial peace.

Now, I cannot take this view of the expression in question. A "working-man" does not necessarily mean simply a man who works, "only this and nothing more." There are few familiar phrases whose purport is not larger, or smaller, or in some way different from the logical significance of the words composing them, if brought together for the first time. The term working-classes is sufficiently descriptive for the use to which it is put in discussions regarding the organization of industry and the distribution of wealth. There are large and important bodies of producers who are clearly enough pointed out thereby, and who well enough understand themselves to be meant. It is not an offensive appellation, for it is self-imposed. It is not an inexact expression, for no one not intended by it would deem himself, or be deemed by others, to be included.

As to the notion that the use of this term deceives anybody, or creates the impression that professional men and employers of labor, shopkeepers and clerks, artists and teachers, do not, in their own way, work, and generally work long and hard—it seems to me too trifling to deserve attention. If the labor problem is to be solved by calling the working-classes by another name, it must be a very simple problem, and the working-classes must be very simple, too.

Whatever we may have to say to the working-classes, the spirit is likely to be as important as the matter. It is a thing of course that politicians, having respect to the recompense of reward, will flatter and fawn upon those who hold so large a mass of political power; but more sense and more self-respect might fairly have been expected of many of the persons, themselves altogether disinterested and sincere, who have of late contributed to the literature of the labor question. Some of these writers cannot refer to the general issue between laborers and employers, or even to a specific demand for higher wages or fewer hours, without gushing over the virtues of the working-classes; without talking as if there were something peculiarly noble and self-sacrificing in occupying that

position ; without assuming, in advance of investigation, that any body of laborers must be right in any claim they may choose to make, and casting reproachful glances at every employer who entertains notions of his own regarding his interests or rights, as if he were a persecutor of the saints. Some of these social philosophers always speak of the position of a day-laborer or a factory-operative in a tone which intimates regret that the deficiencies of their own early education prevent their sharing in the moral and spiritual advantages of such a lot. Others write as though they felt it a duty to make up to the laboring-class in "taffy" all that, owing to the hardness of the employers' hearts, they may not be able to secure in bread and meat.

Now, this sort of thing is foolish, and, so far as it has any effect at all, is mischievous. If the working-classes are not spoiled by the unceasing adulation of which they are the subjects, it is because they have too much rugged sense of their own and too much native insight into character. But there is little reason to doubt that this kind of talk has its effect, in a degree—that many a laborer has been made restive by it, and that it has prepared the way for the seductions of the demagogue.

I believe I was the first person occupying a chair of political economy to declare that sympathy with the working-classes, on the part of the general community, may, when industrial conditions are favorable, become a truly economic force in determining a higher rate of wages; but by sympathy I certainly did not mean slobber. An intelligent interest in the advancement of the laborer's condition, leading one to speak an encouraging word and to lend a helping hand—as, for example, in the case of the agricultural laborer, whom I supposed to be hesitating whether to take the great step of leaving his native parish to seek his fortune amid strange surroundings—can be clearly shown to be an appropriate means to that end ; but to chant hymns on the dignity of labor and to pay oratorical tributes to the virtues of the masses is neither here nor there. The moral deserts of the working-people, except so far as these are transmuted into economic forces, rendering the laborers more efficient, more temperate, more trustworthy as workers, have no relevancy to the issue between them and their employers. Nor are those classes, in fact, a whit more honest, self-denying, kindly, or public-spirited, than the classes esteemed more fortunate. Those who are laborers are so because they have not found the way to be anything else. Why should they be praised for working with their hands, when this is the only means they have for earning their bread? If any one of them saw the opportunity for bettering his condition and passing into what is deemed a higher industrial grade, he would at once seize that opportunity, and it would be a credit to him to do so.

Whatever we may tell the working-classes, we shall *not* tell them, as twenty or fewer years ago we should surely have done, that the possible amount of their compensation is limited by the "wage-fund ;" that the remuneration of their labor is irrespective of their own industrial character, irrespective of their own exertions, irrespective of the present product of industry.

When one thinks that this was, so short a time ago, the last word which the universities and reviews had to say on this subject, and when he recalls the contempt with which every suggestion of other forces entering to affect wages was received by those who claimed to engross all authority in such matters, he cannot wonder at the hatred or the indifference with which, according to temperament, political economy is regarded by the working-classes.

Nor shall we now tell them that they have no occasion to make any exertions on their own behalf to secure their just distributive share of the product of industry, or even to take any thought about the matter, since the competition of employers among themselves for the profits of employment will amply suffice to carry the rate of wages as high as it can possibly be maintained. We shall not tell the working-classes that they have no need to seek their interests, inasmuch as their interests will seek them ; that no matter how passive they may be, even a grasping spirit and unfair meth-

ods, on the part of the employers, will be powerless to impair, on the whole, the remuneration of labor.

Yet this was the accepted doctrine of the orthodox political economy, not long ago. "Unless," said Professor John E. Cairnes, in 1874, having in view a hypothetical reduction of wages by a combination of employers, "unless we are to suppose the character of a large section of the community to be suddenly changed in a leading attribute, the wealth so withdrawn from wages would, in the end, and before long, be restored to wages. The same motives which led to its investment would lead to its reinvestment; and, once reinvested, the interests of those concerned would cause it to be distributed amongst the several elements of capital in the same proportions as before. In this way covetousness is held in check by covetousness, and the desire for aggrandizement sets limits to its own gratification." And in a similar vein Professor Perry wrote: "If capital gets a relatively too large reward, nothing can interrupt the tendency that labor shall get, in consequence of that, a larger reward next time. If capital takes an undue advantage at any point, as, unfortunately, it sometimes does, somebody, at some other point, has, in consequence of that, a stronger desire to employ laborers; and so the wrong tends to right itself."

Such was the economic opinion of half a generation ago. To-day the doctrine of a natural guardianship of the employing over the laboring class is entirely exploded. Nearly all writers of repute in this department of inquiry now concede that the working-classes have a real, a large, and a vital part to perform in securing that distribution of the product of industry which shall promote the highest development of the industrial organism and, at the same time, minister to the health and strength of each part and member. It is seen that the economic harmonies prevail only where competition is perfect, that the result of one-sided competition may be injurious, or even highly pernicious. It is seen that if the workman does not pursue his interest, he must, in greater or less degree, according to the severity and constancy of the pressure to which he is subject, lose his interest; and that, in doing so—in failing, that is, to realize the utmost economic good that might, with proper efforts, have been brought to him—harm may be done in the immediate instance. It is further seen that the principle, "To him that hath shall be given," operates in economics as in all other departments of social life, and that, consequently, all individual and immediate injuries suffered through unequal competition tend to go from bad to worse, tend to become permanent, tend to become general—the laborer's penury, however first induced, his fear of losing employment, his distrust of his fellows, generated by previous defeats, affording continually new ground and better leverage for the exertion of the master's force, until the normal result of an extended course of economic pressure to which a laboring population is unable adequately to respond is found in the reduction of that population to the meanest grade of subsistence, corresponding to the lowest grade of industrial efficiency to which a population, thus subsisted, must inevitably come, through the impairment of physical force, the loss of hopefulness, self-respect, and social ambition; perhaps, also, the formation of bad habits and the incurring of disease.

Out of this slough, it is seen, no economic force whatsoever operates to lift a laboring population, the services they are able in such a condition to render being worth their scanty remuneration even less fully than good work would be worth high wages. There are, therefore, no excessive profits, such as Professors Cairnes and Perry assume, to constitute, subsequently, a larger demand for labor; but only a depressed state of industry and a degraded citizenship.

On the above accounts, it is admitted that it is even for the interest, the particular, selfish interest, of the employing class that they should have to do, not with men who have no opinion for themselves as to their rights and interests, thankfully receiving whatever may in the time and place be offered them, but with men who are acute and active in searching out opportunities for their advancement, and bold and persistent

in following up every clearly discerned industrial advantage. The economists and the general public now fully see, what the workmen for themselves long ago saw, not because they were wiser, but because their deeper concern and intenser interest brought them more directly face to face with the subject—namely, that each man is the proper trustee of his own wages, and that these are most safe when paid into his own hands.

Looking at the larger interests of industrial society, as a whole, it is seen that the self-assertion of the working-class, within due limits and through appropriate agencies, is an important factor in the equitable and beneficent distribution of wealth. It is in the highest degree desirable that competition should be severe, searching, unremitting. This is essential in order that business shall be well done, even but moderately well done. Just so far as competition fails, there will result waste of materials, dissipation of energy, misdirection of effort, ending in a lower and still lower satisfaction of human wants. The socialistic talk of the day, in disparagement of competition, is either mere miserable cant, or else, if sincere, it is the expression of profound ignorance of the conditions which attend man's subjection of nature to his needs.

But if competition is to be the law of trade, if self-interest is to be its predominant force, the members of the employing class must not only press hard upon each other—the harder the better—but they must bear heavily on the laboring class; and the more heavily the better, so long as the latter can withstand and return the pressure. It is here as it is in an engineering work: What is wanted is the largest capability of resistance and reaction. If the engineer finds that his foundation is weak, he cannot get a thoroughly good result. Of course, if his foundation *is* weak, he must accept the situation and reduce the scope of his work accordingly. Likewise, if the laboring-classes prove to be incapable of offering, on their part, a sufficiently firm and rigid resistance to that pressure which the true interests of industry require to be exerted, the fact must be accepted and the best done that can be under the circumstances. The working-classes may be strengthened by protective legislation, of the nature of Factory Acts. They may greatly increase their own power of resistance through combination and associated action. Moreover, the pressure upon them may be mitigated, in some degree, by the conscious self-restraint of the employing class, either out of their own good feeling or from respect to public sentiment.

After all this has been done, industry must, so far as economic agencies are concerned, suffer whatever injuries may be wrought by unequal competition, only relieved or redressed, here or there, sooner or later, in a higher or a lower degree, by moral, social, or political forces entering the field from the outside, or by the favoring accidents of new discoveries in nature or the arts, tending to restore to labor the foothold it has lost.

But while, thus, the working-classes may be braced and supported, by association among themselves, by protective legislation, and by public sentiment, to increase the resistance they would be able individually and alone to offer, and while the pressure that threatens to become destructive to them may, in some degree, be reduced through the causes indicated, all this is not of good, but of evil, in itself considered. It corresponds to the shifts to which the engineer resorts when he discovers that the ground he has to build upon is quicksand—shifts which both increase the cost of the work and reduce its scope and value. The thing most to be desired is that the working-classes shall be so alert, active, and aggressive in pursuing their economic interests, that the full pressure of that competition which is essential to the best conduct of trade and production may be applied to them steadily and unremittingly, without any danger of their sustaining injury therefrom.

This certainly was the case in the early days of the republic; this was the case, without qualification, until a recent date, so great was the mobility of the laboring population, so high their intelligence, so frugal were their habits, so enterprising, alert, and industrially ambi-

tious was the rising generation, so wide the margin of living afforded by the favorable conditions of a new country—so relatively weak, then, was capital. If this has now ceased to be the case, it is not due mainly either to the fuller settlement of the country or to the large accumulation of capital during the past twenty-five years, but to the introduction of vast numbers of persons not born on our soil or bred under our laws, having lower standards of work and lower social ambitions, with less, at once, of general intelligence and of technical skill, often improvident and not infrequently intemperate in their habits, generally untrained in the responsibilities of civil life, and unaccustomed to the communication of thought upon subjects of general concern. Certainly, if the children and grandchildren of our population of thirty years ago were alone concerned, it would still be true that the working-classes of this country had no occasion to ask favors in production and trade, or to seek to escape the utmost pressure of industrial competition. The workmen of those days were abundantly able to take care of themselves; and the workmen of to-day would be not less so, if they all came out of that patient, watchful, resolute, sagacious, self-mastered strain.

This, I repeat, is the ideal industrial condition, that the body of laborers shall be able to offer an adequate economic resistance to continuous pressure from the employing class, so that no favors need be asked, on the one side, so that there need be no flinching, on the other, in the exaction of all which the most vigorous prosecution of self-interest may require.

I have spoken of the great change which has taken place in economic opinion. Whatever the economist of to-day may have to offer to the working-classes must be said under the disadvantage arising from the fact that a great deal of instruction and advice has been given, in the name of political economy, which we now know to be erroneous. A certain degree of humility and deference will not misbecome us, for a little while, at least. Yet the mistake which the economists of the past generation made casts no reflection upon the learning and ability of their class; does not bring into dispute the importance of the theoretical investigation of the conditions of trade and industry; gives no cause for comparing the student unfavorably with the man of affairs. In this very matter the body of employers were just as far wrong as the economists, and have shown far less readiness to accept a juster view of the situation as it became revealed in a fuller economic light. Nay, in this very matter, while the working-classes of England were right, as against both economists and employers, in their belief that they had much to do with effecting an equitable and beneficial distribution of the product of industry; in holding that their interest would not come to them, but they must go to it; in acting as if their economic fate were, in a large measure, put into their own hands—they have, on their part, often exhibited a disregard of the conditions within which their activity in this regard should be exercised, alike as to occasions taken, means employed, and specific objects sought, which has practically put them quite as far in the wrong as were either economists or employers in denying any economic virtue to the laborer's self-assertion. On the other hand, where a deeper study and a wider experience have shown the body of economists to have been in error once, the whole mass of laymen, employer and employed alike—not less the most eminent men of affairs than the least favored and least influential—have, in a score of cases, been found in the wrong in matters economic. The discomfiture of the economists, in this instance, merely affords an illustration of the need there is that social opinions should be examined on all sides, frequently revised, and held always subject to correction through wider observation and longer experience.

I have intimated the points upon which the economists may have advice to offer to the working-classes: namely, the limits within which their activity in the pursuit of their industrial interests should be confined, the occasions on which they may advantageously take issue with their employers, the agencies they may employ without injury to the general welfare and ultimately to them-

selves. This is eminently a matter where advice from a purely disinterested source might be useful to either or both parties to a controversy, even though no higher degree of intelligence, no larger range of information, were arrogated. It is, also, eminently a matter in respect to which the study of past experience and a knowledge of current events over the widest possible field afford an important qualification for forming correct opinions and sound judgments.

Yet I confess that I have such confidence in the political sagacity of Americans—using the term political in its largest significance—I appreciate so fully their good sense and good feeling in dealing with matters which involve conflicting rights and interests, their quick intelligence regarding all phases of industrial organization, their disposition to concession and compromise of claims, their satisfaction in the movements of industry, that, were it a question of our native population alone, I, for one, should see little occasion for preaching moderation in labor disputes. I have never known any considerable body of laborers, essentially all Americans,* of their own motion, without instigation and impulse from some organization of which the moving force was an alien one, make and insist upon an altogether unreasonable demand, or proceed to wrongful measures in enforcing even reasonable demands. Will someone point out such an instance if he can? On the contrary, so far as I am advised, except only in the case of a few demagogues who have carried their miserable talents to the best market in undertaking the leadership of bands of foreign laborers, the influence of the American is always thrown, in industrial disputes, upon the side of order, fair-play, and conciliation.

It need not be said that it is not from lack of enterprise in seeking to improve their condition, or from lack of courage to make a long, hard, and bitter fight, when necessity requires, that our own people, industrially as well as politically, are profoundly devoted to peace and thoroughly amenable to reason. The ordinary American is capable of understanding and appreciating almost any consideration relating to the market which his employer may have occasion to adduce. His spirit is that of civility, reciprocity, and fair-play. He intelligently and cordially accepts, in its full economic bearings, the maxim, "Live, and let live." It is not like an American to persist in unreasonable demands, or to use violence and rudeness in overbearing lawful opposition. An American has not pleasure, but pain, in the cessation of production, in loss of time, in motionless machinery.

But the case regarding our national industry has not been allowed to remain as simple as it would have been with a population all born on our soil, trained in our schools, bred under our laws. More, even, than our political situation, has our industrial situation been complicated by the effects of a high protective tariff in the accession of millions of laborers, reared under other institutions and breathing a widely different spirit. To this class of our working population is primarily due, if not due first, last, and altogether, that insolence and savagery† which have of late been imported into the relations between employer and employed, so much to the discredit of the nation, so greatly to the loss of trade and production.

It would be too much to say that here and there individuals or small groups, among our own people, have not become in a degree infected hereby; but it remains an unquestioned fact that at least all the acts of violence which have occurred in these unhappy controversies have been marked by the almost complete, in most instances the altogether complete, absence of men of native stock.

There is no use in mincing matters or picking phrases, on this subject. No feeling of sympathy toward the unfortunate of other lands, no sentiment of hospitality toward those newly come among

* It is a little difficult to define this term. Roundly speaking, I should call any man an American, for the purposes of such a discussion as the present, who was born upon the soil and who is, say, thirty-five or forty years of age. If much younger than that, I should not call him an American, as meaning that he might confidently be expected to exhibit the qualities mentioned in the text, unless, also, he came of native parents.

† I do not mean to say that all of the foreign population, or even a majority of them, are to be charged with this; but I do mean to assert that substantially every manifestation of this kind has come from that source.

us, requires Americans to permit their own interests to be seriously impaired, much less the peace and order of the community to be endangered by alien elements. Those who enter our ports, from whatever clime, of whatever tongue, with the purpose to obey our laws, respect our traditions, and join harmoniously in building up the fabric of our national industry, become true Americans even before a United States judge has pronounced them citizens. But those who come into the land to trouble it; who create turmoil for no good reason; who agitate and distract society with needless alarms; and who pervert the bountiful privileges of our citizenship by a spirit and by methods which can only find excuse when employed against hereditary privilege and arbitrary power, should be sharply rebuked and sternly repressed.* This issue cannot be too soon made, with all new-comers and all old-comers alike, to the end that the peaceable and well-disposed shall no longer give way to the noisy and turbulent, or submit to be themselves misrepresented, and to have their communities disgraced by acts of violence done in the name of labor.

Greatly as have the forces tending to disturbance increased, under rapidly accelerated immigration, an especial cause for uneasiness and irritation has appeared during the past three years, in the invention of two new and most formidable weapons of industrial warfare—the Boycott, and the confederation of pre-existing trades-unions, and of vast bodies of labor, heretofore unorganized, under the name Knights of Labor. While the first of these agencies is too manifestly unfair and cowardly to be widely adopted here, and has, indeed, already fallen largely into disrepute and disuse, it cannot be gainsaid that the apparent possibilities attending a universal confederation of labor have, for the time, produced among certain portions of our native population an uneasiness, a restlessness, an overstrained expectation of vast advantages to be suddenly realized, which have in a degree alienated their usually sound sense and their highly practical temper; and have rendered them too ready to give credence to false prophets who cry, "Lo, here!" or, "Lo, there!" pointing them to a speedy regeneration of the industrial world.

That disposition toward unreasonable expectations has itself been promoted by the great advances which have recently taken place in the condition of the working-classes—advances which make the present generation stand conspicuously out from the plane on which past generations have rested. This very prosperity, there is cause to believe, has served to excite anticipations far beyond what is reasonable, far beyond what is compatible with industrial peace. While the growing ambition of the masses is a proper subject for congratulation, the interpretation which those who claim especially to speak for the laboring-classes, and, in turn, to instruct them, place upon the economic advantages secured in the past is so far strained as to make it probable that very large bodies of working-men, in different parts of the country, will have to sustain some severe rebuffs, defeats, and losses before they will realize the very close and stringent restrictions which nature has placed upon the remuneration of human efforts. Many of the leaders and "organs" of the Knights of Labor have recently been speaking as if the sole reason for advances which have been made was the fact that demands had been enforced by united action, and as if it would only be necessary for them to persist without faltering in any claim they may choose to make hereafter, in order to win their case. Such ideas will be found as pernicious as they are false. There never has been any improvement in the condition of labor, any real and permanent increase of wages, for which a sound and sufficient reason, of a purely economic character, did not, at the time and in the place, exist. Where the conditions of industry and trade allow concessions to be

* How? Let Chicago answer. But recently that city was both a scandal to the nation and an object of terror to other cities, on account of the domination, there, of brutal, dastardly hordes of law-defying, bomb-throwing anarchists and socialists, the refuse and offscouring of Europe. One year, one election, has intervened. Not only has the whole social face of Chicago changed, but her attitude among the sisterhood of American cities has ceased to be one of humiliation and become one of pride. A judge or two, a sheriff, a prosecuting attorney, and a new mayor, have sufficed to work all this change. If the blood-thirsty ruffians who could find it in their hearts to murder a score of policemen in the discharge of their sworn duty don't know much, they infallibly know when to go into their holes, and they will stay there as long as the city has a mayor chosen by the votes of both parties.

made, without destroying the employers' interest in production, and without impairing the disposition to accumulate capital, there the active, earnest efforts of the laboring class will unquestionably aid in securing, if, indeed, they are not essential to securing, advantages which, without these, might be lost. But when the conditions of industry and trade do not favor, demands for increase of wages or reduction in the hours of labor, if made under circumstances which compel immediate compliance, will be granted, then and there, only at the cost of the general community, and especially of the working-classes.

The part which laborers are to perform in influencing the distribution of the joint product of land, labor, and capital is not a part in which they are to do whatever is agreeable to themselves, without regard, the most scrupulous, to the rights and interests of others, and without responsibility, the most instant and direct, for all the effects of injudicious or wrongful action. It is just as fully true that there are no industrial rights without corresponding duties, as that there are no political rights without corresponding duties. In the industrial republic, as in the political republic, power comes to the masses accompanied by the gravest responsibilities for its exercise. In the one, as in the other, the abuse or wanton use of power inflicts its heaviest penalties upon the humblest members of the community.

Such and so grave are the responsibilities which attend the efforts of the working-classes to improve their condition. They constitute no reason why such efforts should not be made; but they render imperative the requirement of prudence and moderation. It is here we reach the real labor problem of the time, which is to secure the proper tempering of the rightful and most desirable spirit of self-assertion on the part of the body of laborers, by the wisdom, the self-control, the spirit of fairness, the intelligent appreciation of the conditions of the market, which will restrain them from pursuing their objects by means which are incompatible with industrial peace and with the steady progress of production.

The problem is one, it will appear, which is to be solved wholly by education. It is idle to repine at the trouble and turmoil caused by the growing ambition and self-assertion of the body of laborers, and to wish them back again in the state of dull acquiescence characteristic of a past age. The laboring class will never exert less, but, the rather, more and more influence upon the distribution of wealth. The one hope of society is in the probability that they will increasingly learn, with larger observation and longer experience, to exert that influence with more and still more careful consideration for the interests and rights of others.

Machinery of any kind can do little toward the solution of the problem. Doubtless boards of arbitration and conciliation, the establishment of certain rules of procedure, agreements covering definite periods of time, may aid somewhat in averting causes of dispute or in adjusting disputes when they arise; but if we have these alone to look to, strife will be the rule rather than the exception. The evil must be dealt with further back: back beyond the outbreak of industrial warfare; back, even, beyond the appearance of the issues out of which such warfare springs. It will not be until the working-classes not only learn not to press unreasonable demands by arbitrary means, but come for themselves earnestly to desire not to make such demands, that the labor problem of the age will be solved. The task is then almost, if not altogether, one of education—of education in the duties of citizenship, in ethics, in economics. I believe it would be just as practicable to bring the masses of the American people up to the point where they would, for themselves, among themselves, make it shame to treat employers unfairly and insolently, as we know it is to create such a sentiment throughout the community that even the idlers on the streets shall interfere to save a child from being bullied, or to punish the ruffian who insults a woman. Whether, with the very large admixture of persons not born on our soil, bred under our laws, or trained in our schools; many of them reared under institutions of pure force; few of them with the political sense developed

by early and long participation in public affairs; most of them with far less of the instincts of civility, reciprocity, and fair-play than pertain to our native population—whether, under these conditions, the same high results can be attained and maintained will depend much upon the fulness and the freedom with which the body of laborers shall assert themselves against those who enter our land to trouble it. This is not a case where the better elements of society have no means of redress or self-defence. It will not be necessary to change the prescriptions or the presumptions of the law. It will only be needful that public sentiment shall be aroused on the subject; that the body of fair-minded and well-disposed laborers shall realize that the wanton and reckless attacks upon production and transportation which have characterized the past two years, in especial, are done to their loss and hurt. Given only this, we shall have no more instances of tens of thousands of workmen dragged by force or threats into contests in which they have no concern, and which their own judgment and temper render distasteful; no more instances of violent hands laid on the throat of the social organism, in attempts to stop the course of production and to wreck the machinery of transportation; no more instances of large districts forcibly deprived of the necessaries of life, of the commerce of a nation laid under a lawless embargo, of great cities threatened with darkness, riot, and pillage.

AN OLD LESSON FROM THE FIELDS.

By A. Lampman.

EVEN as I watched the daylight how it sped
  From noon till eve, and saw the light wind pass
  In long pale waves across the flashing grass,
And heard through all my dreams, wherever led,
The thin cicada singing overhead,
  I felt what joyance all this nature has,
  And saw myself made clear as in a glass—
How that my life was for the most part dead.

O light, I cried, and heaven with all your blue,
  O earth, with all your sunny fruitfulness,
    And ye tall lilies of the wind-vexed field,
    What power and beauty life indeed might yield,
  Could we but cast away its conscious stress,
Simple of heart, becoming even as you.

A COMPLETE MISUNDERSTANDING.

By Margaret Crosby.

I.

It was a rainy day in September.

On a narrow road, flanked by tall pine-trees, in a remote part of New England, four horses dragged a lumbering stage-coach up a steep hill. On the seat beside the driver sat an old man, dressed in a baggy overcoat and a battered felt hat. He had no umbrella, and his indifference to the weather was to be inferred from the fact that he chose an outside seat in preference to the many empty ones inside the stage. He was talking to the driver with the sustained monotony of one who is secure from interruption.

"Well, as I was sayin'," he said, "Deacon Bliss, he says to me, you got to cut *Memento mori* on them gate-posts, and that's all there is about it. You can cut your own name somewhere, with *Builder* under it, too, if you want to; but it stands to reason that *Memento mori* oughter go on the gate of a bury-in'-ground." He paused a moment, and then continued, with a latent twinkle in his faded, kindly eyes: "I *did* cut *Memento mori* on one of them gate-posts, and I cut Hezekiah Sanford in letters the same size on the other, so there's my monument fur all time, fur that wall ain't ever comin' down, and Deacon Bliss couldn't say a word. The next day as I was goin' down——"

At this juncture the driver's lips parted and emitted a short, sharp laugh. This tribute to his shrewdness was so unexpected that the old man paused and turned to him with a furtive look of questioning.

"You've got to the stone wall too soon, Squire Sanford; we ain't past Three-mile Corner, and you won't have enough to last till you get home," said the driver. The old man relapsed into an offended silence. After a moment's pause the driver said, with a jerk of his thumb toward the inside of the stage:

"Who are the folks yer goin' ter have to yer house, Squire?"

The old man turned over in his mind the feasibility of showing the annoyance that he felt at the interruption of his story; but on the consideration that Sam Hunter was too good a listener to be lost, he answered—

"One of 'em's Colonel Brennan, and the other's his brother. The young one's pretty sick—consumption, or somethin' like it, I reckon, and the colonel's bringin' him here fur change of air. As I says to the colonel, this air will cure him if anythin' will. Why, my brother James's wife—I'll tell you about her, Sam?"

Hunter smiled grimly. "That story'll last till you get home," he declared.

The two inside passengers were not even occupying themselves by talking to each other, but were equally silent.

One was a man about forty years old, tall, and strongly built. He sat somewhat stiffly forward on the edge of the seat, his attitude and expression statuesquely quiet. There was much that inspired confidence in the direct simplicity of his glance, shaded by a slouched felt hat, and something martial in the unconscious erectness of his bearing.

Beside him sat, or half-lay, a young man, enveloped to the throat in a heavy, loose ulster of yellowish cloth. The blonde effect of his fair hair and slight mustache was heightened by his excessive pallor. His eyes were closed, and his dark lashes alone saved his face from being absolutely colorless. The clearly cut features were handsome, and the whole face was characterized by extreme sensitiveness. His long, white hands—the hands of an invalid—rested listlessly on the leaves of a sketch-book that lay on his knees. Over the shoulder nearest the open window was thrown a heavy travelling-rug, which, constantly displaced by the jolting of the stage, slipped to the floor. Each time that it did so the older man leaned across, and lifting the rug, rearranged it with awkward tenderness. A muttered "Thank you!" was the only audible notice that

his action received, but the youth's level brows met each time in a quick frown of irritation. At length when this had occurred several times he opened his eyes.

"That will do, Dick. I'm very much obliged, but I'm quite warm enough without it. How much longer are we to be in this hideous machine?"

"Just beyond the top of the hill, I think," was the answer, spoken in a strong, unmodulated voice. Then, as if glad to avail himself of the opportunity to speak, he asked, anxiously: "How do you feel now, Julian? Any better than when we started? It's a poor day, but the air's far more bracing than that close city." He inhaled a long breath of the fragrant piney air. "I couldn't have breathed in that place another day. No wonder you're sick. I tell you, Julian, a week on the plains would make a different fellow of you! Even this place we're going to will do you good."

"I suppose so."

"I'm sure of it, my boy. You've spent too much time in that studio; you haven't lived an active life. A few weeks here will set you up, and then we'll try camping out. It'll be just the thing for that cough of yours. Nothing like sleeping in the open air for curing a cold."

The young man shivered uneasily.

"Can't I do anything to make you more comfortable?" continued the older man. There was only a shake of the head in reply. "Then I think I'll go on top for awhile, and perhaps you'll get some sleep."

He leaned out of the window; the summit of the hill had been reached and the thinning of the pine-trees showed the rolling country, with wooded hills, glorious with the autumn tints of gold and dun and flaming crimson. The rain had stopped falling, and the dull gray of the sky was broken by patches of deep blue. Before there was time to hail the driver the stage stopped at the gate of a farm-house which stood some ten yards back from the road. It was one of those long, low houses which do not seem to be built on the ground, but to grow out of it, clinging lovingly as close as possible to the earth. Two large elms overshadowed it, and to the right there was an apple-orchard, with a distant view beyond of meadow and woodland, and the silver gleam of a large sheet of water. Close to the house, on the other side, were straggling barns and outhouses.

The two men clambered down from their high seats. Hunter went to the back of the stage and began silently lifting down the luggage; Sanford walked up the irregular flag-stones, which lay on the grass in front of the house, forming a path to the door, while Colonel Brennan opened the door of the stage.

"Julian," he said, "here we are, my boy!" The young man lay with his eyes closed, but when his brother spoke he opened them with a dazed expression. He got out, but staggered slightly as he tried to walk up the path. His brother supported him, and as they reached the door Sanford came out, followed by an old woman, dressed in a dark calico gown and short white jacket. She led the way to a room on the right of a little hall, talking rapidly all the time.

"Oh—now—jest to think of my not bein' ready for you! Why, I didn't s'pose the stage 'ud be along for a half-hour yet! But I know you'll excuse my jacket. Now the young man *does* look sick, don't he? But you see if this ain't the best place——"

Her flow of words was interrupted by an exclamation from Colonel Brennan.

"Julian! what's the matter!"

The dazed look in the youth's eyes deepened, his pallor became deathly, and swaying slightly for an instant he toppled over on the floor in a dead faint.

Mrs. Sanford contemplated him for a moment, in silent amazement.

"Oh, the awful! the dreadful! what under the canopy!" she gasped; then throwing her apron over her face she rushed from the room, calling:

"Winifred Amanda Sanford—do you come down-stairs this minute! The young gentleman's layin' dead on the floor, and I'm sure I dunno what to do!"

Colonel Brennan knelt down by Julian and supported his head, his eyes fixed on the white face in an agony of apprehension.

"Go and get some water," he said to Sanford; "be quick about it!"

There was a sound of hasty footsteps on the stairs, the rustle of a dress, and a

tall young woman entered the door. She carried a glass of water in her hand, and crossing the room knelt down by the young man and began to bathe his forehead with a handkerchief which she dipped into the water.

"Fan him, please!" she said to Colonel Brennan; "there's a fan on the mantleshelf."

During fifteen years of a rough Western life Colonel Brennan had been almost unconscious of the personality of the few women he had come in contact with; yet at this moment there pierced through his anxiety a sense of the extreme composure of her manner. He obeyed blindly.

It seemed a long time before Julian's eyes opened. When they did, he scarcely knew where he was. Bending over him he saw a beautiful face—calm—serene—pitying. No; "goddesses do not pity," he vaguely thought. "Where am I?" The face hovered a moment before his wavering eyes, and then melted away.

"Julian!" said his brother's voice, pleadingly. "Look here, my dear fellow, how do you feel? Are you better?"

The familiar tone broke through the net-work of dreams in which he seemed to float. With the full tide of returning consciousness came a feeling of impatience at his weakness; he raised himself to a sitting position..

"Why, yes," he said, "I'm all right. That's very odd, that sensation. I never had it before."

He attempted to rise, and with Colonel Brennan's assistance stood on his feet.

"I think I'll sit down," he said; "I'm rather dizzy yet." He dropped into a chair that stood near him, and looked around, as if more fully to take in his surroundings.

It was a small room with a low ceiling; two sides were of wood painted dark red, as was the high mantle and open fireplace. Above the mantle were little cupboards with brass knobs on the doors, that reminded one curiously of the lockers in the cabin of a ship. A brilliantly flowered paper covered the two remaining sides of the room. The furniture was of the most antique pattern, and extremely shabby. Fiddle-backed chairs, and long, uncomfortable wooden settees were arranged against the walls. The only modern things in the room were a new, shining melodeon and a large rocking-chair, covered with black haircloth. Near the door stood Sanford and his wife. The old woman came forward with an air of mingled fright and importance.

"Well," she said, "that's too bad. For the land's sake! I was real scared when you went off like that. Don't you think he'd best go to his room and rest a bit, and I'll send his supper up to him? There, now, if I didn't forget about them cakes!" she exclaimed. "Where's Winifred, Mr. Sanford? She'll take you up to your rooms, and I know you'll jest excuse me!" She left the room hurriedly, as she spoke, followed by her husband.

Julian turned to Colonel Brennan with a slightly puzzled air.

"Wasn't there—*was* there someone else here a minute ago?" he asked.

Before his brother could reply Sanford returned with his daughter. She stood in the doorway speaking to her father a moment, apparently unconscious of the intent scrutiny that Julian was giving her. She was unusually tall, and there was a generous sweep in the lines of her figure. The setting of her head and throat on her shoulders was fairly majestic, and her soft dark hair wound around the arched head, and growing low on her forehead, contrasted with her gray eyes and the fair bloom of her skin. She might have been, in spite of the flower-like freshness of her beauty, twenty-eight or thirty; there was nothing of the young girl about her.

"I guess you'd better go up and rest," said Sanford, kindly. "I'm glad you're all square again. Winifred—this is my daughter Winifred—she'll show ye up-stairs."

Winifred led the way, and Colonel Brennan followed, supporting Julian. The stairs were not wide enough for two people abreast, and the colonel fell behind. At the top of the stair Julian wavered, and would have fallen again had it not been for the young woman, who turned quickly and threw her strong arm around him. His brother was at his other side in an instant, and together they helped him to

room, and settled him in a large arm-chair.

"Thank you!" he said, warmly, to Winifred. "I should have fallen if it had not been for you."

She did not notice his speech. "I'm going down to get something for you to eat," she said, calmly. Her voice was clear and low. "Mother'll bring it up in a minute. Tea's ready, if Colonel Brennan will come down."

She drew down the blind of a window where the sun shone in on Julian's face, and then turned to go, but at the door she stopped, and with her head raised with stag-like erectness, swept a barely imperceptible courtesy and left the room.

Julian's eyes flashed as he looked after her. "Go down, Dick," he said; "I'll do very well here. It may be imagination, but I seem to feel better already!" There was a spark of animation in his manner as he said the words.

He took his pencil and sketch-book from his pocket, and began to draw rapidly.

From the stairs came the sound of stamping and gasping, and the old farmer made his appearance in the doorway, staggering under the weight of a heavy gun-case.

"Where's this to go, colonel? In your room on t'other side of the passage? What have you got in here anyhow, that's so mighty hefty?"

"Hold on!" called the colonel, "I'll help you with those things, Sanford. Julian, I'll be back after awhile." He followed Sanford, and Julian still bent over his sketch in entire absorption, when he was roused by a voice at his elbow.

"Now, sir, jest take a bite and see how much better you'll feel."

Mrs. Sanford stood before him, with a large tray, on which was a medley of eatables—coffee and boiled fish, a pumpkin-pie and a dish of green pickles. There was something in the scent of the coffee and the home-like aspect of the blue-and-white cracked china that pleased and tempted Julian. "Why, Mrs. Sanford," he said, "that looks uncommonly good."

"Now you begin and eat that. You better try them pickles. Winifred made 'em, and she's a powerful hand at pickles. I do hope you'll like everything; it's the first time we ever took boarders, but we tried to fix things nice." She set the tray on the table, and in doing so her eyes fell on the sketch. She snatched it from Julian with the same abruptness that characterized all her actions. "Child of grace! if that ain't Winifred!" Something in the idea seemed to touch her sense of humor. She laughed immoderately, holding it at arm's length at first, and then putting on her spectacles to examine it more closely. "Now ain't it nice to draw like that; she *is* pretty as a picter, if I *do* say it." She spoke in a tone of rambling meditativeness. "Folks says it's strange she ain't married; but, lor', she won't look at the young men 'round here. I dunno why, but its funny when there ain't one of them but has asked her—and she so pretty!"

Julian held out his hand for the sketch, coloring slightly as he did so. "You don't know what her beauty is," he murmured under his breath.

The old woman did not catch the words, but the tone reached her ear. The foolish vacancy of her expression changed to a keen look of curiosity for the space of a second.

"Well, I know folks do take on about her, and her pa sets an awful store by her."

"Mrs. Sanford," said Sanford, from the door, depositing Julian's trunk in the room, "supper's ready, and s'pose you come down." He was in his shirt-sleeves, and spoke with some irritation of manner. "Where did you put my duster?" he continued, with a warning look.

His wife looked deprecatingly at him.

"Oh, Mr. Sanford, I jest hung it up in the store-closet. I thought, perhaps, you'd be agreeable to tryin' your black coat for a spell in the house, now we got company."

"No, I won't, Mrs. Sanford; what would I have to wear to funerals, I'd like to know? No; you get my duster—lively now! and don't you go fur to hang it up in that store-closet of your's again."

They went down the hall, Sanford expostulating and his wife apologizing, until their voices died away in the distance.

The sunlight faded in the room where Julian sat. He had finished his supper, and as the twilight grew he continued to touch up the little sketch of the haunting face he had just seen, adding lines and shadows until the likeness, which had been striking at first, was entirely destroyed. He tore the leaf out of the book, and crushed it impatiently in his hand. "There's no use trying to draw such a face," he thought, "when one has only seen it once. What lines in her head and brow? How do such people happen to have a daughter looking like a goddess? How quiet and calm she was! It's scarcely human. I couldn't tell whether she was sorry for me, or only quietly contemptuous at my weakness." The evening wind blew in at the window chillingly; with the sun's departure all warmth had gone from the air. Julian went to the window and drew it down. The room wore an air of dreary melancholy. The old four-post bed, with its white curtains, loomed strangely in the dim, gray light. At the side of the room the opening of the black-painted fireplace yawned like a cavern. Some dead leaves on the hearth executed a fantastic dance as the wind swept up and down the chimney. Before the windows the branches of the trees waved incessantly. The damp air seemed to strike into the young man's breast, and his cough echoed with a hollow sound. "Why did I come here?" he thought, half-hopelessly.

On the threshold of this chill and gloom there appeared a sudden vision. In the doorway stood Winifred Sanford, holding above her head a lighted candle; the downward light illuminated her face and figure, deepening and shadowing her eyes, tinging the bloom of her cheeks, outlining the calm curve of her lips. In her other hand she carried a basket of kindling-wood.

"May I come in?" she asked, with a slight smile. "Mother thought it was getting colder out of doors, and you might like a fire."

Brennan started to his feet.

"Oh! thank you, you're very good," he stammered, confusedly; "I won't trouble you; let me do it?"

She only looked at him in surprise.

"I always make the fires," she answered quietly, "and as you're sick you'd better keep quiet and rest."

Something in her manner silenced Brennan. Half-unconsciously, partly from exhaustion, he sank back in his chair and watched her as she knelt on the hearth, and, setting the basket beside her, rapidly laid the kindling under the logs that rested on the andirons. She touched the shavings with the candle and the blaze leapt up the chimney, flashing into the darkest corners of the room. The warm glow seemed to draw out the rich womanliness of the kneeling figure, and to humanize Brennan's dreary thoughts.

"I beg your pardon," he said abruptly, "but will you let me paint your portrait some day?"

For the first time her composure varied. A deeper color came into her face, and she turned her head slowly toward him with an upward glance, in which there was the faintest semblance of coquetry.

"Yes, if you want."

"Has anyone ever painted you?" he asked eagerly.

"There never has been anyone to do it," she answered.

"Then I shall be the first." The thought seemed to give the young fellow deep pleasure. "Have you always lived here?"

"Yes, always, except when I ran away to the convent."

"Ran away," he repeated, "why did you do it?"

"I couldn't stay here always, and I never see anything."

"But what did you go for—not to be a nun?" he hazarded.

"No," she said, smiling a little. "To study; to get away from here. I was tired of it. I had a friend there, and she got me in; but father came and took me away when I'd been there three months. It was a good while ago, and I haven't been away since;" she paused a minute, "we're poor," she added, simply.

She stood up and leaned against the mantle, looking down at the young man. The firelight flickered on her face and on her violet print dress, tinging it with pink reflections. The folds of the soft

material fell with the simplicity of sculpture. As if pleased with the rapt observation of the young man she stood motionless for a few minutes, and then walked toward the door, saying—

"I think I'll go now. You'd better go to bed, Mr. Brennan. It's easy to see that you're tired out." There was a note of protecting kindness in the sweet voice.

Again the little courtesy, and the vision had disappeared.

Brennan was alone once more, but the room was changed. There was the ruddy firelight, the snapping, crackling pine logs, the warm, scented air, and whether his eyes were open or closed the mysterious beauty they had first beheld floated before them. When his brother looked in on him, an hour later, he found him already in bed and asleep, and although he coughed at frequent intervals, he still slept, with a boyish smile on his face.

II.

Two weeks later, on an afternoon when there was a midsummer softness in the atmosphere, old Sanford sat on the bench on one side of the wide porch of the farm-house. He was busily engaged in whittling a piece of wood with a large jack-knife, talking steadily as he whittled. Colonel Brennan sat opposite to him, listening with grave attention. His heated face and muddy clothes, as well as the gun that leaned against the seat beside him, showed that he had just come in from a shooting-expedition.

"Yes," said Sanford, "I've wrote some sharp political satires in my day, and them also in poetry. That's something that comes by natur' and birth, and can't be trained into a man. I'll lend 'em to yer some day, colonel, or—" here his face became more animated, "I'll recite 'em to yer if you like. There's the battle of Bunker Hill, one of my historical poems. It was read at the town-hall, at Granfield, last Independence Day, I do solemnly assure you, colonel. It begins—

"'A tear stood on the mother's brow,
As from the wall young Henry Dow
The war-tube lifted down.'

I could say it all, but p'raps you'd as lief read it. You kin judge of it better that way."

"Perhaps I can," the colonel answered, courteously.

"Then I've wrote also poems of natur'. Natur's an inspirin' subject. Jest take a day like this—" He took off his hat and let the air blow his gray locks off his withered forehead. "There's something so pure and holy in the hull look of everythin' to-day that it's like goin' into a church jest to go out into the fields. Mrs. Sanford, now," here his eyes twinkled humorously, "ain't much on natur'. She looked out this mornin', and says she, 'It's a fine mornin' for bakin',' and then she went in-doors and she's be'n bakin' all day!"

The colonel's attention seemed to be wandering. His eyes were fixed on the orchard, where, through the green branches, in the distance, could be seen the gleam of a woman's dress and the outline of a man's figure. The occasional sound of voices was borne toward them by the breeze.

Sanford noticed the look.

"You needn't fret about that brother of yours, colonel," he said; "he's all right. Winifred's out there, and he's paintin' her. That's the idea he took into his head. She's a sensible girl, a mighty sensible girl, and she'll take as good care of him as if he was her brother. How old is the boy?"

Colonel Brennan made a calculation.

"Twenty-two," he said. "I didn't think he was as old," he added, half to himself.

"Well," continued Sanford, "Winifred's a good seven year older than he is, and she's as well calc'lated to take care of other folks as she is to take care of herself. None of the fellows round here's been able to take her off her own hands yet, and I must say I ain't sorry, fur she's the light of my eyes." He paused for a moment and then added: "Yer brother's pretty sick, I reckon." Colonel Brennan's eyes wandered toward the orchard again with a pained expression. "Still," concluded Sanford, rising and kicking off the porch the little pile of shavings that had collected at his feet, "if this weather holds he'll get better."

He sauntered away toward the barn, still whittling as he went.

Colonel Brennan sat motionless, thinking deeply. His thoughts ran monotonously in a circle, always coming back to the same point. What was to be done for Julian? For the last few days he had certainly seemed to be better; but before—he shuddered as he remembered a week of constant rain and cold weather, when Julian's cough had increased as his strength had diminished, and when he had looked imploringly at his brother, as if beseeching a rescue from the death that seemed so near. There was a painful realization that all his care and tenderness had been inadequate to his brother's needs. Winifred Sanford alone had the power to help and influence him, and Colonel Brennan had come to depend upon her entirely where Julian was concerned. She had gradually given up all her time to the young fellow, treating him with the authoritative kindness of an older sister, which he accepted with an alternation of the petulance of an invalid and a sort of veiled adoration which no one was aware of but Winifred herself, although she betokened no consciousness of it.

Colonel Brennan's attitude toward her was curiously characteristic. He felt the warmest gratitude for her kindness to his brother, and a profound respect for what seemed to him the marvellous tact and knowledge shown in her care of him. Her beauty he barely noticed. The whole personality of the only woman he had ever loved, the young wife he had lost years before, had been so different, that, with his single-hearted devotion to her memory, admiration for a style so unlike was impossible. He was ill at ease with all women, but less so with this one, who swept the rooms in the morning with her sleeves rolled up, showing her strong white arms, handling the broom with a dexterity that compelled his admiration, even though her less practical charms did not. His heart sank when he thought that the time would soon come when he and Julian would be alone. The physician's orders were to return to New York in a month from the time of their leaving there. If Julian were no better on his return, Florida was to be tried as a last resource. "If we could only take Winifred Sanford with us," thought the colonel despairingly; "but that would be impossible." Some novel idea made the blood slowly mount to his bronzed face. Marriage would make such a thing possible? "Never!" he said aloud, almost fiercely. The next thought, following the first like lightning, was—What sacrifice would he not make for Julian? He started to his feet abruptly, and, taking his gun, followed in Sanford's footsteps to the barn.

In the orchard the still softness of the day seemed to be concentrated. Not a leaf on the gnarled branches of the apple-trees stirred a hair's-breadth. On the rough grass the great red and yellow apples lay untouched. Under one of the largest trees Julian Brennan was seated before his easel, painting intently, now and then speaking to Winifred Sanford who stood before him. He had posed her by a low-sweeping branch, one arm stretched out, the hand grasping the bough. Her head was slightly raised in her customary majestic poise, and her eyes looked far away over the valley. The sun was low and flickered through the rusty-brown leaves and on her pink dress. One side of her face was shadowed by the leaves of the tree, but the other was bathed in the full sunlight. This light, which glorified her radiant health, only served to accentuate the wasting haggardness of the young man. He had grown perceptibly thinner in the last two weeks, but his face wore a look of deep content.

"You see that Dick and I have always lived apart," Julian was saying. "Why, I scarcely know him! When I was a little chap, two or three years old, he lost his wife. He was awfully cut up by it, and is still, I believe. He went into the army, and after the war, to the West, and only came back a few months ago, when he heard I was ill. He's very good to me, but we haven't much in common; he doesn't know the difference between an oil-painting and a chromo, and I don't know a gun from a rifle! I believe he almost suffocated in my studio, and I suppose a week of his ranch life would kill me. Since my father and mother died I have had rather a lonely life, but I have always had my painting—it's been everything to me."

"And you were poor, too?" said Winifred, interrogatively.

"Oh, as far as money is concerned I have always had enough of that; but that doesn't make a fellow happy. It's useful; it's a means to an end; but I have sometimes wished that I had worked hard all my life, as Dick has; I would have a right to loaf then."

He looked up from his easel as he spoke. At the commencement of his last speech a singularly beaming expression came into Winifred's face, transfiguring it out of its usual calmness. It still lingered as he looked at her.

"Keep that expression!" he cried, ecstatically. "Raise your arm a little. Stop, I'll show you." He went to her, and placed her arm in the position he desired, touching it reverentially. He went back to his easel and for a minute painted in silence. Then he went on in a lower tone than before.

"The truth is, since I've been here I've been happier than I ever have been before; you are so good to me—you are so—" He paused and drew in his breath with a long inspiration, looking at her almost anxiously. She dropped her eyes so that her dark lashes rested on her cheeks, and then raised them, meeting his imploring ones composedly.

"I'm very glad," she said, graciously. "I like to be good to you." She said no more, but stood passively while he went on painting.

This superb creature's charm did not lie in conversation; it was in her beauty, the tone of her caressing voice when she did speak, and the perfect grace and harmony of every action. Whether she was sweeping and dusting the room, carrying pails of water with Lucinda, the "help," from the pump to the house, or only standing still, every line and curve was faultless and rested the eye and spirit of the beholder. She had a certain holy, Madonna-like purity and calm which was entirely exterior, a natural, physical gift, that had no connection with the inward workings of her mind. That and her character were equally commonplace. Although moderately capable and practical, she possessed but two remarkable attributes—the power of concealing her motives and a perfect appreciation of the value of her beauty. She was keenly aware that this had not brought her the change in her life that she had obstinately determined upon. There was but one road for success, marriage—not with one of her class, but a gentleman. Poverty in any rank of life she secretly despised. It was to be all or nothing for her.

The sun sank lower until it touched the horizon. The air began to grow cooler.

"Mr. Brennan," said Winifred, "it's growing late—you'd better come in now."

The youth leaned back wearily. All the enthusiasm had died out of his manner.

"Yes," he said, languidly, "I might as well. I've got that confounded pain in my chest again." He scrutinized first his picture, then Winifred. "It's no use trying to paint you! I want Tyrian dye to mix with black for your hair, and the transparency of that sky for your skin." He flamed up again with these words.

Winifred gathered up the easel and painting-materials, and stood waiting for Julian to move. He got up slowly.

"Just walk to the edge of the bank with me first," he said; "there's going to be a sunset!"

Winifred walked slowly to the outside of the orchard. Julian watched her with a dawning surprise in his face.

"Aren't you going to give me your arm?" he said, boyishly. "I'm not so uncommonly strong all at once."

She came back to him and he took her arm, leaning on it as they walked slowly away. The contact with her strong, fresh vitality seemed to give him strength, for he walked more steadily. When they reached the rapidly sloping ground they paused. The valley was bathed in a golden haze, as if the sun were shining through an atmosphere of powdered gold-dust. The lake lay like a plate of burnished brass. While they waited the sun sank out of sight, and the brilliancy faded from the landscape. At the horizon was the immeasurable golden distance that remains when the sun sets in a clear sky.

"Look!" cried Julian, pointing to it. "Was there ever anything so beautiful?" The excitable young fellow was on fire for the moment. "Ruskin calls it the type of infinity. There isn't a doubt but that the sky, day and night, shuts us

in, like a great 'inverted bowl.' One can even see the end of the ocean where it meets the horizon, but that light goes on and on. It's like seeing all the way through space!"

Winifred understood not a word of this—therefore remained silent. Julian looked at her, but she turned away with seeming shyness. For the first time since he had known her, her manner lost its air of confident protection.

"I think we might as well go back to the house," she said. "I heard mother calling me just now." Her shyness communicated itself to Julian. He still leaned on her arm as they walked back to the house, but did not speak to her.

"How good you are to me," he said, suddenly. "What should I have done without you these weeks? I suppose you despise a fellow who is such a broken-down wreck as I am?" He watched her narrowly as he spoke.

"I don't see why that should make any difference," she answered. "You are as much of a man, even if you are not strong."

Something in her words seemed to give him the deepest pleasure.

"Thank you!" he said, with proud gratitude, "I sha'n't forget those words."

"When are you going away from here?" she asked, irrelevantly.

"I—I don't know exactly," he stammered, his face falling. "I believe that Dick is under orders to take me off in two weeks. You don't want me to go, I hope," he added, with an uneasy laugh.

"No," she replied, simply. "Winter's coming on, and it's lonely here then."

His face flushed deeply.

"Would you, could you, imagine such a thing—" he began impetuously. The words died on his lips as Colonel Brennan came rapidly toward them from the house.

"Why, Julian!" he exclaimed, "do you mean to say you're only coming in now?" He came to the side where Winifred was not, and drew Julian's arm affectionately through his. "Ought you to let the boy stay out so late, Miss Sanford?" He addressed her with respectful deference. Julian looked from Winifred to his brother.

"How well you two people take care of me," he said.

The words chimed in with Colonel Brennan's thoughts and gave them a fresh impulse in the direction which they had taken.

"You think so, do you, my boy," he replied, gently.

III.

It was evening in the little parlor of the farm-house. A kerosene-lamp gave its unequivocal light from the high mantle where it stood. The brass knobs of the red-painted cupboards and the flashes of the gorgeous wall-paper shone brightly in its light. There was another lamp on the table where Colonel Brennan and Sanford sat, with a checker-board between them. Sanford, clad as usual in a crumpled linen duster, was engrossed in the game. He considered profoundly before each move. If his play was successful, he would cast a triumphant look at Colonel Brennan; if it was not, he drew in his breath, rubbed his head, and frowned.

Colonel Brennan played seriously, but absently, with the air of a man whose mind was occupied with other thoughts.

In a corner sat Mrs. Sanford, regarding them with vacant admiration. As Winifred came into the room by a side-door, a moment later, her mother turned toward her, and, pointing to the players, said in a loud whisper, "Now, *ain't* they a picter? The young man's gone to bed, and he said he didn't want no beef-tea, so you can go up as soon as you want, Winifred."

Her daughter did not reply, but seated herself by the fireplace, looking meditatively at Colonel Brennan. Suddenly her father struck the table sharply with his fist.

"There now, colonel, I've got you!" He swept Colonel Brennan's last two men from the board with an air of triumph. "And 'twas as much of a miracle as one of them in Scripture, for I had the odds all against me."

"'Sh, now, Mr. Sanford," interposed his wife, reprovingly.

"Yes, it was; for I couldn't explain how I did it," he answered, argumentatively. "Now, every one of them miracles in Scripture can be explained on

scientific grounds. I've explained some myself. Look at Elijah, going up in the fiery chariot—'tweren't nothing but a fire balloon!"

"Mr. Sanford, I'm going to bed. Air you comin'?" said his wife, conclusively.

"Well, I'm thinkin' some of it now," he replied, humorously.

As they stumbled through the dark hall, Mrs. Sanford remarked, abruptly:

"I declare to goodness, ef I don't think Winifred Sanford could have that man ef she wanted to, and yet she's takin' up with the young one. It passes belief what she wants, but she always *was* queer."

Sanford was behind her, and only caught her daughter's name.

"What's that about Winifred?" he asked.

"Nothin', Mr. Sanford, I was just speculatin' on the queerness of some folks."

After their departure Colonel Brennan walked to the mantle and leaned against it, gravely regarding Winifred. He had given this young woman, of late, a great deal of silent, serious observation.

"How do you think the boy is, Miss Sanford?" he began, awkwardly.

He usually spoke of his brother in this way. It was part of his unconscious feeling for what seemed to him Julian's extreme youth.

"I think he is better."

"You are very kind to him."

She dropped her eyes slightly. "Oh! it is a pleasure."

"I really think that you have an influence over him that no one else has." He seemed to battle with his embarrassment. "I know no one to whom I am under such obligations as I am to you, Miss Sanford, or for whom I feel a deeper respect. I—I have never had a woman for a friend. Living a rough, hard-working Western life, I have been cut off from women's society; but I should like, with your permission, to consider you my friend"—these words were uttered with a direct sincerity that took the edge off his shyness—"that we might"—he paused for an instant, as if seeking the right words in which to express himself—"that we might act in concert, as it were."

A woman of the world might have been puzzled to know exactly what to reply to such a speech; but Winifred's power of divination and her experience were both meagre enough to give her no difficulty in answering. She always knew enough not to commit herself unless she chose to do it, and the object was very plain. Her lips parted in their exquisite smile.

"Why, yes; I'll be your friend, of course."

These words seemed to satisfy Colonel Brennan. Winifred moved toward the door, but stopped before going out.

"Your brother's cough is better, but he's very weak," she said.

Colonel Brennan paled a little under his tanned skin.

"Then you see that, too? He *must* get stronger—I'd give my life to save the boy." He spoke with fervent energy.

The young woman received this with one of her sympathetic silences, which might be construed as one pleased. The next moment she was gone.

IV.

JULIAN'S portrait of Winifred Sanford was finished. He felt it to be the best thing he had ever done, and yet he did not care to have any one see it just yet; an inexplicable feeling, even to himself. His brother had gone out shooting that afternoon, and had not yet returned, which furthered him in the indulgence of this fancy. He carried it to his room, and, leaving it there, turned the key in the door, and put it in his pocket. This unusual exertion told on him; but the sunny warmth of the day drew him into the open air. He walked slowly and feebly across the orchard to a quiet meadow where the hay-stacks still stood, drying for the winter. Throwing himself on the loosened hay at the bottom of one of the largest stacks, he lay watching the little clouds that drifted across the sky. A sort of rapture of content possessed him. With his thoughts of the future the thought of Winifred Sanford was inextricably mingled. It seemed as natural to love her as to breathe. She was as necessary to him as the air he lived in. The

difference in their ages caused him no uneasiness. It was something he had never realized. He thought vaguely that his brother would be surprised when he knew all that he hoped; but with all Colonel Brennan's unconsciousness of her beauty and charm, and his romantic devotion to his first love, Julian thought that he must feel what seemed to him Winifred's perfection, and that his happiness would be a happiness to his brother.

As he lay there he became aware of a presence near by. Winifred Sanford moved slowly across the grass toward him, and stood looking down at him.

He tried to get up, but she motioned him to keep his position, and sat down beside him, leaning against the haystack. He raised himself on his elbow and watched her in that position. She wore a large straw hat, tied down with a pale flowered ribbon. There was less of majesty and more of yielding tenderness in her beauty than usual.

"What did you do with my picture?" she asked; "mother wants to see it."

"Not yet," he answered, pleadingly. "In a day or so I will."

"You paint very well," she said.

"It's the best thing I've ever done. It isn't any wonder—you've inspired me. I've planned a dozen pictures since I've lain here. You will see how my pictures will sell now."

She regarded him seriously with her shadowy eyes.

"Why do you sell your pictures when you are rich?" she asked.

A slight shadow crossed Julian's face.

"I wonder what put that into your head? I have hardly a cent in the world beyond what Dick gives me. Dick has all the money; he's made no end of money in the West, and although he's been very generous to me I can't expect to live on him always. It's quite possible that some day he might want to marry again. I have my profession; I shouldn't be quite grovellingly poor without Dick, but I shall never be rich."

Winifred listened attentively, but without any change of expression. The shadow passed from Julian's face as he watched her. She seemed by reason of her exquisite serenity to be raised above the consideration of such accidents as poverty or wealth.

Julian leaned toward her.

"Winifred," he almost whispered.

A loud voice broke the silence.

"Winifred!" called old Sanford from the orchard, "your ma says please come to the house directly; and it's my advice, Mr. Brennan, that you come in shortly. Weather's changing, and there's going to be a tempest pretty soon, or my name ain't Hezekiah Sanford."

Winifred stood up. "Don't go! I beg you," said Julian ardently; "I want to speak to you. I have something to say to you."

He rose also, and caught one of her hands in both his, with a rapid, involuntary movement.

She quietly drew her hand away.

"I must go now."

"Tell me that I may hope!" he cried.

She smiled vaguely. "If you like to hope, you may."

With these words she left him. He did not attempt to follow her, but stood watching her, with all the hope and passion of a first love in his young face. He flung himself on the ground again, with an inarticulate murmur.

The slight breeze died away entirely, and the air became oppressively still. In the almost suffocating quietness Julian's confused thoughts became vague and peaceful. He lay bathed in dream-like expectancy for a long time, while the sky darkened with leaden clouds, and the twilight fell rapidly. The wind rose, blowing in fitful gusts, then sinking into stillness once more.

When Colonel Brennan came in from shooting, it was already quite dark, and one or two great drops of rain fell as he reached the farm-house. Mrs. Sanford stood on the porch watching the coming storm with a scared face.

"How is Julian?" he asked, anxiously.

"Now, don't you worry—he's all right!" she exclaimed. "I see him go up to his room awhile ago, before the storm came up, and just now, when I went up there to see what I would make him for his supper, his door was locked, so I didn't disturb him. I thought likely he was resting. Winifred was askin' me just now, too, and I told her I never

see anything like the way you two folks take on about that boy."

Colonel Brennan's face lost its anxious look. He followed Mrs. Sanford into the sitting-room.

"Will you tell your daughter that I would like to speak to her for a few minutes, if she will come here," he said; "I shall consider it a favor."

Something in his grave manner seemed to impress Mrs. Sanford.

"Oh, the awful!" she said, abruptly; "yes, I'll tell her." She lighted the lamp on the table, and precipitately left the room.

With the first violent shower of rain Julian roused himself, chilled and startled. His first sensation was one of profound loneliness. This feeling deepened as he struggled with difficulty, almost blinded by the blasts of wind and rain, toward the farm-house, guided in the darkness by the lights in the windows. As he neared it there was no sign of any uneasiness or search for him. He heard Mrs. Sanford's voice in the kitchen, in cheerful conversation with Lucinda. At length he reached the house and leaned against the frame of one of the parlor-windows, unable to go farther, his heart beating violently from exhaustion. The shutters were closed, but through the slats he saw into the brightly lighted room. By the table stood his brother and Winifred Sanford. He could see both their faces, and in spite of the roar of the wind, their words reached him distinctly through the open window.

"I can't give you my first love," his brother was saying. "I suppose that is over for both of us, but I can give you a loyal affection and trust. I will do all in my power to make you happy. This is not said to influence you—I know that it could not—but everything that money can do to make your life a pleasant and easy one shall be done. What do you say?"

He waited gravely for her answer.

A triumphant smile came over Winifred's face.

"I say yes," she answered firmly, looking straight into his eyes.

Colonel Brennan took one of her hands in his, and, bending down, kissed it, not tenderly, but gratefully.

"You have made me very happy, and now you must help me make Julian happy," he said.

At these words Winifred turned her head slightly aside, but her smile lost none of its triumph.

As he listened the life seemed to go out of Julian's body, and to rush back with indignant strength. He staggered away from the window, and rushed blindly through the darkness, not knowing where he went. The fury of the storm was an outlet for the burning grief and dismay that panted within him. He had reached the outskirts of the wood beyond the hay-field, when his momentary strength suddenly left him. He flung his arms up, with a loud groan, which was caught by the wind and whirled away, almost before it was uttered, and stumbling, he fell heavily, striking his head against the gnarled trunk of a tree. He lay motionless, while the storm raged over him. The volume of steadily descending rain seemed limitless. The minutes lengthened into hours before the blasts of wind and rain had spent their strength. They gradually decreased until there was silence, except when a soft shiver of wind in the branches of the trees caused a quick patter of rain-drops on the dead leaves which covered the ground.

The moon pierced through the trees, touching with her pale light the dark shadow under them that still lay motionless.

With the moonlight came voices, but there was no answering voice to guide them to him whom they sought. . . .

The next day Colonel Brennan sat by his brother's bed, where the young man lay, a mere shadow of life. Since they had found him the night before, he had lain thus—still, white, unconscious. After one glance, the doctor, who had been summoned in haste from the village, had told them that he was dying. The reasons that he gave were many and conclusive, but to Colonel Brennan the one inevitable fact was sufficient.

The strong man leaned over Julian in helpless agony.

"Julian!" he implored, "what does it mean? I can't understand it! Don't leave me. I was going to make you so happy. Speak to me only once!"

For a moment there was only silence. The bright afternoon sunlight filled the room as Julian's eyes opened slowly, as if stirred from his lethargy by his brother's penetrating appeal.

Winifred Sanford's portrait, standing on the mantle opposite, was the first thing the young man's eyes rested upon. Warm and glowing in the mellow light, to his numbed senses it was no semblance, but an exquisite reality.

He held out his hands with momentary strength and passion.

"*Winifred, Winifred—I love you!*" he murmured. Then his eyes closed again.

Colonel Brennan caught the words. His face became white.

"Oh God!" was forced from his lips. "It can't be that Julian!—it can't be——"

At these words Julian's eyes opened again, and this time there was a singularly lucid expression in their depths—a look of full recollection and intelligence.

"It's just as well that I'm going, dear old fellow," he murmured. "It has all been a mistake."

He relapsed into unconsciousness and in the night passed quietly out of life.

. . . . . .

Two weeks later, Richard Brennan and Winifred Sanford were married at the little Methodist church of Granfield. They were to go to New York immediately after their marriage, and from there to sail for Europe. Winifred looked supremely content, but Colonel Brennan wore a baffled, haggard air. His manner to his wife was kind, but he seemed to shrink from the congratulations of those of the Sanfords' friends who came to the wedding, filled with fluttering curiosity.

As Mr. and Mrs. Sanford drove home in the two-seated wagon, after parting with their daughter, Mr. Sanford said, with a rueful sigh:

"Winifred's quiet, maybe, but its goin' to be a long sight quieter without her."

"His brother's dead, but that ain't all," Mrs. Sanford replied, with more than her usual irrelevancy. "Well, Winifred'll get on *anyhow!* She's quiet all the way through; she don't *feel* much. *She* has made a rise and no mistake; but I dunno as I ever see a bridegroom look as *mortal miserable* as that one did to-day."

"It fell in the dusk of the night
When unco things betide,
That he was aware of a captain-man
Drew near to the waterside.

He was aware of his coming
Down in the gloaming alone;
And he looked in the face of the man,
And lo! the face was his own."

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TICONDEROGA.

By Robert Louis Stevenson.

THIS is the tale of the man
Who heard a word in the night
In the land of the heathery hills,
In the days of the feud and the fight.
By the sides of the rainy sea,
Where never a stranger came,
On the awful lips of the dead,
He heard the outlandish name.
It sang in his sleeping ears,
It hummed in his waking head:
The name—Ticonderoga,
The utterance of the dead.

I.

On the loch-sides of Appin,
When the mist blew from the sea,
A Stewart stood with a Cameron:
An angry man was he.
The blood beat in his ears,
The blood ran hot to his head,
The mist blew from the sea,
And there was the Cameron dead.

"O, what have I done to my friend,
O, what have I done to mysel',
That he should be cold and dead,
And I in the danger of all?
Nothing but danger about me,
Danger behind and before,
Death at wait in the heather
In Appin and Mamore,
Hate at all of the ferries
And death at each of the fords,
Camerons priming gunlocks
And Camerons sharpening swords."

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But this was a man of counsel,
This was a man of a score,
There dwelt no pawkier Stewart
In Appin or Mamore.
He looked on the blowing mist,
He looked on the awful dead,
And there came a smile on his face
And there slipped a thought in his head.

Out over cairn and moss,
Out over scrog and scaur,
He ran as runs the clansman
That bears the cross of war.
His heart beat in his body,
His hair clove to his face,
When he came at last in the gloaming
To the dead man's brother's place.
The east was white with the moon,
The west with the sun was red,
And there, in the house-doorway,
Stood the brother of the dead.

"I have slain a man to my danger,
I have slain a man to my death.
I put my soul in your hands,"
The panting Stewart saith.
"I lay it bare in your hands,
For I know your hands are leal;
And be you my targe and bulwark
From the bullet and the steel."

Then up and spoke the Cameron,
And gave him his hand again:
"There shall never a man in Scotland
Set faith in me in vain;
And whatever man you have slaughtered,
Of whatever name or line,
By the bread of life and the steel of war,
I make your quarrel mine.
I bid you in to my fireside,
I share with you house and hall;
It stands upon my honor
To see you safe from all."

It fell in the time of midnight,
When the fox barked in the den
And the plaids were over the faces
In all the houses of men,
That as the living Cameron
Lay sleepless on his bed,
Out of the night and the other world,
Came in to him the dead.

"My blood is on the heather,
My bones are on the hill;
There is joy in the home of ravens
That the young shall eat their fill.

"Out of the night and the other world
Came in to him the dead."

My blood is poured in the dust,
My soul is spilled in the air;
And the man that has undone me
Sleeps in my brother's care."

"I'm wae for your death, my brother,
But if all of my house were dead,
I couldnae withdraw the plighted hand,
Nor break the word once said."

"O, what shall I say to our father,
In the place to which I fare?
O, what shall I say to our mother,
Who greets to see me there?
And to all the kindly Camerons
That have lived and died long-syne—
Is this the word you send them,
Fause-hearted brother mine?"

"It's neither fear nor duty,
It's neither quick nor dead
Shall gar me withdraw the plighted hand,
Or break the word once said."

Thrice in the time of midnight,
When the fox barked in the den,
And the plaids were over the faces
In all the houses of men,
Thrice as the living Cameron
Lay sleepless on his bed,
Out of the night and the other world
Came in to him the dead,
And cried to him for vengeance
On the man that laid him low;
And thrice the living Cameron
Told the dead Cameron, no.

"Thrice have you seen me, brother,
But now shall see me no more,
Till you meet your angry fathers
Upon the farther shore.
Thrice have I spoken, and now,
Before the cock be heard,
I take my leave forever
With the naming of a word.
It shall sing in your sleeping ears,
It shall hum in your waking head,
The name—Ticonderoga,
And the warning of the dead."

Now when the night was over
And the time of people's fears,
The Cameron walked abroad,
And the word was in his ears.
"Many a name I know,
But never a name like this;
O, where shall I find a skilly man
Shall tell me what it is?"

With many a man he counselled
Of high and low degree,
With the herdsmen on the mountains,
And the fishers of the sea.
And he came and went unweary,
And read the books of yore,
And the runes that were written by men of old
On stones upon the moor.
And many a name he was told,
But never the name of his fears—
Never, in east or west,
The name that rang in his ears:
Names of men and of clans,
Names for the grass and the tree,
For the smallest tarn in the mountains—
The smallest reef in the sea:
Names for the high and low,
The names of the crag and the flat;
But in all the land of Scotland,
Never a name like that.

II.

And now there was speech in the south,
And a man of the south that was wise,
A periwig'd lord of London,
Called on the clans to rise.
And the riders rode, and the summons
Came to the western shore,
To the land of the sea and the heather,
To Appin and Mamore.
It called on all to gather
From every scrog and scaur,
That loved their fathers' tartan
And the ancient game of war.
And down the watery valley
And up the windy hill,
Once more, as in the olden time,
The pipes were sounding shrill;
Again in highland sunshine
The naked steel was bright;
And the lads, once more in tartan,
Went forth again to fight.

"O why should I dwell here
With a weird upon my life,
When the clansmen shout for battle
And the war-swords clash in strife?
I cannae joy at feast,
I cannae sleep in bed,
For the wonder of the word
And the warning of the dead.
It sings in my sleeping ears,
It hums in my waking head,
The name — Ticonderoga,
The utterance of the dead.

Then up, and with the fighting men
To march away from here,
Till the cry of the great war-pipe
Shall drown it in my ear!"

Where flew King George's ensign
The plaided soldiers went:
They drew the sword in Germany,
In Flanders pitched the tent.
The bells of foreign cities
Rang far across the plain:
They passed the happy Rhine,
They drank the rapid Main.
Through Asiatic jungles
The Tartans filed their way,
And the neighing of the war-pipes
Struck terror in Cathay.

"Many a name have I heard," he thought,
In all the tongues of men,
Full many a name both here and there,
Full many both now and then.
When I was at home in my father's house
In the land of the naked knee,
Between the eagles that fly in the lift
And the herrings that swim in the sea,
And now that I am a captain-man
With a braw cockade in my hat —
Many a name have I heard," he thought,
"But never a name like that."

III.

There fell a war in a woody place,
Lay far across the sea,
A war of the march in the mirk midnight
And the shot from behind the tree,
The shaven head and the painted face,
The silent foot in the wood,
In a land of a strange outlandish tongue
That was hard to be understood.

It fell about the gloaming
The general stood with his staff,
He stood and he looked east and west
With little mind to laugh.
"Far have I been and much have I seen
And kent both gain and loss,
But here we have woods on every hand
And a kittle water to cross.
Far have I been and much have I seen
But never the beat of this;
And there's one must go down to that waterside
To see how deep it is."

"Many a name have I heard," he thought,
"But never a name like that."

It fell in the dusk of the night
When unco things betide,
The skilly captain, the Cameron,
Went down to that waterside.
Canny and soft the captain went;
And a man of the woody land,
With the shaven head and the painted face,
Went down at his right hand.
It fell in the quiet night,
There was never a sound to ken;
But all of the woods to the right and the left
Lay filled with the painted men.

"Far have I been and much have I seen
Both as a man and boy,
But never have I set forth a foot
On so perilous an employ."

It fell in the dusk of the night
When unco things betide,
That he was aware of a captain-man
Drew near to the waterside.
He was aware of his coming
Down in the gloaming alone;
And he looked in the face of the man,
And lo! the face was his own.

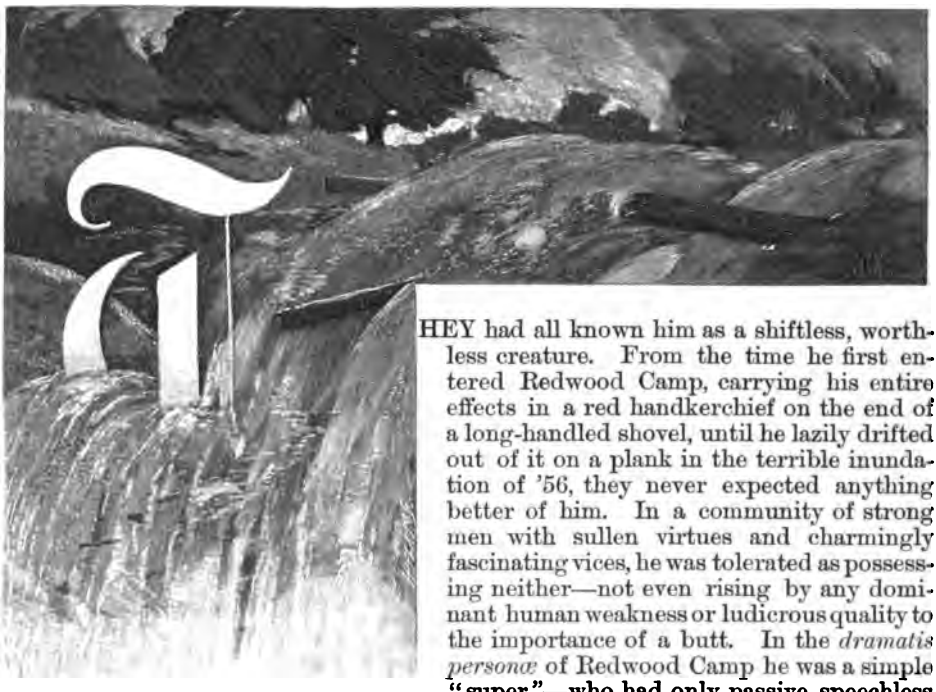
"This is my weird," he said,
"And now I ken the worst;
For many shall fall the morn,
But I shall fall with the first.
O you of the outland tongue,
You of the painted face,
This is the place of my death;
Can you tell me the name of the place?"

"Since the Frenchmen have been here
They have called it Sault-Marie;
But that is a name for priests,
And not for you and me.
It went by another word,"
Quoth he of the shaven head:
"It was called Ticonderoga
In the days of the great dead."

And it fell on the morrow's morning,
In the fiercest of the fight,
That the Cameron bit the dust
As he foretold at night;
And far from the hills of heather,
Far from the isles of the sea,
He sleeps in the place of the name
As it was doomed to be.

A DRIFT FROM REDWOOD CAMP.

By Bret Harte.



THEY had all known him as a shiftless, worthless creature. From the time he first entered Redwood Camp, carrying his entire effects in a red handkerchief on the end of a long-handled shovel, until he lazily drifted out of it on a plank in the terrible inundation of '56, they never expected anything better of him. In a community of strong men with sullen virtues and charmingly fascinating vices, he was tolerated as possessing neither—not even rising by any dominant human weakness or ludicrous quality to the importance of a butt. In the *dramatis personæ* of Redwood Camp he was a simple "super"—who had only passive, speechless rôles in those fierce dramas that were sometimes unrolled beneath its green-curtained pines. Nameless and penniless, he was overlooked by the census and ignored by the tax collector, while in a hotly-contested election for sheriff, when even the head-boards of the scant cemetery were consulted to fill the poll-lists, it was discovered that neither candidate had thought fit to avail himself of his actual vote. He was debarred the rude heraldry of a nickname of achievement, and in a camp made up of "Euchre Bills," "Poker Dicks," "Profane Pete," and "Snap-shot Harry," was known vaguely as "him," "Skeesicks," or "that coot." It was remembered long after, with a feeling of superstition, that he had never even met with the dignity of an accident, nor received the fleeting honor of a chance shot meant for somebody else in any of the liberal and broadly comprehensive encounters which distinguished the camp. And the inundation that finally carried him out of it was partly anticipated by his passive incompetency, for while the others escaped—or were drowned in escaping—he calmly floated off on his plank without an opposing effort.

For all that, Elijah Martin—which was his real name—was far from being unamiable or repellent. That he was cowardly, untruthful, selfish, and lazy, was undoubtedly the fact; perhaps it was his peculiar misfortune that, just then, courage, frankness, generosity, and activity were the dominant factors in the life of Redwood Camp. His submissive gentleness, his unquestioned modesty, his half refinement, and his amiable exterior consequently availed him nothing against the fact that he was missed during a raid of the Digger Indians, and lied to account for it; or that he lost his right to a gold discovery by failing to make it

good against a bully, and selfishly kept this discovery from the knowledge of the camp. Yet this weakness awakened no animosity in his companions, and it is probable that the indifference of the camp to his fate in this final catastrophe came purely from a simple forgetfulness of one who at that supreme moment was weakly incapable.

Such was the reputation and such the antecedents of the man who, on the 15th of March, 1856, found himself adrift in a swollen tributary of the Minyo. A

spring freshet of unusual volume had flooded the adjacent river until, bursting its bounds, it escaped through the narrow, wedge-shaped valley that held Redwood Camp. For a day and a night the surcharged river poured half its waters through the straggling camp. At the end of that time every vestige of the little settlement was swept away; all that was left was scattered far and wide in the country, caught in the hanging branches of water-side willows and alders, embayed in sluggish pools, dragged over submerged meadows, and one fragment —bearing up Elijah Martin—pursuing the devious courses of an unknown tributary fifty miles away. Had he been a rash, impatient man, he would have been speedily drowned in some earlier desperate attempt to reach the shore; had he been an ordinarily bold man, he would have succeeded in transferring himself to the branches of some obstructing tree; but he was neither, and he clung to his broken raft-like berth with an endurance that was half the paralysis of terror and half the patience of habitual misfortune. Eventually he was caught in a side current, swept to the bank, and cast ashore on an unexplored wilderness.

His first consciousness was one of hunger that usurped any sentiment of gratitude for his escape from drowning. As soon as his cramped limbs permitted, he crawled out of the bushes in search of food. He did not know where he was; there was no sign of habitation—or even occupation—anywhere. He had been too terrified to notice the direction in which he had drifted—even if he had possessed the ordinary knowledge of a backwoodsman, which he did not. He was helpless. In his bewildered state, seeing a squirrel cracking a nut on the branch of a hollow tree near him, he made a half-frenzied dart at the frightened animal, which ran away. But the same association of ideas in his torpid and confused brain impelled him to search for the squirrel's hoard in the hollow of the tree. He ate the few hazel-nuts he found there, ravenously. The purely animal instinct satisfied, he seemed to have borrowed from it a certain animal strength and intuition. He limped through the thicket not unlike some awkward, shy quadrumane, stopping here and there to peer out through the openings over the marshes that lay beyond. His sight,

hearing, and even the sense of smell had become preternaturally acute. It was the latter which suddenly arrested his steps with the odor of dried fish. It had a significance beyond the mere instincts of hunger—it indicated the contiguity of some Indian encampment. And as such —it meant danger, torture, and death.

He stopped, trembled violently, and tried to collect his scattered senses. Redwood Camp had embroiled itself needlessly and brutally with the surrounding Indians, and only held its own against them by reckless courage and unerring marksmanship. The frequent use of a casual wandering Indian as a target for the practising rifles of its members had kept up an undying hatred in the heart of the aborigines and stimulated them to terrible and isolated reprisals. The scalped and skinned dead body of Jack Trainer, tied on his horse and held hideously upright by a cross of wood behind his saddle, had passed, one night, a slow and ghastly apparition, into camp; the corpse of Dick Ryner had been found anchored on the river-bed, disembowelled and filled with stone and gravel. The solitary and unprotected member of Redwood Camp who fell into the enemy's hands was doomed.

Elijah Martin remembered this, but his fears gradually began to subside in a certain apathy of the imagination, which, perhaps, dulled his apprehensions and allowed the instinct of hunger to become again uppermost. He knew that the low bark tents, or wigwams, of the Indians were hung with strips of dried salmon, and his whole being was now centred upon an attempt to stealthily procure a delicious morsel. As yet he had distinguished no other sign of life or habitation; a few moments later, however, and grown bolder with an animal-like trustfulness in his momentary security, he crept out of the thicket and found himself near a long, low mound or burrow-like structure of mud and bark on the river-bank. A single narrow opening, not unlike the entrance of an Esquimau hut, gave upon the river. Martin had no difficulty in recognizing the character of the building. It was a "sweat-house," an

institution common to nearly all the aboriginal tribes of California. Half a religious temple, it was also half a sanitary asylum, was used as a Russian bath or superheated vault, from which the braves, sweltering and stifling all night, by smothered fires, at early dawn plunged, perspiring, into the ice-cold river. The heat and smoke were further utilized to dry and cure the long strips of fish hanging from the roof, and it was through the narrow aperture that served as a chimney that the odor escaped which Martin had detected. He knew that, as the bathers only occupied the house from midnight to early morn, it was now probably empty. He advanced confidently toward it.

He was a little surprised to find that the small open space between it and the river was occupied by a rude scaffolding, like that on which certain tribes exposed their dead, but in this instance it only contained the feathered leggings, fringed blanket, and eagle-plumed headdress of some brave. He did not, however, linger in this plainly visible area, but quickly dropped on all-fours and crept into the interior of the house. Here he completed his feast with the fish, and warmed his chilled limbs on the embers of the still smouldering fires. It was while drying his tattered clothes and shoeless feet that he thought of the dead brave's useless leggings and moccasins, and it occurred to him that he would be less likely to attract the Indians' attention from a distance and provoke a ready arrow, if he were disguised as one of them. Crawling out again, he quickly secured, not only the leggings, but the blanket and head-dress, and putting them on, cast his own clothes into the stream. A bolder, more energetic, or more provident man would have followed the act by quickly making his way back to the thicket to reconnoitre, taking with him a supply of fish for future needs. But Elijah Martin succumbed again to the recklessness of inertia; he yielded once more to the animal instinct of momentary security. He returned to the interior of the hut, curled himself again on the ashes, and weakly resolving to sleep until moonrise, and as weakly hesitating, ended by falling into uneasy but helpless stupor.

When he awoke, the rising sun, almost level with the low entrance to the sweat-house, was darting its direct rays into the interior, as if searching it with fiery spears. He had slept ten hours. He rose tremblingly to his knees. Everything was quiet without; he might yet escape. He crawled to the opening. The open space before it was empty, but the scaffolding was gone. The clear, keen air revived him. As he sprang out, erect, a shout that nearly stunned him seemed to rise from the earth on all sides. He glanced around him in a helpless agony of fear. A dozen concentric circles of squatting Indians, whose heads were visible above the reeds, encompassed the banks around the sunken base of the sweat-house with successive dusky rings. Every avenue of escape seemed closed. Perhaps for that reason the attitude of his surrounding captors was passive rather than aggressive, and the shrewd, half-Hebraic profiles nearest him expressed only stoical waiting. There was a strange similarity of expression in his own immovable apathy of despair. His only sense of averting his fate was a confused idea of explaining his intrusion. His desperate memory yielded a few common Indian words. He pointed automatically to himself and the stream. His white lips moved.

"I come—from—the river!"

A guttural cry, as if the whole assembly were clearing their throats, went round the different circles. The nearest rocked themselves to and fro and bent their feathered heads toward him. A hollow-cheeked, decrepit old man arose and said, simply:

"It is he! The great chief has come!"

. . . . . .

He was saved. More than that, he was recreated. For, by signs and intimations he was quickly made aware that since the death of their late chief, their medicine-men had prophesied that his perfect successor should appear miraculously before them, borne noiselessly on the river *from the sea*, in the plumes and insignia of his predecessor. This mere coincidence of appearance and costume might not have been convincing to the braves had not Elijah Martin's actual deficiencies contributed to their

unquestioned faith in him. Not only his inert possession of the sweat-house and his apathetic attitude in their presence, but his utter and complete unlikeness to the white frontiersmen of their knowledge and tradition—creatures of fire and sword and malevolent activity—as well as his manifest dissimilarity to themselves, settled their conviction of his supernatural origin. His gentle, submissive voice, his yielding will, his lazy helplessness, the absence of strange weapons and fierce explosives in his possession, his unwonted sobriety—all proved him an exception to his apparent race that was in itself miraculous. For it must be confessed that, in spite of the cherished theories of most romances and all statesmen and commanders, that *fear* is the great civilizer of the savage barbarian, and that he is supposed to regard the prowess of the white man and his mysterious death-dealing weapons as evidence of his supernatural origin and superior creation, the facts have generally pointed to the reverse. Elijah Martin was not long in discovering that when the Minyo hunter, with his obsolete bow, dropped dead by a bullet from a viewless and apparently noiseless space, it was *not* considered the lightnings of an avenging Deity, but was traced directly to the ambushed rifle of Kansas Joe, swayed by a viciousness quite as human as their own; the spectacle of Blizzard Dick, verging on *delirium tremens*, and riding "amuck" into an Indian village with a revolver in each hand, did *not* impress them as a supernatural act, nor excite their respectful awe as much as the less harmful frenzy of one of their own medicine-men; they were *not* influenced by implacable white gods, who relaxed only to drive hard bargains and exchange mildewed flour and shoddy blankets for their fish and furs. I am afraid they regarded these raids of Christian civilization as they looked upon grasshopper plagues, famines, inundations, and epidemics; while an utterly impassive God washed his hands of the means he had employed, and even encouraged the faithful to resist and overcome his emissaries—the white devils! Had Elijah Martin been a student of theology, he would have been struck with the singular resemblance of these theories—although the application thereof was reversed—to the Christian faith. But Elijah Martin had neither the imagination of a theologian nor the insight of a politician. He only saw that he, hitherto ignored and despised in a community of half-barbaric men, now translated to a community of men wholly savage, was respected and worshipped!

It might have turned a stronger head than Elijah's. He was at first frightened, fearful lest his reception concealed some hidden irony, or that, like the flower-crowned victim of ancient sacrifice, he was exalted and sustained to give importance and majesty to some impending martyrdom. Then he began to dread that his innocent deceit—if deceit it was—should be discovered; at last, partly from meekness and partly from the animal contentment of present security, he accepted the situation. Fortunately for him it was purely passive. The Great Chief of the Minyo tribe was simply an expressionless idol of flesh and blood. The previous incumbent of that office had been an old man, impotent and senseless of late years through age and disease. The chieftains and braves had consulted in council before him, and perfunctorily submitted their decisions, like offerings, to his unresponsive shrine. In the same way, all material events—expeditions, trophies, industries—were supposed to pass before the dull, impassive eyes of the great chief, for direct acceptance. On the second day of Elijah's accession, two of the braves brought a bleeding human scalp before him. Elijah turned pale, trembled, and averted his head, and then, remembering the danger of giving way to his weakness, grew still more ghastly. The warriors watched him with impassioned faces. A grunt—but whether of astonishment, dissent, or approval, he could not tell—went round the circle. But the scalp was taken away and never again appeared in his presence.

An incident still more alarming quickly followed. Two captives, white men, securely bound, were one day brought before him on their way to the stake, followed by a crowd of old and young squaws and children. The unhappy Elijah recognized in the prisoners two

"It is he! The Great Chief has come!"

packers from a distant settlement who sometimes passed through Redwood Camp. An agony of terror, shame, and remorse shook the pseudo chief to his crest of high feathers, and blanched his face beneath its paint and yellow ochre. To interfere to save them from the torture they were evidently to receive at the hands of those squaws and children, according to custom, would be exposure and death to him as well as themselves; while to assist by his passive presence at the horrible sacrifice of his countrymen was too much for even his weak selfishness. Scarcely knowing what he did as the lugubrious procession passed before him, he hurriedly hid his face in his blanket and turned his back upon the scene. There was a dead silence. The warriors were evidently unprepared for this extraordinary conduct of their chief. What might have been their action it was impossible to conjecture, for at that moment a little squaw, perhaps impatient for the sport and partly emboldened by the fact that she had been selected, only a few days before, as the betrothed of the new chief, approached him slyly from the other side. The horrified eyes of Elijah, momentarily raised from his blanket, saw and recognized her. The feebleness of a weak nature, that dared not measure itself directly with the real cause, vented its rage on a secondary object. He darted a quick glance of indignation and hatred at the young girl. She ran back in startled terror to her companions, a hurried consultation followed, and in another moment the whole bevy of girls, old women, and children were on the wing, shrieking and crying, to their wigwams.

"You see," said one of the prisoners coolly to the other, in English, "I was right. They never intended to do anything to us. It was only a bluff. These Minyos are a different sort from the other tribes. They never kill anybody if they can help it."

"You're wrong," said the other, excitedly. "It was that big chief there, with his head in a blanket, that sent those dogs to the right about. Hell! did you see them run at just a look from him? He's a high and mighty feller, you bet. Look at his dignity!"

"That's so—he ain't no slouch," said the other, gazing at Elijah's muffled head, critically. "D——d if he ain't a born king."

The sudden conflict and utter revulsion of emotion that those simple words caused in Elijah's breast was almost incredible. He had been at first astounded by the revelation of the peaceful reputation of the unknown tribe he had been called upon to govern; but even this comforting assurance was as

nothing compared to the greater revelations implied in the speaker's praise of himself. He, Elijah Martin! the despised, the rejected, the worthless outcast of Redwood Camp, recognized as a "born king," a leader; his power felt by the very men who had scorned him! And he had done nothing—stop! had he actually done *nothing?* Was it not possible that he was *really* what they thought him? His brain reeled under

the strong, unaccustomed wine of praise; acting upon his weak selfishness, it exalted him for a moment to their measure of his strength, even as their former belief in his inefficiency had kept him down. Courage is too often only the memory of past success. This was his first effort; he forgot he had not earned it, even as he now ignored the danger of earning it. The few words of unconscious praise had fallen like the blade of knighthood on his cowering shoulders; he had risen ennobled from the contact. Though his face was still muffled in his blanket, he stood erect and seemed to have gained in stature.

The braves had remained standing irresolute, and yet watchful, a few paces from their captives. Suddenly, Elijah, still keeping his back to the prisoners, turned upon the braves, with blazing eyes, violently throwing out his hands with the gesture of breaking bonds. Like all sudden demonstrations of undemonstrative men, it was extravagant, weird, and theatrical. But it was more potent than speech—the speech that, even if effective, would still have betrayed him to his countrymen. The braves hurriedly cut the thongs of the prisoners; another impulsive gesture from Elijah, and they, too, fled. When he lifted his eyes cautiously from his blanket, captors and captives had dispersed in opposite directions, and he was alone—and triumphant!

From that moment Elijah Martin was another man. He went to bed that night in an intoxicating dream of power; he arose a man of will, of strength. He read it in the eyes of the braves, albeit at times averted in wonder. He understood, now, that although peace had been their habit and custom, they had nevertheless sought to test his theories of administration with the offering of the scalps and the captives, and in this detection of their common weakness he forgot his own. Most heroes require the contrast of the unheroic to set them off; and Elijah actually found himself devising means for strengthening the defensive and offensive character of the tribe, and was himself strengthened by it. Meanwhile the escaped packers did not fail to heighten the importance of their adventure by elevating the character and achievements of their deliverer; and it was presently announced throughout the frontier settlements that the hitherto insignificant and peaceful tribe of Minyos, who inhabited a large territory bordering on the Pacific Ocean, had developed into a powerful nation, only kept from the war-path by a more powerful but mysterious chief. The Government sent an Indian agent to treat with them, in its usual half-paternal, half-aggressive, and wholly inconsistent policy. Elijah, who still retained the imitative sense and adaptability to surroundings which belong to most lazy, impressible natures, and in striped yellow and vermilion features looked the chief he personated, met the agent with silent and becoming gravity. The council was carried on by signs. Never before had an Indian treaty been entered into with such perfect knowledge of the intentions and designs of the whites by the Indians, and such profound ignorance of the qualities of the Indians by the whites. It need scarcely be said that the treaty was an unquestionable Indian success. They did not give up their arable lands; what they did sell to the agent they refused to exchange for extravagant-priced shoddy blankets, worthless guns, damp powder, and mouldy meal. They took pay in dollars, and were thus enabled to open more profitable commerce with the traders at the settlements for better goods and better bargains; they simply declined beads, whiskey, and Bibles at any price. The result was that the traders found it profitable to protect them from their countrymen, and the chances of wantonly shooting down a possible valuable customer stopped the old indiscriminate rifle-practice. The Indians were allowed to cultivate their fields in peace. Elijah purchased for them a few agricultural implements. The catching, curing, and smoking of salmon became an important branch of trade. They waxed prosperous and rich; they lost their nomadic habits—a centralized settlement bearing the external signs of an Indian village took the place of their old temporary encampments, but the huts were internally an improvement on the old wigwams. The dried fish were banished from the tent-poles to long sheds es-

pecially constructed for that purpose. The sweat-house was no longer utilized for worldly purposes. The wise and mighty Elijah did not attempt to reform their religion, but to preserve it in its integrity.

That these improvements and changes were due to the influence of one man was undoubtedly true, but that he was necessarily a superior man did not follow. Elijah's success was due partly to the fact that he had been enabled to impress certain negative virtues, which were part of his own nature, upon a community equally constituted to receive them. Each was strengthened by the recognition in each other of the unexpected value of those qualities; each acquired a confidence begotten of their success. "*He-hides-his-face*," as Elijah Martin was known to the tribe after the episode of the released captives, was really not so much of an autocrat as many constitutional rulers.

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Two years of tranquil prosperity passed. Elijah Martin, foundling, outcast, without civilized ties or relationship of any kind, forgotten by his countrymen, and lifted into alien power, wealth, security, and respect, became —homesick!

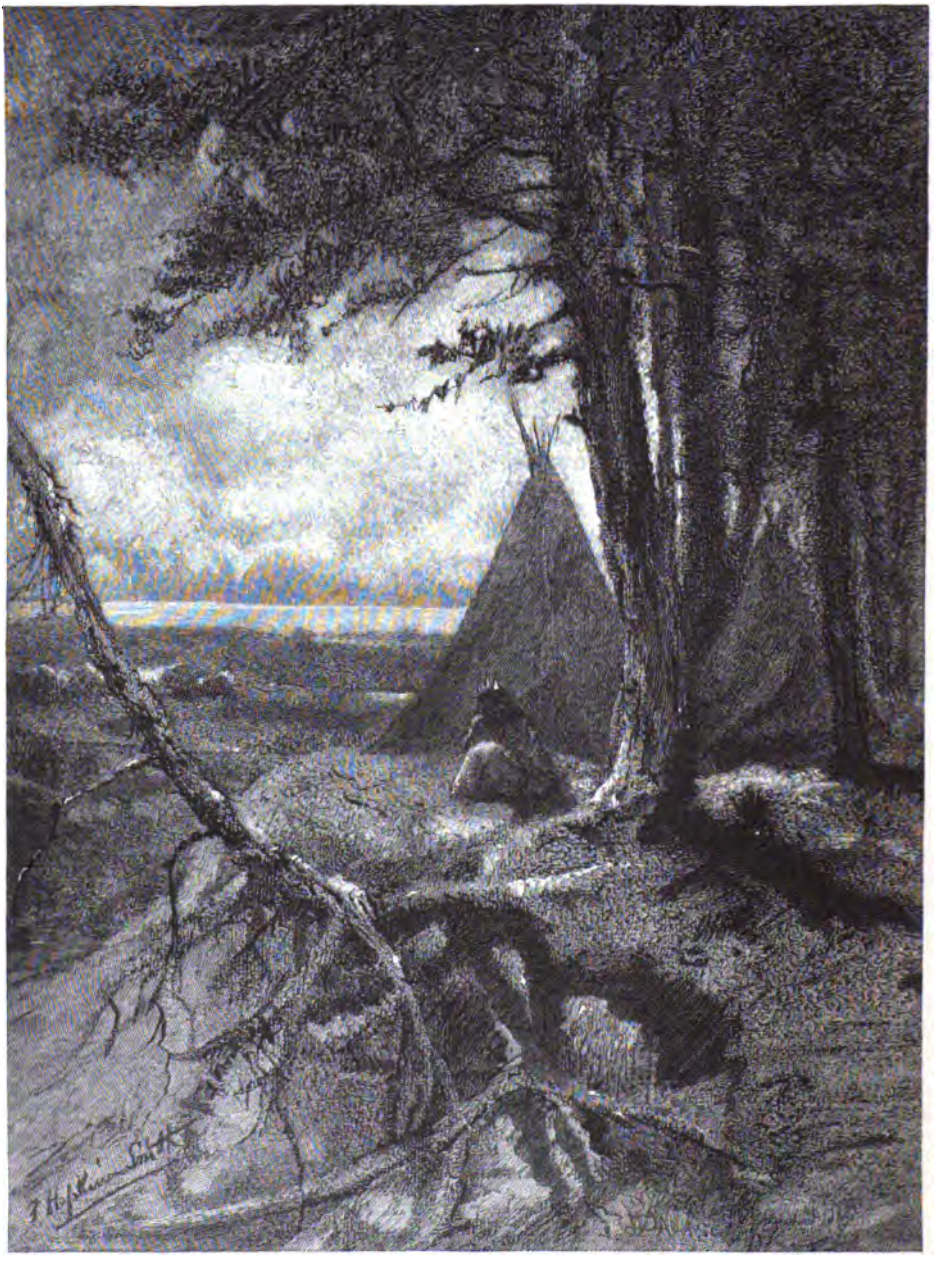
It was near the close of a summer afternoon. He was sitting at the door of his lodge, which overlooked, on one side, the far-shining levels of the Pacific and, on the other, the slow descent to the cultivated meadows and banks of the Minyo River, that debouched through a waste of salt-marsh, beach-grass, sand-dunes, and foamy estuary into the ocean. The headland, or promontory—the only eminence of the Minyo territory—had been reserved by him for his lodge, partly on account of its isolation from the village at its base, and partly for the view it commanded of his territory. Yet his wearying and discontented eyes were more often found on the ocean, as a possible highway of escape from his irksome position, than on the plain and the distant range of mountains, so closely connected with the nearer past and his former detractors. In his vague longing he had no desire to return to them, even in triumph; in his present security there still lingered a doubt of his ability to cope with the old conditions. It was more like his easy, indolent nature—which revived in his prosperity—to trust to this least practical and remote solution of his trouble. His homesickness was as vague as his plan for escape from it; he did not know exactly what he regretted, but it was probably some life he had not enjoyed, some pleasure that had escaped his former incompetency and poverty.

He had sat thus a hundred times, as aimlessly blinking at the vast possibilities of the shining sea beyond, turning his back upon the nearer and more practicable mountains, lulled by the far-off beating of monotonous rollers, the lonely cry of the curlew and plover, the drowsy changes of alternate breaths of cool, fragrant reeds and warm, spicy sands that blew across his eyelids, and succumbed to sleep, as he had done a hundred times before. The narrow strips of colored cloth, insignia of his dignity, flapped lazily from his tent-poles, and at last seemed to slumber with him; the shadows of the leaf-tracery thrown by the bay-tree, on the ground at his feet, scarcely changed its pattern. Nothing moved but the round, restless, berry-like eyes of Wachita, his child-wife, the former heroine of the incident with the captive packers, who sat near her lord, armed with a willow wand, watchful of intruding wasps, sand-flies, and even the more ostentatious advances of a rotund and clerical-looking humble-bee, with his monotonous homily. Content, dumb, submissive, vacant, at such times, Wachita, debarred her husband's confidences through the native customs and his own indifferent taciturnity, satisfied herself by gazing at him with the wondering but ineffectual sympathy of a faithful dog. Unfortunately for Elijah her purely mechanical ministration could not prevent a more dangerous intrusion upon his security.

He awoke with a light start, and eyes that gradually fixed upon the woman a look of returning consciousness. Wachita pointed timidly to the village below.

"The Messenger of the Great White Father has come to-day, with his wagons and horses; he would see the chief of the Minyos, but I would not disturb my lord."

Elijah's brow contracted. Relieved of



"It was near the close of a summer afternoon."

its characteristic metaphor, he knew that this meant that the new Indian agent had made his usual official visit, and had exhibited the usual anxiety to see the famous chieftain.

"Good!" he said. "White Rabbit [his lieutenant] will see the Messenger and exchange gifts. It is enough."

"The white messenger has brought his wangee [white] woman with him. They would look upon the face of him who hides it," continued Wachita, dubiously. "They would that Wachita should bring them nearer to where my lord is, that they might see him when he knew it not."

Elijah glanced moodily at his wife, with the half suspicion with which he still regarded her alien character. "Then let Wachita go back to the squaws and old women, and let her hide herself with them until the wangee strangers are gone," he said, curtly. "I have spoken. Go!"

Accustomed to these abrupt dismissals, which did not necessarily indicate displeasure, Wachita disappeared without a word. Elijah, who had risen, remained for a few moments leaning against the tent-poles, gazing abstractedly toward the sea. The bees droned uninterruptedly in his ears, the far-off roll of the breakers came to him distinctly; but suddenly, with greater distinctness, came the murmur of a woman's voice.

"He don't look savage a bit! Why, he's real handsome."

"Hush! you——" said a second voice, in a frightened whisper.

"But if he *did* hear he couldn't understand," returned the first voice. A suppressed giggle followed.

Luckily, Elijah's natural and acquired habits of repression suited the emergency. He did not move, although he felt the quick blood fly to his face, and the voice of the first speaker had suffused him with a strange and delicious anticipation. He restrained himself, though the words she had naively dropped were filling him with new and tremulous suggestion. He was motionless, even while he felt that the vague longing and yearning which had possessed him hitherto was now mysteriously taking some unknown form and action.

The murmuring ceased. The humble-bee's drone again became ascendant—a sudden fear seized him. She was *going;* he should never see her! While he had stood there a dolt and sluggard, she had satisfied her curiosity and stolen away. With a sudden yielding to impulse, he darted quickly in the direction where he had heard her voice. The thicket moved, parted, crackled, and rustled, and then undulated thirty feet before him in a long wave, as if from the passage of some lithe, invisible figure. But at the same moment a little cry, half of alarm, half of laughter, broke from his very feet, and a bent manzanito-bush, relaxed by frightened fingers, flew back against his breast. Thrusting it hurriedly aside, his stooping, eager face came almost in contact with the pink, flushed cheeks and tangled curls of a woman's head. He was so near, her moist and laughing eyes almost drowned his eager glance; her parted lips and white teeth were so close to his that her quick breath took away his own.

She had dropped on one knee, as her companion fled, expecting he would overlook her as he passed, but his direct onset had extracted the feminine outcry. Yet even then she did not seem greatly frightened.

"It's only a joke, sir," she said, coolly lifting herself to her feet by grasping his arm. "I'm Mrs. Dall, the Indian agent's wife. They said you wouldn't let anybody see you—and *I* determined I would. That's all!" She stopped, threw back her tangled curls behind her ears, shook the briers and thorns from her skirt, and added: "Well, I reckon you aren't afraid of a woman, are you? So no harm's done. Good-by!"

She drew slightly back as if to retreat, but the elasticity of the manzanito against which she was leaning threw her forward once more. He again inhaled the perfume of her hair; he saw even the tiny freckles that darkened her upper lip and brought out the moist, red curve below. A sudden recollection of a playmate of his vagabond childhood flashed across his mind; a wild inspiration of lawlessness, begotten of his past experience, his solitude, his dictatorial power, and the beauty of the woman before him, mounted to his brain. He threw his arms passionately around her, pressed

his lips to hers, and with a half-hysterical laugh drew back and disappeared in the thicket.

Mrs. Dall remained for an instant dazed and stupefied. Then she lifted her arm mechanically, and with her sleeve wiped her bruised mouth and the ochre-

stain that his paint had left, like blood, upon her cheek. Her laughing face had become instantly grave, but not from fear; her dark eyes had clouded, but not entirely with indignation. She suddenly brought down her hand sharply against her side with a gesture of discovery. "That's no Injun!" she said, with prompt decision. The next minute she plunged back into the trail again, and the dense foliage once more closed around her. But as she did so the broad, vacant face and the mutely wondering eyes of Wachita rose, like a placid moon, between the branches of a tree where they had been hidden, and shone serenely and impassively after her.

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A month elapsed. But it was a month filled with more experience to Elijah than his past two years of exaltation. In the first few days following his meeting with Mrs. Dall, he was possessed by terror, mingled with flashes of desperation, at the remembrance of his rash imprudence. His recollection of extravagant frontier chivalry to womankind, and the swift retribution of the insulted husband or guardian, alternately filled him with abject fear or extravagant recklessness. At times prepared for flight, even to the desperate abandonment of himself in a canoe to the waters of the Pacific; at times he was on the point of inciting his braves to attack the Indian agency and precipitate the war that he felt would be inevitable. As the days passed, and there seemed to be no interruption to his friendly relations with the agency, with that relief a new, subtle joy crept into Elijah's heart. The image of the agent's wife framed in the leafy screen behind his lodge, the perfume of her hair and breath mingled with the spicing of the bay, the brief thrill and tantalization of the stolen kiss still haunted him. Through his long, shy abstention from society, and his two years of solitary exile, the fresh beauty of this young Western wife, in whom the frank artlessness of girlhood still lingered, appeared to him like a superior creation. He forgot his vague longings in the inception of a more tangible but equally unpractical passion. He remembered her unconscious and spontaneous admiration of him; he dared to connect it with her forgiving silence. If she had with-

held her confidences from her husband, he could hope—he knew not exactly what!

One afternoon Wachita put into his hand a folded note. With an instinctive presentiment of its contents, Elijah turned red and embarrassed in receiving it from the woman who was recognized as his wife. But the impassive, submissive manner of this household drudge, instead of touching his conscience, seemed to him a vulgar and brutal acceptance of the situation that dulled whatever compunction he might have had. He opened the note and read hurriedly as follows:

"You took a great freedom with me the other day, and I am justified in taking one with you now. I believe you understand English as well as I do. If you want to explain that, and your conduct to me, I will be at the same place this afternoon. My friend will accompany me, but she need not hear what you have to say."

Elijah read the letter, which might have been written by an ordinary schoolgirl, as if it had conveyed the veiled rendezvous of a princess. The reserve, caution, and shyness which had been the safeguard of his weak nature were swamped in a flow of immature passion. He flew to the interview with the eagerness and inexperience of first love. He was completely at her mercy. So utterly was he subjugated by her presence that she did not even run the risk of his passion. Whatever sentiment might have mingled with her curiosity, she was never conscious of a necessity to guard herself against it. At this second meeting she was in full possession of his secret. He had told her everything; she had promised nothing in return—she had not even accepted anything. Even her actual after-relations to the denouement of his passion are still shrouded in mystery.

Nevertheless, Elijah lived two weeks on the unsubstantial memory of this meeting. What might have followed could not be known, for at the end of that time an outrage—so atrocious that even the peaceful Minyos were thrilled with savage indignation—was committed on the outskirts of the village. An old chief, who had been specially selected to deal with the Indian agent, and who kept a small trading outpost, had been killed and his goods despoiled by a reckless Redwood packer. The murderer had coolly said that he was only "serving out" the tool of a fraudulent imposture on the Government, and that he dared the arch-impostor himself, the so-called Minyo chief, to help himself. A wave of ungovernable fury surged up to the very tent-poles of Elijah's lodge and demanded vengeance. Elijah trembled and hesitated. In the thraldom of his selfish passion for Mrs. Dall he dared not contemplate a collision with her countrymen. He would have again sought refuge in his passive, non-committal attitude, but he knew the impersonal character of Indian retribution and compensation—a sacrifice of equal value, without reference to the culpability of the victim—and he dreaded some spontaneous outbreak. To prevent the enforced expiation of the crime by some innocent brother packer, he was obliged to give orders for the pursuit and arrest of the criminal, secretly hoping for his escape or the interposition of some circumstance to avert his punishment. A day of sullen expectancy to the old men and squaws in camp, of gloomy anxiety to Elijah alone in his lodge, followed the departure of the braves on the war-path. It was midnight when they returned. Elijah, who from his habitual reserve and the accepted etiquette of his exalted station had remained impassive in his tent, only knew from the guttural rejoicings of the squaws that the expedition had been successful and the captive was in their hands. At any other time he might have thought it an evidence of some growing scepticism of his infallibility of judgment and a diminution of respect that they did not confront him with their prisoner. But he was too glad to escape from the danger of exposure and possible arraignment of his past life by the desperate captive, even though it might not have been understood by the spectators. He reflected that the omission might have arisen from their recollection of his previous aversion to a retaliation on other prisoners. Enough that they would wait his signal for the torture and execution at sunrise the next day.

The night passed slowly. It is more than probable that the selfish and igno-

ble torments of the sleepless and vacillating judge were greater than those of the prisoner who dozed at the stake between his curses. Yet it was part of Elijah's fatal weakness that his kinder and more human instincts were dominated even at that moment by his lawless

a few days, but that she was to remain and communicate with Elijah. She would understand everything, perhaps; at least she would know that the prisoner's release was to please her, but even if she did not, no harm would be done, a white man's life would be saved,

passion for the Indian agent's wife, and his indecision as to the fate of his captive was as much due to this preoccupation as to a selfish consideration of her relations to the result. He hated the prisoner for his infelicitous and untimely crime, yet he could not make up his mind to his death. He paced the ground before his lodge in dishonorable incertitude. The small eyes of the submissive Wachita watched him with vague solicitude.

Toward morning he was struck by a shameful inspiration. He would creep unperceived to the victim's side, unloose his bonds, and bid him fly to the Indian agency. There he was to inform Mrs. Dall that her husband's safety depended upon his absenting himself for

and his real motive would not be suspected. He turned with feverish eagerness to the lodge. Wachita had disappeared—probably to join the other women. It was well; she would not suspect him.

The tree to which the doomed man was bound was, by custom, selected nearest the chief's lodge, within its sacred enclosure, with no other protection than that offered by its reserved seclusion and the outer semicircle of warriors' tents before it. To escape, the captive would therefore have to pass beside the chief's lodge to the rear and descend the hill toward the shore. Elijah would show him the way, and make it appear as if he had escaped unaided. As he glided into the shadow of a group of

pines, he could dimly discern the outline of the destined victim, secured against one of the larger trees in a sitting posture, with his head fallen forward on his breast as if in sleep. But at the same moment another figure glided out from the shadow and approached the fatal tree. It was Wachita!

He stopped in amazement. But in another instant a flash of intelligence made it clear. He remembered her vague uneasiness and solicitude at his agitation, her sudden disappearance; she had fathomed his perplexity, as she had once before. Of her own accord she was going to release the prisoner! The knife to cut his cords glittered in her hand. Brave and faithful animal!

He held his breath as he drew nearer. But, to his horror, the knife suddenly flashed in the air and darted down, again and again, upon the body of the helpless man. There was a convulsive struggle, but no outcry, and the next moment the body hung limp and inert in its cords. Elijah would himself have fallen, half-fainting, against a tree, but, by a revulsion of feeling, came the quick revelation that the desperate girl had rightly solved the problem! She had done what he ought to have done—and his loyalty and manhood were preserved. That conviction and the courage to act upon it—to have called the sleeping braves to witness his sacrifice—would have saved him, but it was ordered otherwise.

As the girl rapidly passed him he threw out his hand and seized her wrist. "Who did you do this for?" he demanded.

"For you," she said, stupidly.

"And why?"

"Because you no kill him—you love his squaw."

"*His* squaw!" He staggered back. A terrible suspicion flashed upon him. He dashed Wachita aside and ran to the tree. It was the body of the Indian agent! Aboriginal justice had been satisfied. The warriors had not caught the *murderer*, but, true to their idea of vicarious retribution, had determined upon the expiatory sacrifice of a life as valuable and innocent as the one they had lost.

. . . . . .

"So the Gov'rment hev at last woke up and wiped out them cussed Digger Minyes," said Snap-shot Harry, as he laid down the newspaper, in the brand-new saloon of the brand-new town of Redwood. "I see they've stampeded both banks of the Minyo River, and sent off a lot to the reservation. I reckon the soldiers at Fort Cass got sick o' sentiment after those hounds killed the Injun agent, and are beginning to agree with us that the only 'good Injun' is a dead one."

"And it turns out that that wonderful chief, that them two packers used to rave about, woz about as big a devil ez any, and tried to run off with the agent's wife, only the warriors killed her. I'd like to know what become of him. Some says he was killed, others allow that he got away. I've heerd tell that he was originally some kind of Methodist preacher!—a kind o' saint that got a sort o' spiritooal holt on the old squaws and children."

"Why don't you ask old Skeesicks? I see he's back here ag'in—and grubbin' along at a dollar a day on tailin's. He's been somewhere up north, they say."

"What, Skeesicks? that shiftless, o'n'ry cuss! You bet he wusn't anywhere where there was danger or fighting. Why, you might as well hev suspected *him* of being the big chief himself! There he comes—ask him."

And the laughter was so general that Elijah Martin—alias Skeesicks—lounging shyly into the bar-room, joined in it weakly.

TARPEIA.

By Louise Imogen Guiney.

Woe: lightly to part with one's soul as the sea with its foam!
Woe to Tarpeia, Tarpeia, daughter of Rome!

Lo, now it was night, with the moon looking chill as she went;
It was morn when the innocent stranger strayed into the tent.

The hostile Sabini were pleased, as one meshing a bird;
She sang for them there in the ambush: they smiled as they heard.

Her sombre hair purpled in gleams as she leaned to the light;
All day she had idled and feasted, and now it was night.

The chief sat apart, heavy-browed, brooding, elbow on knee;
The armlets he wore were thrice royal, and wondrous to see—

Exquisite artifice, whorls of barbaric design,
Frost's fixed mimicry, orbic imaginings fine

In sevenfold coils: and in orient glimmer from them,
The variform, voluble swinging of gem upon gem.

And the glory thereof sent fever and fire to her eye:
"I had never such trinkets!" she sighed—like a lute was her sigh;

"Were they mine at the plea, were they mine for the token, all told,
Now the citadel sleeps, now my father the keeper is old,

"If I go by the way that I know, and thou followest hard,
If yet by the touch of Tarpeia the gates be unbarred?"

The chief trembled sharply for joy, then drew rein on his soul:
"Of all this arm beareth, I swear I will cede thee the whole."

And up from the nooks of the camp, with hoarse plaudit outdealt,
The bearded Sabini glanced hotly, and vowed, as they knelt,

Bare-stretching the wrists that bore also the glowing great boon:
"Yea! surely as over us shineth the lurid low moon,

"Not alone of our lord, but of each of us take what he hath!
Too poor is the guerdon, if thou wilt but show us the path."

Her nostrils upraised, like a fawn's on the arrowy air,
She sped. In a serpentine gleam, to the precipice stair,

"Then faced her the leonine chief."

They climbed in her traces, they closed on their evil swift star:
She bent to the latches, and swung the huge portal ajar.

Repulsed where they passed her, half-tearful for wounded belief,
"The bracelets!" she pleaded. Then faced her the leonine chief,

And answered her: "Even as I promised, maid-merchant! I do.'
Down from his dark shoulder the bawbles he sullenly drew.

"This left arm shall nothing begrudge thee. Accept. Find it sweet!
Give, too, O my brothers!" The jewels he flung at her feet,

The jewels hard, heavy; she stooped to them, flushing with dread,
But the shield he flung after: it clanged on her beautiful head.

Like the Apennine bells when the villagers' warnings begin,
Athwart the first lull broke the ominous din upon din:

With a "Hail, benefactress!" upon her they heaped, in their zeal,
Death: agate and iron; death: chrysoprase, beryl, and steel.

'Neath the outcry of scorn, 'neath the sinewy tension and hurl,
The moaning died slowly, and still they massed over the girl

A mountain of shields! and the gemmy bright tangle in links,
A torrent-like gush, pouring out on the grass from the chinks.

Pyramidal gold! the sumptuous monument won
By the deed they had loved her for, doing, and loathed her for, done.

Such was the wage that they paid her, such the acclaim:
All Rome was aroused with the thunder that buried her shame.

On surged the Sabini to battle. O you that aspire!
Tarpeia the traitor had fill of her woman's desire.

Woe: lightly to part with one's soul as the sea with its foam!
Woe to Tarpeia, Tarpeia, daughter of Rome!

THE ZADOC PINE LABOR UNION.

By H. C. Bunner.

WHEN Zadoc Pine's father died, Zadoc found himself alone in the North Woods, three miles from Silsbee's Station, twenty-one years old, six foot one inch high, in perfect health, with a good appetite. He had been to school one summer; he could read and write fairly well, and could cipher very well. He had gone through the history of the United States, and he had a hazy idea of geography. When his father's estate was settled up, and all debts paid, Zadoc owned two silver dollars, the clothes he stood in, one extra flannel shirt, done up in a bandanna handkerchief in company with a razor, a comb, a tooth-brush, and two collars. Besides these things he had a six-inch clasp-knife and an old-fashioned muzzle-loading, percussion-cap rifle.

Old man Pine had been a good Adirondack guide in his time; but for the last six years he had been laid up, a helpless cripple, with inflammatory rheumatism. He and his son—old Pine's wife had died before the boy was ten years old—lived in their little house in the woods. The father had some small savings, and the son could earn a little as a sort of auxiliary guide. He got a job here and there where some party needed an extra man. Zadoc was an excellent shot; but he was no fisherman, and he had little knowledge of the streams and ponds further in the woods.

So, when the old father was gone, when Zadoc had paid the last cent of his debt to the storekeeper at Silsbee's—the storekeeper taking the almost worthless shanty of the Pines in part payment—when he had settled with Silsbee's sawmill for the boards out of which he himself had made his father's coffin, Zadoc Pine stood on the station-platform and wondered what was going to become of him, or, rather, as he put it, "what he was a-going for to do with himself."

There was no employment for him at Silsbee's Station. He might, perhaps, get a job as guide; but it was doubtful, and he had seen too much of the life. It seemed to him a waste of energy. To live as his father had lived, a life of toil and exposure, a dreary existence of hard work and small profit, and to end at last penniless and in debt for food, was no part of Zadoc's plans. He knew from the maps in the old geography that the whole Adirondack region was only a tiny patch on the map of the United States. Somewhere outside there he was sure he would find a place for himself.

He knew that the little northern railroad at his feet connected with the greater roads to the south. But the great towns of the State were only so many names to him. His eyes were not turned toward New York. He had "guided" for parties of New York men, and he had learned enough to make himself sure that New York was too large for him. "I wouldn't be no more good down there," he said to himself, "then they be up here. 'Tain't my size."

Yet somewhere he must go. He had watched the young men who employed him, and he had made up his mind to two things: First, these young men had money; second, he could get it if they could. One had jokingly shown him a hundred-dollar bill, and had asked him to change it. There was some part of the world, then, where people could be free-and-easy with hundred-dollar bills. Why was not that the place for him? "They know a lot more'n I do," he said;

"but they hed to l'arn it furst-off; an' I guess ef their brains was so everlastin' much better'n mine they wouldn't souse 'em with whiskey the way they do."

As Zadoc Pine stood on the platform, feeling of the two silver dollars in his pocket, he saw the wagon drive up from Silsbee's saw-mill with a load of timber, and old Mr. Silsbee on top of the load. There was a train of flat cars on the siding, where it had been lying for an hour, waiting for the up-train. When the wagon arrived, Mr. Silsbee, the station-master, and the engineer of the train had a three-cornered colloquy of a noisy sort. The station-master after awhile withdrew, shrugging his shoulders with the air of a man who declines to engage further in a profitless discussion.

"What's the matter?" asked Zadoc.

"That there lumber of Silsbee's," said the station-master, who was a New England man. "The durned old cantankerous cuss is kickin' because he can't ship it. Why, this here train's so short o' hands they can't hardly run it ez 'tis, let alone loadin' lumber."

"Where's it goin' to?" inquired Zadoc, "an' why's this train short o' hands?"

"Goin' to South Ridge, Noo Jersey," said the station-master, "or 'twould be ef 'twan't for this blame strike. Can't get nobody to load it."

"Where's South Ridge?" was Zadoc's next inquiry.

"'Bout ten or twenty miles from Noo York."

"Country?"

"Country 'nough, I guess. Ask Silsbee."

Zadoc walked after Mr. Silsbee, who was by this time marching back toward the saw-mill, red in the face and puffing hard. Zadoc got in front of him.

"Mornin', Mr. Silsbee," he said.

"Mornin'—er—who are ye? Oh, Enoch Pine's boy, hey? Mornin', young man—I hain't got no time——"

"How much is it wuth to you to get them sticks to where they're goin' to?" demanded Zadoc.

"Wuth? It's wuth hundreds of dollars to me, young man—it's wuth——"

"Is it wuth a five-dollar bill?" Zadoc interrupted.

"Whatyermean?"

"You know me, Squire Silsbee. If it's wuth a five-dollar bill to get them timbers down to South Ridge, New Jersey, an' you can get that engineer to take me on as an extry hand that far, I'll load 'em on, go down there with 'em, and unload 'em. All I want's five dollars for my keep while I'm a-goin'."

"You don't want t'go to South Ridge?" gasped Mr. Silsbee.

"Yaas, I do."

"Whut fer?"

"Fer my health," said Zadoc. The squire looked at the muscular, sunburnt animal before him, and he had to grin.

"Well," he said, "'tain't none o' *my* business. You come along, an' I'll see if that pig-headed fool will let you work your way down."

One hour later Zadoc was rolling southward on a flat car, and learning how to work brakes as he went. It was a wonderful pleasure-trip to him. The work was nothing; he was strong as a bull-moose; and he was simply enchanted to see the great world stringing itself out along the line of the railroad-track. He had never in his life seen a settlement larger than Silsbee's, and when the villages turned into towns and the towns into cities, he was so much interested that he lost his appetite. He asked the train-hands all the questions he could think of, and acquired some information, although they did not care to talk about much except the great strike and the probable action of the unions.

. . . . . .

It was about six o'clock of a cloudy May evening when Zadoc Pine jumped off the car at South Ridge and helped to unload Mr. Silsbee's cargo of timber. The brakeman on his end of the train said, "So long!" Zadoc said, "So long!" and the train whirled on to New York.

Zadoc stood by the track and gazed somewhat dismally after his travelling home. He was roused from something like a brown study when the station-master of South Ridge hailed him.

"Hi, country! where are you?"

"Is this New Jersey?" asked Zadoc.

"Yes. What did you think it was—Ohio?"

Zadoc had heard something of the

national reputation of the State from his late companions.

"Well," he reflected, "I must be pretty mildewed when a Jerseyman hollers 'country' at me."

Zadoc made this reflection aloud. The station-master walked off with a growl, and two or three gentlemen, who were talking on the platform, laughed quietly. Zadoc walked up to one of them.

"I brung that there lumber down here," he said; "I'd like to know who owns it. Maybe there's more job in it fer me?"

"I don't think so," one of the gentlemen said, in a rather cold and distant way. "That is for the new station, and the railway company has its own hands."

Zadoc looked all about him. There was no town to be seen. He was among the foot-hills of the Orange Mountains, and on all sides of him were undulating slopes, some open, some wooded. He saw old-fashioned farm-houses, and many more modern dwellings, of what seemed to him great size and beauty, although they were only ordinary suburban cottages of the better sort. But nowhere could he see shops or factories. There was a quarry high up on one of the slopes, but that was all. It looked like a poor place in which to seek for work.

"Well," he remarked, "maybe there's somewheres where I can put up fer to-night."

"What sort of place?" the gentleman asked.

"Well," said Zadoc, "some sort of inn, or tavern, or suthin', where I c'n get about ten cents' wuth o' style an' ninety cents' wuth o' sleep an' feed."

Two of the gentlemen laughed; but the one to whom Zadoc had spoken, who seemed a dignified and haughty person, answered, in a chilly and discouraging way:

"Go down this street to the cross-roads, and ask for Bryan's. That is where the quarrymen board."

He turned away, and went in the other direction with his companions. Zadoc Pine shouldered his rifle, picked up the handkerchief which held his other belongings, and trudged down the road under the new foliage of the great chestnuts. He came in a little while to the cross-roads, where there were four huddled blocks of shabby square houses. There was a butcher's shop, a grocer's, a baker's, three or four drinking-places, and Bryan's. This was the forlornest house of all. There was a dirty attempt at an ice-cream saloon in the front, and in the rear was a large room with a long table, where the quarrymen took their meals. When Zadoc arrived, the quarrymen were sitting on the sidewalk in front of the house, with their feet in the gutter. They were smoking pipes and talking in a dull way among themselves. By the time that Zadoc had bargained for a room, with supper and breakfast, for one dollar, supper was announced, and they all came in. Zadoc did not like either his companions or his supper.

He did not know enough of the distinguishing marks of various nationalities to guess at the nativity of these men; but he knew that they were not Americans. He tried to talk to the man nearest him, but the man did not want to talk. Zadoc asked him about the work and the wages at the quarry.

"It's a dollar-twinty-five a day," the quarryman said, sullenly; "an' it's a shame! The union ain't doin' nothin' fer us. An' there ain't no more quarrymen wanted. There's Milliken, he owns the carrts; mebbe he'll take a driver. But if ye want a job ye'll have to see McCuskey, the diligate."

"What might a diligate be?" inquired the young man from the North Woods.

"The mon what runs the union. Ye're a union mon, ain't ye?"

"Guess not," said Zadoc.

"Thin ye'd best be out of this," the man said, rising rudely and lumbering off.

"Guess I won't wake McCuskey up in the mornin'," Zadoc thought; "dollar-'n'-a-quarter's big money; but I don't want no sech work ez quarryin', ef it makes a dead log of a man like that."

He finished his meal and went into the street. Bryan was leaning against the door-jamb, conversing with a tall man on the sidewalk. It was the gentleman whom Zadoc had seen at the station.

"You can't get him this week, Mr.

Thorndyke," said Bryan. "Bixby's ahead of you, and the Baxters. They been waitin' three weeks for him. Fact is, Andy don't want to do no more th'n two days' work in a week."

"Can't you think of any other man?"

"*Can* you dig them?" Mr. Thorndyke looked surprised and suspicious.

"That's what I'm here fer."

"Do you know where my house is? The third on the hill?"

"Third she is," said Zadoc.

Mr. Thorndyke queried, irritably. "Here I have been waiting for this fellow a whole fortnight to dig a half-dozen beds in my garden, and I don't believe he intends to come. There ought to be somebody who wants the job. Can't some of these men here come after hours, or before, and do it? I pay well enough for the work."

There was no movement among the quarrymen, who were once more sitting on the edge of the sidewalk, with their feet in the gutter.

"I don't know of no one, Mr. Thorndyke," said Bryan, and Mr. Thorndyke turned back up the road.

"Diggin' garden-beds?" mused Zadoc. "I ain't never dug no garden-beds; but I hev dug fer bait, 'n' I guess the principle's the same—on'y you don't hev to sort out the wums." He walked rapidly after Mr. Thorndyke, and overtook him.

"Don't you want me to dig them beds fer you?" he inquired.

"Come up to-morrow morning."

Zadoc went back to Bryan's and went to bed in a narrow, close room, overlooking an ill-kept back yard. It was dirty, it was cheerless; worst of all, it was airless. Zadoc's mind was made up. "Ef this suits quarrymen, quarryin' don't suit me."

. . . . . .

He had a bad night, and arose at five the next morning. At six he went to a breakfast that was worse than the supper had been. Zadoc had been used to poor and coarse fare all his life, but there was something about this flabby, flavorless, greasy, boarding-house food that went against him. He ate what he could, and then walked up the road toward Mr. Thorndyke's house. As he went higher up the hill he saw that the houses at the cross-roads were very much unlike their surroundings. To a man born and brought up in the skirts of the North Woods, this New Jersey village seemed

a very paradise. The green lawns amazed him; the neat fences, the broad roads, the great trees, standing clear of underbrush, were all marvels, in his eyes. And besides the comfortable farm-houses and the mansions of the rich and great, he saw many humbler dwellings of a neat and well-ordered sort. From one of these a pretty girl, standing in the doorway, with her right arm in a sling, looked at him with curiosity, and what Zadoc took to be kindly interest. It was really admiration. If Zadoc had ever thought to inquire, he would have learned that he was not only big, but good-looking.

He lingered a little as he passed this place, to admire it. The house had two stories, of which the lower was of rough stone, brightly whitewashed. In front was a bit of a garden, in which green things were sprouting. In the little woodshed, to one side, a neat old woman, with pretty, white hair, was cutting kindling-wood. The girl in the doorway was very pretty, if her arm *was* in a sling. Zadoc looked it all over with entire approval. "That's *my* size," he thought.

He found no one awake at Mr. Thorndyke's house, and he sat on the front steps until half-past seven o'clock, when Mr. Thorndyke himself came out to get the morning paper, which had been left on the front porch. Zadoc had read it through already.

"You are early," was Mr. Thorndyke's greeting.

"I was earlier when I come," returned Zadoc. "Been here more'n an hour. Awful waste o' God's sunlight, when there's work a-waitin'."

"Well," said Mr. Thorndyke, coldly, as he led the way around the corner of the house, "here are the beds. The lines are pegged out. I suppose there is about a day's work on them, and I will pay you at the usual rate for gardeners' work, hereabouts—a dollar and a half."

"Yaas," said Zadoc, as he looked over the territory staked out, "I see. But if this job's wuth a dollar-'n'-a-half to you, I'd ruther take it *ez* a job, at them figgers. I *can* fool away a day on it, ef that'll please you better; but I'd ruther git through with it when I get through, ef it's all the same to you."

"I don't care how you do it," Mr. Thorndyke said, "so long as it is done, and done properly, when I come home to-night at six."

"You needn't put off coming home fer me," was Zadoc's cheerful assurance.

Then he proceeded to ask Mr. Thorndyke a number of questions about the manner in which the beds were to be dug. Mr. Thorndyke knit his brows.

"Haven't you ever dug beds before?"

"I never dug no beds fer *you*. When I do work fer a man I do it to suit him, an' not to suit some other feller."

"How do I know that you can do the work at all?"

"You don't," said Zadoc, frankly; "but ef 'tain't satisfactory you don't hev to pay. *Thet's* cheap fer a hole in the ground."

"Have you a spade?" Mr. Thorndyke demanded, and his manner was depressingly stern.

"No, I ain't," said Zadoc, "but I'll git one."

. . . . . .

Zadoc walked up to the next house on the hill, which was a large and imposing structure. It belonged to the richest man in South Ridge, and the richest man was sitting on his front porch.

"Got a spade to lend?" Zadoc asked.

"What do you want it for?" the richest man demanded.

"Fer a job down there to Squire Thorndyke's, next door," Zadoc informed him.

"Did Mr. Thorndyke send you?"

"No, I come myself."

The millionnaire of South Ridge stared at Zadoc for a moment, and then arose, walked around the house, and presently reappeared with a spade. "When you bring this back," he said, "give it to the man in the stable."

"Much obliged!" said Zadoc.

The beds were all dug before three o'clock, and Mrs. Thorndyke came out and expressed her approval. Zadoc took off his hat and bowed, as his father had told him he should do when he met a lady.

"I see," he remarked, "you've got some mornin'-glories set out alongside o' the house. Ef you'll get me a ladder an' some string, an' nails an' a hammer, I'll train 'em up fer yer."

Mrs. Thorndyke looked doubtful.

"I don't know what arrangement my husband has made with you," she began; but Zadoc interrupted her.

"There ain't nothin' to pay fer that, ma'am. One pertater on top'f the measure don't break no one, and it kinder holds trade."

The ladder and the other things were brought out, and Zadoc climbed up and fastened the strings as he had seen them arranged for the morning-glories that climbed up the walls of Squire Silsbee's house.

While he was on the ladder, the rich man next door, whose name, by the way, was Vredenburg, came down and leaned

on the fence and talked to Mrs. Thorndyke.

"Getting the place in good trim, aren't you?"

"Trying to," said Mrs. Thorndyke. "There are ever so many things to do. I've sent to three men already, to cart my ash-heap away, and they won't come. There's a wandering gardener here who has just dug my beds; if it hadn't been for him, I should have gone without flowers all the summer."

Zadoc heard this and grinned; and then he began to think. He had been looking over toward the quarry during the day, and he had noticed that the horses stood idle a large part of the time; there was one tall gray hitched to a cart, whose business it was to remove the small stones and waste, and who did not make one trip an hour, resting for the greater part of the time under a huge tree.

"That horse ain't too tired," thought Zadoc, "to give a feller a lift after workin' hours."

By four o'clock the strings were up for the morning-glories. Mr. Thorndyke would not return before six. Zadoc strolled down to the quarry and found Milliken. He asked Milliken what would be a proper charge for the services of the big gray horse for two hours after six o'clock. Milliken thought fifty cents would pay him and the horse. Then Zadoc continued his stroll, and found out that the dumping-grounds of South Ridge were near the river, among the tailings of an abandoned quarry.

After that he went back to Bryan's and got a couple of eggs cooked for his private supper. He had had his dinner at the noon hour, and it was worse than the breakfast. The eggs were, as he told Mr. Bryan, "kinder 'twixt grass and hay." He felt that he had had enough of Bryan's.

Going up the road to Mr. Thorndyke's, he came to the neat little house that he had noticed the night before; he looked at it for a minute, and then he went in and asked the white-haired old woman if she did not want to take him as a boarder. She said that she did not; she was a lone widow-woman, and she had all she could do to pay her way with doing washing, and she didn't want no quarrymen fooling around her house; she knew what quarrymen were.

Zadoc explained to her that he was not a quarryman. He told her all about himself, and about his dissatisfaction with Bryan's arrangements; but she only shook her head and said that she didn't want him. He was going out of the door, when the young girl who had smiled on him yesterday, and who had been listening in a corner, came forward and spoke earnestly to the old woman.

"He *looks* good, mother," Zadoc heard her say; "and it's to his credit that he don't like Bryan's. If he's a decent man, we oughtn't to send him back to a place like that. It's a shame for a young man to be left among those people."

The old woman wavered. "We might try him," she said.

Zadoc came back.

"You try me, and you'll keep me," said he. "An' as fer you, young woman, ef you use as much judgment when you pick out a husband ez you do when you choose a boarder, you'll do first-rate." The young woman blushed.

Then they talked about the proper price for Zadoc's board, and they all agreed that two dollars a week would be fair. Zadoc paid down the two dollars in advance, and was without a cent in the world, for Bryan had taken his other dollar for the two bad meals. But Zadoc did not mind that, and within fifteen minutes he had moved his possessions into a clean little whitewashed room in the second story of the widow Dadd's house. The widow was much troubled at the sight of his rifle; but she finally consented to let it hang on his white wall, and Zadoc ate his supper, although he had eaten one already, and made the meal as cheerful as he could to Mrs. Dadd and her daughter, which was not difficult to him, for it was a good supper. A little before six he marched off to Mr. Thorndyke's.

Mr. Thorndyke paid him his dollar and a half, and Zadoc broached a new project.

"There's that there ash-heap o' yourn," he said, "why can't I cart that off fer you?"

"But you haven't a cart," Mr. Thorndyke objected.

"I'll have one," Zadoc said. "What's the job wuth?"

"I've always paid a dollar."

Zadoc rubbed his chin and mused. "I'll call on ye for thet dollar when I've earned it," he said. "Evenin'!"

Zadoc had been at the back of the house during the day, and had sized up the ash-heap, as well as one or two other things. He walked down to the quarry and got the big gray and his cart, and drove up to the Thorndykes' back yard. There he shovelled the ash-heap (the shovel went with the horse and cart) into the vehicle. There was just one load. There had been a heavy rain during the night, and the ashes were packed close. The cart held a cubic

yard, and it was not overloaded when Zadoc drove it down the road toward the old quarry.

As he drove he looked ahead, and he noticed that the sidewalks, or raised paths to right and left of the road, were made of ashes pounded down—not cinders from the railroad, but ordinary hard-coal ashes, beaten into a compact mass. Before he had driven half a mile he saw, some hundred feet in front of him, a broad break in the sidewalk to his right—a gully washed out by the rain. He stopped his horse behind a clump of trees, alighted, and walked forward to the gate in front of a comfortable house. The owner was pottering about, looking at the vines that were beginning to climb up the wires on his veranda. Zadoc accosted him.

"Evenin'! You've got a bad hole in that there path o'yourn."

"Are you a road-inspector?" asked the man of the house, in a disagreeable tone of voice.

"No," said Zadoc, "I'm a road-mender. You've got ter fill that hole up. S'pose I fill it up fer you fer fifty cents?"

"Yer ain't going to drive out here and mend that walk for half a dollar, are you?" the man asked, incredulously.

"I'm a-goin' to take it on my reggleler rowt," replied Zadoc. "Does she go?"

The man looked over the fence at the big hole. "She goes," he said.

It was just one hour later, when some light lingered in the sky, that the householder with the broken sidewalk paid Zadoc Pine his fifty cents. He paid it with a dazed look on his face; but Zadoc was as bright and airy as usual as he pocketed the money and drove back to the quarry-stables. His cubic yard of ashes had filled the gap and left a little over, with which he had patched a few smaller breaks.

When Zadoc arose on the morrow and stepped out of doors to breathe the morning air, he saw the white-haired widow chopping kindling-wood in the shed.

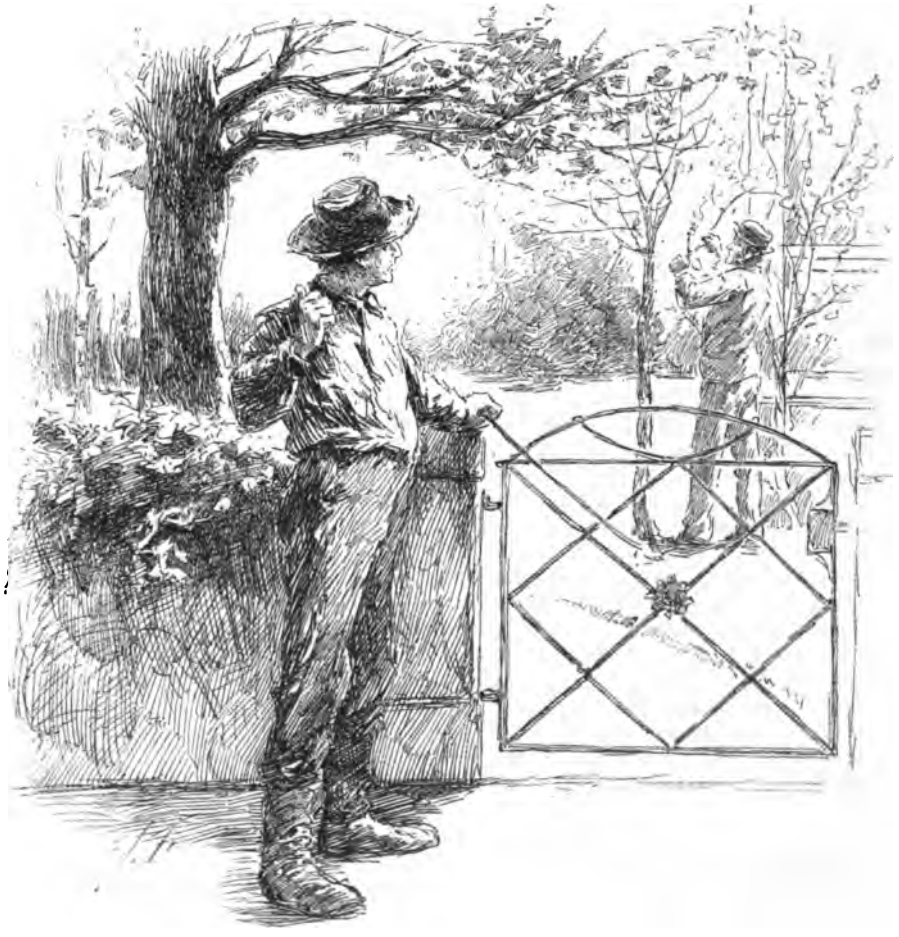
"That ain't no work fer you," he said.

"Who's to do it?" the widow asked; "my darter, her arm's lame. She lamed it

snatchin' a child off the railroad-track in front of the engyne. The engyne hit her. It was one o' them delegate's children, an' no thanks to nobody. Who's to chop kindlin', if I don't?"

"I be, I reckon," said Zadoc. He took the hatchet out of her hands and me, an' keeps the derned fools talkin'," he said to himself.

He returned to South Ridge in time for dinner, and in the afternoon sallied out to look for a job. Remembering the Bixbys and the Baxters, and the fact that "Andy" did not care for more than two



split up a week's supply. It was sharp work on an empty stomach; but he took it out of the breakfast, a little later.

After breakfast he walked down to Centre, the nearest large town, and spent an hour in a paint-shop there. He asked a great many questions, and the men in the shop had a good deal of fun with him. Zadoc knew it, but he did not care. "Amoosed them, don't hurt

days' work in the week, Zadoc thought he would offer his services to the two families. "Thar' ain't no room in this world," he reflected, "for two-day men. The six-day men has first call on all jobs."

The Bixbys gave him the work, and paid him a dollar for the afternoon's work; but he could not come to terms with the Baxters. They wanted him to take fifty cents for half a day's work.

"But you'd 'a' had ter pay that there other feller a dollar," Zadoc objected.

"But that's different," said Mrs. Baxter; "you aren't a regular gardener, you know."

"The job ain't different," replied Zadoc; "and ef Andy c'n get a dollar fer it, I'm a-goin' to let him have it." And he shook his long legs down the road.

He loomed up, long and bony, before Mr. Thorndyke just after dinner.

"You've come to cart the ash-heap away, I suppose?" Mr. Thorndyke said.

"That ash-heap moved out of town last evenin'. Ef you've got time, though, I want yer to step around to the back o' the house. Got somethin' to show yer."

The "something" was Mr. Thorndyke's barn. He kept no horse; but the small building that goes with every well-regulated cottage in New Jersey he utilized as a play-room for his children and a gymnasium for himself.

"That there barn," Zadoc told him, "is jest a sight to look at. It stands to the north o' the house, an' takes all the weather there is. The paint's most off it. Look at these here big scales! I took one of those there fer a sample, and here's the color, the way it ought to be, on this here bit o' shingle." Zadoc pulled the sample out of his pocket. "Now you wanter let me *paint* that barn for yer. I've figgered thet it'll cost yer jest twenty-five dollars. Thet's a savin' for *you*, an' I c'n take my time about it, and put in a week on the job an' do some other work round the town at the same time."

"Have you other engagements?" Mr. Thorndyke asked.

"No," was Zadoc's answer; "but I'm goin' to hev 'em."

"But do you know how to paint?"

"Anythin' the matter with my gardenin'?"

"No."

"All right on ash-heaps, ain't I?"

"I suppose so."

"Well, you jest try me on paint. Same old terms—no satisfaction, no pay. I can't make that there barn look wuss'n it does now; an' I'm goin' ter make it look a heap better."

The next afternoon Zadoc was painting the Thorndyke barn. He worked there only in the afternoons; in the mornings he hunted up odd jobs about the town, and the money he got for these he took to Centre and invested in paint and brushes. As he paid cash, he had to buy in small quantities; but when the barn was painted—and it was painted to Mr. Thorndyke's satisfaction—Zadoc found himself something more like a capitalist than he had ever been in his life.

But there was one unpleasant incident connected with this job. He was sitting one afternoon in the children's swing, which he had borrowed to use in painting those parts of the barn which he could not reach with a ladder; he tied the ends of the ropes around the cupola, twisted himself up to the ridge-pole, and untwisted himself as he painted downward. He was slathering away on his second coat, whistling cheerily to himself, when a man in overalls and a painty jacket came up and made some remarks about the weather. Zadoc told him that the weather was a good thing to take as it came; and then the man inquired:

"Do you belong to the union?"

"What union?" asked Zadoc; "I ain't no Canuck, ef thet's what yer mean."

"The house-painters' union," said the man.

"Well, no," said Zadoc, still slathering away, with his head on one side. "Guess I'm union enough, all by myself. I'm perfec'ly united, I am—all harmonious and unanimous an' comfortable."

"What are you a-paintin' for, then?" demanded the stranger.

"Fer money," said Zadoc. "What are you a-foolin' round here for?"

"Have you ever served an apprenticeship to this business?" the man asked.

"Hev you ever served an apprenticeship ter rollin' off a log?" Zadoc asked, by way of answer.

The man muttered something and moved away. Zadoc communed with himself.

"Ap-prenticeship ter sloppin' paint! Well, I be derned! Why, fool-work like thet's born in a man, same's swimmin'."

. . . . . .

As Zadoc became known to the community, he found that work came right to his hand. The laboring native of South Ridge was the sort of man who

said, when a job was offered to him: "Well, I guess I'll take a day off some time week arter next and 'tend to it." This energetic person from the North Woods, who made engagements and kept them, was a revelation to the householders of the town. He mended fences and roads; he cut grass and sodded lawns; he put in panes of glass and whitewashed kitchens; he soldered leaky refrigerators and clothes-boilers; he made paths and dug beds; he beat carpets and pumped water into garret tanks—in short, he did everything that a man can do with muscle and intelligent application. He was not afraid to do a thing because he had never done it before.

Moreover, he made his services acceptable by doing, as a rule, more than his contract called for. He was not above treating his employers as so many fellow human beings. When the doctor prescribed wild-cherry cordial for Mrs. Thorndyke, Zadoc put in a whole afternoon in scouring the country for wild-cherries, and brought back a large basketful. He would take no pay.

"Them's with my compliments," he said. "They growed wild, an' I guess they growed wild a-puppus. Knowed thar waz sick folks a-needin' of 'em, mebbe."

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But it was not to be all plain sailing for Zadoc. One evening he went home to the widow Dadd's, and found the widow in tears and her daughter flushed and indignant. They told him that a "boycott" had been declared against him for doing union-men's work, and against them for harboring him. The butcher of the town, who was also the green-grocer, would sell Mrs. Dadd nothing more until she turned Zadoc out of doors. Centre was the nearest town from which she could get supplies, and Centre was three miles away.

Zadoc walked over to the butcher's shop. The butcher was a German.

"What's this here, Schmitzer?" he demanded. "Ain't my money good enough fer you?"

"I ken't help it, Mr. Pine," said Schmitzer, sullenly. "If I don' boygott you, dem fellis boygott me. I got noddin' against you, Mr. Pine, but I ken't sell you no mead, nor Mrs. Tatt neider."

"Runnin' me out of town, are ye?" Zadoc said. "Well, we run men out whar I come from. But we don't run 'em out onless they've *done* suthin', an' they don't let 'emselves be run out onless they've done suthin'. I ain't done nothin' but what I ought, an' I'm a-goin' ter stay here."

He went back to the widow Dadd's,

and told her that he would take charge of the commissariat. That night he got a large packing-case, which Mr. Vredenburg was quite willing to give him, and a barrow-load of saw-dust from the waste-heap at the saw-mill. After an hour's work he had a fairly good ice-box, and by the next night he had that box filled with ice from Centre, and with meat and vegetables from New York. Zadoc read the papers; he had seen the market-reports, and now he was able to determine, by actual experiment, the difference between South Ridge prices and New York market-prices. He discovered that the difference was very nearly forty per cent. The express company's charge for transportation was forty cents for an ordinary flour-barrel, well packed.

Zadoc saw a new vista opening before him. He called on Mr. Thorndyke, and proposed to do that stately person's marketing, and to divide the forty per cent. profit evenly between them. Mr. Thorndyke was at first doubtful and suspicious. He cross-examined Zadoc, and found out what had started the young man on this new line. Then his manners changed. Mr. Thorndyke was not in the habit of carrying himself very graciously toward those whom he considered his social inferiors. But now he grasped Zadoc's hand and shook it heartily.

"I'm glad to know this, Pine," he said. "If you've got the pluck to fight those cowardly brutes and their boycott, I'll stand by you. You may try your hand at the marketing, and if you suit Mrs. Thorndyke, all right. If you don't, we'll find something else for you to do."

Zadoc went in town on the morrow with a list of Mrs. Thorndyke's domestic needs. He had, on his previous visit, sought out the venders who dealt in only one quality of goods, and that the best. To these, in his ignorance of the details of marketing, he thought it best to apply, although their higher prices diminished his profits. In this way he was able to send home a full week's supply of the best meat and vegetables in the market. They proved to be better than Schmitzer's best, and Mr. Thorndyke paid a bill smaller by one-fifth than he had ever received from Schmitzer. Zadoc was only forty-three cents to the good; but he had made his point. Within one month he was buying for ten families, and receiving the blessing of ten weary housewives, who found it easier to sit down of a Friday night, lay out a bill of fare for the week, and hand it to Zadoc Pine with a tranquil dismissal of all further care, than it had been to meet every recurring morning, the old, old question: What shall we have for dinner to-day? And Zadoc found his profit therein.

. . . . . .

One warm evening in September Zadoc Pine sat in the front yard of the widow Dadd's house, whittling a plug for the cider-barrel. He looked up from his whittling and saw a party of a dozen men come up the road and stop at the gate. He arose and went forward to meet them.

"Good-evenin', friends!" he said, driving his jack-knife into the top rail of the fence and leaning over the pickets: "Want to see me, I s'pose? What c'n I do fer ye?"

One man came forward and put himself at the head of the party. Zadoc knew him by sight. It was McCuskey, the "walking-delegate."

"You can get out of this town," said McCuskey, "as fast as you know how to. We'll give you ten hours."

"That's friendly-like," said Zadoc. "I ain't had a present o' ten hours' free time made me sence I wuz a boy at school."

"Well," McCuskey broke in, annoyed at some suppressed laughter in his rear, "you can take them ten hours and use them to get out of South Ridge."

"Ken, eh?" said Zadoc. "Well, now, ef I've gotter go, I've gotter go. I ain't got no objection. But I jest wanter know *what* I've gotter go fer. Then maybe I'll see if I'll go or not."

"You have got to go," McCuskey began, "because you have interfered with the inalienable rights of labor; because you have taken the bread out of the mouths of honest toilers———"

"Sho!" Zadoc interrupted him, "don't talk no sech fool-talk ez that! I ain't taken no bread outer no man's mouth. I ain't got down to that yet. S'pose you tell me in plain English what I've done to be run outer town fer?"

"I came from the North Woods," he said. "They make men where I came from."

There was more hushed laughter in the spokesman's rear, and he set his teeth angrily before he opened his lips again.

"You have no trade, and you have taken jobs away from men who have trades. You took away a painter's job when you painted that barn on the hill."

"I didn't take away no painter's job. It wazn't nobody's job—it wazn't no job at all until I made a job of it. Ef the painter wanted it, why didn't he go an' get it?"

"You've took away Andy Conner's gardening-work all around the town."

"Tha's so!" from Andy Conner, at the back of the crowd.

"Where was Andy Conner when I took his jobs away from him?" Zadoc asked, and answered himself: "Drunk, in Bryan's back yard. Andy Conner works two days in the week, an' I work six. I ain't got no time to be sortin' out Andy Conner's jobs from mine."

Then there came a husky howl from out the thickest of the crowd.

"Vell, you take avay my chob, aynyhow! You take my bissness avay—you take my boocher bissness."

"Ah!" said Zadoc, "that's you, Schmitzer, is it? Yes, yer right. I'm tak'n yer job away—the best I know how. But I didn't take it away until you took the food outer my mouth—thet's what ye did, an' no fancy talk, neither—an' outer the mouths o' two helpless wimmin. An' under them circumstances, every time, I'd take your job away, ef you was the President of the United States."

This was a solemn asseveration for Zadoc. He respected the office of the President of the United States. But it was lost on his hearers. No man in that crowd respected the President of the United States. There came a low, growling murmur from the group:

"Kill him! Hang the scab! Kill him!"

"Kill?"

Zadoc let out a voice that only the Adirondack hills had heard before. Then he checked himself, and talked quietly, yet so that every man on the street heard him.

"I came from the North Woods," he said. "They make *men* whar I came from. I ain't wronged no man in this town. I come here to make my livin', an' here I'll stay. Ef you wanter fight, I'll fight yer, one at a time, or the hull gang! Ye can kill me, but ye've gotter kill me *here*. An' ef it comes ter killin', I c'n hold my end up. I c'n kill a rabbit at forty rod, an' I own my rifle yit. But I know ye won't give me no fair fight; ye want to crawl up behine me. Well, I'm a man from the woods. I c'n hear ye a half a mile off, an' I c'n smell ye a hundred yards."

He made an end, and stood looking at them. He had picked up his big jackknife, and was jabbing its blade deep into the top rail of the fence and picking it out again. A silence fell upon the crowd. Zadoc Pine was a large man and a strong man. He had a knife, and in the door-way behind him stood the widow Dadd's daughter with his rifle, held ready for him.

Zadoc broke the silence.

"Boys," he said, "I ain't no hog. I want you to understand thet I'm goin' to earn my own livin' my own way. I take what work I c'n get; an' ef other folks is shif'less enough ter leave their work fer me ter do, thet's *their* business. I've took one man's job away from him fer cause. But I ain't got no spite ag'in him. He's on'y a fool-furriner. Thet's you, Schmitzer. An' ter show you that I ain't got no spite agin yer, I'm a-goin' ter make you an offer. I'll take yer inter partnership."

There was a derisory laugh at this from the whole delegation, but Zadoc checked it.

"Schmitzer," he said, "you come inside here and talk it over with me. I ain't goin to hurt ye, an' yer friends here'll go down street ter Bryan's an' take a drink. The've been a-talkin', an' I guess they're thirsty."

After a moment of irresolute hesitation the delegation moved off. The men were puzzled. The exiling of Zadoc Pine seemed no longer a simple matter, and they felt the need of discussing a new situation. Zadoc and Schmitzer were left together in the little stone house.

"Schmitzer," said Zadoc, "I'm makin' most as much clean profit outer my ten families ez you're makin' out of yer whole business, an' I don't have no rent

t'pay. Here's my figgers—look 'em over! Now, Schmitzer, thar's no end of business hereabouts thet you ain't worked up. These farmers all around about are livin' on salt pork, an' eatin' butchers' meat wunst a week. We've gotter get their trade and teach 'em Christian livin'. These here quarrymen ain't eatin' meat like they oughter. S'pose we show 'em what they c'n get for a dollar?"

Schmitzer looked carefully over Zadoc's figures. He knew the risks of carrying perishable stock. He saw that people bought more when the opportunities of the great markets were offered to them. Before he left the house he had agreed to work with Zadoc, and to follow his leader in the new scheme for supplying South Ridge with meat and vegetables.

"An' what'll yer friends down street say?" queried Zadoc.

"I don' care vot dey say," responded Schmitzer; "dose fellus ain't no good. I got better bissness now. If dey don' like it, dey go down to Cender un' bring deir meat home demselfs."

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Zadoc retains his share in the Pine & Schmitzer Supply Company; but after he had drummed up the local trade on the new basis, and broken Schmitzer into the routine work, he branched off for himself in a new line.

He had found an amateur electrician among his customers, and with this gentleman's aid he organized the South Ridge Fire Department and Protective Association. Thirty-six householders paid him ten dollars for the plant and ten dollars for yearly service; and he connected their houses in an electric circuit, of which his own bedroom was the central station. In each house was a combined bell and alarm; and if a citizen awoke at night to find his chimney on fire or to hear a stranger within his chicken-house, he rang a wild tocsin in thirty-five other houses, and then

sounded a signal-letter by dot and dash to proclaim his identity. Then the whole town turned out, and Zadoc drove a small chemical engine behind Schmitzer's horse. If the cause of the disturbance was a chicken-thief, and the cause was caught, Zadoc played upon him.

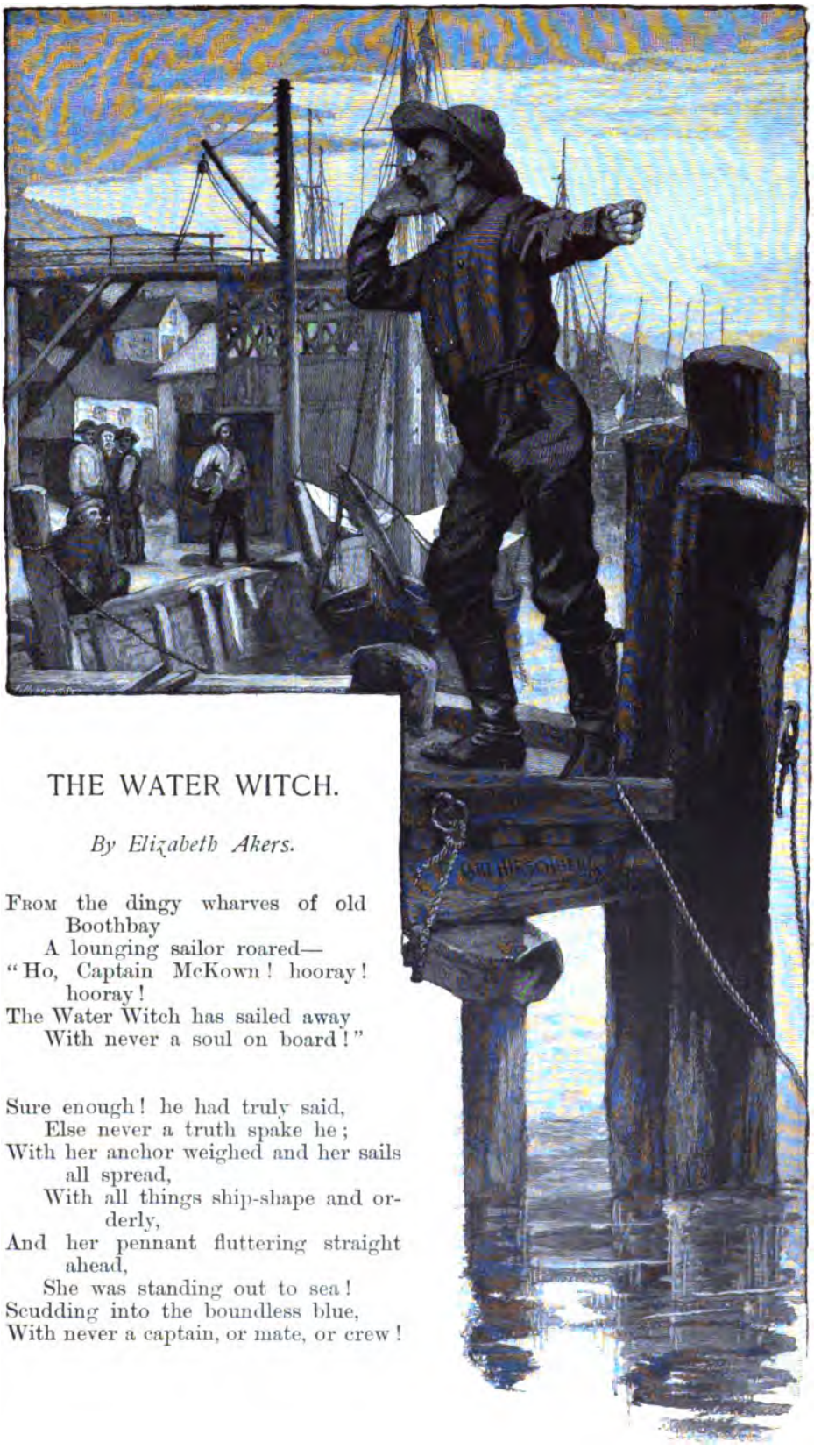
"Can't bring out thet engyne fer nothin'," he said; "she's gotter serve a moral purpose somehow."

Two years and a half have passed since Zadoc left the North Woods. He is an employer now, and an owner of real-estate, in a small way, and he still has South Ridge under his protecting wing, and keeps her yards clean and her lawns trim—or his men do. Moreover. he is the husband of the girl whose smile first welcomed him to the Ridge.

"Man must earn his bread in the sweat of his brow," he has said; "but some men sweat inside o' their heads an' some outside. I'm workin' my brain. I could 'a' done more with it ef I 'a' had edication. When that there boy o' mine gets a few years on top o' the six weeks he's got now, I'll give him all he wants, an' he c'n do the swaller-tail business ef he wants to. Thet goes with edication."

"You have done much for the town, Mr. Pine," the dominie once said to him, "and I am glad to say that your success has been due to the application of sound principles—those principles on which true success has ever been founded."

"Yaas," said Zadoc, meditatively, "an' then—I'm an Amerikin, an' I guess thet goes for suthin'."



THE WATER WITCH.

By Elizabeth Akers.

From the dingy wharves of old
Boothbay
A lounging sailor roared—
"Ho, Captain McKown! hooray!
hooray!
The Water Witch has sailed away
With never a soul on board!"

Sure enough! he had truly said,
Else never a truth spake he;
With her anchor weighed and her sails
all spread,
With all things ship-shape and or-
derly,
And her pennant fluttering straight
ahead,
She was standing out to sea!
Scudding into the boundless blue,
With never a captain, or mate, or crew!

The breeze had whispered a wooing word
To the crank, impatient craft;
She felt her wings like a new-fledged bird—
Her slow roll changed to a sudden pitch,
And, stretching her canvas every stitch,
Away went the tricksy Water Witch
With the warlock wind abaft!

Where was her captain, all this time?
The skipper, proud of his grizzled prime—
Ready and rugged Captain McKown—
Sturdiest tar in the salt old town,
With hands like leather, and face burned brown
By sea-fog, and wind, and sun?
With his rolling gait and his sinewy form,
And voice like a distant thunder-storm
Ere the tempest has begun?

Wherever he was, how sank his heart,
How leaped his pulse with a sickening start,
When the startled sailor roared—
And every wharf-rat joined the shout,
And every loiterer round about—
"The Water Witch has started out
With never a soul aboard!"

Alas, for trusting the treacherous deep!
All day the ocean had seemed asleep;
  No gentlest breath of a zephyr stirred—
  Not even the wing of a passing bird
    Had dimpled the level main.
And the confident captain, quite at ease,
Seeing no sign of the wished-for breeze,
  And little guessing what Furies fell
Fate was sending along his track,
    Stepped serenely on shore again,
  And tarried a moment to say farewell—
    Alack-a-day! alack!

Into his dory like light he flew,
Taking two of his trusty crew.
"Come!" bawled desperate Captain McKown,
  In a voice that shook the sleepy town—
"Stand to your oars with might and main!
    Row, if you never row again!
  If you can capture the Water Witch,
  One of you fellows, I don't care which—
Though he be as poor as a meadow-crane,
  (And I've always sworn she should marry rich)—
    Shall have my daughter Jane!"

Roused by the unexpected spur—
For each had secretly sighed for her—
They never questioned nor made demur,
    Nor paused for a jealous thrill—
No time for rivals to fume and frown—
And the two bluff sailors, brave and brown,
Possible husbands of Jane McKown,
    Bent to the oars with a will;
But every moment the wide, bright reach
Between their boat and the Water Witch
    Grew broader, broader still!

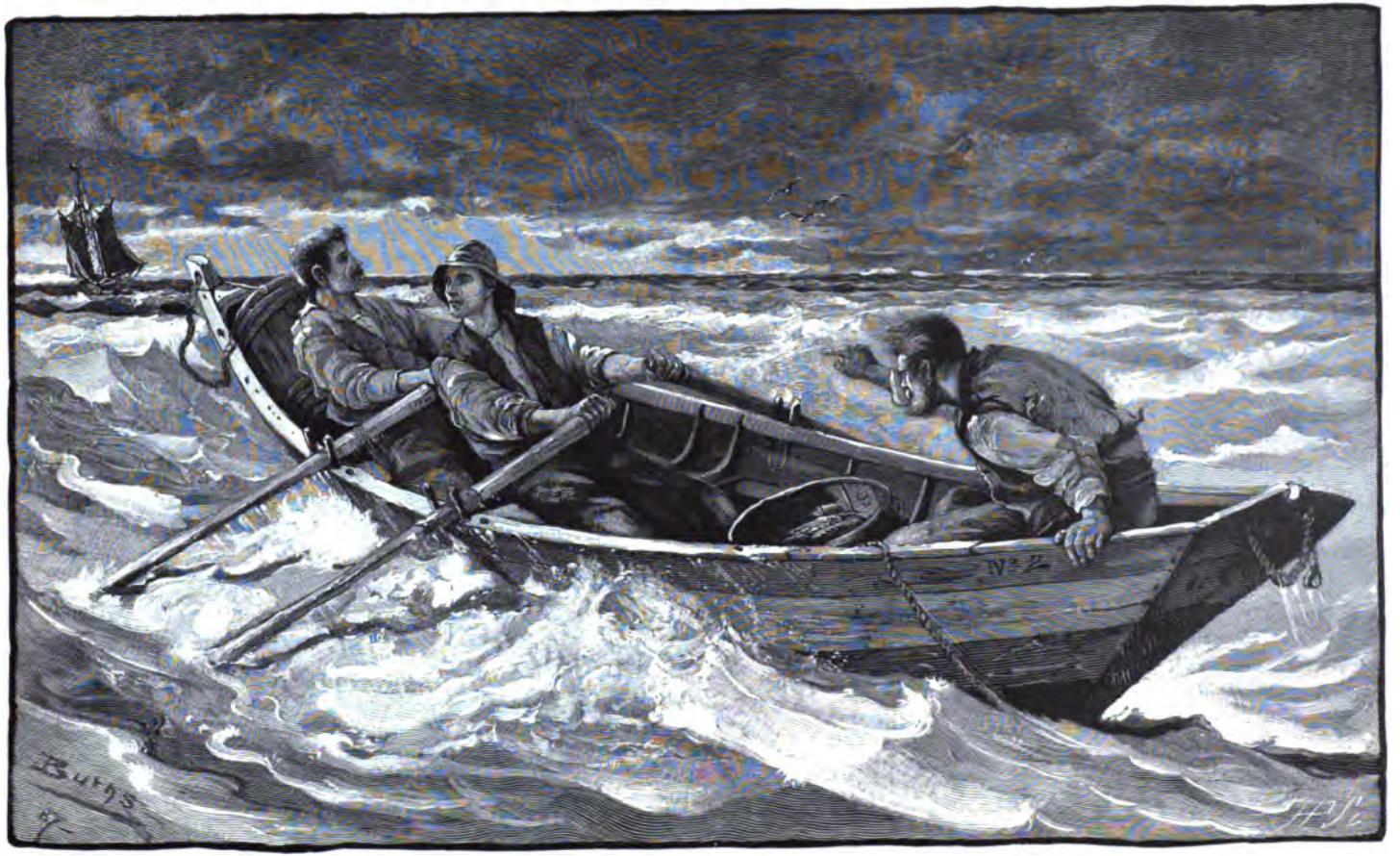
Vainly they pulled, and puffed, and swore;
Vainly did streams of sweat down pour
  From straining shoulder and bending back—
  Limbs might labor, and sinews crack,
  But, pausing neither to veer or tack,
The wild Witch mocked at their white-oak breeze,
As, dancing and dipping with graceful ease,
  She scudded along her foamy track,
And gained on the dory more and more—
    Alack-a-day! alack!

Merrily bowled the truant craft;
  Free as a soul that has never sinned,
  She sped straight on, ahead of the wind—
Her taut sails never a wrinkle stirred;

The breeze and billows sang and laughed,
And her wroth pursuers heard,
As she flew along like a frigate-bird
And left them far abaft.
Without a shudder of straining sail
Did the runaway vessel ride,
Urged by the freshening of the gale,
And helped by the treacherous tide.
Afar from Boothbay's rocks and sand,
Out of sight of the gazing land,
Straight southeast did the vessel fly,
Into the mist 'twixt wave and sky;
And long ere baffled Captain McKown,
Drenched and weary, pulled back to town—
Too tired for rage and too wroth for speech—
His vessel was out of human reach,
With only her topsails, faint and dim,
Above the horizon's rim.

Gone forever! and who shall tell
Where she wandered, and what befell,
Sooner or later, the runaway,
Restless rover from far Boothbay?
Did the ghosts of sailors long ago
Drowned in the salty depths below
Gather again their wave-bleached bones
From the greedy locker of Davy Jones,
And, climbing her side at dead of night,
Pallid and awful, a grewsome sight,
Spring to their places and shout, "Ay! ay!"
To a spectral captain's trumpet-cry,
And pull at the ropes, a ghastly row,
With a mocking chorus of, "Yo! heave, ho!"
Till the wild waves howled in fright?
And when, dismantled by storm and shock,
And the lightning's bolt, and the whirlwind's force,
She plunged and drove toward a fatal rock,
Staggering blindly along her course,
Did the petrel, wraith of the raging deep,
Perch on the taffrail and weep, and weep,
While the winds wailed wild and hoarse?

Or did some gracious and kindly breeze,
Sporting over the sunny seas,
Waft her lovingly—waft her far
From cruel lee-shore and treacherous bar
Which never a vessel unwrecked could pass—
To a realm of Neptune, far apart
From track of vessel or sweep of glass,
Whose lovely isles of enchanted ground
No rude discoverer ever found,
Or mariner noted upon his chart?
Some wonderful archipelago,
Where crystal currents forever flow
Round meadows of fadeless green,



"Row, if you never row again!"

Where marvellous fruits and flowers grow,
Of richer flavor and brighter glow
  Than any by mortal ever seen;
Some Eden-garden of unspoiled bliss,
Where never the guileful serpent's hiss
Or forked tongue's persuasiveness
      Has led the way to sin—
  Since never a human footstep trod
  The tender bloom of the virgin sod—
      Or sorrow or strife has been;
Where never the greed of man has made
The innocent birds and beasts afraid,
  Or wronged their trust by the base intent
Of fell destruction, or bondage sore
  Under the dread of his cruel ire;
Or vexed the waters with keel or oar,
  Or spoiled the forests with axe and fire,
Or made fair Nature his slave, and bent
Her strength to serve him, or scarred and rent
      Her bosom for precious ore.

There, becalmed in some azure bay,
Does she softly drift and drift all day,
While round her the darting dolphins play,
      And the nautilus spreads its sail,
While her idle canvas flaps alway
      As the languorous breezes fail;

And the gurgle about her lazy prow
  Is sweet as the ripples in Cashmere's vale,
Or the jug-jug-jug, in a myrtle-bough,
    Of the Persian nightingale?

Or, safely moored, does she swing and swing,
While sirens sit in her shrouds and sing—
  The same fair sirens which, oft and oft,
Since poets' and travellers' tales began,
  Have lured to ruin the credulous, soft,
Susceptible heart of the sailor-man?
  While mermaids, sporting about her keel,
Chase each other at hide and seek,
Or climb her side in a merry freak,
  And take their turns at the useless wheel;
Or pelt each other with bells of foam,
  Now in the wave and now in the air;
Or lean on the bulwarks, and comb and comb
    Their beautiful sea-green hair?

If these things chanced to the runaway,
  In the far-off regions she wandered through,
After she vanished, that summer day,
From the eager eyes of all Boothbay
    Which watched her as she flew;
Or if, once hidden from human view,
  She earned her name of the Water Witch

By shipping, at midnight, a demon crew
  Who howled and gibbered as up the shrouds
  They swarmed and clambered in grisly crowds,
  When sky and ocean were black as pitch,
    While their evil eyes burned blue
With a blaze of the cold, uncanny light
Seen in a haunted crypt at night
    Where spooks do walk—eheu!—
  And cruises yet, under baleful stars,
  A flying terror to voyaging tars—
No sailor or landsman, young or old,
Has ever in song or story told,
    Because—he never knew.

The waves which bellow their fierce refrain
Against the storm-worn coast of Maine,
Beating themselves till they roar with pain,
    No other clew afford
Than over and over again to say
That once, on a sunny summer day,
Watched by the eyes of all Boothbay,
The eerie Water Witch sailed away
    With never a soul on board;
And since, though over the broad blue bay
Blows often and often a favoring breeze,
And many a vessel, long away,
  Has found and followed the homeward track,
That lonely rover of unknown seas
From the realm of ocean mysteries
    Has never more come back—
    Alack-a-day! alack!

In the history of the arts and letters two cities have been leaders of nations—Athens and Florence;—and two fountain-heads—the Ilyssus and the Arno—have poured their waters into the fields of the world. Ancient Athens is a ruin; but to-day the little city of Florence holds the thoughtful as does no other, even in Italy. It is not the past alone which makes it interesting; it is the fact that there we have the printed page and the record in stone side by side,—that there more than anywhere else the historic souvenir stands visible and tangible.

In Egypt the temples rise from the sands that have covered the life of the people, and in Rome the skeleton of the antique world stands bare and gaunt upon a soil which is itself the dust of bygone civilizations; but in Florence the same walls which to-day resound to the traffic of the towns-people and the polyglot enthusiasm of the tourists echoed the talk of Dante and Guido Cavalcante; the arches that reverberate the loiterer's mandolin gave back the music of Squacialupi and the songs of Lorenzo the Magnificent as he "roamed the town o' nights" with his companions. The same windows which see the English or American families starting with their little red books to do the city, saw the hooded Michael Angelo stepping from his house in the Via Ghibellina, bending over the staff kept there to this day, and turning his face toward San Lorenzo, where his giants lay waiting for him to free them from their marble prison.

Paris has levelled her mediæval streets to build wide boulevards, and London's commerce has overlaid the ancient city: but in Florence you may go with Michael Angelo to San Lorenzo by the self-same streets and turnings; you may follow the crowd trooping to hear Savonarola in the Duomo, may pass the shops where immortal painters worked in the days when painters *non facevano i cavalieri*, and stand before shrines at street-corners famous in Florentine romance, where you walk hand in hand with Boccaccio and Sacchetti as easily as with Baedeker and Murray. Against the wall at your elbow the shoulders of some Ghibelline have been set hard—the stones rubbed by his mailed shirt. The great dint in the stone was made by the missile whirled from a mangonel upon some tower that still rises brown and solid as ever. "Magnificently stern and sombre are the streets of beautiful Florence," said Dickens, and hardly anyone has said better; but if her beauty be somewhat high and frowning, it lives with us the longer, and all about her she wears a garland of olive, well fitted to the city which opened the path of modern thought.

The foreigners have loved Florence so much as to make her half their own. To the Tuscan the *forestieri* are as familiar as the Bargello itself; and it is no mean proof of the dignity and beauty of the city that the inevitable fringe of frippery which hangs upon the skirts of a tourist invasion cannot belittle her.

But it is not all frippery. No city has been more admirably photographed than Florence. The Tuscans are a reading people; or at any rate there are shops full of books, while Vieusseux's noble circulating library has hardly its equal. In it are histories of Florence, big and little, by famous men of by-gone centuries, whose memorial tablets shine upon the city-walls to-day—the Villani, whose house is in the Via de' Giraldi by the Bargello; Machiavelli and Guicciardini, whose names you may see near the Pitti palace; Varchi and Nardi, and many others; historians, partial and impartial, Piagnoni and Medicean.

But to those *forestieri* who speak our English language, no book in the long line has the fascination of the "Romola" of George Eliot. As in the words of Nello, Romola seems the lily of Florence incarnate against the brown background of the old city. Florence seems more familiar and akin to us because we can follow her footsteps about it, and see her between the great reformer and the Judas who betrayed them both, and attended by a whole Shakespearean train —Nello, the barber; Bratti, the ironmonger; Brigida, the dear old simpleton; Tessa, the little sleepy, loving animal; and many others interwoven upon a background of the life and thought of the time.

A whole panorama is unrolled for us, made living by characters, some historic, some fictitious, but all penetrated with the spirit of the fifteenth century, and moving upon the great currents of the age—the desire for civic autonomy, the striving for reform, the passionate enthusiasm for the resurgent culture of antiquity. We listen to Savonarola in the Duomo; to Capponi, speaking for liberty in the palace of the Via Larga. The life of the scholars passes before us in the intense earnestness of old Bardo, or the witty trifling of the Medicean plotters in the Rucellai gardens, and exhibits one of its most characteristic sides in the sayings of the brilliant smatterer, Nello. People famous in history meet us; some, like Piero di

Cosimo, to take part in the story, others only to appear and disappear. Artists greet us for a moment—wild young Mariotto Albertinelli, with his model, emerges into the light of festival-lamps upon the Annunziata place; his beloved friend, Fra Bartolommeo, stands in the glow of the bonfire of vanities with Cronaca and Sandro Botticelli; young Niccolò Macchiavelli talks to us as only George Eliot could make him talk. Charles VIII. of France, whose almost monstrous face we find to-day in a terra-cotta of the Bargello, passes—we see the slit of a mouth, and the "miserable leg" upon the housings of gold; and the expedition of the king to Naples, so heavy with consequences to Italy and the world, becomes an important factor in the story. We listen to the inevitable opponents of Savonarola and reform—the artistic opponents, who sighed over the Boccaccios that burned upon the bonfire; the brutal opponents, in Dolfo Spini's compagnacci and their hatred of all decency; the foolish opponents, in Monna Brigida's thankfulness that the reformer had "not quite turned the world upside down," since "there were jellies with the arms of the Albizzi and Acciajoli on them" at the Acciajoli wedding-feast. We stand upon the cathedral square—Piagnoni at heart, everyone of us—through the author's wonderful chapter upon the trial by fire. We starve with the city in its misfortunes, and rejoice in its success; we see the people of the frescos, and we hear the bells of Florence.

Every visitor to Italy carries away at least a general impression of Florence. It is an impression of brown old stone, of narrow streets, of enormously wide eaves, as if the palaces were shading their window-eyes from the dazzling light; of sidewalkless streets, with polygonal blocks of pavement, like an Etruscan wall laid flat; of fortifications and battlements, seen overhead; of massive gratings at windows that show the pediments of the Renaissance; of still heavier ones, at those of the Gothic times; of escutcheons at palace-angles; of projections corbelled out, throwing deep shadows, and suggesting machicolations through which were dropped stones and beams in the days of street-battle; of shrines at corners, glassed and dusty now, but out of which the long-eyed saints of the fourteenth century look, wondering that the war-cries are gone and that only the street-cries remain, while often and again, in semicircle of white and blue, Madonna with the baby, "ringed by a bowery flowery angel brood," smiles upon one, and says that if war is transitory beauty is immortal; of shadowed streets, and at some opening a burst of sunlit façade, of that checkered pattern, in black and white, so dear to mediæval Florentine eyes.

Above all, one carries away in his memory the image of those buildings which are the outgrowth of the city, her stamp and mark, inseparable from her as the Arno, and as familiar to the eyes of modern travel as was the lily on the florin to the merchants upon every mediæval 'change of Europe. They stand guard over the town like the stone saints at the doorway of a church: the cathedral, a huge Christopher, lifting the cross upon the greatest of all domes; the fair Campanile, like a Gabriel of the Annunciation, wearing the lily of Florence, and calling "Ave Maria" from its peal of bells; and the Palazzo Vecchio, the Michael of the city, bearing the shields of the republic, summoning the townsmen to arms, and giving voice to the will of the people. Then, too, there are San Giovanni, where the Florentines are baptized; and Santa Croce, where the great are buried; the square strength of the Bargello, and the slender Badia tower that rings the hour to the city.

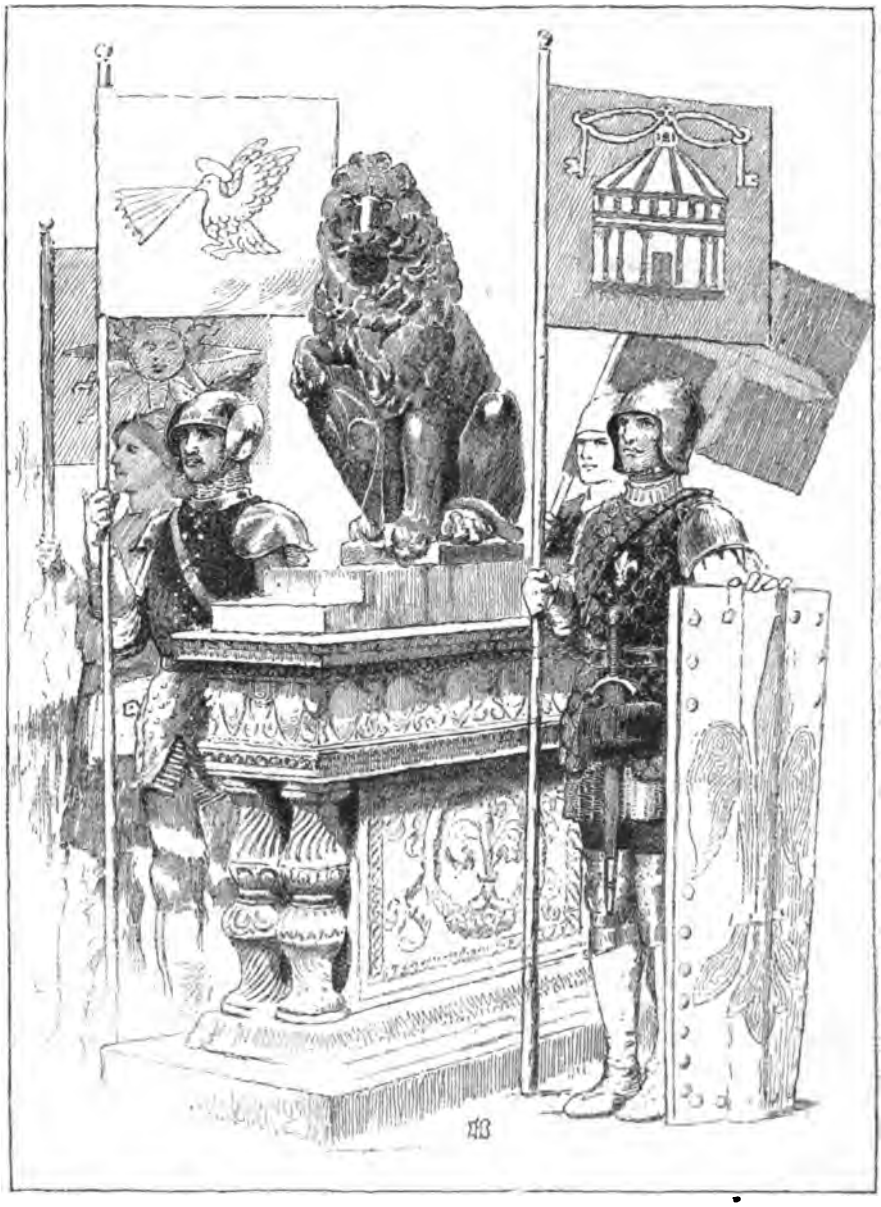
All these make up Florence, and nearly all can be included within a small rectangle, bounded on the south by the river, and on the east by the Via dei Leoni and Via del Proconsolo, running from the Arno to the cathedral; the latter, with its vast length, and the baptistery to the west of it making a large part of the northern boundary, which is continued by the Via de' Cerretani to the western side, formed by the Via de' Rondinelli, Piazza degli Adimari, and Via Tornabuoni. Outside the rectangle historic quarters surround the great churches of Santa Croce, on the northeast; San Lorenzo, the Annunziata, and San Marco, on the north; and Santa Maria

A Bit of the Mercato Vecchio.—Above, Arms of the Medici in the Corso degli Albizzi.

Novella, on the northwest. Besides these, there is that part of Oltrarno including the Via dei Bardi.

Within these limits, or nearly, the Story of Romola runs, and about this little space you may follow it, not in its details—since it returns frequently to the same places—but in its main lines. You may wake up with Tito under the Loggia de' Cerchi; and follow him to the Mercato, where he found the people anxiously commenting upon the death of Lorenzo de' Medici. The house of Ro-

mola's father, in the Via dei Bardi, may epitomize the life of the scholar, the festival of the nativity of St. John give a glimpse of the artist; and with the scholar and the artist we have the great figures of the Renaissance—the human-



Marzocco, with the Arms of the Four Quarters of San Giovanni, Santo Spirito, Santa Croce, Santa Maria Novella.

ist who, from the heritage of antiquity, set forth again the inward worthiness and free agency of man, and the painter and sculptor who once more gave expression to his outward beauty. The scholars and artists of Florence may thus stand as sponsors for the Titos and Tessas, the Brattis and Nellos, and show us

the palaces in which the people of "Romola" lived—the people themselves, as they were painted upon church-wall or carved on marble monuments. In the latter half of the story the interest and, with it, the train of characters converge upon the monastery of San Marco and the Piazza della Signoria, where the fortunes of the state work themselves out and the hopes of Romola are shattered. The monks of to-day, however shorn of their old importance, take us into famous churches—we may see the relics of Savonarola, and follow his footsteps to the great square of the Palazzo Vecchio, where the story ends.

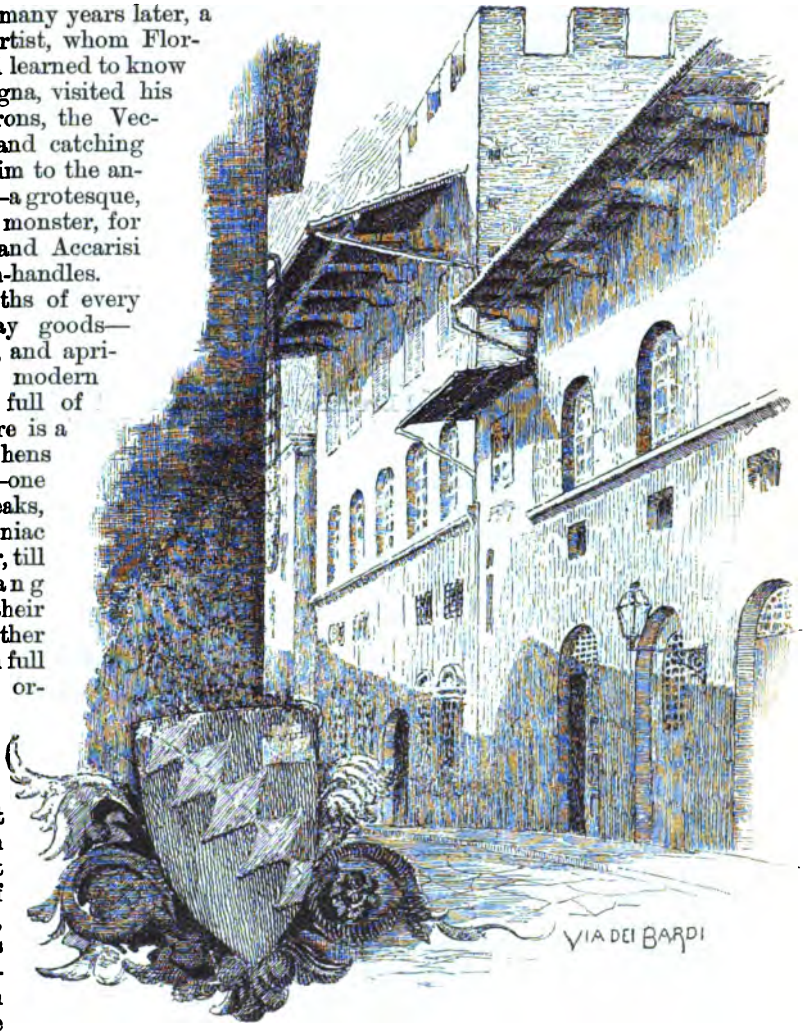
After the noble prologue, the book opens upon Tito awakening to the inquiring eyes of Bratti, the ironmonger, from his sleep under the Loggia dei Cerchi. The loggia is gone; but its place was in the heart of the city, where the high houses crowd together, and where the memorial tablets to the great departed speak of many who had gone from Florence before Tito's time, and of many who came after him. It is a busy quarter of narrow streets, where the procession had to close its ranks, and where Guelph or Ghibelline found a short chain quite long enough to link house to house and stop the oncoming horse or foot of the enemy. A roaring quarter, where Dante heard the shouts of battle, and where Tito, had he listened, could have recognized the whole fugue of the arts of Florence, those famous *arti* major and minor—the shuttles of the woollen-makers, the chisels of the sculptors, the pounding of the metal-workers in the Ferravecchi street, the clicking hammers of the goldsmiths, and the cleavers of the butchers, their predecessors upon the Ponte Vecchio.

Only a few steps beyond the loggia lies the Mercato Vecchio, that famous square which is still picturesque and busy. The municipal broom has swept away the butchers' and poulterers' stalls, and much of that rather Augean market which old Pucci sang; and municipal prudence has housed in a museum the Robbia angels that used to shine whitely over all the blood and dirt and confusion.

The Goddess of Plenty only a few years ago still stood there, high on her column, a kind of Santa Barbara to the tower of Or San Michele. For in early times, when the microcosmic republic not only furnished manufactures to the world, but made its own bread to feed its own soldiers, the captains of Or San Michele mounted the tower yearly, and, looking out upon the fields, decided by their appearance what should be the current price of wheat. She is gone, column and all, but plenty still reigns below in the market—and what a place it is!—the wide rectangle, its centre unpaved; the houses, tall and short, crowded with windows; and below all, about three sides of the piazza, a noisy, smoking, unfragrant medley of shops; a constant push and shouting; a crossing of handcarts; a fizzing of spiders as the fat drips from *polenta*, browning nicely, and eaten hot; a crackling of charcoal under the chestnut braziers; open-air cooking of every sort and kind. If Tito, after his nap, had found but a *grosso* or so in his pocket, he would have taken pretty Tessa's kiss and cup of milk as dessert, and gone for his meal to one of those tempting *al-fresco* cook-shops, with its large, clear fire, its rows of neatly dressed fowls and joints turning on their spits, the hot cakes of chestnut-flour and crisp slices of *polenta* fizzling in their pans, and its brass platters and porringers, engraved with quaint old patterns, gleaming in the firelight. Here Tessa might find her *berlingozzi* to-day, or Baldassarre his bread and meat; and we may see their modern counterparts—shabby men in long cloaks and slouched felt hats, pretty girls in serge dresses and gay headkerchiefs—see them best of all after nightfall, when the brazier-fires seem to leap up higher and make wild Rembrandt effects upon the faces of Bersaglieri munching *polenta* under their waving cocks' feathers, or brown peasants looking curiously at the rude wood-cuts heading the penny ballads that line the walls. There is less "amateur fighting" on the square than in the old times, less filching from stalls, less gambling, for that is done decorously in the state lotteries. Of four churches at the angles, but two subsist, in dirty, crazy fragments; and, indeed, there is perhaps less work for the devil, whom St. Peter Martyr saw fly by, as he preached in the open-air pulpit still remaining. The devil re-

mains, too; for, many years later, a young French artist, whom Florentines afterward learned to know as John of Bologna, visited his friends and patrons, the Vecchietti, near by, and catching the devil, fixed him to the angle of the palace—a grotesque, decorative little monster, for tourists to visit and Accarisi to copy on spoon-handles.

There are booths of every sort, full of gay goods—shawls, red, blue, and apricot, the joy of modern Tessas; booths full of animals, too; here is a boy dragging hens from a basket—one squeak, two squeaks, a whole demoniac panpipe of terror, till half a dozen hang downward by their legs. A little farther on, the parrots, in full consciousness of ornamental security, are shrieking what we feel sure are scurrile taunts at the hens; upon the shop-front are scores of wicker cages, their canaries filling high soprano parts in the chorus of the Mercato; while the thrash of a machine, hidden somewhere, adds to the noise till the big bell of the Campanile booms a diapason. You find Bratti at home just beyond the bird-shop, where the street of the Ferravecchi bristles with old iron. There are chains, bits of harness, copper braziers in whole families of big and little; here and there among the metal are old musical instruments—battered fiddles, a flute or so—and slender, beautiful, verdigrised brass lamps.



The Medici lived hard by here, before they outgrew their house and set Michelozzo to work upon the palace of the Via Larga. Their noses were not nice—one might be of the Grandi, and yet like a leek, and rather enjoy the fish-market at the corner, whose loggia, with its arches, columns, and medallions, is a new-comer since the days of Bratti. And the Medici were not alone in the quarter—the Amieri were near them; and the Strozzi, surely as grandly housed as ever were private citizens, had built their huge palace here, with its back upon the "Onion Place," the Piazza dei Cipolli. Its bases are lined with the long stone seats so well known in Florence; so convenient for the sturdy constituents of the old nobles to stand upon of a *festa*, to see the procession go by, to sit on of week-

days, selling their onions and their spring flowers side by side.

Not far from the Mercato, in the Calimara, was the shop of Burchiello, that Renaissance Figaro of Florence, antecedent to the delightful character of Nello, the barber. It was Nello's shop that next received Tito and the story, and Tito looked out over the barber's saucer and apron at nearly what we see to-day. Some changes there have been, for Florence has worked hard at the façade of her cathedral, unveiling it this year:—some changes, but not many. The stone of Dante has been piously built into the wall, while Lapo and Brunelleschi are put on either side of it to watch their work. But the fair tower is the same; "*il mio bel San Giovanni*" is *bello* still, even beside its later and greater rival. The mighty dome rises as grand as when Michael Angelo, his horse's head turned toward Rome, looked back at it from the hills, and avowed that he could do no better—grand under the sunlight, under the starlight; grand when, on some high festival, covered with lighted lamps, it sits like a jewelled mitre upon the city; grandest of all, perhaps, under the Italian moon.

It was from the shop of Nello that Tito went with his Figaro patron to the house of old Bardo, in Oltrarno.

The Via dei Bardi is still one of the most characteristic parts of the city. The houses of the Bardi are gone, but many such of the early times, those which must have immediately taken their place, remain. Among the frowning streets of Florence it is one of the sternest—chill and wind-swept; a long fortress, easily defended at its ends in the days when the great family, unaided, could send from its houses pikemen to hold the chain barricades of the Ponte Vecchio and the Piazza Mozzi; cross-bowmen to send their bolts whizzing from back windows into the enemy upon the bridges; artillerymen to work the mangonels upon the tower-tops—to fling great stones over Santa Felicità and up the Borgo San Jacopo, or even across the river to the heart of the republican city, the square of the Palazzo Vecchio. Not only could they furnish all these, and officer them with sons and brothers and cousins, but they had their allies, too. There were the Rossi, by the little church of Santa Felicità; and the Frescobaldi, to hold the bridge of the most holy Trinity. The bridge of the Frescobaldi has gone down in ruin before floods fiercer than these faction struggles, and has been replaced by the graceful arches of Ammanati; but the Ponte Vecchio, which saw the gonfalons of the quarters—the dove and the sun, the baptistery and the cross—beaten back by the Bardi, but finally triumphant, stands the same as ever, and says as steadfastly, "*Gaddi mi fece, il ponte Vecchio sono*," as in the days when the great Taddeo set its buttresses against the current. To-day there are parts of the Via dei Bardi where one may stand and not see, within the gentle curve that bounds the vision, a single stone which tells of modern times, or anything but arched windows, jealous gratings, and thick oak doors, heavy with the mass of spikes that stud them—a stern, forbidding street, but with the beauty of dignity, simplicity, and strength. There is little traffic there now; occasionally some fine carriage wakens the echoes of the deep archways as it goes by to the palace of the Capponi, whose name, great as that of the Bardi, illustrates the place still. The street which was "the filthy," the Via Pidigliosa, before the nobles built their palaces there, can never be even commonplace again. And, stern as it is, romance looks down on one from the loggia whence Dianora dei Bardi saw and claimed her husband as they led him to execution, saving his life and the honor of the Buondelmonti;—the story is all in the chroniclers. Robbia's Madonna, too, blossoms like a flower among the dark palaces, above the door of little Santa Lucia—the church in which Romola would have been married had not blind Bardo's memories and anticipations beckoned him to Santa Croce, where he had been wedded, and where he hoped to lie buried.

Midway of the Via dei Bardi a path leads sharply to the right, up the hill of San Giorgio, where Tessa lived, and finally to the mediæval gate, with its frescos and its sculptured St. George. Beyond it opens the pleasant country; and at the side is the fortress where, in blue woollen and lacquer and pipe-clay, some thousand defenders of the modern

Tessas of Florence may be seen. From the crashing palaces of the Oltrarno nobles, the cross-bolts and hurtling-stones of the battle of the bridges, to the wordy combats, the poison-tipped epigrams, the ponderously flung Latin taunts of the humanists, is as far as from the early fourteenth to the late fifteenth century; but topographically it is no farther than a ten minutes' walk from the Via dei Bardi to the palace of the Gherardeschi, in the Borgo Pinti, where a tablet to

Bartolommeo Scala reminds us less of the secretary of the republic than of the scene of the *culex* in "Romola," the suggestion of his quarrels with Politian.

It is, however, in the house of Romola's father that we are really made to participate in the enthusiasms of the man of letters. Bardo dei Bardi, the blind old scholar, the collector of books and antiquities, the compiler and copyist of manuscripts, is a familiar figure in the Italy of the fifteenth century, the age of learning.

When Bardo planned the great work that he and Tito were to write together, the first epoch of humanism, that of discovery, had passed away, and the second, that of compilation, had begun. In both Florence had been in the vanguard. She had welcomed the Greek professors from Byzantium, who came rouged and painted, and clad in stiff, hieratic robes, like the saints who stare down in mosaic from the walls of Ravenna. She had her own noble army of scholars—Boccaccio, Petrarch,

Costumes of the Fifteenth Century Ladies, with Bardi Chapel in Santa Croce, where Romola was Married.

whose mother was born in this Via dei Bardi; Poggio Fiorentino, who ransacked the transalpine monasteries for books and found many an old Pagan author masquerading under frock and cowl; and others, too, who might say with Ciriaco, "I go to awaken the dead." And the dead was awakened. Antiquity rose to life again, wearing a strange garb and with her simple white chiton pieced with bits of mediæval motley, and bespangled with Byzantine tinsel; speaking a strange jargon of corrupt Greek and barbarous Latin;—but ragged and stammering as she was, there was so much human dignity and so much divine beauty about her, that no sooner was she seen than the new Helena won the heart of the mediæval student. A very Helena she was at first, seen dimly, as in a magic mirror; mute or capricious to those who sought most earnestly to learn her secrets; prone to evil, with a "feather-headed" moral lightness that frightened the devout,—or so she seemed, in the dim light of the convent-library; but when brought into the Italian sunshine, the daylight of market-place and lecture-room, she lost this mysterious glamour, and gained in the losing.

All Florence welcomed her. The shop-keeping republic patronized learning as generously as king or pope—professors' chairs were endowed, libraries founded, and famous scholars employed as ambassadors and secretaries. In Florence, scholarship was not a mere ornamental fringe to the sober garment of daily duties; it was warp and woof of that garment, a part of life itself. Young girls, busy merchants, men of pleasure, captains of adventure, women of fashion, shared the enthusiasm for learning; and it is difficult nowadays to realize how important the scholar's place became under such conditions. Women had their part in this feast of reason; Romola's education by Chalcondilas, her familiarity with Latin and Greek authors was not uncommon. Italy abounded in learned ladies—princesses like Hippolita Sforza or Battista Montefeltro, who addressed Latin orations to popes and emperors; noble women who, like Cecilia Gonzaga, wrote Greek beautifully; female professors who filled many of the chairs of the Bolognese university; burghers' daughters, like Alessandra Scala, to whom Politian and Marullus paid court, and that Cassandra Fedeli, to whom Romola intended to apply when she left Florence after Tito's first treason. For humanism was not only an accomplishment, it was a career; in order to follow an ordinary conversation a certain modicum of culture was required, and a woman was obliged at least to read—the result being a certain robustness of intellect, which is so strong an element in Romola's character.

Save in his generous temper, Bardo is a typical scholar, with the maxims of the Enchiridion on his lips, and an intense craving for fame in his heart; too proud to cringe and flatter, too noble to fawn for patronage and to pay its heavy price, and yet not proud enough to disdain what others gained through the sacrifice of their independence, and too often of their self-respect. But Bardo's wish that through his collections his name should be known and honored was not unreasonable in an age that reverenced the tomb of Petrarch like that of a saint, that preserved the study of Accursius as though it were holy ground, and in which some enthusiast, taking the lamp from below the crucifix and placing it before a bust of Dante, exclaimed, "Take it, thou art more worthy of it than the crucified!"

Modern Italy is just at present quite too busy with financial and economic problems to be enthusiastic about literature; but we can still hear lectures on Dante in the Florentine Collegio Reale, and see students almost as picturesquely cloaked as in the old days when Boccaccio discoursed in San Stefano on the same subject; and a few years ago a lineal descendant of the great scholars might be seen in the person of the Marchese Gino Capponi, author of the well-known history of Florence.

From the scholars' library, in which antiquity was diligently studied in manuscript and inscription, the story leads Tito to one of those street-processions which, partly religious, partly civic, were also largely, in their costume and arrangement, the outcome of these very excursions into the ancient authors; and no picture of Italian life in the fifteenth century would have been complete with-

out the suggestion which George Eliot gives of the festival of St. John's nativity. He is a famous saint in Florence, and his is the oldest church—the Baptistery—already old in the thirteenth century, when Arnolfo covered it with the black-and-white pattern which we see there now, and which must have been still tolerably fresh when Nello's barber-shop stood near it. Neither the wide interior of the Duomo nor the many-chapelled Santa Croce is as solemn as the incense-filled space of San Giovanni, whose domed ceiling, as the eyes strain through the darkness, gradually grows populous with a multitude, amidst which the face of the colossal Christ looks out and seems to vibrate upon the colored gloom.

The popularity of pageants in the streets and churches was enormous. After the Allegories of Dante, the Triumphs of Love and Fame and Chastity of Petrarch, the greatest artists could not disdain the setting, and even the stage-carpentry, of the pompous ballet-spectacles in which kings of Scripture, heroes of antiquity, the virtues and vices, elements and attributes, marched and countermarched through the cities of Italy. In the mysteries of the North the missal borders of the Middle Ages had come to life, with all their soldiers and saints, their devils and dragons; but the Italians, that people of artists, added the myths of classical antiquity, and interwove their Bible with Ovid. Brunelleschi set his copper spheres a-whirling, and invented his heaven of angels dancing in concentric rings, his Gabriel lowered by pulleys from a star. Piero di Cosimo was famous for his arrangement of processions. Donatello built his colossal wooden horse for Padua, and Leonardo da Vinci superintended the festivals at Milan.

There were doubtless many absurdities in these processions. But we may be sure that the pictures were fine when Brunelleschi and Da Vinci stood by; and if the painters costumed and set the spectacles, the spectacles reacted upon their own art. Imagine how ardently Mantegna and Filippo Lippi would have worked at the costuming of a procession; how Filippino would have expended upon it the vivid fancy which Vasari tells us of, and which he showed in the curiously devised trophies, standards, and pseudo-Roman architecture of the Strozzi chapel in Santa Maria Novella. If Ghirlandajo looked hard at the Florentines when about their daily avocations, Sandro Botticelli was all eyes as the car of the virtues passed; and we can well believe that the pretty girls of the city vied with each other to be chosen for this or that personification. We see the sublimated reflection of these spectacles on many a canvas or bass-relief of the fifteenth century—in Botticelli's exquisite "Primavera," in Mantegna's "Triumph of Cæsar" at Hampton Court, in the singing groups of Della Robbia, the intertwined boys of the pulpit at Prato, and the panels, pilasters, and friezes of the Renaissance. So great was the passion for spectacles that Savonarola was forced to adapt it to the uses of his theocracy; and in speaking to the multitude, from the pulpit of the Duomo, he clothed his vision of Christ in the forms which the people had seen and understood in the processions and pageants of the streets. Perhaps, too, the great monk never entirely forgot the days when he laid down the lute in his native Ferrara, the city of festivals.

The private palaces of Florence are as characteristic as its public buildings. They are the outcome of civil strife, and through all the elegance of the Renaissance appears the fortress. Within the windows are the gratings that made scaling-ladders useless; below are doors which little save fire or a battering-ram could force; above is the loggia, raised upon the house-top, beyond the chances of street-battle. They are such houses as the one Romola lived in; without they suggest the fortress, and within they smack of the cloister, with their long passages, tiled floors, frequent stairs, and wide, frescoed wall-spaces. The vast rooms contain little furniture, but each piece is a work of art.

The tall towers are gone from the private palaces. A fiat, issuing like a mediæval Tarquin from the Signoria, lopped them to an even level in the thirteenth century; but the escutcheon, carved by some famous artist, still advertises the nobility of the former owner, who is often seen within, kneeling to Madonna upon

Mandolins Passing San Giovanni.

a gold ground, his palms joined, his subtle Florentine profile upturned with reverential if somewhat proprietary interest. In the Borgo degli Albizzi the palaces stand shoulder to shoulder—Neri and Pazzi, Alessandri and Quaratesi; for half the streets of Florence are named for the great families. They have held history and romance—tragedies of blows in the earlier centuries, of poison in the later,—and have sheltered the kindly family life Pandolfini tells of in his "Del Governo."

The famous families of Florence were long-lived. To-day in the Martelli palace you visit the statues which Donatello gave to a Martelli of the fifteenth century; it is by the courtesy of a Buonarotti that the relics in the house of Michael Angelo are shown; the Strozzi, the Pazzi, and many others are seen daily about the streets of the city; and in Santa Croce the tomb of a Capponi—a Gino Capponi, like his great ancestor—is white and shining in the marble of a recent date.

The finest palace streets of Florence are the Borgo degli Albizzi and the Via Tornabuoni. The Borgo almost retains its old appearance; but the Tornabuoni has been given up to the foreigner, especially to the English or American visitor. Thither he goes for his letters and his money; there he reads the papers at Vieusseux's, or loiters in Doney's café; there in the shadow of the stern-looking palace, designed by Michael Angelo, he may buy photographs of everything, big or little, in Florence; there the tourists sit and study their guide-books, in Baccio d'Agnolo's windows of the Hôtel du Nord. It is the oddest mixture in the city, of the old and the new. There in front of the huge Strozzi, and opposite the flower-market, at Giacosa's, the American and English girls eat candy or sweets, according to their nationality; or just beyond, under Alfieri's house, look into the windows of the jewellers' shops, discussing whether the devil of the Mercato Vecchio or the St. George of Donatello is better upon a spoon-handle, whether a bearded head or an athlete will please the longer upon an intaglio or cameo, whether photographs are better mounted upon tinted paper or white—in fact, discussing the thousand delightful trifles of foreign travel, and of present-buying for those at home. Not a few Americans have had close acquaintance with the very house in which George Eliot passed the days when she was acquiring that exact knowledge of Florentine topography which helps to make her book so real. The house was the villa of Mr. Thomas Adolphus Trollope, and stood well out in the country; but since then Florence has grown—it is now within the city, and has become a pension. It is still a privilege to remember it as it once was, with its wealth of carving and Venetian glass, and its wonderful oak-floored and leather-covered library, where the genial old author proudly dragged from his shelves folio after folio of the early Florentine historians, manuscript and black-letter, and showed them by the light of a great stained-glass casement, which filled the whole end of the room, and framed Fiesole, with its rocks, its olives, and its towers.

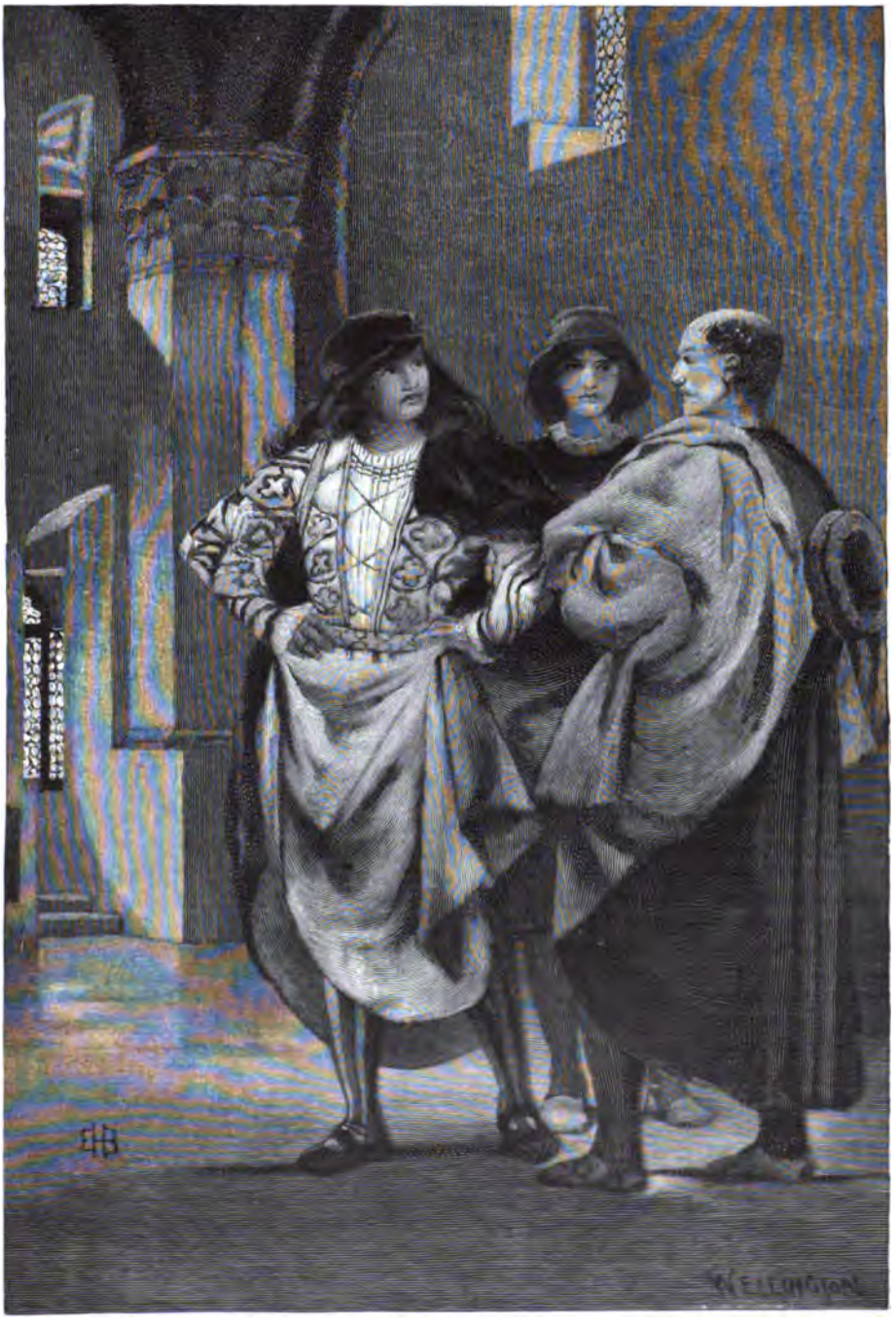
If the palaces of the old Florentines are to be found on all sides, so, too, their ancient inhabitants stand ready to receive us, if we will but go to them. Thanks to the painters, the costume of the end of the fifteenth century can be reconstructed, even to its smallest details; and we know just how Tito looked when he thrust his thumbs into his belt or cast the *becchetto* over his left shoulder; and can find all Brigida's finery, from her pearl-embroidered cap to her coral rosary, in many a blackened picture. For, even if costume was idealized and ennobled by the artists under the influence of classical antiquity, the innumerable portraits of the time represent it as it was worn in daily life. The young Florentines might clothe themselves in Mantegna's or Gozzoli's draperies for a May-day festival or procession, but when they sat to Ghirlandajo or Botticelli for their portraits they wore the mantle and kirtle or the doublet and hose of the latest mode.

The most marked characteristics of this costume are simplicity of line, unity of color, and sobriety of ornament. Florentine elegance always had a touch of severity. The silk brocades made in the town, and sent to France and England, were seldom seen at home. Except

A Florentine Loggia, Via del Proconsolo, and Fifteenth Century Florentine Headdress.

A Type for Tessa, taken from Filippo Lippi.—Above, Gate of San Giorgio near which Tessa lived.

on festival days the Florentines wore their own woollen stuffs, from the shops of the Calimara. The general form of these garments is familiar to us all—the fine-linen underwear, showing at wrist and throat, or pulled through the slashes at elbow and shoulder. For the young men, the long hose, fastened by points at the waist to the tight-fitting jerkin; the loose doublet, falling half-way to the knee; the ample cloak, still worn in Florence; the tiny red cap, crowning a mass of fuzzy curls. For the girls there were the close-fitting gowns, that revealed every line of the body; the flowing over-robe, shaped like a Greek tunic, sometimes girdled in antique fashion; a chaplet of goldsmiths' work or a net of pearls, to confine the long hair. For the elder folk there was the stately *lucco*, that fell in unbroken folds from neck to ankle; the great mantle, lined with furs or velvet; the *barret*, with its hanging scarf, ample protection against the sharp



Some Costumes of the Time of Romola, and Great Hall of the Bargello.

tramontana or the hot sun; grand gowns of rich, heavy stuffs; and all sorts of head- and neck-gear, from the transparent gauzes of Fra Lippo's pictures to the thick veils of the Del Sarto Madonnas, all most becoming to elderly faces.

In Italy the old canons of proportion were never quite forgotten. The waist and hips were never compressed, and the head was dressed so as to appear relatively small. The huge head-dresses, the towering horns and peaks, so popular in England and Germany, the pinched waist and squeezed hips of the French *damoiselle* and *châtelaine*, never found favor in Italy. The mantle, the cloak, the flowing veil were essential parts of an Italian toilet of any epoch, and even in the eighteenth century Venetian women could still be majestic even in hoops and panniers.

Toward the end of the fifteenth century the study of antique sculpture, the influence of the artists, the newly awakened sense of æsthetic criticism, began to find expression in costume. The proportions of the human body, the beauty of its movements, the elegance of its natural lines, were again felt, after many centuries, and since the days of *peplos* and *himation* they had not been more fully expressed. Beautiful as the garments of ancient Greece were, the Florentines were too truly artistic, too thoroughly imbued with the principles of style, to endeavor to imitate them. No doubt artists and patrons looked upon antique drapery as an ideal, but as something quite unsuited to modern conditions, to a cold climate, to the activity of burgher life.

But the youths' doublet and hose, the girls' tight-fitting, square-cut bodice, followed the lines of their young bodies; and the older people wore the long folds and ample draperies that lend grace and dignity to the most uncomely. On the practical character of these costumes—their fitness, their style, in a word—we need not insist. They were as fine in detail as in line. Here, as in every other aspect of Renaissance life, there was much personality; ornament was individual; seals, emblems, arms, devices, the blazons of mediæval heraldry were still in the immediate past, and to them the artists lent beauty as well. So the girl's favorite flower blossomed, unfading, in her silver garland; the scholar's pet maxim, from Seneca or Cicero, was embroidered on his pouch or graven on a medallion. Such charming trifles lent grace and originality to the simplest dress.

The burgher's suit of plain cloth could not fail of distinction when the medal in his cap was wrought by Pisanello or Finiguerra, its device penned by Politian, and the seal-ring on his finger cut by some famous *intagliatore*, ancient or modern. There were fewer silks and velvets in the brown town than in Venice or Milan. A Florentine never loved a silk *zimarre* or a pearl necklace as he did a fine cameo or a good bit of goldsmiths' work, but of the latter he showed a generous appreciation. On the girdle, the pouch-clasp, the dagger-hilt, the garland, cunning workmanship and artistic fancy were lavished. Pretty things were not made by the gross then, and each was a separate creation of the artist. The shops of Cennini, the Ghirlandaji, and the Pollajuoli were full of young students capable of giving shape to any number of dainty conceits in gold, silver, or *niello*. The art or trade of the goldsmith was most honorable; it counted among its members the greatest of Florentine artists. Was not Bigordi always the garland-maker, and did not Brunelleschi set jewels before he set the great jewel on the walls of Santa Maria? We can find Tito's dagger, and Romola's golden girdle, and Tessa's silver necklace and clasp, under glass in some museum, and we can see Tito's mail-shirt in the armory of the Bargello; but time, more cruel than Savonarola's bonfire, has devoured most of our actors' properties, and only bits and shreds would remain to us if the painters, the Florentine "fifth element," had not preserved them for us—and they show us not only the costumes, but the actors themselves. At this time the artists were passing through the realistic phase of their art; had abandoned the well-ordered, symmetrically arranged heaven and hell of the Giotteschi, and were carving and painting men and things as they saw them in the every-day world about them. With their help it is an easy task to evoke the past—every palace becomes haunted; every street crowd-

The Choir Boys of Savonarola.

ed with familiar figures ; at every corner we meet some well-known face—the old Florentines return to their old places. The most indifferent traveller cannot help seeing them, be he ever so blind.

If we take some of these characters of "Romola," and look for their counter-

parts in another art, with a little patience we shall find them all. Ghirlandajo will show us many of them—he who, if he did not paint the walls of Florence, as he wished, portrayed the world that moved within those walls. In the choir of Santa Maria Novella the artist painted the stories of the blessed Virgin and St. John the Baptist; but he has taken his pictures from contemporary life; he has painted his friends and neighbors, not idealized into cold abstractions, but real men and women, with keen, subtle faces, acute and critical, but not unkindly, sharpened by shop-keeping and the *tramontana*, but ennobled by wide culture, and capable of kindling into enthusiasm. Many of them are ugly in line and modelling, with an occasional quite abnormal development of cheeks and chin, bony and flaccid at once. But intellect can do much to beautify the most ill-favored. Each of these figures is a definite personality, clearly and distinctly marked, invaluable to the student of history, with no softening of lines or angles—a portrait straight from life. Here we are face to face with the old Florentines.

On the right is a group of humanists —Politian, "whose juvenile ugliness was not less signal than his precocious scholarship;" Marsilio Ficino, brought up as a Platonist from his cradle, "and whose mind was, perhaps, a little pulpy from that too exclusive diet," both spare and small, with pale faces; Cristoforo Landino, white-haired and worn, in black gown and *barret*. Behind them, among a group of grave, gray-haired men, is a figure handsome and majestic enough for Romola's god-father, Bernardo del Nero. On the panel directly opposite is Tito, known in Florence as *Il Bello*, in dark mantle and red cap, looking at us over his shoulder, out of long, brown eyes; here, too—a genuine portrait—is the massive strength of Niccolò Caparra. On the left a dark, bald man, in a plain russet suit, suggests Baldassarre, and one shrewd face, with a humorous twinkle in the keen eyes, must be Nello's; while near by is another actor in our drama—young Lorenzo Tornabuoni, then in the Medicean bank.

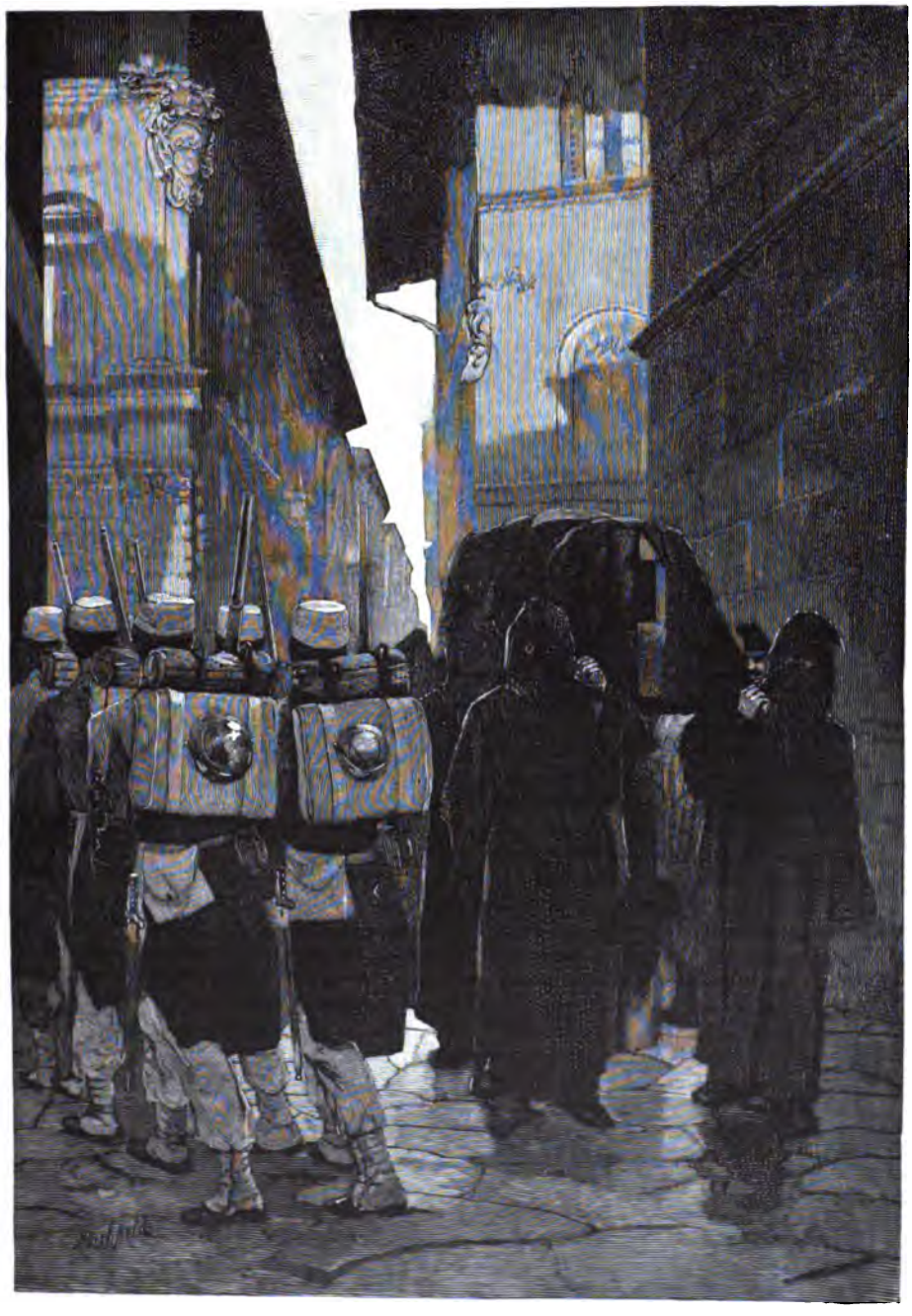
For the peasants and some of the older folk, pretty Tessa, meek, deaf Monna Lisa, bargaining Bratti, and silly Brigida, we must go to Fra Filippo Lippi, who was not afraid to paint very commonplace sinners as saints, little rustics as Madonnas, and the street-urchins of Florence as boy-angels and blessed *bambini*.

In the Bargello we find the strange head of Charles VIII., ugliest of knight-errants, and the bust of Macchiavelli, no longer the witty young secretary of the republic, but the saturnine author of "The Prince," worn and embittered by poverty, disappointment, and the sad necessity of serving those "Signori Medici."

In the cloister of the Badia is the tomb of Francesco Valori, the fiery partisan of Savonarola—a plain sarcophagus, surmounted by a bust; the massive features and long, straight hair remind one of those Puritans and Covenanters with whom the Piagnone had much in common. Little Lillo and Ninna, and Savonarola's white-robed, olive-crowned *angiolini*, we see again and again; for the beauty of babyhood was first discovered and translated into form by the artists of the Renaissance. The portraits of Savonarola are too well known to every tourist to require note or comment. One never tries to find Romola herself; we see her, as did her blind old father, only as something vague and shining.

The November holiday of 1494, with its ugly ending for Tito, sent him to Niccolò Caparra to buy his mail-shirt, "the garment of fear." There is a restaurant now at Niccolò's street-corner, but under a house massive and picturesque enough to justify the tablet to the memory of the old armor-maker. Tito found Caparra forging spear-heads; and soon after, his prophetic anticipation was justified by the entrance of Charles VIII. of France, whose short occupation of Florence enabled Tito to sell the library, betray the sacred trust of Bardo, and alienate Romola.

The long hall of the Medici, now Riccardi palace, upon the Via Cavour, in which Capponi tore the treaty—saying, "Then if you blow your trumpets, we will ring our bells"—is greatly changed, and suggests the flute and violin, not the trumpet. There are rows of mirrors in rococo frames with Cupids painted on them, and the long-arched ceiling has



A Picturesque Meeting; the Compagnia della Misericordia.

been splashed by Luca fa Presto with a whole regiment of gods and goddesses. Not far from the palace is the gorgeous church of the Santissima Annunziata, between whose square and the hill of San Giorgio, Tessa, in the intervals of her many naps, played her poor little rôle. There the lamps, which swing in a constellation of gold and silver, yield a "yellow splendor in itself something supernatural and heavenly to the peasant-women"—a heaven of gilding and light, and rich colors and sounds surrounds them; at once their drama, their picture-gallery, and their church; an epitome of their hopes and fears, and the vague wonder which is their nearest approach to an appreciation of the beautiful. The lamps have been wonderful to thousands of Tessas since the evening she brought her cocoons there and, kneeling, looked at the handsome St. Michael and thought of Tito. To-day you may see peasant-women, sad-faced and worn, as naïve and simple and dull as Tessa, if not as pretty, passing under the often-proclaimed *Guibbileo* of its doors, kissing the silver altar-front again and again, and bowing to the dark face of Andrea's Christ, looking out from the splendor. Tessa is perhaps the only character in the book who is the same to-day as in the fifteenth century. Outward events make no impression upon a mind too shallow to take account of them; and the little Tuscan model from some *castello* of the surrounding hills, who sits to-day for the Florentine artist, is as little affected by the facts of United Italy and Roma Capitale as was Tessa by the entrance of the French or the war with Pisa.

The story takes us onward to the Medicean plotters in the Rucellai gardens, and *their* world is changed indeed. The gardens are beautiful still, with ilex and cypress and olive, but conspiracy with epigram and lute and critical admiration of antique gems, diplomacy which conferred its highest honors upon the orator's Latinity, are as far removed from us as the peacock roasted in its feathers.

After Tito foils the attempt of his foster-father in the gardens, he is counterfoiled in turn by Romola in his own attempt to deliver Savonarola into the hands of Dolfo Spini. For a time the reformer is still in the ascendent, and we have the charming pictures of the "angelic boys," whose descent upon Tessa, and temporary conversion of Monna Brigida, brighten the latter part of the story. But tragedy soon meets us again in the Bargello.

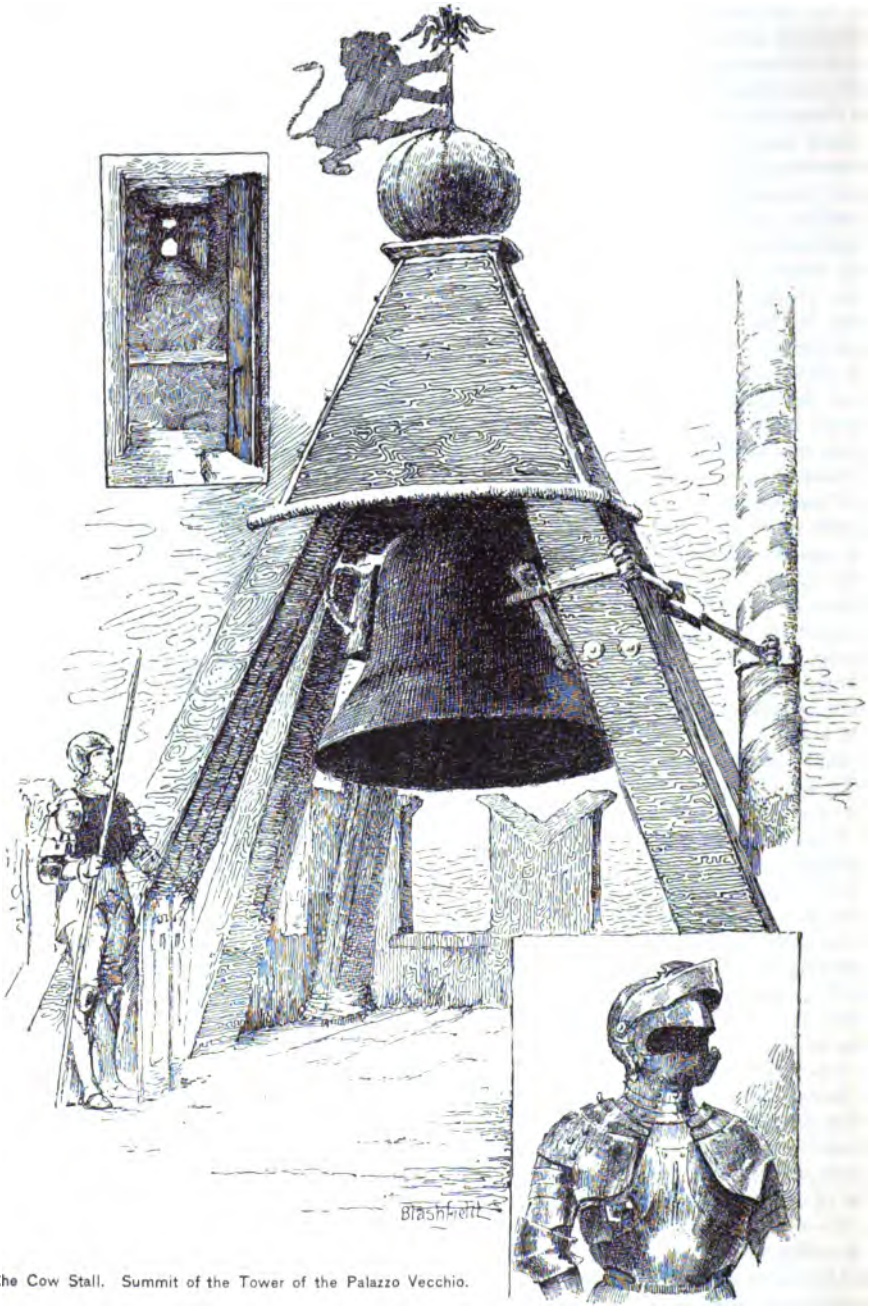
Nowhere in Florence is the contrast between the past and the present more marked than in the Bargello, that older brother of the Palazzo Vecchio; once a place of punishment and torture, the head-quarters of the *podestà*, or military governor of the city. Grim memories cling about its massive walls—it has stood sieges, held patriots and traitors, sheltered tyrants, and seen blood flow in execution, massacre, and revolt; stone cells line the court and lead out of the great halls; in the council-chamber, now an armory, is the trap-door of the ancient *oubliette*, once filled with human bones; and the scaffold stood in the centre of the famous court, which has been little changed since Romola climbed the lion-guarded staircase to look her last upon her god-father. Kindly time has washed away the blood-stains, and the painted traitors, hanging head downward from its walls; the stone escutcheons and lambrequined helmets of the old *podestàs*, still remain; but instead of the agonized crowd that then filled the loggia, there is now a row of church-bells, graven with words of peace and blessing; in the chambers where the torturer handled his tools, Robbia's Madonnas smile upon us; and in the chapel, where the condemned received the last sacraments, Florence found her poet—a young Dante, unimbittered by exile. Only the armory on the ground floor and Pollaiuolo's condottieri recall the sterner uses of the grand old palace.

The monks of Florence, whose predecessors bore the statue of the Impruneta, and opposed or supported Savonarola, have fallen upon evil days; but they nurse their antique glories, and still go, picturesque figures, about the streets. Once their churches were so many ecclesiastical strongholds, each brotherhood proud of its traditions and names—the Dominicans of Santa Maria Novella boasting their Madonna of Cimabue and their frescos of Ghirlandajo; the Augustinians of Santo Spirito, proud of their culture; the Carmelites, of their

famous brother, Filippo Lippi, and their Brancacci chapel, that artistic sanctuary of the Renaissance where Michael Angelo and Raphael looked and learned; the Dominicans of San Marco pointing to their angelic brother, and to Fra Bartolommeo; the Franciscans, proud of their poverty and of their magnificent church;—and all prouder still of their importance in the ecclesiastical body, their relics, and their places in the processions of the town. To-day their pride has passed away; and even their proprietary interest in their art-treasures is sadly diminished. San Marco has gone forever from its monks, and the tourist pays his franc to see the Angelicos and visit the cell of the great reformer. Santa Croce is to be secularized as a Pantheon to the dead Florentines; the Carmine is but a parish church. But at least their frescos all remain *in situ*, and cannot easily be dragged from their places to a gallery—a fortunate circumstance.

The brothers of the friars' churches are more interesting than the priests of the parochial ones; particularly those of Santa Maria Novella, which has kept some of its monks and all of its art-treasures. The mantle of St. Dominic has descended but lightly upon the shoulders of these good fellows, and even his sombre souvenir cannot darken their smiling faces. The memories of Savonarola, of the saintly Bishop Antonino's works of mercy, and of the angelic monk of Fiesole have come between. There is little of Fra Angelico's poetry in them; but they are gentle and kind to the poor, and a namesake of the saint-bishop Fra Antonino, under his black hood over the white mantle, was a really startling reminder of the greatest man of his great order—a coincidence to watch and study, with the beetling brows, the deep-set, bright eyes, the thick nose, full lips, and heavy jaw of Savonarola in Bartolommeo's portrait—the fierce frown and sweet smile the chroniclers tell us of. We were bidden by him to be quite at home, and paint at ease, with the assurance that nobody was disturbed. The sacristy was a little church-world, and gradually one learned to take an intelligent interest in it. Peasants and city-poor entered, for consolation in heavy sorrow, and for the smallest gossip of daily life. On some days there came a mighty shuffling, echoing along the passages, and a flood of the personally conducted burst into sight, inundating everything till one seized the canvas by its top and the easel by its legs to preserve them; while the tourists climbed steps, read their books, studied the backs of monuments,—for the recondite always appealed to them—and formed their ideas to quick music. A sketch was always tempting to them; and just as on the stage they would have applauded a real lamp-post or a real horse-car, so a live artist at work was for the nonce more absorbing than the pictures of a dead one. They had little time, how-

Fra Antonino, the Dominican,—a Souvenir of Savonarola



The Cow Stall. Summit of the Tower of the Palazzo Vecchio.

ever, to look, for they were involuntary impressionists, and were hurried away by their leader. These caravans were always noisy and hurried; and no wonder, for a conductor who is at once dictionary, time-table, mentor, friend, and whipper-in of stray couples, must be a tired and a worried person.

The brothers divided the duty of *cicerone* cleverly. Fra Giovanni, a stout,

handsome monk, evidently their best spokesman, explained their Ghirlandaji; for they are a more complicated people than the other frescoed ones, because their names are often known and may be catalogued to the visitor, not only in the anticipation of *buona mano*, but

Door of Chapter House in the Convent of San Marco, where Savonarola received Romola.

with real, corporate pride. "We have not such Giotti as has Santa Croce," said he, one day, "but our Gaddi and Memmi are unequalled in the world, and as for our Ghirlandaji"— here he interrupted himself to jingle two keys at some distant tourists, and call to them, in a sort of subdued shout, "Do the gentlemen wish to visit the Spanish chapel?" Brother —— (his name has escaped our memories) could show the other chapels; and anyone who happened to be near, in frock or out of it, monk or bell-ringer, would cheerfully and unasked fling a bit of information to any foreigner who happened to approach the object named. "*Terra invetriata, molto bella, Luca della Robbia.*" The Robbia fountain was beautiful indeed, and it was a pleasure to see this noble art-work taking its part in the daily uses of life, as the brothers often and again washed their hands or rinsed their *fiaschi* in it, nowise fearing the injunction running beneath the Madonna across the marble, —"Take heed that thy hands be pure if thou washest here." Service after service passed out of the little sacristy as we sat there, and the bell took on a solemn sound for us when we learned that it ushered forth the *viaticum* upon its frequent errand to the sick and dying.

During another visit to Florence, two years later, we saw Brother Antonino again, and he sat for a study of his head. He looked as much like Savonarola as ever, but "the pleasant lust of arrogance" in the great reformer was softened in him into a gentle complacency that artists should wish to paint him.

To the remark, "So you are still at Santa Maria Novella," he replied, "I shall die here." Let us hope so; it would be a pity that the church should be secularized, that the "Sposa" of Michael Angelo should have her nun's veil taken from her, and should exchange her cowled brothers for the blue-coated guardians of a government museum.

In the latter half of "Romola" the episodical groupings of various characters, whose dialogue is framed by the mercato or the loggia or the shop, are replaced by the continuous dramatic interest. The fate of Romola herself is interwoven with the fate of the republic, and the background of the story becomes the history of Florence. We follow the heroine upon an upward current of suffering as she loses, successively, husband, godfather, and teacher; and upon the same current the city is borne along, breathing hard in the struggle that preceded its final agony—the siege of 1529—while George Eliot makes Tito an active instrument in the fortunes of the state, without violating historical consistency; and to Tito, whose "mind was a knife-edge, working without the need of momentum," she adds the bludgeon-like Dolfo Spini. We see the great monk holding the people, first by enthusiasm, then by the means which enthusiasts are often swept into using when they feel the reins slipping from them; finally accepting, under pressure, the Franciscan challenge to enter the fire. Before that, however, the crowning bitterness of Romola's life is reached, when her teacher, Savonarola, fails her, and Bernardo del Nero goes to the scaffold. All the remainder of the story that relates purely to the heroine is anticlimax. We see Tito's knife-blade working noiselessly on, the edge turned always from himself, cutting women's heart-strings and men's lives, his prosperity increasing with his treachery. The trial by fire follows, and the Masque of the Furies; and as Tito's fortunes are at their highest, the knife turns in his hands, cutting his best-laid schemes to pieces. After the death of the traitor comes the burning of Savonarola, and the story ends.

The tragedy is lighted by the conversion of Monna Brigida on the day of the Pyramid of Vanities, and by the scenes with Bratti and Tessa. But the main pathway of this latter portion becomes that from San Marco to the Piazza della Signoria, along which pass figures, blessing and cursing, cowled monks and armed rabble, the torch and the crucifix,—but all tending forward, past the death of Savonarola, to the apotheosis of Florence, when she stood alone for liberty, and fell at last after her famous siege.

It is one of the longest pathways trodden in the story, for the convent is farther from the centre of the city than most points mentioned. The nearest way from the palace is down the Calzaioli to the cathedral place, then by the Via Cavour to the Piazza di San Marco. Calzaioli is still the busiest street in Florence, and in Romola's time, far narrower than now, bore the name of the Corso degli Adimari at its northern end, and in the portion near the old palace that of the Via de' Pittori, for the painters who helped give fame to Florence were worthily lodged there. The Via Cavour was the Via Larga (the wide street), on which still stands the palace of Cosimo the Ancient. A rather paradoxical loss of its old name followed its second widening, and a good choice has given to the street of the first republic's enslaver the name of one of the liberators of Italy. San Marco, standing upon its wide piazza, is at first disappointing. It is too trim, the edges of wall and arch too sharp, too liberally covered with white and yellow wash. It seems almost tame for the great memories that should haunt it and walk the bare corridors under the beamed roof. There are plenty of them—memories of Bishop Antonino and Fra Bartolommeo and the monk of Fiesole, all giving way before those of the extraordinary man who, from 1492 to 1498, was the central figure of Italy; who drew upon himself the hatred of the pope and the Franciscans, the admiration of Michael Angelo and partisans of liberty; who reconciled austerity with the love of beauty in the eyes of such painters as Botticelli, Baccio della Porta, and Lorenzo di Credi; and who believed that to unlock the doors of Paradise the keys of St. Peter must be cleansed from the rust of the slothful popes, the blood of Sixtus

and the Borgias. Florence is so rich in famous men that her long portico of the Uffizi has room for but a small portion of them; but among them no name is more essentially Florentine than that of the Ferrarese, Girolamo Savonarola. The traces of his footsteps are visible enough in the city which has so well retained its ancient appearance. Everyone visits his cell in San Marco, and sees his portraits there and in the academy. His church has been modernized into seventeenth-century ugliness; but on the night of the Masque of the Furies it echoed with the fusillade of monks and acolytes firing from the altar, and with the crash of blows as the scriptorius, a kind of loving young St. John to Savonarola, beat back the compagnacci with his heavy crucifix. Along the streets which, on the night of his arrest, the reformer traversed between the armed guards he had asked from the priors, we go to the Palazzo Vecchio and the Piazza della Signoria.

There are in the world few grander buildings than that citadel of Florentine liberty, the Palazzo Vecchio; it is an embodiment of militant beauty in stone. In earlier times the scene of so much that was noble and base, it became in the fifteenth century the place of Savonarola's triumph and agony. For there in the vast hall of that great council he so labored to secure, he set a whole people to work at a fever-heat of enthusiasm, with Michael Angelo and Leonardo da Vinci among the workers, that an asylum might be created, a refuge and an appeal to the many against the injustice of the few. The Medici changed the place; the arch-patrons of art destroyed the designs of Angelo and Leonardo, setting up the clumsy statues of Leo and the dukes, and the ceilings of Vasari, celebrating Cosimo;—they wanted no unpleasant souvenir of the great council. But the centuries have seen "the Medicean stamp outworn," and have placed the statue of the mighty monk in the middle of his hall.

Broad stairways lead to the base of the tower whose machicolated parapet and column-supported summit give it such unique character. A narrow spiral leads up and up, each loophole-window showing a higher sky-line, till, when the top is nearly reached, under the battlements, between the corbels of which are the shields of the republic, a horrible place opens from the stairs into the wall. In it there is just room for a stone bench the length of a man. The small, heavy door swings outward. In this hideous cell Savonarola lay for days, his body racked by the torture, his mind by the consciousness that his enemies were inventing and attributing to him lying speeches to dismay his disciples. He left it only for the stake. In the massive wall the window, less than a foot square, splays in and funnels toward a point; the one object visible from this slit in the wall is the brown mass of Santa Croce, the stronghold of his enemies the Franciscans, whence issued the challenge for the trial by fire, the first fatal downward step in the reformer's path. A few paces above this inferno, Paradise itself seems to open, as the platform of the tower is reached. Around one are the forked Ghibelline battlements; from their midst rise the four massive columns; a dizzy staircase, winding about one of these, leads to the bells; still another and narrower stairway takes one, with care and stooping, to the cow-stall, the abode of the antique *vacca*, the bell whose lowing called the townsmen together. There it still hangs from beams placed pyramidally and forming the point of the tower.

Above it, upon a vane, in violent foreshortening, Marzocco, the lion of the republic, in that attitude of ecstatic flourishing peculiar to lions in such cases, waves his mane and tail high above his brother Marzocco of the Bargello, and over all other Marzocchi, bronze, marble, or wooden, in Tuscany. Before one is the valley of the Arno, from the mountains of the Casentino to the dentellated Apennines of Carrara, with the shining river curving down to Pisa. Below is the city; and as one mounts, the great buildings rise far above their fellows, as great men in history rise to their true places in the past, when seen from the present. The familiar landmarks of the old time are still there, till we read the city like a page of Villani or of Dino Compagni. Palaces and churches stand to-day as when Guelf and Ghibelline were names potent to conjure with

A Florentine Corner.

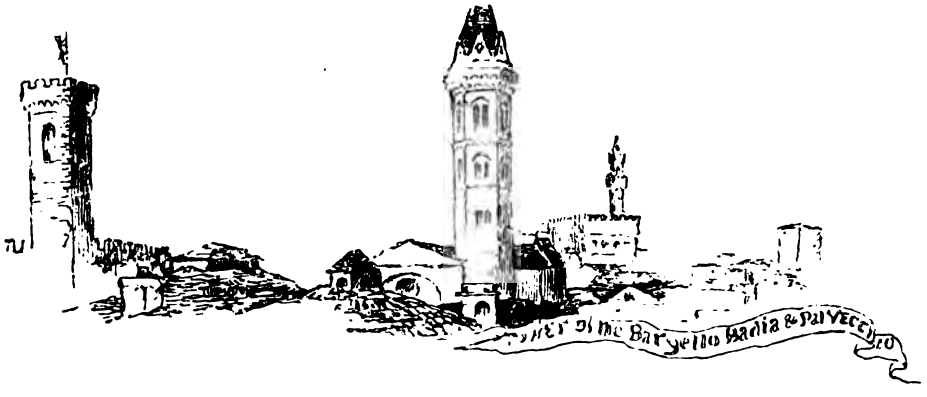
and to strike fire from steel; streets and squares, as when Savonarola quivered in the room below or burned upon the piazza.

There is something new, too—"The Pope Angelico is not come yet;" but here at our hand, upon the parapet, workmen are setting out lamps for the birthday of a queen who writes Savoy after her name, and yet who gathers, among those who acclaim her with affection, Florentines and the antique en-

emies of Florence, citizens of north and south,—a queen of United Italy. For the ashes of Savonarola, which were sown broadcast to the wind, have borne seed in the days when the land cherishes the dust of patriots, and writes upon the stones of its cities the names of Garibaldi and Mazzini, and Cavour and Victor Emmanuel.

The story of "Romola" leaves us with a sense of sadness and defeat. Savonarola died mute and unjustified; his friends and disciples robbed, murdered, and driven into exile; his life's work undone; and the kingdom of God, he had labored to found, shaken to its foundations. But only a few years after, under a Medicean pope, he is solemnly rehabilitated by the church—the historians estimate him at his true value, devotees make pilgrimages to his cell, Fra Bartolommeo paints him as the patron saint of his order, and Raphael places him in a frescoed Paradise among a glorious company of prophets and sages. Today, in an Italy that does not love monks, Ferrara raises his statue before the castle of the Estensi; and in Florence, in the vastness of the great council-hall, is his colossal image. Many changes have come to his beloved city; but she is faithful to his memory, and those who do not reverence the priest honor the patriot who withstood tyrants and loved liberty.

Here, in Italy, liberty has worn many guises;—she has hidden herself in the scholar's gown, and laughed in the motley; she has rioted in the Masque of the Furies, and put on the soldier's corslet, the poet's laurel, and the monk's frock and cowl. In our own days we have seen her in the red shirt of Garibaldi, when she came to take possession of the land. The miracle that prophets and patriots prayed for in vain has been wrought in its own time. After three hundred years the prophecy of Savonarola has been fulfilled, and the deliverers have come, not from without, but within, not only to save the city, but the country—a king whose proudest title was that of honest man, a soldier who unsheathed the sword of righteousness. Italy is free from the Alps to the straits. The narrow jealousies and fierce civic hatreds of province to province and town to town, are vanishing before the large ideal of national unity—an ideal nobler than that of the great reformer; and Florence can again write Liberty upon her banner, above the lions and the lilies.

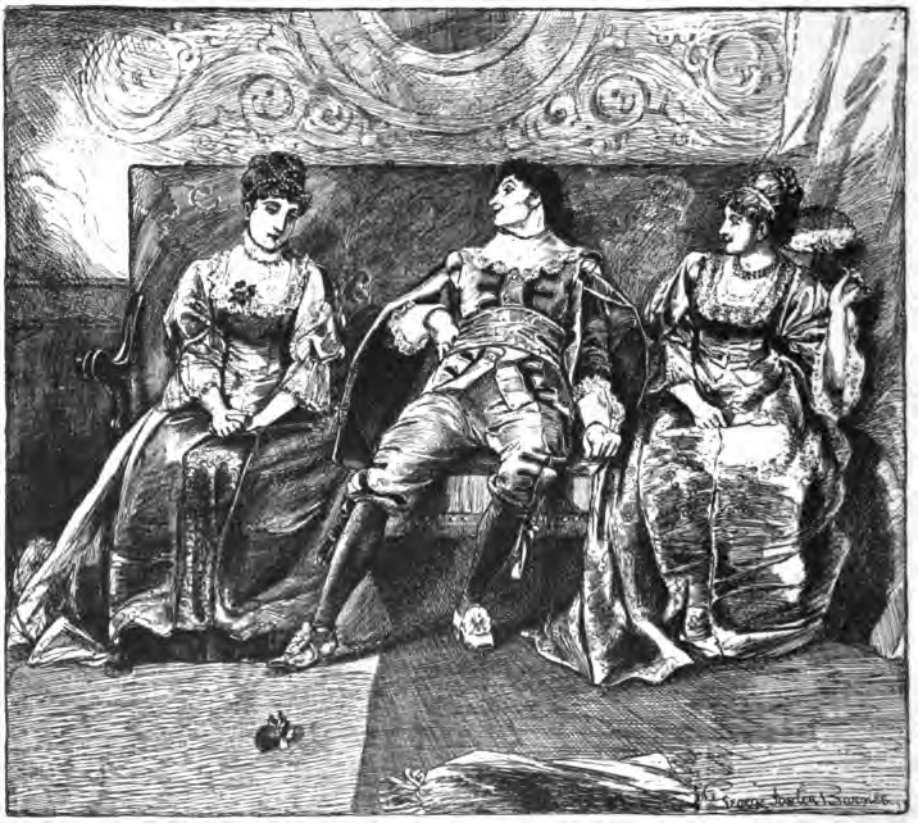


FOR A BOOK OF AIRS.

By Austin Dobson.

I.

When first I came to Court,
Fa la!
When first I came to Court,
I deemed Dan Cupid but a boy,
And Love an idle sport,
A sport whereat a man might toy
With little hurt and mickle joy—
When first I came to Court!



II.

Too soon I found my fault,
Fa la!
Too soon I found my fault;
The fairest of the fair brigade
Advanced to mine assault.
Alas! against an adverse maid
Nor fosse can serve, nor palisade—
Too soon I found my fault!

III.

When INDRA's eyes assail,
Fa la!
When INDRA's eyes assail,
No feint the arts of war can show,
No counterstroke avail;
Naught skills but arms away to throw,
And kneel before that lovely foe,
When INDRA's eyes assail!

IV.

Yet is all truce in vain,
Fa la!
Yet is all truce in vain,
Since she that spares doth still pursue
To vanquish once again;
And naught remains for man to do
But fight once more to yield anew,
And so all truce is vain!

LAW LANE.

By Sarah Orne Jewett

THE thump of a flat-iron signified to an educated passer-by that this was Tuesday morning; yesterday having been fair and the weekly washing-day unhindered by the weather. It was undoubtedly what Mrs. Powder pleased herself by calling a good orthodox week; not one of the disjointed and imperfect sections of time which a rainy Monday forced upon methodical housekeepers. Mrs. Powder was not a woman who could live altogether in the present, and whatever she did was done with a view to having it cleared out of the way of the next enterprise on her list. "I can't bear to see folks do their work as if every piece on't was a tread-mill," she used to say, briskly. "Life means progriss to me, and I can't dwell by the way no more'n sparks can fly downwards. 'Tain't the way I'm built, nor none of the Fisher tribe."

The hard white bundles in the shallow splint-basket were disappearing, one by one, and taking their places on the decrepit clothes-horse, well ironed and precisely folded. The July sunshine came in at one side of Mrs. Powder's kitchen, and the cool northwest breeze blew the heat out again from the other side. Mrs. Powder grew uneasy and impatient as she neared the end of her task, and the flat-iron moved more and more vigorously. She kept glancing out through the doorway and along the country road, as if she were watching for somebody.

"I shall just have to git ready an' go an' rout her out myself, an' take my chances," she said at last with a resentful look at the clock, as if it were partly to blame for the delay and had ears with which to listen to proper rebuke. The round moon-face had long ago ceased its waxing and waning across the upper part of the old dial, as if it had forgotten its responsibility about the movements of a heavenly body in its pleased concern about the housekeeping.

"See here!" said Mrs. Powder, taking a last hot iron from the fire. "You ain't a-keepin' time like you used to; you're gettin' lazy, I must say. Look at this 'ere sun-mark on the floor, that calls it full 'leven o'clock and you want six minutes to ten. I've got to send word to the clock-man and have your in'ards all took apart; you got me to meetin' more'n half an hour too late, Sabbath last."

To which the moon-face did not change its beaming expression; very likely, being a moon, it was not willing to mind the ways of the sun.

"Lord, what an old thing you be!" said Mrs. Powder, turning away with a chuckle. "I don't wonder your sense kind of fails you!" And the clock clucked at her by way of answer, though presently it was going to strike ten at any rate.

The hot iron was now put down hurriedly, and the half-ironed night-cap was left in a queer position on the ironing-board. A small figure had appeared in the road and was coming toward the house with a fleet, barefooted run which required speedy action. "Here you, Joel Smith!" shouted the old woman. "Jo—el!" But the saucy lad only doubled his pace and pretended not to see or hear her. Mrs. Powder could play at that game, too, and did not call again, but quietly went back to her ironing and tried as hard as she could to be provoked. Presently the boy came panting up the slope of green turf which led from the road to the kitchen doorstep.

"I didn't know but you spoke as I ran by," he remarked, in an amiable tone. Mrs. Powder took no heed of him whatever.

"I ain't in no hurry; I kind o' got running," he explained, a moment later; and then, as his hostess stepped toward the stove, he caught up the frilled night-cap and tied it on in a twinkling. When Mrs. Powder turned again the sight of him was too much for her gravity.

"Them frills is real becoming to ye," she announced, shaking with laughter. "I declare for't if you don't favor your gran'ma Dodge's looks. I should like to have yer folks see ye. There, take it off now; I'm most through my ironin' and I want to clear it out o' the way."

Joel was perfectly docile and laid the night-cap within reach. He had a temptation to twitch it back by the end of one string, but he refrained. "Want me to go drive your old brown hen-turkey out o' the wet grass, Mis' Powder? She's tolling her chicks off down to'a'ds the swamp," he offered.

"She's raised up families enough to know how by this time," said Mrs. Powder, "an' the swamp's dry as a bone."

"I'll split ye up a mess o' kindlin'-wood whilst I'm here, jest as soon's not," said Joel, in a still more pleasant tone, after a long and anxious pause.

"There, I'll get ye your doughnuts, pretty quick. They ain't so fresh as they was Saturday. I s'pose that's what you're driving at." The good soul shook with laughter. Joel answered as well for her amusement as the most famous of comic actors; there was something in his appealing eyes, his thin cheeks and monstrous freckles, and his long locks of sandy hair, which was very funny to Mrs. Powder. She was always interested, too, in fruitless attempts to satisfy his appetite. He listened now, for the twentieth time, to her opinion that the bottomless pit alone could be compared to the recesses of his being. "I should like to be able to say that I had filled ye up jest once!" she ended her remarks, as she brought a tin pan full of doughnuts from her pantry.

"Heard the news?" asked small Joel, as he viewed the provisions with glistening eyes. He bore likeness to a little hungry woodchuck, or muskrat, as he went to work before the tin pan.

"What news?" Mrs. Powder asked, suspiciously. "I ain't seen nobody this day."

"Barnet's folks has got their case in court."

"They ain't!" and while a solemn silence fell upon the kitchen, the belated old clock whirred and rumbled and struck ten with persistent effort. Mrs. Powder looked round at it impatiently; the moon-face confronted her with the same placid smile.

"Twelve o'clock's the time you git your dinner, ain't it, Mis' Powder?" the boy inquired, as if he had repeated his news like a parrot and had no further interest in its meaning.

"I don't plot for to get me no reg'lar dinner this day," was the unexpected reply. "You can eat a couple or three o' them nuts and step along, for all I care. An' I want you to go up Lyddy Bangs's lane and carry her word that I'm goin' out to pick me some blue-berries. They'll be ripened up elegant, and I've got a longin' for 'em. Tell her I say 'tis our day—she'll know; we've be'n after 'arly blueberries together this forty years, and Lyddy knows where to meet with me; there by them split rocks."

The ironing was finished a few minutes afterward, and the board was taken to its place in the shed. When Mrs. Powder returned, Joel had stealthily departed; the tin pan was turned upside down on the seat of the kitchen-chair. "Good land!" said the astonished woman, "I believe he'll bu'st himself to everlastin' bliss one o' these days. Them doughnuts would have lasted me till Thursday, certain."

"Gimme suthin' to eat, Mis' Powder?" whined Joel at the window, with his plaintive countenance lifted just above the sill. But he set forth immediately down the road, with bulging pockets and the speed of a light-horseman.

II.

Half an hour later the little gray farmhouse was shut and locked, and its mistress was crossing the next pasture with a surprisingly quick step for a person of her age and weight. An old cat was trotting after her, with tail high in the air, but it was plain to see that she still

looked for danger, having just come down from the woodpile, where she had retreated on Joel's first approach. She kept as close to Mrs. Powder as was consistent with short excursions after crickets or young, unwary sparrows, and opened her wide green eyes fearfully on the lookout for that evil monster, the boy.

There were two pastures to cross, and Mrs. Powder was very much heated by the noonday sun and entirely out of breath when she approached the familiar rendezvous and caught sight of her friend's cape-bonnet.

"Ain't there no justice left?" was her indignant salutation. "I s'pose you've heard that Crosby's folks have lost their case? Poor Mis' Crosby! 'twill kill her, I'm sure. I've be'n calculatin' to go berryin' all the forenoon, but I couldn't git word to you till Joel came tootin' by. I thought likely you'd expect notice when you see what a good day 'twas.

"I did," replied Lyddy Bangs, in a tone much more serious than her companion's. She was a thin, despairing little body, with an anxious face and a general look of disappointment and poverty, though really the more prosperous person of the two. "Joel told me you said 'twas our day," she added. "I'm wore out tryin' to satisfy that boy; he's always beggin' for somethin' to eat every time he comes nigh the house. I should think they'd see to him to home; not let him batten on the neighbors so."

"You ain't been feedin' of him, too?" laughed Mrs. Powder. "Well, I declare, I don't see whar he puts it!" and she fanned herself with her apron. "I always forget what a sightly spot this is."

"Here's your pussy-cat, ain't she?" asked Lyddy Bangs, needlessly, as they sat looking off over the valley. Behind them the hills rose one above another, with their bare upland clearings and great stretches of pine and beech forest. Beyond the wide valley was another range of hills, green and pleasant in the clear mid-day light. Some higher mountains loomed, sterile and stony, to northward. They were on the women's right as they sat looking westward.

"It does seem as if folks might keep the peace when the Lord's give 'em so pooty a spot to live in," said Lyddy Bangs, regretfully. "There ain't no better farms than Barnet's and Crosby's folks have got neither, but 'stead o' neighboring they must pick their mean fusses and fight from generation to generation. My gran'ma'am used to say 'twas just so with 'em when she was a girl—and she

"So Ruth and Ezra parted."

was one of the first settlers up this way. She al'ays would have it that Barnet's folks was the most to blame, but there's plenty sides with 'em, as you know."

"There, 'tis all mixed up, so 'tis—a real tangle," answered Mrs. Powder. "I've been o' both minds—I must say I used to hold for the Crosbys in the old folks' time, but I've come round to see they ain't perfect. There! I'm b'ilin' over with somethin' I've got to tell somebody. I've kep' it close long's I can."

"Let's get right to pickin', then," said Lyddy Bangs, "or we sha'n't budge from here the whole livin' afternoon," and the small thin figure and the tall stout one moved off together toward their well-known harvest-fields. They were presently settled down within good hearing distance, and yet the discussion was not begun. The cat curled herself for a nap on the smooth top of a rock.

"There, I have to eat awhile first, like a young-one," said Mrs. Powder. "I always tell 'em that blueberries is only fit to eat right off of the twigs. You want 'em full o' sun; let 'em git cold and they're only fit to cook—not but what I eat 'em any ways I can git 'em. Ain't they nice an' spicy? Law, my poor knees is so stiff! I begin to be afraid, nowadays, every year o' berryin' may be my last. I don' know why't should be that my knees serves me so. I ain't rheumaticky, nor none o' my folks was; we go off with other complaints."

"The mukis membrane o' the knees gits dried up," explained Lyddy Bangs, "an' the j'ints is all powder-posted. So I've be'n told, anyways."

"Then they was ignorant," retorted her companion, sharply. "I know by the feelin's I have"—and the two friends picked industriously and discussed the vexed points of medicine no more.

"I can't force them Barnets and Crosbys out o' my mind," suggested Miss Bangs after awhile, being eager to receive the proffered confidence which might be forgotten. "Think of 'em, without no other door-neighbors, fightin' for three ginerations over the bounds of a lane wall. What if 'twas two foot one way or two foot t'other, let 'em agree."

"But that's just what they couldn't," said Mrs. Powder. "You know yourself you might be willin' to give away a piece o' land, but when somebody said 'twa'n't yours, 'twas theirs, 'twould take more Christian grace'n I've got to let 'em see I thought they was right. All the old Crosbys ever wanted, first, was for the Barnets to say two foot of the lane was theirs by rights, and then they was willin' to turn it into the lane and to give that two foot more o' the wedth than Barnets did—they wa'n't haggling for no pay; 'twas for rights. But Barnet's folks said——"

"Now, don't you go 'an git all flustered up a-tellin' that over, Harri't Powder," said the lesser woman. "There ain't be'n no words spoke so often as them along this sidelin' hill, not even the Ten Commandments. The only sense there's be'n about it is, they've let each other alone altogether, and ain't spoke at all for six months to a time. I can't help hoping that the war'll die out with the old breed and they'll come to some sort of peace. Mis' Barnet was a Sands, and they're toppin' sort o' folks and she's got fight in her. I think she's more to blame than Barnet, a good sight; but Mis' Crosby's a downright peace-making little creatur', and would have ended it long ago if she'd be'n able."

"Barnet's stubborn, too, let me tell you!" and Mrs. Powder's voice was full of anger. "'Twill never die out in his day, and he'll spend every cent lawing, as the old folks did afore him. The lawyers must laugh at him well, 'mongst themselves. One an' another o' the best on 'em has counselled them to leave it out to referees, and tried to show 'em they was fools. My man talked with the judge himself about it, once, after he'd been settin' on a jury and they was comin' away from court. They couldn't agree; they never could! All the spare money o' both farms has gone to pay the lawyers and carry on one fight after another. Now, folks don't know it, but Crosby's farm is all mortgaged; they've spent even what Mis' Crosby had from her folks. An' there's worse behind—there's worse behind," insisted the speaker, stoutly. "I went up there this spring, as you know, when Mis' Crosby was at death's door with lung-fever. I went through everything fetchin' of her round, and was there five weeks, till she

got about. 'I feel to'des you as an own sister,' says Abby Crosby to me. 'I'm a neighboring woman at heart,' says she; 'and just you think of it, that my man had to leave me alone, sick as I was, while he went for you and the doctor, not riskin' to ask Barnet's folks to send for help. I like to live pleasant,' says she to me, and bu'st right out a-cryin'. I knew then how she'd felt things all these years.—How are they ever goin' to pay more court bills and all them piles o' damages, if the farm's mortgaged so heavy?" she resumed. "Crosby's farm ain't worth a good two-thirds of Barnet's. They've both neglected their lands. How many you got so fur, Lyddy?"

Lyddy proudly displayed her gains of blueberries; the pail was filling very fast, and the friends were at their usual game of rivalry. Mrs. Powder had been the faster picker in years past, and she now doubled her diligence.

"Ain't the sweet-fern thick an' scented as ever you see?" she said. "Gimme pasture-lands rather'n the best gardins that grows. If I can have a sweet-brier bush and sweet-fern patch and some clumps o' bayberry, you can take all the gardin blooms. Look how folks toils with witch-grass and pusley and gets a starved lot o' poor sprigs, slug-eat, and all dyin' together in their front yards, when they might get better comfort in the first pasture along the road. I guess there's somethin' wild, that's never got tutored out o' me. I must ha' be'n made o' somethin' counter to town dust. I never could see why folks wanted to go off an' live out o' sight o' the mountings, an' have everything on a level."

"You said there was worse to tell behind," suggested Lyddy Bangs, as if it were only common politeness to show an appreciation of the friendly offering.

"I have it in mind to get round to that in proper course," responded Mrs. Powder, a trifle offended by the mild pertinacity. "I settled it in my mind that I was goin' to tell you somethin' for a kind of a treat the day we come out blueberryin'. *There!*"—and Mrs. Powder rose with difficulty from her knees, and retreated pompously to the shade of a hemlock-tree which grew over a shelving rock near by.

Lyddy Bangs could not resist picking a little longer in an unusually fruitful spot; then she hastened to seat herself by her friend. It was no common occasion.

Mrs. Powder was very warm; and further evaded and postponed telling the secret by wishing that she were as light on foot as her companion, and deploring her increasing weight. Then she demanded a second sight of the blueberries, which were compared and decided upon as to quality and quantity. Then the cat, which had been left at some distance on her rock, came trotting toward her mistress in a disturbed way, and after a minute of security in a comfortable lap darted away again in a strange, excited manner.

"She's goin' to have a fit, I do believe!" exclaimed Lyddy Bangs, quite disheartened, for the cat was Mrs. Powder's darling and she might leave everything to go in search of her.

"She may have seen a snake or something. She often gets scared and runs home when we're out a-trarvellin'," said the cat's owner, complacently, and Lyddy's spirits rose again.

"I suppose you never suspected that Ezra Barnet and Ruth Crosby cared the least thing about one another?" inquired the keeper of the secret a moment later, and the listener turned toward Mrs. Powder with a startled face.

"Now, Harri't Powder, for mercy's sakes alive!" was all that she could say; but Mrs. Powder was satisfied, and confirmed the amazing news by a most emphatic nod.

"My lawful sakes! what be they goin' to do about it?" inquired Lyddy Bangs, flushing with excitement. "A Barnet an' a Crosby fall in love! Don't you rec'lect how the old ones was al'ays fightin' and callin' 'names when we was all to school together? Times is changed, certain."

"Now, say you hope to die if ever you'll tell a word I say," pursued Mrs. Powder. "If I was to be taken away tomorrow, you'd be all the one that would know it except Mis' Crosby and Ezra and Ruth themselves. 'Twas nothin' but her bein' nigh to death that urged her to tell me the state o' things. I s'pose she thought I might favor 'em in

time to come. Abby Crosby she says to me, 'Mis' Powder, my poor girl may need your motherin' care.' An' I says, 'Mis' Crosby, she shall have it;' and then she had a spasm o' pain, and we harped no more that day as I remember."

"How come it about? I shouldn't have told anybody that asked me that a Barnet and a Crosby ever 'changed the time o' day, much less kep' company," protested the listener.

"Kep' company! pore young creatur's!" said Mrs. Powder. "They've hid 'em away in the swamps an' hollers, and in the edge o' the growth, at nightfall, for the sake o' gittin' a word; an' they've stole out, shiverin', into that plaguey lane o' winter nights. I tell ye I've heard hifalutin' folks say that love would still be lord of all, but I never was 'strained to believe it till I see what that boy and girl was willin' to undergo. All the hate of all their folks is turned to love in them, and I couldn't help a-watchin' of 'em. An' I ventured to send Ruth over to my house after my alpaccy aprin, and then I made an arrant out to the spring-brook to see if there was any cresses started—which I knew well enough there wasn't—and I spoke right out bold to Ezra, that was at work on a piece of ditching over on his land. 'Ezra,' says I, 'if you git time, just run over to the edge o' my pasture and pick me a handful o' balm o' Gilead buds. I want to put 'em in half a pint o' new rum for Mis' Crosby, and there ain't a soul to send.' I knew he'd just meet her coming back, if I could time it right gittin' 'of Ruth started. He looked at me kind of curi's, and pretty quick I see him leggin' it over the fields with an axe and a couple o' ends o' board, like he'd got to mend a fence. I had to keep her dinner warm for her till ha'-past one o'clock. I don't know what he mentioned to his folks, but Ruth she come an' kissed me hearty when she first come inside the door. 'Tis harder for Ezra; he ain't got nobody to speak to, and Ruth's got her mother if she is a Mis' Much-afraid."

"I don't know's we can blame Crosby for not wantin' to give his girl to the Barnets, after they've got away all his substance, his means, an' his cattle, like 'twas in the Book o' Job," urged Lyddy Bangs. "Seems if they might call it square an' marry the young folks off, but they won't, nohow; 'twill only fan the flame." Lyddy Bangs was a sentimental person; neighbor Powder had chosen wisely in gaining a new friend to the cause of Ezra Barnet's apparently hopeless affection. Unknown to herself, however, she had been putting the lover's secret to great risk of untimely betrayal.

The weather was most beautiful that afternoon; there was an almost intoxicating freshness and delight among the sweet odors of the hill-side pasture, and the two elderly women were serene at heart and felt like girls again as they talked together. They remembered many an afternoon like this; they grew more and more confiding as they reviewed the past and their life-long friendship. A stranger might have gathered only the most rural and prosaic statements, and a tedious succession of questions, from what Mrs. Powder and Lyddy Bangs had to say to each other, but the old stories of true love and faithful companionship were again simply rehearsed. Those who are only excited by more complicated histories, too often forget that there are no new plots to the comedies and tragedies of life. They are played sometimes by country people in homespun, sometimes by townsfolk in velvet and lace. Love and prosperity, death and loss and misfortune—the stories weave themselves over and over again, never mind whether the ploughman or the wit of the clubs plays the part of hero.

The two homely figures sat still so long that they seemed to become permanent points in the landscape, and the small birds, and even a wary chipmunk, went their ways unmindful of Mrs. Powder and Lyddy Bangs. The old hemlock-tree, under which they sat discoursing, towered high above the young pine-growth which clustered thick behind them on the hill-side. In the middle of a comfortable reflection upon the Barnet grandfather's foolishness or craftiness, Mrs. Powder gave sudden utterance to the belief that some creature up in the tree was dropping pieces of bark and cones all over her.

"A squirrel, most like," said Lyddy Bangs, looking up into the dense branches. "The tree is a-scatterin'

down, ain't it? As you was sayin', Grandsir Barnet must have knowed well enough what he was about——"

"Oh, gorry! oh, git out! ow—o—w!" suddenly wailed a voice overhead, and a desperate scramble and rustling startled the good women half out of their wits. "Ow, Mis' Powder!" shrieked a familiar voice, while both hearts thumped fast, and Joel came, half falling, half climbing, down out of the tree. He bawled, and beat his head with his hands, and at last rolled in agony among the bayberry and lamb-kill. "Look out for 'em!" he shouted. "Oh, gorry! I thought 'twas only an old last-year's hornit's nest—they'll sting you, too!"

Mrs. Powder untied her apron and laid about her with sure aim. Only two hornets were to be seen; but after these were beaten to the earth, and she stopped to regain her breath, Joel hardly dared to lift his head or to look about him.

"What was you up there for, anyhow?" asked Lyddy Bangs, with severe suspicion. "Harking to us, I'll be bound!" But Mrs. Powder, who knew Joel's disposition best, elbowed her friend into silence and began to inquire about the condition of his wounds. There was a deep-seated hatred between Joel and Miss Bangs.

"Oh, dear! they've bit me all over," groaned the boy. "Ain't you got somethin' you can rub on, Mis' Powder?"—and the rural remedy of fresh earth was suggested.

"'Tis too dry here," said the adviser. "Just you step down to that ma'shy spot there by the brook, dear, and daub you with the wet mud real good, and 'twill ease you right away." Mrs. Powder's voice sounded compassionate, but her spirit and temper of mind gave promise of future retribution.

"I'll teach him to follow us out eavesdropping, this fashion!" said Lyddy Bangs, when the boy had departed, weeping. "I'm more'n gratified that the hornits got hold of him! I hope 'twill serve him for a lesson."

"Don't you r'ile him up one mite, now," pleaded Mrs. Powder, while her eyes bore witness of hardly controlled anger. "He's the worst tattle-tale I ever see, and we've put ourselves into a trap. If he tells his mother she'll spread it all over town. But I should no more thought o' his bein' up in that tree than o' his bein' the sarpent in the garden o' Eden. You leave Joel to me, and be mild with him's you can."

The culprit approached, still lamenting. His ear and cheek were hugely swollen already, so that one eye was nearly closed. The blueberry expedition was relinquished, and with heavy sighs of dissatisfaction Lyddy Bangs took up the two half-filled pails, while Mrs. Powder kindly seized Joel by his small, thin hand, and the little group moved homeward across the pasture.

"Where's your hat?" asked Lyddy, stopping short, after they had walked a little distance.

"Hanging on a limb up by the wop's nest," answered Joel. "Oh, git me home, Mis' Powder!"

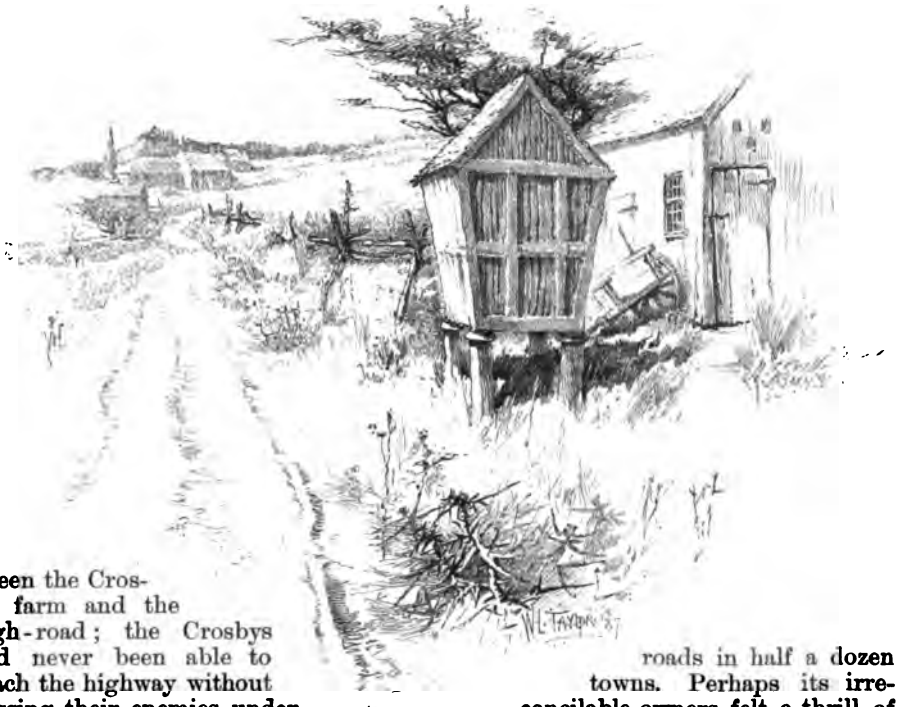
III.

No one would suspect, from the look of the lane itself, that it had always been such a provoker of wrath, and even a famous battle-ground. While petty wars had raged between the men and women of the old farms, walnut-trees had grown high in air, and apple-trees had leaned their heavy branches on the stone walls and, year after year, decked themselves in pink-and-white blossoms to arch this unlucky by-way for a triumphal procession of peace that never came. Birds built their nests in the boughs and pecked the ripe blackberries; green brakes and wild roses and tall barberry-bushes flourished in their season on either side the wheel-ruts. It was a remarkably pleasant country lane, where children might play and lovers might linger. No one would imagine that this lane had its lawsuits and damages, its annual crop of briefs, and succession of surveyors and quarrelsome partisans; or that in every generation of owners each man must be either plaintiff or defendant.

The surroundings looked permanent enough. No one would suspect that a certain piece of wall had been more than once thrown down by night and built again, angrily, by day; or that a well-

timbered corn-house had been the cause of much litigation, and even now looked, when you came to know its story, as if it stood on its long, straight legs, like an ungainly, top-heavy beast, all ready to stalk away when its position became too dangerous. The Barnets had built it beyond their boundary; it had been moved two or three times, backward and forward.

The Barnet house and land stood between the Crosby farm and the high-road; the Crosbys had never been able to reach the highway without passing their enemies under full fire of ugly looks or taunting voices. The intricacies of legal complications in the matter of right of way would be impossible to explain. They had never been very clear to any impartial investigator. Barnets and Crosbys had gone to their graves with bitter hatred and sullen desire for revenge in their hearts. Perhaps this one great interest, outside the simple matters of food and clothing and farmers' work, had taken the place to them of drama and literature and art. One could not help thinking, as he looked at the decrepit fences and mossy, warped roofs and buckling walls, to how much better use so much money might have been put. The costs of court and the lawyers' fees had taken everything, and men had drudged, in heat and frost, and women had pinched and slaved to pay the law's bills. Both the Barnet and Crosby of the present time stood well enough in the opinion of other neighbors. They were hard-fisted, honest men; the fight was inherited to begin with, and they were stubborn enough to hold fast to the fight. Law Lane was as well known as the county



roads in half a dozen towns. Perhaps its irreconcilable owners felt a thrill of enmity that had come straight down from Scottish border-frays, as they glanced along its crooked length. Who could believe, that the son and daughter of the warring households, instead of being ready to lift the torch in their turn, had weakly and misguidedly fallen in love with each other?

Nobody liked Mrs. Barnet. She was a cross-grained, suspicious soul, who was a tyrant and terror of discomfort in her own household whenever the course of events ran counter to her preference. Her son Ezra was a complete contrast to her in disposition, and to his narrow-minded, prejudiced father as well. The elder Ezra was capable of better things,

however, and might have been reared to friendliness and justice, if the Crosby of his youthful day had not been specially aggravating and the annals of Law Lane at their darkest page. If there had been another boy to match young Ezra, on the Crosby farm, the two might easily have fostered their natural boyish rivalries until something worse came into being; but when one's enemy is only a sweet-faced little girl, it is very hard to impute to her all manner of discredit and serpent-like power of evil. At least, so Ezra Barnet the younger felt in his inmost heart; and though he minded his mother for the sake of peace, and played his solitary games and built his unapplauded dams and woodchuck-traps on his own side of the fences, he always saw Ruth Crosby as she came and went, and liked her better and better as years went by. When the tide of love rose higher than the young people's steady heads, they soon laid fast hold of freedom. With all their perplexities, life was by no means at its worst, and rural diplomacy must bend all its energies to hinder these unexpected lovers.

Ezra Barnet had never so much as entered the Crosby house; the families were severed beyond the reuniting power of even a funeral. Ezra could only try to imagine the room to which his Ruth had returned one summer evening after he had left her, reluctantly, because the time drew near for his father's return from the village. His mother had been in a peculiarly bad temper all day, and he had been glad to escape from her unwelcome insistence that he should marry any one of two or three capable girls, and so furnish some help in the housekeeping. Ezra had often heard this suggestion of his duty, and, tired and provoked at last, he had stolen out to the garden and wandered beyond it to the brook and out to the fields. Somewhere, somehow, he had met Ruth, and the lovers bewailed their trials with unusual sorrow and impatience. It seemed very hard to wait. Young Barnet was ready to persuade the tearful girl that they must go away together and establish a peaceful home of their own. He was heartily ashamed because the last verdict was in his father's favor, and Ruth forebore to wound him with any glimpse of the straits to which her own father had been reduced. She was too dutiful to leave the pinched household, where her help was needed more than ever; she persuaded her lover that they were sure to be happy at last—indeed, were not they happy now? How much worse it would be if they could not safely seize so many opportunities, brief though they were, of being together! If the fight had been less absorbing and the animosity less bitter, they might have been suspected long ago.

So Ruth and Ezra parted, with uncounted kisses, and Ezra went back to the dingy-walled kitchen, where his mother sat alone. It was hardly past twilight out of doors, but Mrs. Barnet had lighted a kerosene-lamp and sat near the small open window mending a hot-looking old coat. She looked so needlessly uncomfortable and surly that her son was filled with pity, as he stood watching her, there among the moths and beetles that buffeted the lamp-chimney.

"Why don't you put down your sewing and come out a little ways up the road, mother, and get cooled off?" he asked, pleasantly; but she only twitched herself in her chair and snapped off another needleful of linen thread.

"I can't spare no time to go gallivantin', like some folks," she answered. "I always have had to work, and I always shall. I see that Crosby girl mincin' by an hour ago, as if she'd be'n off all the afternoon. Folks that think she's so amiable about saving her mother's strength would be surprised at the way she dawdles round, I guess"—and Mrs. Barnet crushed an offending beetle with her brass thimble in a fashion that disgusted Ezra. Somehow, his mother had a vague instinct that he did not like to hear sharp words about Ruth Crosby. Yet he rarely had been betrayed into an ill-judged defence. He had left Ruth only a minute ago; he knew exactly what she had been doing all day, and from what kind errand she had been returning; the blood rushed quickly to his face, and he rose from his seat by the table and went out to the kitchen doorstep. The air was cool and sweet, and a sleepy bird chirped once or twice from an elm-bough overhead. The moon was near its rising, and he could see the

great shapes of the mountains that lay to the eastward. He forgot his mother, and began to think about Ruth again; he wondered if she were not thinking of him, and meant to ask her if she remembered an especial feeling of nearness just at this hour. Ezra turned to look at the clock to mark the exact time.

"Yes," said Mrs. Barnet, as she saw him try to discover the hour, "'tis time that father was to home. I s'pose, bein' mail-night, everybody was out to the post-office to hear the news, and most like he's bawlin' himself hoarse about fall 'lections or something. He ain't got done braggin' about our gittin' the case, neither. There's always some new one that wants to git the p'ints right from headquarters. I didn't see Crosby go by, did you?"

"He'd have had to foot it by the path 'cross-lots," replied Ezra, gravely, from the doorstep. "He's sold his hoss."

"He ain't!" exclaimed Mrs. Barnet, with a chuckle. "I s'pose they're proddin' him for the money up to court. Guess he won't try to fight us again for one while."

Ezra said nothing; he could not bear this sort of thing much longer. "I won't be kept like a toad under a harrow," he muttered to himself. "I think it seems kind of hard," he ventured to say aloud. "Now he's got to hire when fall work comes on, and——"

The hard-hearted woman within had long been trying to provoke her peaceable son into an argument, and now the occasion had come. Ezra restrained himself from speech with a desperate effort, and stopped his ears to the sound of his mother's accusing voice. In the middle of her harangue a wagon was driven into the yard, and his father left it quickly and came toward the door.

"Come in here, you lout!" he shouted, angrily. "I want to look at you! I want to see what such a mean-spirited sneak has got to say for himself." Then changing his voice to a whine, he begged Ezra, who had caught him from falling as he stumbled over the step, "Come in, boy, an' tell me 'tain't true. I guess they was only thornin' of me up; you ain't took a shine to that Crosby miss, now, have you?"

"No son of mine—no son of mine!" burst out the mother, who had been startled by the sudden entrance of the news-bringer. Her volubility was promptly set free, and Ezra looked from his father's face to his mother's.

"Father," said he, turning away from the scold, who was nearly inarticulate in her excess of rage—"father, I'd rather talk to you, if you want to hear what I've got to say. Mother's got no reason in her."

"Ezry," said the elder man, "I see how 'tis. Let your ma'am talk all she will. I'm broke with shame of ye!"—his voice choked weakly in his throat. "Either you tell me 'tis all nonsense, or you go out o' that door and shut it after you for good. An' ye're all the child I've got."

The woman had stopped at last, mastered by the terror of the moment. Her husband's face was gray with passion; her son's cheeks were flushed and his eyes were full of tears. Mrs. Barnet's tongue for once had lost its cunning.

The two men looked at each other as long as they could; the younger man's eyes fell first. "I wish you wouldn't be hasty," he said; "to-morrow——"

"You've heard," was the only answer; and in a moment more Ezra Barnet reached to the table and took his old straw hat which lay there.

"Good-by, father!" he said, steadily. "I think you're wrong, sir; but I never meant to carry on that old fight and live like the heathen." And then, young and strong and angry, he left the kitchen.

"He might have took some notice o' me, if he's goin' for good," said the mother, spitefully; but her son did not hear this taunt, and the father only tottered where he stood. The moths struck against his face as if it were a piece of wood; he sank feebly into a chair, muttering, and trying to fortify himself in his spent anger.

Ezra went out, dazed and giddy. But he found the young horse wandering about the yard, eager for his supper and fretful at the strange delay. He unharnessed the creature and backed the wagon under the shed; then he turned and looked at the house—should he go in? No! The fighting instinct, which had kept firm grasp on father and grandfather, took possession of Ezra now. He

crossed the yard and went out at the gate, and down the lane's end to the main road. The father and mother listened to his footsteps, and the man gave a heavy groan.

"Let him go—let him go! 'twill teach him a lesson!" said Mrs. Barnet, with something of her usual spirit. She could not say more, though she tried her best; the occasion was far too great.

How many times that summer Mrs. Powder attempted to wreak vengeance upon Joel, the tattle-tale; into what depths of intermittent remorse that mischief-making boy was resolutely plunged, who shall describe? No more luncheons of generous provision; no more jovial skirmishing at the kitchen windows, or liberal payment for easy errands. Whenever Mrs. Powder saw Lyddy Bangs, or any other intimate and sympathetic friend, she bewailed her careless confidences under the hemlock-tree and detailed her anxious attentions to the hornet-stung eavesdropper.

"I went right home," she would say, sorrowfully; "I filled him plumb-full with as good a supper as I could gather up, and I took all the fire out o' them hornit-stings with the best o' remedies. 'Joel, dear,' says I, 'you won't lose by it if you keep your mouth shut about them words I spoke to Lyddy Bangs,' and he was that pious I might ha' known he meant mischief. They ain't boys nor men, they're divils, when they come to that size, and so you mark my words! But his mother never could keep nothing to herself, and I knew it from past sorrers; and I never slept a wink that night—sure's you live—till the roosters crowed for day."

"Perhaps 'twon't do nothin' but good!" Lyddy Bangs would say, consolingly. "Perhaps the young folks'll git each other a sight the sooner. They'd had to kep' it to theirselves till they was gray-headed 'less somebody let the cat out o' the bag."

"Don't you rec'lect how my cat acted that day!" exclaimed Mrs. Powder, excitedly. "How she was good as took with a fit! She knowed well enough what was brewin'; I only wish we'd had half of her sense."

IV.

The day before Christmas all the long valley was white with deep, new-fallen snow. The road which led up from the neighboring village and the railroad station stretched along the western slope—a mere trail, untrodden and unbroken. The storm had just ceased; the high mountain-peaks were clear and keen and rose-tinted with the waning light; the hills were no longer green with their covering of pines and maples and beeches, but gray with bare branches, and a cold, dense color, almost black, where the evergreens grew thickest. On the other side of the valley the farmsteads were mapped out as if in etching or pen-drawing; the far-away orchards were drawn with a curious exactness and reg-

ularity, the crooked boughs of the apple-trees and the longer lines of the walnuts and ashes and elms came out against the snow with clear beauty. The fences and walls were buried in snow; the farm-houses and barns were petty shapes, in their right-angled unlikeness to natural growths. You were half amused, half shocked, as the thought came to you of indifferent creatures called men and women, who busied themselves within those narrow walls, under so vast a sky, and fancied the whole importance of the universe was belittled by that of their few pent acres. What a limitless world lay outside those plaything-farms, yet what beginnings of immortal things the small gray houses had known!

The day before Christmas!—a festival which seemed in that neighborhood to be of modern origin. The observance of it was hardly popular yet among the elder people, but Christmas had been appropriated, nevertheless, as if everybody had felt the lack of it. New Year's Day never was sufficient for New England, even in its least mirthful decades. For those persons who took true joy in life, something deeper was needed than the spread-eagle self-congratulations of the Fourth of July, or the family reunions of Thanksgiving Day. There were no bells ringing which the country-folks in Law Lane might listen for on Christmas Eve; but something more than the joy that is felt in the poorest dwelling when a little child, with all its possibilities, is born; something happier still came through that snowy valley with the thought of a Christmas-Child who "was the bringer-in and founder of the reign of the higher life." This was the greater Thanksgiving Day, when the whole of Christendom is called to praise and pray and hear the good-tidings, and every heart catches something of the joyful inspiration of good-will to men.

Ezra Barnet sat on a fallen tree from which he had brushed the powdery snow. It was hard work wading through the drifts, and he had made good headway up the long hill before he stopped to rest. Across the valley in the fading daylight he saw the two farms, and could even trace the course of Law Lane itself, marked by the well-known trees. How small his great nut-tree looked at this distance! The two houses, with their larger and smaller out-buildings and snow-topped woodpiles, looked as if they had crept near together for protection and companionship. There were no other houses within a wide space. Ezra knew how remote the homes really were from each other, judged by any existing sympathy and interest. He thought of his bare, unnourished boyhood with something like resentment; then he remembered how small had been his parents' experience, what poor ambition had been fostered in them by their lives; even his mother's impatience with the efforts he had made to bring a little more comfort and pleasantness to the old farm-house was thought of with pity for her innate lack of pleasure in pleasant things. Ezra himself was made up of inadequacies, being born and bred of the Barnets. He was at work on the railroad now, with small pay; but he had always known that there could be something better than the life in their farm-house, while his mother did not. A different feeling came over him as he thought whom the other farm-house sheltered; he had looked for that first, to see if it were standing safe. Ruth's last letter had come only the day before. This Christmas holiday was to be a surprise to her. He wondered whether Ruth's father would let him in.

Never mind! he could sleep in the barn among the hay; and Ezra dropped into the snow again from the old tree-trunk and went his way. There was a small house just past a bend in the road, and he quickened his steps toward it. Alas! there was no smoke in Mrs. Powder's chimney. She was away on one of her visiting tours; nursing some sick person, perhaps. She would have housed him for the night most gladly; now he must take his chances in Law Lane.

The darkness was already beginning to fall; there was a curious brownness in the air, like summer twilight; the cold became sharper, and the young man shivered a little as he walked. He could not follow the left-hand road, where it led among hospitable neighbors, but turned bravely off toward his old home

—a long, lonely walk at any time of the year, among woods and thickets all well known to him, and as familiar as they were to the wild creatures that haunted them. Yet Ezra Barnet did not find it easy to whistle as he went along.

Suddenly, from behind a scrub-oak that was heavily laden with dead leaves and snow, leaped a small figure, and Ezra was for the moment much startled. The boy carried a rabbit-trap with unusual care, and placed it on the snow-drift before which he stood waist-deep already. "Gorry, Ezry! you most scared me to pieces!" said Joel, in a perfectly calm tone. "Wish you Merry Christmas! Folks'll be lookin' for you; they didn't s'pose you'd git home before to-morrow, though."

"Looking for me?" repeated the young man, with surprise. "I didn't send no word——"

"Ain't you heard nothin' 'bout your ma'am's being took up for dead?"

"No, I ain't; and you aren't foolin' me with your stories, Joel Smith? You needn't play off any of your mischief onto me."

"What you gittin' mad with me about?" inquired Joel, with a plaintive tone in his voice. "She got a fall out in the barn this mornin', an' it liked to killed her. Most folks ain't heard nothin' 'bout it 'cause its been snowin' so. They come for Mis' Powder and she called out to our folks, as they brought her round by the way of Asa Packer's store to git some opodildack or somethin'."

Ezra asked no more questions, but strode past the boy, who looked after him a moment, and then lifted the heavy box-trap and started homeward. The imprisoned rabbit had been snowed up since the day before at least, and Joel felt humane anxieties, else he would have followed Ezra at a proper distance and learned something of his reception.

Mrs. Powder was reigning triumphant in the Barnet house, being nurse, housekeeper, and spiritual adviser all in one. She had been longing for an excuse to spend at least half a day under that cheerless roof for many months, but occasion had not offered. She found the responsibility of the parted lovers weighing more and more heavily on her mind, and had set her strong will at work to find some way of reuniting them, and even to restore a long-banished peace to the farms. She would not like to confess that a mild satisfaction caused her heart to feel warm and buoyant when an urgent summons had come at last; but such was the simple truth. A man who had been felling trees on the farm brought the news, melancholy to hear under other circumstances, that Mrs. Barnet had been hunting eggs in a stray nest in the hay-mow and had slipped to the floor and been taken up insensible. Bones were undoubtedly broken; she was a heavy woman, and had hardly recovered her senses. The doctor must be found as soon as possible. Mrs. Powder hastily put her house to rights and, with a good round bundle of what she called her needments, set forth on the welcome enterprise. On the way she could hardly keep herself from undue cheerfulness, and if ever there was likely to be a reassuring presence in a sick-room it was Harriet Powder's that December day.

She entered the gloomy kitchen looking like a two-footed snow-drift, her big round shoulders were so heaped with the damp white flakes. Old Ezra Barnet sat by the stove in utter despair, and waved a limp hand warningly toward the bedroom-door.

"She's layin' in a sog," he said, hopelessly. "I ought to thought to send word to pore Ezry—all the boy she ever had."

Mrs. Powder calmly removed her snowy outer garments and tried to warm her hands over the fire.

"Put in a couple o' sticks of good dry wood," she suggested, in a soothing voice; and the farmer felt his spirits brighten, he knew not why. Then the whole-souled, hearty woman walked into the bedroom.

"All I could see," she related afterward, "was the end of Jane Barnet's nose, and I was just as sure then as I be now that she was likely to continner; but I set down side of the bed and got holt of her hand, and she groaned two or three times real desperate. I wished the doctor was there, to see if anything really ailed her; but I someways knowed there wa'n't, 'less 'twas gittin' over such a jounce. I spoke to her, but she never

said nothin', and I went back out into the kitchen. 'She's a very sick woman,' says I, loud enough for her to hear me; I knew 'twould please her. There was a good deal to do, and I put on my aprin

you can trust me with anything you feel to say, sister Barnet.'

"She kind of opened her eye that was next to me and surveyed my countenance sharp, but I looked serious, and

and took right holt and begun to lay about me and git dinner; the men-folks was wiltin' for want o' somethin', it being nigh three o'clock. An' then I got Jane to feel more comfortable with ondressin' of her, for all she'd hardly let me touch of her—poor creatur', I expect she did feel sore!—and then daylight was failin' and I felt kind o' spent, so I set me down in a cheer by the bed-head and was speechless, too. I knew if she was able to speak she couldn't hold in no great spell longer.

"After awhile she stirred a little and groaned, and then says she, 'Ain't the doctor comin'?' and I peaced her up well's I could. 'Be I very bad off, Harri't?' says she.

"'We'll hope for the best, Jane,' says I; and that minute the notion come to me how I'd work her round, an' I like to laughed right out, but I didn't.

"If I should lose me again, you must see to sendin' for my son,' says she; 'his father's got no head.'

"'I will,' says I, real solemn. 'An' she groaned real honest. 'Be I like old Mis' Topliff?' she whispered, and I kind o' nodded an' put my hand up to my eyes. She *was* like her, too; some like her, but not nigh so bad, for Mis' Topliff was hurt so fallin' down the sullar-stairs that she never got over it an' died the day after.

"'Oh, my sakes!' she bu'st out whinin', 'I can't be took away now. I ain't a-goin' to die right off, be I, Mis' Powder?'

"'I aint the one to give ye hope. In the midst of life we are in death. We ain't sure of the next minute, none of us,' says I, meanin' it general, but discoursin' away like an old book o' sermons.

"'I do feel kind o' failin', now,' says she. 'Oh, can't you do nothin'?'—and I come over an' set on the foot o' the bed an' looked right at her. I knew she was a dreadful notional woman, and always made a fuss when anything was the matter with her; couldn't bear no kind o' pain.

"'Sister Barnet,' says I, 'don't you bear nothin' on your mind you'd like to

happened. There were cheerful voices in the kitchen below, and he dressed hurriedly and went down-stairs.

There was Mrs. Powder, cooking the breakfast with lavish generosity, and beaming with good-nature. Barnet, the father, was smiling and looking on with pleased anticipation; the sick woman was comfortably bolstered up in the bedroom. In all his life the son had never felt so drawn to his mother; there was a new look in her eyes as he went toward her; she had lost her high color, and looked at him pleadingly, as she never had done before. "Ezry, come close here!" said she. "I believe I'm goin' to git about ag'in, after all. Mis' Powder says I be; but them feelin's I had slippin' down the mow, yesterday, was twice as bad as the thump I struck with. I may never be the same to work, but I ain't goin' to fight with folks no more, sence the Lord'll let me live a spell longer. I ain't a-goin' to fight with nobody, no matter how bad I want to. Now, you go an' git you a good breakfast. I ain't eat a mouthful since breakfast yesterday, and you can bring me a help o' anything Sister Powder favors my havin'."

"I hope 'twill last," muttered Sister Powder to herself, as she heaped the blue plate. "Wish you all a Merry Christmas!" she said. "I like to forgot my manners."

It was Christmas Day, whether anybody in Law Lane remembered it or not. The sun shone bright on the sparkling snow, the eaves were dropping, and the snow-birds and blue-jays came about the door. The wars of Law Lane were ended.

GOD'S COMFORTER.

By S. Decatur Smith, Jr.

WHAT time the Christ to Calvary was led
And hung all bleeding on the cross of shame,
While frenzied hordes reviled and mocked His name,
O'er thorns the golden aureole's flame was shed.
When o'er His face death's deadly pallor spread
And one great cry of anguish shook His frame,
On rapid wing a pitying robin came,
And fluttered sorrowful about His head.

From out the wounded brow, with eager beak,
The robin plucked a thorn, when, like a tear,
Upon its breast one drop of life-blood fell.
And even now the blessed brand will speak,
From every robin's bosom, of the dear
And tender pity that He knew so well.

IN DICKENS-LAND.

By Edwin Percy Whipple.

THE reason that everybody likes novels is, that everybody is more or less a novelist. In addition to the practical life that men and women lead, constantly vexed, as it is, by obstructive facts, there is an interior life which they *imagine*, in which facts smoothly give way to sentiments, ideas, and aspirations. In this imagined existence people strengthen themselves with new faculties, exalt themselves with new passions, surround themselves with new companions, devote themselves to new objects. They are richer, handsomer, braver, wittier, nobler, more disinterested, more adventurous, more efficient, than they are in their actual personalities and mode of living. They construct long stories, long as their own lives, of which they are the heroes or heroines; and the novels they best like to read are those whose scenes and characters best fit into the novel they are themselves incessantly weaving. The universality of self-esteem is probably due to the fact that people confuse the possibilities of their existence with its actualities. Each being the hero of "My Novel," gains self-importance in virtue of *that;* and while externally classed with the "nobodies," is internally conscious of ranking with the "somebodies." Burn out of a man, indeed, everything else—sense, sensibility, and conscience—you will still find alive in his ashes a little self-conceit and a little imagination. "How much do you weigh?" a man was asked. "Well," he replied, "ordinarily, only a hundred and twenty pounds; but when I'm mad, I weigh a ton!" But the great increase of weight arises when a person is kindled with a conception of what he has a possibility of becoming.

It is evident that, as these novel-spinning factories are in full operation in all heads, the only check on their written production is the necessity for some talent for narrative and some knack in composition. Hence, in the first place, a swarm of romancers, who have properly no place in literature, and who represent every variety of mediocrity, from the fussy and furious dead-level of sensationalism to the tame and timid dead-level of conventionality. Some put blood in their ink, some water, but it must be said that in these matters blood is not always thicker than water. Rise a step above this level; introduce some art in the plot and some truth in the characterization; keep as close to actual life as a photographer; be as diffuse and dogged in details as is consistent with preserving a kind of languid interest; economize material, whether of incident or emotion; realize Carlyle's sarcasm that England contains twenty millions of people, mostly bores—and you have Anthony Trollope, the most unromantic of romancers, popular in virtue of his skill in reproducing a population. Vitalize this dull reality by vivid feeling; put passion into everything; eliminate all that does not stimulate; be as fruitful in incidents as Trollope is in commonplaces; envelop the reader in a whirl of events; drag him violently on through a series of minor unexpected catastrophes to the grand unexpected catastrophe at the end; heap stimulants on him until he feels like a mad Malay running amuck through the streets—and you have Charles Reade, the great master of melodramatic effect. This social life which Trollope does not penetrate, which Reade exaggerates, look at it with a curious, sceptical eye, sharpened by a wearied heart; be superior to all the fine illusions of existence, by defect of spiritual insight as well as by subtilty of external observation; lay bare all the hypocrisies and rascalities of "proper" people, without losing faith in the possibility of virtue; survey men and women in their play rather than in their real struggle and work; bring all the resources of keen observation, incisive wit, and delicate humor to the task of exhibiting the frailties of humanity, with-

out absolutely teaching that it is hopelessly vicious and effete—and you have Thackeray, a kindly man of genius, honestly forced by his peculiar intellect and experience to inculcate the dreadful doctrine that life does not pay. Add Thackeray's sharp and bright perception to Trollope's nicety in detail, and supplement both with large scholarship and wide reach of philosophic insight; conceive a person who looks, not only *at* life and *into* life, but *through* it, who sympathizes with the gossip of peasants and the principles of advanced thinkers, who is as capable of reproducing Fergus O'Conner as John Stuart Mill, and is as blandly tolerant of Garrison as of Hegel—and you have the wonderful woman who called herself George Eliot, probably the largest mind among the romancers of the century, but with an incurable sadness at the depth of her nature which deprives her of the power to cheer the readers she interests and informs.

It may here be said that, in a peculiar and restricted domain of imagination, the great American novelist, Nathaniel Hawthorne, has fairly outmatched all his English brethren. He is the Jonathan Edwards of the imaginative representation of life, as Thackeray is its Hume. He teaches with vivid distinctness the doctrine of "the exceeding sinfulness of sin." Scott once said that there were depths in human nature which it was unhealthy to attempt to sound, and it is in attempting to sound these that Hawthorne has exhibited his most marvellous gifts of insight and characterization. In the subtlety and accuracy, the penetration and sureness, of his glance into the morbid phenomena of the human soul; in exhibiting the operation of the most delicate laws of attraction and repulsion which human natures can experience; in the capacity to terrify his readers with the consciousness of their latent possibilities for evil, so that they shrink from his pitiless exposures "like guilty things surprised"—he makes novelists like Thackeray and Dickens appear relatively superficial; but, as Scott had foretold, the representation is too ghostly and ghastly to give that degree of artistic pleasure which is the condition of a novelist's complete success with the public.

Each of these novelists has a particular class of appreciative readers whose individual experience of life they specially meet. But there are two romancers, Scott and Dickens, who are liked and loved by everybody, because, by the happiness of their natures as well as the force of their genius, they are radiators of *cheer*, and communicate the most delicious imaginative *enjoyment*. Different in many important respects, they agree in that last and inmost felicity of genius of being universally *attractive*. They are the only novelists who have succeeded in domesticating their creations in *all* imaginations as real human beings, whose wit or wisdom, whose joys or sorrows, whose hates or loves, we refer to as confidently as Mrs. Gamp did to her dear, ideal Mrs. Harris—more real to the eye of her mind than the Betsey Prig she daily beheld in superabundant flesh.

To achieve this miracle Dickens must not only have had exceptional powers of observation and imagination, but *extra*ordinary intensity of sympathy with *ordinary* feelings and beliefs. His genius in characterization tends to the grotesque and extravagant; his personages, in their names as in their qualities, produce on us the effect of strangeness; the plots of the novels in which they appear would with any other characters seem grossly improbable, and yet his mind is unmistakably rooted in common sense and common humanity. He thus succeeds in giving his readers all the pleasure which comes from contemplating what is strange, odd, and eccentric, without disquieting them by any paradoxes in morals or shocking them by any perversions of homely natural sentiment. The "Christmas Carol," for example, is as wild in grotesque fancy as a dream of Hoffmann, yet in feeling as solid and sweet and humane as a sermon of Channing. It impresses us somewhat as we are impressed by the sight of the Bible as illustrated by Gustave Doré. Thus held fast to common, homely truths and feelings by his sentiments, he can safely give reins to his imagination in his creations. The keenest of observers, both of things and persons, all that he observes is still taken up and transformed by his imagination—becomes *Dickens*-

ized, in fact—so that, whether he describes a landscape, or a boot-jack, or a building, or a man, we see the object, not as it is in itself, but as it is deliciously bewitched by his method of looking at it. Everything is suggested by his outward experience, but modified by his inward experience. The result is that we do not have in him an exact transcript of life, but an individualized ideal of life from his point of view. He has, in short, discovered and colonized one of the waste districts of Imagination, which we may call Dickens-land or Dickens-ville; from his own brain he has peopled it with some fourteen hundred persons, and it agrees with the settlements made there by Shakespeare and Scott in being better known than such geographical countries as Canada and Australia, and it agrees with them equally in confirming us in the belief of the *reality* of a population which has no *actual* existence. It is distinguished from all other colonies in Brainland by the ineffaceable peculiarities of its colonizer; its inhabitants don't die like other people, but, alas! they also now can't increase; but whithersoever any of them may wander they are recognized at once, by an unmistakable birthmark, as belonging to the race of Dickens. A man who has done this is not merely one of a thousand, but one of a thousand millions; for he has created an ideal population which is more interesting to human beings than the great body of their own actual friends and neighbors.

And how shall I describe this population, so numerous and so various?

It must, of course, be divided into classes; and its most general division is into humane people and malignant people. The one test of merit in Dickensland is goodness of heart; and it contains a considerable number of highly esteemed persons in whom this quality is connected with confusion of head. No other novelist ever drew so many fools and half-witted people and drew them so humanely. There, for example, is poor Miss Flite, the crazed suitor in the Court of Chancery, who has discovered that the sixth seal mentioned in the Revelations is the Great Seal of the Lord Chancellor, and who expects a judgment in her case on the Day of Judgment. There is Miss Betsey Trotwood's friend, Mr. Dick, with *his* head hopelessly troubled and intermixed with that of King Charles the First, and listening to Dr. Strong's learned dissertations "with his poor wits wandering, God knows where, on the wings of hard words." Add a little conscious brain, so that the heart can stutter into half-intelligent expression, and you have what Susan Nipper calls "that innocentest creeter Toots." This young gentleman, as you remember, had been subjected to Dr. Blimber's forcing system in education, but "had stopped off blowing one day, and remained in the school a mere stalk;" and who "when he began to have whiskers left off having brains." When he comes into his property he hires a set of apartments, employs a prize-fighter, called the Game Chicken, to complete his education as a gentleman, and falls in love with Florence Dombey. The attachment proves hopeless, and he becomes a prey to Byronic despair. "The state of my feelings toward Miss Dombey," he says to Captain Cuttle, "is of that unspeakable description that my heart is a desert island, and she lives in it alone. I'm getting more used up every day, and I'm proud to be so. If you could see my legs when I take my boots off, you'd form some idea of what unrequited affection is. I have been prescribed bark, but I don't take it, for I don't wish to have any tone whatever given to my constitution. I'd rather not. The hollow crowd when they see me with the Chicken, and characters of distinction like that, suppose me to be happy; but I'm wretched."

Dickens makes Toots, indeed, as ridiculous a creature as can well be conceived, but then he makes him as lovable as he is laughable. The readers of "Dombey and Son" feel that he is of infinitely more importance than the haughty Edith or the keen and cunning Carker of that wonderful novel; for he has a good heart under his stammering brain, and Dickens, in such matters, agrees with his own John Chivery, who says of his foolish son: "My son has a 'art, and my son's 'art is in the right place. Me and his mother knows where to find it, and we find it sitiwated correct."

Next above the half-witted we have the stupid characters of Dickens—characters in whom stupidity, however, is, as it is in nature, blended with self-importance. Such are old Joe Willet, Barkis, Jack Bunsby, Mr. F.'s Aunt, and the rest. Intellect just twinkles in them, like a fire-fly in the dark. "That chap, sir," says Mr. Willet, speaking of Hugh, "though he has all his faculties about him, somewheres or another, bottled-up and corked-down, has no more imagination than Barnaby has. And why hasn't he? Because they never was drawed out of him when he was a boy. That's why. What would any of us have been, if our fathers hadn't drawed our faculties out of us? What would my boy Joe have been, if I hadn't drawed his faculties out of him?"

Again, the liquor-steeped Durdles, in "Edwin Drood," employs the boy-imp, Deputy, to stone him home, when he is out after ten o'clock at night, and takes great credit on himself for thus giving the boy an object in life. "What was he before?" he says, with "the slow gravity of beery soddenness." "A Destroyer. What work did he do? Nothing but destruction. What did he earn by it? Short terms in Cloisterham jail. Not a person, not a piece of property, not a winder, not a horse, nor a dog, nor a cat, nor a bird, nor a fowl, nor a pig, but what he stoned, for want of an enlightened object. I put that enlightened object before him, and now he can turn his honest half-penny by the three penn'orth a week." "I wonder he has no competitors," says Mr. Jasper. "He has plenty," answers Mr. Durdles, "but he stones 'em all away."

Then there is that inscrutable old woman, Mr. F.'s Aunt, in "Little Dorrit," who has such a benevolent desire that Arthur Clennam shall be "brought for'ard," in order that she may "chuck him out o' winder;" who sits down in the pie-shop with the inexorable purpose not to move until the "chucking" process has been accomplished, and who subjects her companion to some embarrassment in consequence of "an idle rumor which circulated among the credulous infants of the neighborhood, to the effect that the old lady had sold herself to the pie-shop to be made up, and was then sitting in the pie-shop parlor declining to complete her contract."

Connected with this class of characters is a class in which conceit carries stupidity to an elevation quite ideal. Sim Tappertit, Mr. Kenwigs, Mr. Sapsea, may be cited as its representatives. Where is the person so fortunate as *not* to have met Mr. Sapsea, or somebody who strongly suggested him—the man who gives a certain grandeur to his fat-wittedness, who is heroically dull and majestically insensible, and whose conceit could hardly be blasted out of him by the heaviest charge of nitro-glycerine? Thinking, in his condescending almightiness, that it is not good for man to be alone, he cast his eye about him for a nuptial partner, whose mind might be absorbed in his own. That eye, thus cast about him, fell on Miss Brobity. "Miss Brobity's being, young man," he says to Mr. Jasper, "was deeply imbued with homage to Mind. She revered Mind, when launched, or, as I say, precipitated, on an extensive knowledge of the world. When I made my proposal, she did me the honor to be so overshadowed with a species of Awe as to be able to articulate only the two words, 'O, Thou!'—meaning myself, . . . and, though encouraged to proceed, she never did proceed a word further." Mrs. Sapsea, thus courted, soon dies of "a feeble action of the liver," and to the very last addressed her august spouse—playing Jove to her Semele—in the same unfinished terms of "O, Thou!" And perhaps the most audacious stroke of Dickens's extravagant humor is found in the inscription which Mr. Sapsea places on her monument.

We do no injustice to that "fool positive," Mr. Sapsea, in saying we make an ascent in the mental scale in proceeding to consider fools after the fashion of Mrs. Nickleby. She is the type of a class, very numerous in actual life, whose minds are run away with by the accidental association of ideas; who have thoughts, but no power of directing their thoughts. Flora Casby, in "Little Dorrit," with her unpunctuated velocity of incoherent talk, belongs to the same general class. So does Mr. Sparkler, whose stunted brain stammers under the weight of his admiration for persons

who have "no nonsense in them"—in his case a purely disinterested and pathetic tribute to all human beings who do not share his special defect. So does the poor little Barnacle of the Circumlocution Office, who is so shocked by Arthur Clennam's coming into the office with a demand to "know" something about the matters which the Department was theoretically instituted to explain. Everyone remembers the scene at Pet Meagles's marriage with Henry Gowan, in which this young Barnacle testifies his horror and indignation, "to two vapid young gentlemen, his relatives," at the presence of Arthur at the feast. "There was a feller here, look here, who had come to our Department without an appointment and said he wanted to know, you know; and that, look here, if he was to break out now, as he might, you know (for you never could tell what an ungentlemanly Radical of that sort would be up to next), and was to say, look here, that he wanted to know this moment, you know, that would be jolly—wouldn't it?"

So does "the young man by the name of Guppy," in "Bleak House." He is an attorney's clerk, who, in proposing to Esther Summerson, "files a declaration;" who represents his mother as eminently calculated, by her virtues, to be a mother-in-law; and who, with vast self-esteem, and desire to strike everybody he meets with an impression of his superior magnanimity and intelligence, is forced by his nature to demean himself like the wretched snob he is—belonging, as he does, to that family of fools in which the natural variety of the species blends with another variety which it would be profanity to name.

It is difficult to say where, in Dickens, the humorist ends and the satirist begins, but there are in his works whole classes of character in which the satirist evidently predominates. His method of assailing social and political abuses is to make them ridiculous or hateful, and he makes them ridiculous or hateful by impersonating them in men and women. We quote them as we quote a jest or bright saying—not as characters, but as epigrams endowed with individuality. His humorous personages spring from his sympathies, his satirical ones from his antipathies; and antipathy never gives us the whole and inward truth about anybody, but makes us exaggerate the trait we dislike until the individual is all merged in his particular defect. The popularity of such characters in Dickens is due to the fact that they reflect popular prejudices, and never go beyond that perception of externals which is our easy, intolerant way of judging the people we despise or detest. The intellectual limitations of Dickens are also revealed in his satirical sketches. His heart is developed out of all proportion to his brain. The abuses of a system blind his eyes to its merits and its purpose. He is a reformer, but a reformer whose commonsense is unaccompanied with comprehensive intelligence, and whose moral sense frequently impels him to be practically unjust. Nobody who is carried away by his delicious satire on the Barnacles and their "Circumlocution Office" stops to think that the Circumlocution Office is simply the introduction of *method* into the transaction of public business—a system which, with all its defects, is the only contrivance ever devised by human wit to check scoundrelism in official place. Nobody who is carried away by his satire on the delays in chancery stops to think that the Court of Chancery with all its abuses, means equity jurisprudence, and that equity jurisprudence, in distinction from the common law, is one of the few things in insular England in which the principles of universal reason and universal justice have been fairly applied.

The novel of "Hard Times" is a satire on political economy, of which Dickens knew little, and the little he knew offended his benevolent feelings—as if the law of gravitation itself did not frequently offend benevolent feeling! Still, Mr. Gradgrind will for generations prevent a large number of amiable people from admitting the demonstrations of Adam Smith and Ricardo. One sometimes feels, in reflecting on the immense influence exerted by Dickens on matters requiring, for their adequate treatment, wide knowledge and philosophic largeness of mind, that it is a great pity he did not receive in youth a systematic

education, which would have given him the austere mental training which, with all his genius, he so evidently lacked. We are occasionally reminded, in reading him, of Tony Weller's reply to Mr. Pickwick's praise of the intelligence of his son Sam: "Werry glad to hear of it, sir," he says. "I took a great deal o' pains in his eddication, sir; let him run the streets when he was werry young, sir, and shift for himself. It's the only way to make a boy sharp, sir." Undoubtedly what Dickens picked up in "running the streets" was precious to literature. Undoubtedly he saw much that legislators, statesmen, and thinkers neglect. But it would have been better, when he invaded their province, if he had known more than he did of the subjects that occupied their activity. The fatal defect of his judgment was that he could not fairly represent any system of administration or government, of philanthropy or theology, which worked what he considered injustice or wrong in individual cases. Now, God alone, with an eternity to operate in, can deal with such exceptional cases. Imperfect human beings can, at the best, only frame systems which have a tendency to do the greatest good to the greatest number. As a humorist, Dickens is as tolerant as nature is; as a satirist, he is, in spirit, almost as intolerant, though in a different way, as Carlyle himself. He has not the Shakespearean toleration—the toleration which comes from immense force and reach and fairness of mind, as well as from goodness and tenderness of heart.

But, waiving these considerations, and coming down to the real talent of Dickens in looking at these things from his own point of view, we have a crowd of shadowy characters which are indisputably inhabitants of Dickens-land. There is the whole family of the Barnacles, born to receive salaries and shirk work, preaching and living the gospel of "How not to do it." There is Lord Lancaster Stiltstalking, "who had been maintained by the Circumlocution Office for many years as a representative of the Britannic Majesty abroad." This "noble Refrigerator had iced several European courts in his time, and had done it with such complete success that the very name of Englishman yet struck cold to the stomachs of foreigners who had the distinguished honor of remembering *him*, at the distance of a quarter of a century." At the festive board he "shaded the dinner, cooled the wines, chilled the gravy, and blighted the vegetables."

Then there is the class of professional philanthropists, Mrs. Jellyby, Mrs. Pardiggle, and Messrs. Quale, Gusher, and Honeythunder, caricatures which express one of the most persistent of Dickens's antipathies. Remember poor rueful Mr. Jellyby adjuring his daughter Caddy, when she was to marry young Mr. Turveydrop, not to have a "mission." Unless, he says, you mean with all your heart to strive to make a home for your husband, "you had better murder him than marry him." And, then recurring to the disorders of his own home, owing to Mrs. Jellyby's absorption in Borrioboola-Gha, he calls his neglected children "wild Indians," and declares "that he was sensible the best thing that could happen to them was, their being all Tomahawked together."

Then there is the class to which the Rev. Mr. Chadband belongs—impersonated satires on clerical defects and bigotries, which some clergymen have been so injudicious as to denounce as attacks on religion. Mr. Chadband is "a large yellow man, with a fat smile," a greasy paw, and with "a general appearance of having a good deal of train-oil in his system." His eloquence consists in "piling verbose flights of stairs," one upon another. His sermon on what he calls "Terewth," elicited by the boy Jo on his appearance in Mr. Snagsby's house, is a masterpiece of its kind. "O my juvenile friends," he exclaims, "if the master of this house was to go forth into the city and there see an eel, and was to come back, and was to call untoe him the mistress of this house, and was to say, 'Sarah, rejoice with me, for I have seen an elephant!' would *that* be Terewth?"

In the same class of impersonated sarcasms we must rank his hits, in "Martin Chuzzlewit," on our *American* declaimers, swindlers, and charlatans. They are caricatures—but, then, what good caricatures! Not to speak of Mr. Jefferson Brick and Colonel Diver, of the

"Rowdy Journal," how delightful is Elijah Pogram, "honorable" in virtue of his being a member of Congress. The Hon. Elijah's eulogy on the rascal Chollop must remind us of many specimens of Western eloquence. "Our fellow-countryman is a model of a man, quite fresh from Natur's mould!" said Pogram, with enthusiasm. "He is a true-born child of this free hemisphere! Verdant as the mountains of our country; bright and flowing as our Mineral Licks; unsp'iled by withering conventionalities as air our broad and boundless Perearers! Rough he may be. So air our Barrs. Wild he may be. So air our Buffalers. But he is a child of Natur', and a child of Freedom; and his boastful answer to the Despot and Tyrant is, that his bright home is in the settin' sun!" This is perhaps only a heightened representation of the way in which some of our politicians make the American eagle scream!

Now, the difference between characters like these and real men and women is that they have no *internal* vitality and individuality. In short, they have no souls. Dickens's force of imagination is such that he easily succeeds in personifying them; but he easily succeeds, also, in personifying streets, buildings, landscapes, furniture—everything, in short, he touches. It is so difficult, in this brief survey, to mention, even by name, scores of the true characters which enliven his books, that the deduction we make is comparatively of slight importance. Among those characters who have essential individuality, Tony Weller and Mrs. Gamp stand out as perhaps the best examples of solid characterization in Dickens's works. What they say is deliciously humorous, but what they *are* is more humorous still. The same, to a less extent, may be said of Sam Weller, Squeers, Wilkins Micawber, esquire, Captain Ed'ard Cuttle, Mr. Crummles, Mr. and Mrs. Boffin; of the wonderful series of boys, from Master Wackford Squeers all the way up to the "baby-devil" Deputy, in "Edwin Drood," and that perfection of urchin impudence, Bailey, Junior, in "Martin Chuzzlewit;" of the dilapidated young gentlemen distinguished for their flow of spirits, animal and alcoholic, represented by Bob Sawyer, Mr. Chuckster, and Mr. Richard Swiveller; and of oddities and "originals" of all kinds, such as Newman Noggs, Tim Linkinwater, Mr. Cruncher, Durdles, Mr. Venus, Mr. Wegg, Mr. Boythorn. It is useless, in such an embarrassment of riches, to attempt specification. They are all, more or less, *overcharged*, as though the author was a little intoxicated with his own humorous conception, and could not keep himself within any measure; but they are still all *alive*. Of the novels in which they appear, "The Pickwick Papers" are the most animated and joyous, inspired, as they are, by the very genius of fun; "David Copperfield" is the most delightful, various, and satisfying of stories; "Dombey and Son" is the freshest and most vital throughout in style, description, and characterization; and "The Tale of Two Cities" is the most intense, passionate, and "entertaining" of narratives.

In all the novels, the characters can hardly be detached from the scenes and incidents in which they appear without a loss in ludicrous effect. Still, let me quote a few sentences in which what they *are* flashes through what they *say*. Mr. Sam Weller, on first encountering the fat boy, accosts him with the question, "You a'n't got nothing on your mind, as makes you fret yourself, have you?" "Not as I knows on," replies the boy. "I should rather ha' thought," says Sam, "*to look at you*, that you was a-laborin' under an unrequited attachment to some young 'ooman."

Mrs. Todgers fears that "that dreadful child," Bailey, junior, has been so spoilt by the gentlemen of her boarding-house "that nothing but hanging will ever do him any good." Mrs. Gamp gives, as her opinion, that "there's nothin' he don't know. All the wickedness of the world is Print to him." "Reether so," retorts Bailey, junior, "adjusting his cravat." And then, he confesses critically to Poll Sweedlepipe, "there's the remains of a fine woman about Sairy—hey, Paul?" "Drat the Bragian boldness of that boy!" cried Mrs. Gamp. "I wouldn't be that creetur's mother, not for fifty pound." "Excuge," she says, in reference to this same Poll Sweedlepipe, the barber, "ex-

cuge the weakness of the man, . . . which not a blessed hour ago he nearly shaved the noge off from the father of as lovely a family as ever, Mr. Chuzzlewit, was born three sets of twins, and would have done it, only he see it a-goin' in the glass and dodged the rager."

Mr. Sapsea, in "Edwin Drood," thus discriminates between equity and legality. "It is not enough," he says, "that Justice should be morally certain; she must be *immorally* certain—legally, that is."

Mr. Micawber, who is the prey of pecuniary difficulties, and who is always waiting for something to "turn up," has a family in every way worthy of him. "My mamma," said Mrs. Micawber, "departed this life before Mr. Micawber's difficulties commenced, or at least before they became pressing. My papa lived to bail Mr. Micawber several times, and then expired, regretted by a numerous circle." "My piece of advice to you, Copperfield," says Mr. Micawber, "you know. Annual income, twenty pounds; annual expenditure, nineteen nineteen six; result, happiness. Annual income, twenty pounds; annual expenditure, twenty pounds ought and six; result, misery. The blossum is blighted, the leaf is withered, the God of day goes down on the dreary scene, and—and, in short, you are forever floored. As I am!"

How many so-called accomplished women of the world are hit in this picture of Mrs. Merdle! She "had large, unfeeling, handsome eyes, and dark, unfeeling, handsome hair, and a broad, unfeeling, handsome bosom."

"I am," says Mr. Vincent Crummles, "in the theatrical profession myself; my wife is in the theatrical profession; I had a dog that lived and died in it from a puppy; and my chaise-pony goes on, in 'Timour the Tartar.'"

When Mrs. Crupp, David Copperfield's landlady, has her house invaded by Miss Betsey Trotwood, she vehemently expresses her determination to assert her rights before "a British Judy." Mr. Wegg, when he charges Mr. Boffin more for reading poetry to him than for reading prose, justifies the exaction on the ground that when "a person comes to grind off poetry night after night, it is but right he should expect to be paid for its weakening effect on his mind." When Mr. Squeers is drunk he goes to bed, not only with his boots on, but with his umbrella under his arm. When Arthur Clennam, ruined by speculation and utterly crushed in spirit, says to Mr. Rugg, his attorney, that he only cares for the money left with him in trust, and not for his own, Mr. Rugg expresses an unmistakable professional surprise at such extraordinary delicacy of feeling. "I have," he says, "generally found in my experience that it's their own money people are most particular about. I have seen people get rid of a good deal of other people's money, and bear it very well; very well, indeed."

A word may be said here in regard to the *critical* charge against Dickens, that he preserves the individuality of his characters by the cheap contrivance of constantly repeating some mere external peculiarity. Mr. Snagsby always prefaces anything he has to say with a slight, deprecatory cough behind his raised hand. Uriah Heep is always "'umble." Mr. Jarndyce's "East Wind" becomes in the end painfully monotonous. Mr. Tony Weller's fear of the machinations of "widdurs" tires at last on the critical sense of humor. Mrs. Merdle's "Bosom" is so obtrusively prominent that it submerges Mrs. Merdle herself in a physical trait. The objection is just, but still the defect belongs to Dickens's method of characterization. He repeats these things as the experienced preacher constantly repeats his text, in order to deepen its effect on the popular mind. As long as Dickens makes his characters really *alive*, in internal individuality as well as in external peculiarity, the defect is but superficial.

The villains in Dickens's novels are not favorable specimens of the class from which Shakespeare and Scott drew some of their grandest creations. All his villains are essentially low villains and utter villains; but experience, history, and Shakespeare prove that villains are commonly the most complicated of all characters, and require the greatest subtlety and depth of dramatic insight to be

adequately represented and *explained*. Dickens's villains, Quilp, Carker, Arthur Gride, Jonas Chuzzlewit, Ralph Nickleby, Blandois, and the rest, are simply hideous, and belong, not to literature, but to the criminal courts. Though he devotes to them much of his strongest, most elaborate, and most ambitious writing, he never succeeds in making them artistically justifiable. Total depravity is not admissible in romance; and Dickens professes to draw his villains as totally depraved. What, he says, in "Edwin Drood"—the last work he wrote—could a virtuous mind "know of the criminal intellect, which its own professed students perpetually misread, because they persist in trying to reconcile it with the average intellect of average men, instead of identifying it as a horrible wonder apart?" And as to the criminal heart under this criminal intellect, he has expressed a sufficiently despairing opinion through the lips of the honest landlady who denounces Blandois, the leading villain of "Little Dorrit." I know nothing, she says, "of philosophic philanthropy." But this I know, that "there are people whom it is necessary to detest without compromise. There are people who must be dealt with as enemies of the human race. There are people (men and women both, unfortunately) who have no good in them—none. There are people who have in them no human heart, and must be crushed like savage beasts and cleared out of the way."

Individually, I may agree with this judgment, and think that the hangman is doing the most useful of all works in launching such existences into nonexistence. Kill them by all means, but don't do what Dickens does—don't make them prominent characters in the ideal realm of tragedy and romance.

The pathos of Dickens is no less effective than his humor; perhaps he draws tears even more easily than he provokes laughter. He makes everybody cry—even his hostile critics; but his critics object that they are made to cry against the rules, that it is sentimentality they cry over and not true sentiment, that it is exceedingly unnatural thus to have their natures so deeply stirred. Dickens took their tears as the most cogent of all answers to their maxims, and went on with his work, forcing them to weep, and disregarding the snarling protest they made against the magician who extorted from them such irrepressible drops of uncritical emotion. Still, the critics were not altogether wrong in saying that while his humor always cheered, his pathos frequently enfeebled. Vigorous manly and womanly will to do practical benevolent work is apt to be dissolved in such tears as Dickens makes us sometimes shed. It is well to sympathize with sorrow, but to sympathize with it to such an extent as to make strong-heartedness give way to soft-heartedness is to deprive us of the power to help the sorrowful. For example, we all, perhaps, become somewhat maudlin over Little Nell; but, then, Little Nell grown up in "Little Dorrit;" grown up in Lucie Manette, of "The Tale of Two Cities;" grown up in Esther Summerson, of the "Bleak House," is a veritable character, competent, through pathetic sentiment, to impress us with the highest obligations of duty. The affectionateness and self-devotion of these characters are all steeped in an atmosphere of moral beauty. I think that Esther Summerson is the most perfect character of its kind in romantic literature, thoroughly pure, sweet, kindly, maidenly, and humane. Mr. Peggotty, again, in "David Copperfield," is a wonderful example of the power of goodness to irradiate the homeliest form, and lift into grandeur the most uncouth expression. Human nature itself is indebted to Dickens for such delineations of its possibilities of purity, tenderness, and humble moral strength.

There is quite a crowd of such characters in Dickens-land, and they thoroughly Christianize it. What a discourse on filial duty is condensed in the advice given by Mr. George, in "Bleak House," to young Woolwich! "The time will come when this hair of your mother's will be gray, and this forehead all crossed and recrossed with wrinkles. Take care, while you are young, that you can think in those days, '*I* never whitened a hair of her dear head, *I* never marked a sorrowful line in her face!'"

What a living sermon is that preached at the death-bed of little Paul Dombey! How it melts, humanizes, elevates, every

heart! " . . . The old, old fashion! The fashion that came in with our first garments, and will last unchanged until our race has run its course and the wide firmament is rolled up like a scroll. The old, old fashion—Death. Oh, thank God! all who see it, for that older fashion yet, of Immortality!"

And what a wild, agonized cry is that which bursts from the heart of David Copperfield as he surveys for the last time his friend, tranquilly sleeping, and thinks of the inexpiable crime he so soon after committed:

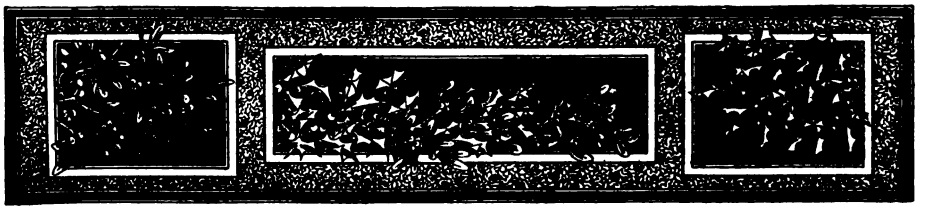
"Never more—Oh, God forgive you, Steerforth!—to touch that passive hand in love and friendship. Never, never more!"

And then there is the death of Davy Copperfield's mother, as told to him by his old nurse, Peggotty. "'Peggotty, my dear,' she said, 'put me nearer to you,' for she was very weak. 'Lay your good arm under my neck,' she said, and turn me to you, for your face is going far off, and I want it to be near.' I put it as she asked, and oh, Davy! the time came when my first parting words to you were true—when she was glad to lay her poor head on her stupid, cross old Peggotty's arm—and she died like a child that had gone to sleep."

And then there is in "Bleak House" that wonderfully depicted ride which Esther Summerson takes with Mr. Bucket, the detective, to follow and save her mother, Lady Dedlock, who had fled from her haughty husband's house to die at the gate of the paupers' cemetery, where her early love, Esther's wild father, was buried! "She lay there, with one arm creeping round a bar of the iron gate and seeming to embrace it. She lay there, a distressed, unsheltered, senseless creature." Esther does not think it is her mother, but her attendant, Jenny. "I saw," she says, "but did not comprehend, the solemn and compassionate look in Mr. Woodcourt's face. I saw, but did not comprehend, his touching the other on the breast, to keep him back. I saw him stand uncovered in the bitter air, with a reverence for something. But my understanding for all this was gone. I even heard it said between them—'Shall she go?' 'She had better go. Her hands should be the first to touch her. They have a higher right than ours.' I passed on to the gate, and stooped down. I lifted the heavy head, put the long dark hair aside, and turned the face. And it was my mother, cold and dead."

This is essential pathos, going down to the very roots of the thing in the human heart. And how numerous the examples are, spread all over Dickens's works!

And now, in conclusion, let us celebrate, without any qualification, this humane man of genius, who, whether he makes us laugh or weep, makes us better; who cheers us with a fresh confidence in human nature, and with an intenser sympathy for the poor, the despised, and the wretched; who has done immense good, while he has seemed only to diffuse vast entertainment; who has peopled the imagination with a new company of ideal beings, which the heart clings to and will not allow to die; who never did or said anything mean or base, or refrained from stigmatizing meanness and baseness when they crossed his path; who never was corrupted by success, but was as kindly and genial in life as in his writings; who tried sincerely to live in accordance with what he honestly believed to be true and right; and who, while he will ever hold a high rank among the great novelists of the world, will also, and *through* his novels, hold a still more precious position among the great benefactors of the human race.



KING SOLOMON'S DREAM.

By Graham R. Tomson.

Between the darkness and the dawn
  Three signs were seen of me:
One, white as ivory new-sawn,
And greener one than wet spring grass,
And one, more red than blood (Alas!
  A sight most drear and dree);
    All these things verily
    Mine eyes did see.

Three ladies in a twilight space
  Did sit and spin alway:
The first, a damsel cold of grace,
With snow-white spindle featly wove;
The second (singing low of love)
  With spindle green as bay,
    Smiled soft and looked on me—
    Yea—even she.

But that third lady of the three,
  I might not see her face,
Or whether fair or foul was she,
For veils wound close about her head
(Both veil and spindle were blood-red);
  And still she span apace,
    Singing right joylessly,
    Nor looked on me.

The first I spake with of the three,
  The virgin pure and pale,
Full fair and exquisite to see,
More delicate than spring sunlight,
Crowned with closed buds of lilies white
  And swathed in pearl-white veil.—
    Sweet lady, even she
    Did answer me!

"When Eve, in woe and sorrow sore,
Came forth from Paradise,
The dear-bought bough her hand still bore:
She had no carven coffer fair
Nor ivory chest, to lay it there:
The tears from her sweet eyes
Did fall to water it,
As was most fit.

"She said, 'Alas! this goodly bough
Hath cost me grievous woe,
Yet must I guard it even now,
Yea, surely will I plant it here.'—
Full fast the tree grew (bought so dear!)
Right large, and white as snow;
A token stood the tree
Of Eve's virginity."

The maiden ceased, and turned her head,
No word she spake again.
The second, fair with white and red,
And loose hair crowned with clustering vine,
Did turn her lustrous eyes on mine.—
"But I, of Love's great gain"
She said, "Of Love and Pain
Sing, not in vain.

"Above, the snow-white branches spread,
Below, the dewy grass—
In sooth a goodly bridal-bed—
And then the tree waxed great and green
With broad, fair leaves of glossy sheen,
And there it came to pass
That Eve, in travail sore,
Prince Abel bore."

The third dame cried, "Ah, bitter woe!"—
Full sore a little space
She wrung her hands, then, moaning low,
She said, "Blood-red the tall tree grew
When so Prince Cain his brother slew:
Mild Abel, fair of face,
Where first he drew soft breath
Received the death."

She ceased, and fell to sorrowing;
Then I—"Still sorrow ye?"
Her speech broke forth again, "O King,
In your fair garden straightly set
That wondrous tree is growing yet.—"
"And still shall these things be?"
"Even so," she answered me,
"Yea, verily."

THE TINCTURE OF SUCCESS.

By T. R. Sullivan.

AS HAZARD read the last words of the manuscript, Purkitt knocked the ashes from his long clay pipe and looked up with a cheerful smile. Cheerfulness, however, was the main characteristic of his somewhat puffy little personality; and on that unwrinkled forty-five-year-old face, rendered rosier than usual to-night by frequent draughts of gin-and-water, a smile had no more promise in it to anxious eyes than has a morning rainbow.

"Well?" said the other, faintly.

He was a man under thirty. But Time had kept him in mind, evidently. Already he looked old. His face was thin, pale, and worn; at first sight of it one might well have wondered when he had last eaten a good dinner, and what his next meal was likely to be.

"Well," returned Purkitt, irresolutely. Then, after a moment: "I think your style is charming."

Hazard tossed down his work with a show of carelessness. But one sheet of it fell from the table upon the dusty floor; and he picked this up, to brush it with his coat-sleeve before replying.

"Thank you, Dick!" said he. "I see—it is a failure."

Dick Purkitt pushed forward his empty glass and twirled it about with finger-tips unmarred by any deformity of labor. They had toiled early and late, but only with the pen.

"Victor, dear boy, you did not expect me to call the tale a work of genius, worthy of—well, say Yarrow—did you?"

"No, Dick, of course not. But I did hope to show a bit of progress; perhaps, even, to stir your British public up a little. I worked so hard; and they will no more be stirred by it than that old duffer in the corner there."

Speaking thus, with eyes that in vain strove not to glisten, he indicated a man whom they had found asleep by the gray embers of the tavern-fire. Dick studied for a moment the drooping figure, with its folded arms and hat drawn down over the eyes in deep, serene unconsciousness, still the same.

"He has not turned a hair," said he. "Yes, the British public is like that. You must strike a higher note to rouse it. And yet the story is a good story. Not Yarrow, but still——"

"Yarrow—always Yarrow!"

"Dear boy, have patience. Even Yarrow had to learn his letters. Look at me! Grinding the mill for five-and-twenty years, and still at it—a hack writer on the *Tavistock Review*."

"Yes, but—" Hazard stopped, and sighed.

"I know. You want to tell me your art is different. That is true, and I honor you for it. I keep the beaten path, and you must climb. Even now,

I could not begin to do that thing of yours. Send it to the magazines."

"The magazines!" echoed Hazard, bitterly.

"Well, Magazine, then. You're too sensitive; that's one of your troubles. Shall I tell you another? Your work is imitative—far too suggestive of your master, who is Yarrow, I say, whether you like it or not. Give him the cold shoulder. You are young, but you have lived. Take some passage of your life, and put your heart into it. If it hurts you, so much the better. The public is as cruel as a Vestal virgin. I tell you, it wants blood. Where did you dine to-day?"

"Here, in the Silver Cross. Jugged hare and apple-tart—not a bad dinner for one-and-threepence. It's the best luncheon-bar I know in London."

"I thought you looked hungry; so am I—as a horse. I say, bring us supper, will you? Cold joint, and plenty of it—the best cheese you've got. Beer for this gentleman, and gin for me. As you say, Hazard, one lives well here for Fleet Street. *Per me*, I prefer the Bristol. For heaven's sake, William, coax that fire up with another coal or two. Don't you know it's snowing outside? Now then, Hazard, here's the beef. Pitch right in—that's American, isn't it? Show your Yankee spirit, and make victory of defeat, as you did at Bunker's Hill. Damn it, man, Victor is your name!"

All this stir in the little back parlor at last roused its third occupant, who stretched his legs, yawned, and growled; then rose, buttoned his heavy dark coat about him, and thrust his hands into the pockets; finally, with a nod to Purkitt, he passed into the bar, mumbling to himself, inaudibly, as he went. They heard him shuffle on to the street-door and go out.

Hazard had looked for an instant at his dark face, deeply furrowed, with an iron-gray mustache large enough to cover the lips and half the military tuft upon the chin; with enormous eyebrows, black as jet, under which the eyes shrunk away into what seemed empty sockets; yet in them lurked a scrutiny so keen that the boy had lowered his own eyes at once, catching his breath with something like a chill. The jar of the closing door was a relief.

"Who is that man?" he asked.

"His name is Rose," said Purkitt. "Odd chap, isn't he? Some men like him; I don't, or I would have asked him to stay. Queer devil—they tell absurd stories of him."

"What stories?"

"Oh, mere rot. They say he dabbles in the black arts, the occult and the unknowable. He may deal with the devil, for aught I know; there are various ways of doing that, and his looks are in favor of him. But the rest is rubbish."

"What is the rest? Go on."

"Well, that he can live forever, if he pleases. That he pursues the philosopher's stone, and has caught up with the elixir of long life; that he is one of those German fellows—a Rosicrucian. He is shy about stating his age, and his name happens to be Rose. That's all, but it's quite enough to start the story."

"Has he no profession?"

"Yes, a capital profession. He is an inventor, who has never invented anything; with means, of course, or he couldn't exist. Drake said, the other day, he had seen his rooms; but there was nothing in them, so far as I could discover. Eat your supper, old man, and let us change the subject. I hate quackery and all its works."

They ate and drank until a late hour; that is, one made a good meal, and the other did the drinking. Gin agreed with him, he said, and he seemed none the worse for it. As they parted, the barmaid complimented him on his good looks; he retorting in a way that led her to blush. For a time the place rang with his boisterous mirth, and when he was gone the girl sighed, and told William that Mr. Purkitt was a nice gentleman.

Victor Hazard would have confirmed her statement, had it been made in his hearing. Purkitt took his arm and returned good advice for it, as they splashed up Fleet Street to the Strand through the wet snow-flakes, melting into grimy mud at their feet.

"Now, dear boy, do as I tell you. Send that thing off to-morrow morning, and begin on another the moment you leave the bank. Strike deep; stick the

knife in up to the handle, and turn it round. Don't give way, whatever happens. Fight the good fight, and win. And if you get short, mind you come to me."

"Yes, Dick," said Hazard. There was something in his throat that choked off further speech; so he merely stood still, to detach himself from the friendly arm and offer his hand instead. "Good-night to you!"

"To be sure, there is the bridge; you go that way. Well, good-night! God bless you!"

And Purkitt went sliding on over another mile of the slippery pavement to his club, in Piccadilly, where other dear boys were gathered about the fire, and where he made a cheerful night of it, putting the struggles and possible successes of the young Anglo-American quite out of mind.

Hazard waited on the corner looking after his friend. His throat no longer troubled him; the tears trickled down his cheeks.

"What a good fellow!" he thought; "and how little of me he really knows! He has never had to worry about his bread-and-butter; he cannot imagine what it is."

Across the way he heard a sudden slamming of doors; and then a laughing crowd burst out upon him. The play was over at the Lyceum Theatre. The cabbies swore and shouted and lashed their patient horses. A young girl, all in white, gleamed like a will-o'-the-wisp under the columns of the portico, and disappeared. Hazard, turning away, walked on to the gate of Waterloo Bridge, paid the moderate price of solitude, and speedily it was his. Half way over he stopped to look down. The sluggish river below crept on darkly in the night, lapping filth and squalor and nameless horrors almost inconceivable, to purify itself at last in the healing water of the sea. Above him, too, there was little more than darkness; the distant lights blinked feebly, softened by the snow. All looked solemn, mysterious, death-like. It was the place of suicides—the very time of year, as the historian of statistics demonstrated long ago. Hazard smiled at it.

"There is always this," he muttered, fixing his eyes upon a single flake of snow that passed through the narrow circle illumined by the nearest bridge-lamp and then vanished: "Always this to help us out. A snow-flake on the river, in the night—gone before it strikes the water—it leaves no mark. How can a thread of talent hope to do more upon the black indifference of the world?" He leaned over the parapet, and drew back. "Not yet!" he said, and went his way resolutely, defiantly.

He lived in one of those attic-chambers on the Surrey shore, over which a loop of railway describes the wide arc of a circle between Cannon Street and Charing Cross. This ten-minute journey, with its dissolving views of the river, the Embankment, the towering landmarks of Westminster and Ludgate Hill, is one of the sights of London; one that wears well, too, and may be seen many times before the dull lens of habit blurs it. Its best side was all at Hazard's command. The outlook from his window over the sooty tiles, from the Victoria Tower on one side to the dome of St. Paul's on the other, was never twice the same. The fogs in winter did their black and yellow worst, but they were forever shifting; strange lights shone out in them; and at night they were almost sure to lift and let the stars look down. The trains thundered about his ears incessantly, but a noise that lasts is no longer a nuisance; only silence becomes painful—as on a steamship when the engine stops in mid-ocean, and one longs for the beating soul of the machine.

Victor Hazard was the son of a poor gentleman, who had pinched himself to give his boy what he considered a suitable education; then, dying suddenly, had left him alone in the world of New York, with an inordinate desire to shine before his fellow-men; his capital being a good face, a fair knowledge of the classics, an illegible hand-writing, and a fondness for society. Of dollars and cents his supply became wofully scant. Accepting, accordingly, the first clerkship offered to him, he filled it perfunctorily, but acceptably, though no prospect of his advancement was ever suggested; until his evil fortune lured him into falling in love with his employer's

daughter, and inspired her cruelly to encourage him. She was rich, he overscrupulous; her fortune was a barrier that he conceived to be insurmountable. The entanglement might thus have prolonged itself indefinitely, had not she, growing tired of it, forced him to show his hand and beg for hers. In answer, she raised her eyebrows and wondered what he could mean. She was very sorry; she had never consciously given him cause to hope. How could he have misunderstood her so? Through an odd coincidence, but really nothing more, it happened, within a week, that her father resolved to reduce the sum-total of his salary-list by dispensing with Mr. Hazard's services. He was very sorry—the family seemed conventional in its expression of regret—but the business, etc., did not warrant, etc., etc., and Mr. Hazard could at any time rely, etc., etc., etc., upon his recommendation.

Poor Victor had been told, so often as to believe it, that a woman's "no" means "yes" at certain times. As in war the odds are all against the beleaguered city, if the invaders stand their ground, so in love dogged persistence nearly always conquers in the end. In his heart of hearts he felt that he need only wait defiantly to gain this girl's admiration, pity, love. But once more his honest scruples overcame him. She was fabulously rich, he a beggar. In a weak moment he had miserably ignored this; she had been to blame for the weakness which now led him to despise himself. He must prove to her, if possible, that he was no vulgar soldier of fortune; he must bear defeat with dignity; he could not hunt her down. He abandoned the field at once, and did his best to hate her. Can a man ever accomplish that, when he has really loved the ideal woman his fancy has created? Victor, certainly, made bad work of it; he could not, even to himself, reproach this paragon. He only had been to blame. She was too good for him, for earth; she was divine. He must never see her any more. He must put the ocean between them, and make his whole life a struggle to forget his own faultless line of beauty, eternally graven upon his heart, an indelible sorrow.

A friend, who half suspected his secret, stepped in at this critical moment and offered him an insignificant place on the staff of a great London banking-house. The pay was a mere pittance, absurdly small for his native city; he could barely live upon it, even in London. But Victor accepted the terms gratefully, laughed hunger in the face, and told his anxious friend it should be made a stepping-stone to higher things. So he fled to the great heart of civilization as to a hermitage in the desert, lost his identity, and became a toiling unit in the ant-hill, a mere mechanic of routine. He carried letters which it pleased him to destroy unpresented. He made few acquaintances, fewer friends. Dick Purkitt was the only man who could be said to have grown intimate with him. And Purkitt did not know him long before he felt that he should never know this odd stick of an American any better. Victor had been drawn to him, but not closely, never losing his head, never expanding. Dick remained baffled, but still interested; he took what Victor gave, and he asked no more; abused him for his false pride, and inwardly admired it.

Day after day Hazard bent over his desk in the huge, dingy counting-house, multiplying infinitely his journal-entries, till the load of dull monotony weighed upon him like the rock of Sisyphus. The room was favorably known in the City of London, and lay within a stone's throw of Threadneedle Street; it was low, ill-ventilated, and it quartered a small army of the overworked and underpaid beneath its glass ceiling, which admitted foggy light, in a qualified, commercial way, to fifty hollow-eyed and sallow faces. They could see, could be seen; what more was needed? By good or bad luck the American had found his allotted place near the only window in this dreary tread-mill. He could look up from his worn page, across a flagged court to the eastern wall of an old City church, whose chancel windows had at least imagination in them—on the other side. Too often he caught himself trying to trace out their design, idly wondering about their colors. He never took the trouble to study them from the proper point within the church—he never really cared a button

for them. His day-dreams merely took this fragmentary shape in the beginning, piling up afterward like storm-clouds between him and the church-wall, till they had obscured it. Then his neighbor at the desk, alert, fond of work, and quick at figures, would jog his elbow, chaffing him.

"How many stones are there in that wall, Hazard? Are you going to build one like it?"

And the lynx-eyed bank-manager, noting Victor's lapse in duty, would make a mental black-mark against the truant understanding, and whisper to himself:

"Hazard is a £100 clerk—that's all."

Finally, those dark stones did their destined mischief, and founded in Victor's heart the accursed fabric of a literary ambition. Why not, he thought, turn one's imagination to account, and help out one's bread-and-butter with *vin ordinaire*, if not with the intoxicating draught of fame? His first venture proved likewise his first misfortune, for he found an editor willing to accept it. All seemed plain sailing now. His boat was launched; he had but to let out the sheet and fly before the favoring breeze. But, alas, the sky soon grew overcast, the sea troubled; the winds blew counter, or they died away. His ideas came to him slowly, painfully. His little birds chirped, but did not sing; he set them free to beat the air with feeble wings, to be swept back and die unheard. The fumes of the lamp got into his brain and clogged it. He tossed through sleepless nights, while visionary clots of blood, those danger-signals of the unresting train of thought, swam before his staring eyes. Then the long, stifling day at his desk became a terror to him, the task a torture; he went to it with haggard looks, as in a trance, performing it he knew not how. But at night he lived again, still toiling on in his garret under the stars. His own might never rise—well, so much the worse; he must do without it. He had been bitten by the tarantula; he was dancing mad, and, conscious of the mania, could only murmur to himself, in bitter consolation, the sad foreboding of the German poet:

"One taste of the immortal fruit of fame,
Like to Proserpina's pomegranate-seeds,
Ranks thee forever with the quiet shades,
And to the living thou belong'st no more." *

Now and then the tide up-bore him. When he went to press, no matter how obscurely, all his courage would revive, and, sanguine to absurdity, he would expect too much; instant recognition from the entire English-reading world; the meed of genius; a horn of plenty overflowing at his feet; in short, miracles. And when all these failed him, when the spheres coldly kept their course, indifferent to his, he would sink down, down, each time a little lower, toward a despair of suicidal depth. His temper was fitful as the flight of an arrow shot over a sunlit glacier, to miss its mark and fall into some crevasse beyond the glimpse of day.

The fit was on him that night; the fever first, and then the chill. When he begged Dick Purkitt for a hearing, he did so with the firm belief that the critic would warm at his work, would call it his best, perhaps the best that ever was. On the contrary, the old hack had hardly pricked up his ears. He had been considerate, of course—only damning with faint praise what had faintly touched him; that was enough. The fire was out in Victor's shabby lodging; at sight of the familiar room he shivered, but not with cold—only with the remembrance of the half-frenzied hope he had carried away from the place earlier in the evening. His first impulse was to burn the ineffective masterpiece in the sputtering candle-flame. But he thought better of it; and mailed the manuscript to one of his editors, early the next morning. Thus following Dick's advice—in part. For he did not begin upon another, did not even grope for a new idea; but only stared at nothing in a state of mental torpor, like a criminal awaiting sentence.

At least a fortnight must go by without an answer; and the end of the year, always an anxious time with Victor, was close at hand. He needed money; he was not in debt, but on New Year's Day there would be accounts to settle. He had been a long time in the bank, had never missed an hour, never asked for

* Grillparzer's *Sappho*; Ellen Frothingham's translation.

an increase of pay. It occurred to him now to submit his case with becoming modesty, mildly to request what he felt should be granted ungrudgingly at the first suggestion. If he was worth anything, he told himself, he was worth more than a paltry £100. Yet he postponed the purposed interview, nervously appointing to-morrow for it, and then to-morrow, until at last Christmas and Boxing-Day came next. Little time remained to lose; it would be better to decide the question before the holiday. He watched his opportunity, and at last caught the manager at leisure and alone. He was no advocate; his voice faltered in the middle of a disjointed phrase; the stern features of the judge gave him no encouragement; the answer was short and to the point.

"There are many young men in London, Mr. Hazard, who would be glad to do your work for £100."

Mr. Hazard admitted that, but——

"We cannot consider it; I am sorry, but the fault is your own. They tell me you are trying to serve two masters; you will never get on so in London. Do one thing or the other, and put your heart into it. That is the best answer I can give you. Good-morning!"

The atom dropped back silently to its place in the swarm. In that short absence a black fog, dense, impenetrable, like a funeral-veil, had settled down outside the window. Shreds of it even drifted in-doors and set the weaker ones to coughing; they laughed and coughed again, vaporously. The gas was lighted, and soon burned out. Even London resources fail with sudden pressure put upon them. Candles glimmered about, and in the dim, smoky atmosphere the working-day went on. Nothing short of a convulsion of nature can snap the main-spring of mercantile routine. Victor's senses were benumbed, and the hours seemed short to him; he forgot to give his usual sigh of relief when the clock struck, and the night-birds were set free. The fog had grown thicker, heavier. He made his lonely way through it, from lamp to lamp, over the viaduct, along Holborn, in and out of the intricate Drury Lane quarter, to a stuffy coffee-house in Covent Garden, where, if the dinner was frugal, the beer was of the best. The foaming tankard quickened him; he could think now. But there was too much Christmas jollity in the place for him. He went out, took the shortest cut to the Strand, and reaching it, hesitated at the street-corner. The sight was curious. Link-boys ran before the horses, shouting and brandishing their torches; a hurrying glare, with the barbaric light of the past in it, that flashed by and left a deeper gloom. It might have been a scene of Shakespeare's time. The shops were crowded. In the one behind him, sprigs of holly and mistletoe gleamed red and white through the frosted panes. After a moment's thought, Victor turned his face toward Westminster. The way home was longer, but that bridge cost nothing. When he came to Charing Cross, the fog had lifted a little; he went on, and it grew lighter; now he could see the shining clock-face in the Albert Tower; as he passed under it the four quarters chimed out musically, and the great bell struck the hour—ten o'clock. So late? Well, to-morrow was a holiday. The lights glanced in the river, the steamers whistled, the omnibuses rattled along the bridge. Overhead a star sparkled, but he did not see it. He was thinking of to-morrow.

"Do one thing or the other, and put your heart into it."

Why? For what unprofitable purpose? Why not let the tired muscles relax, the worn brain-cells cease their reproduction?

Straightway he recalled some lines of his own from a published story that had escaped critical notice, so far as he knew; and he made them the burden of his walk in mournful reiteration:

Man, in the struggle of life, is like a poor bull, baited in the arena, pricked and goaded and tortured he knows not why; finding no escape; before, behind him, only a great darkness closing in.

"That is true!" he cried, as he turned the key in his lock. "Yes, that is true."

On the table lay a roll of paper, which he tore apart. His manuscript was returned with a printed word of formal thanks—rejected. It was no less than should have been foreseen, but it struck Victor with the pang of a bullet.

"He might have written," he said; then dropped where he stood, in tears.

After a time his face cleared itself, and came out white and calm, firmly set with a new resolve. He tossed the manuscript, with a dozen others, into the grate, and made a bonfire, crouching before it and warming his hands at the blaze. He blew out his lamp, and paced the room awhile in the dark. Then, with a strange lightness of manner, he went back to the streets, leaving his door flung open wide behind him. The fog was almost gone, the air clearer and colder.

"To-morrow will be fine," he thought, following briskly a familiar course toward the City—not that by which he had come, but the other, the shorter one, to Waterloo.

He smiled pleasantly at the toll-gatherer, as he paid his fee. On the bridge he met only one man—a muffled figure, breathing through a black band drawn tight over the lower part of the face, by way of precaution, not unusual, against the penetrating dampness of the English winter. The steps died away behind him; he stopped at the middle of the bridge, and turned into a niche over one of its great piers. The light in his face had gone out; he was cold, now, and trembling; he leaned against the dank wall to steady himself. At that moment the mellow chimes of midnight, ushering in the Christian festival, pealed and echoed in a hundred spires; the air seemed filled with music—his ears hardly heard that sweetest of all sounds. He swung himself forward upon the wall.

——*only a great darkness closing in.*

Nearer—nearer. Now.

He had spoken no word. It was his action only that a voice behind him interrupted.

"Not yet!" said the voice. A strong hand grasped him by the shoulder and pulled him back.

"Let me go!" he cried, imploringly; and, turning, found himself face to face with the stranger who had just passed him on the bridge. The figure unmuffled itself, removed the dark bandage from its mouth and chin, and stood before him revealed, recognizable.

"Mr. Rose!" he gasped.

"You know my name, then. I see—Purkitt told you. Yes, it is I—Merlin Rose."

"Merlin Rose," repeated Victor, as though the name were a spell to conjure with. There was a kind of enchantment in this mysterious presence, close upon him at this place and time.

"Mr. Hazard, is it not?"

"Yes."

"You wonder why I turned about. It was because I know your work, and like it—your brain-work, I mean. It may be that I can help you—if not, no harm is done."

"You know my work?" said Victor, startled and dazed by the unexpected word of praise.

"Yes; I once read a passage about life, that I have always remembered."

Thereupon he quoted the gloomy lines driven back that night, like spectres, to haunt the brain that had conceived them.

"Well, it is the truth," sighed Victor, in reply.

"An imperfect truth. You have stared at the sun through smoked glass. For better or worse, it was your only source of daylight. You need not have stared at it at all."

Victor's eyes filled, but he did not answer. The truth expressed itself in these lines also.

"Come!" said the other, in a kindly voice. "I have admired your courage—let me do so still. You may be sure of my sympathy. Walk on with me out of the night-air, which I find dangerous. We will talk of your work—it interests me."

Then Victor broke down completely. And his new friend soothed him with a quiet word or two and with gentle touches of the hand, as he would have comforted a tired child. They turned from that awful brink of suicide into the living tide of London—ebb-tide now. Even the Strand was almost deserted; the theatre-doors were shut, the jewelled eyes of their transparencies put out. But the loitering cab-man still hailed them from his perch; the wine-shops kept open house, suffused with warm light, murmurous with voices.

As they walked and talked, Victor drew closer to his companion, deeply interested; yet looking askance at him

with a mixture of awe and fascination, partly due, no doubt, to Purkitt's tale. He had never seen so singular a face. It was gaunt, yet handsome; the complexion a deep olive, very clear; the heavy wrinkles in it came and went, sometimes vanished altogether. The eyes were still mere suggestions, remote, immovable points of blackness under the bushy, restless eyebrows. Something invisible cast over the man a perpetual shadow; but through it he spoke emphatically, hopefully; his praise took the form of a promise: Heights could be attained, rewards reaped, depending only upon courage. There was a way, a sure one—the royal road, it might be called—if one dared try it. Then he hinted at a certain process to be undergone. Many had ventured to test its efficacy, always with a favorable result. But—and here he turned upon Victor that blank, scrutinous look, sharper in its effect than the chill of the winter's night—it wanted courage.

What of that promise? Was there really some infusion or decoction to transmute mediocrity into genius?—a subtle elixir, not of long life, but of inspiration? Victor put a question, apparently foreign to the matter, but nevertheless a leading one.

"Are you a doctor by profession?" he asked.

"No, an engraver," replied the friend, whom he half liked, half dreaded.

An engraver! What a puzzling answer! An odd chap this, as Dick had called him.

"Ah! an inventor, too, I suppose," continued Victor, quoting a part of Purkitt's jocose description.

"Yes; who has never invented anything," returned Mr. Rose, completing the jest with startling accuracy. "Here we are; wait a moment until I can strike a light! The stairs are steep."

He had stopped before a house in a narrow street curving out of St. Martin's Lane toward Leicester Square. On the ground-floor Victor noticed the closed shutters of a shop. One short flight, partitioned off from it, led them to the apartment overhead, where Mr. Rose inhabited three or four small rooms, low-studded and plainly furnished. One of these seemed to be his work-shop, for it contained a drawing-board littered with engraver's tools; passing this disorder by, he unlocked a small door and ushered his guest into a circular alcove, fitted up with some degree of luxury—a windowless place, heavily draped with curtains of dusky red that fell together over the door-way. Upon the low, concave ceiling a map of the world was painted. A fire burned brightly; two easy-chairs were drawn before it, and light streamed down upon them from an illuminated clock, the only ornament of the chimney-piece; on its glass dial seven clear-cut stars were scattered irregularly; through them the light shone more brilliantly, but with a soft, celestial radiance, white and still.

Over the clock hung a drawing in red chalk—a young man's portrait, suggesting rather than resembling the first Napoleon.

"My own," said Mr. Rose, following the thought in Victor's eyes. "A good likeness—once."

And Victor, looking closely, saw that the sketch was signed: "Gérard."

On a round table, in the middle of the room, lay a thick folio, bound in leather, with metal clasps which Mr. Rose drew back. Then he lifted one of the heavy covers and let it fall again.

"If I understand you rightly," he said, "you want certain things which I can give you, perhaps, should you trust me fearlessly."

"If you mean the world's notice and encouragement—yes," Victor replied.

"In one word—success," continued Mr. Rose. "But are you ready to pay the price? Not to me, in money—our vows prohibit that. We do not sell; we give. I refer to your own act of sacrifice, that calls for superhuman courage."

"What do you mean?"

"This: Will you buy fame with mortal breath? Will you run your allotted course, with all its trials, its possible triumphs, its unquestionable reverses? Or will you snatch the Promethean fire, write your name in flaming letters, and die when this is done, shortening your life, it may be, by fifty of its years?"

"More!" cried Victor—"by all but one! Give me one glorious year, to

leave its mark behind it, and take the rest! Death comes but once. Let mine come so."

"Ah!" sighed Mr. Rose, "how many of you have made me the same answer! Reflect, before it is too late. Even for immortality the cost is fearful."

"I have reflected," Victor returned. "In my dreams I have often made this very choice. If you can really offer it, my courage will not fail me. I am ready; place me where I can choose."

In answer, Mr. Rose opened the book before him.

"That you may see I am in earnest," said he, "read a few of the names that are written here. All these have in turn submitted themselves to me. Their lasting renown is your best security. I am to be trusted. See! Not one, that, living, was not famous; that, dying, did not take his place among the stars. Read! Read!"

All the earlier pages of the volume were sealed together; but, where it had opened, the loose leaves were inscribed with many signatures of the noble dead. Victor turned them slowly, coming at last to the name of a man still alive, already a celebrity. He started at the sight of it, recognizing, at once, the hand of his master—Yarrow. All beyond was blank.

"I make but one condition," said Mr. Rose, as he put the pen into Victor's hand; "and that is absolute secrecy. You will never speak of this visit, or of me. Under the world's eye, we do not know each other; remember that. You give me your word?"

"Yes," said Victor, signing without a moment's hesitation. "What more is there to do?"

"Your part is done," replied the other, in a low voice. "Sit here by the fire—a little nearer—so. Look up at the clock. I shall not detain you long."

His words died away in whispers. The minute-hand stood still. The flame behind it was steady, colorless; the stars were cold, like planets. Had they, like the planets, burned for ages? Could this unknown benefactor be in truth a Rosicrucian? No matter. His command must be obeyed, blindly, blindly.

Victor bowed his head. Dusky spaces opened out before him. The power to move seemed lost; he could only stare down the black, endless distances, and listen to a faint sound, like the drum of a bird far off in a forest. It is a dream, he thought. A sharp pain shook him. No, it is death, the after-thought came quivering. Then he was there again, before the clock; a star was gone; he counted them once more; yes, there were only six upon its face; but scarcely one half-minute had passed over his head, and in the chair beside him sat Mr. Rose, smiling, with a small flask in his hand.

"I have done my part," he said. "The process is performed, and here I give you the result. Use it wisely."

Victor examined the flask. It contained a clear liquid, faintly tinged with rose-color.

"What is this?" he asked.

Mr. Rose smiled again.

"You may call it, if you please," said he, "the Tincture of Success."

"I see," said Victor, smiling back at him—"the Frenchman's absinthe, or your English opium—a draught of inspiration. Your health! I drink to you."

Mr. Rose caught his hand.

"Not one drop of it!" he cried. "Go home, and mix that with your ink. To-morrow, take your pen and write; without undue excitement, slowly, thoughtfully, laboriously, as most men do."

"Is that all?" Victor asked, with an air of disappointment. The royal road, then, was the turnpike still.

"No. When the ink is gone, bring the flask to be filled again. Come at this same hour, between night and morning. Remember, silence. No word of this to any one. Good-night! Dismiss all fear of discouragement; that time is past. For you, the struggle of life is over."

Victor shivered. These parting words conveyed a double meaning. But he had made his choice, had signed the compact; it was irrevocable. That fear, too, must be dismissed, if possible.

Weeks went by, quietly enough; but, before long, he felt that an unaccountable change had come over him. By day, he worked at the bank with a feverish lightness, like that preceding his arrested act of suicide. At night, his ink flowed

more freely than of old. His thoughts came thick and fast; it was hard to hold them back, to write cautiously, in obedience to Mr. Rose's warning. His first manuscript, sent out with something of his former distrust and hesitancy, was at once accepted, afterward, in print, warmly praised. Others soon followed it; perceptibly he gained in reputation. At the end of six months, when his flask had been filled for the third time, he was called the rising young author. Then, turning his back upon his irksome employment in the City, he trusted wholly to his pen, and to the mysterious influence that guided it; produced his first important work; was known to fame.

The subtle process, to which he owed so much, varied only in degree. Always the same chair awaited him; always he whirled away into the same outer darkness. But each time, while the gloom grew vaster and more oppressive, the distant drumming sound came nearer, and was followed by a sharper pain, a certainty of death more imminent and more appalling. Always, when he woke, another star had disappeared from the clock-face. Yet always no appreciable moment had been wasted. There sat his generous host, smiling inscrutably, watching him with eyes he could not see; bestowing the priceless gift, then curtly dismissing him; reluctant, even, to accept his thanks. Once only, Victor ventured to prolong his visit, to describe his sensations, to beg for some word of explanation. But Mr. Rose shook his his head mournfully, and laid his finger upon his lips. And Victor knew that he was never to know more.

Dick Purkitt had been the first to congratulate him. At the second stage of progress, the good fellow threw up up his hat and cheered.

"I always knew you had it in you, dear boy. Damn it, didn't I tell you so? Your name is Victor. Keep it up—keep it up!"

And then, when Victor left the garret and the bank, moving northward and westward into comfortable lodgings, Dick called upon him, and embraced him with tears of joy in his eyes. Suddenly he stopped, holding the rising author off at arm's length, inspecting him in his critical way.

"I say, young-un, what's the matter? You look poorly. Are you overworked? What is it, man?"

"Nothing," said Victor.

But Dick shook his head uneasily. Did he sleep? Did he eat? Did he take his constitutional? Something must be devilish wrong. What was it?

"Nothing," Victor insisted.

Nothing; yes, nothing he could explain. But there was something devilish wrong, indeed—a haunting terror, constant, merciless, indefinable, of which he could not speak. For him the future had become the present; the sun no longer shone. His horizon-line was lost, and he walked in twilight on the verge of a gulf beset with shadows. The nameless dread consumed him like a wasting disease. He hardly knew his own eyes in the glass; they had a restless, hunted look, forever turning backward over the shoulder which Mr. Rose had grasped, as if they feared an encounter with the supernatural. His one relief was in his work; discovering that, he gave himself up to it with untiring devotion. Success followed hard upon success; rich rewards lay heaped around him; even the voice of petty jealousy was hushed; and as the note of triumph swelled louder and deeper, into one long, harmonious acclaim, he resigned love, liberty, everything, for that, accepting the substitute eagerly, gratefully, with a fierce, inhuman joy. For this he had given the death-blow to his own happiness; but he knew no remorse and no repentance; he was borne on in speechless agony, unflinching.

One day there came a letter that stirred him. It was from a man he had never known, once his chosen master—Yarrow. The veteran conqueror had turned hermit, producing little of late, fencing himself off from the world. So it happened that Victor and he had never met. The message was an expression of his delight in the fine quality of the younger man's work, a wish that they might know each other. He was ill, and, therefore, could not call upon Mr. Hazard. Would not Mr. Hazard waive ceremony, and come to him? Victor did so, immediately. He had long desired such an interview; it was

now brought about in the best possible way, giving promise of pleasure to them both. Instead of that, it proved on both sides extremely painful. Victor was shown through a splendid house into a darkened chamber, where the sick man sat, propped up with pillows, tossing and turning restlessly. As he came forward, Yarrow's look of welcome changed to one of deep compassion.

"You, too—" he murmured; then checked himself, and offered his hand in silence.

And Victor, at first, could say nothing. Death was written in the face; he knew the lines by heart—he had learned them in his own. They talked awhile in broken whispers, each struggling for self-control. It was useless; the open secret was there; they could neither mention nor ignore it. So they parted as they had met, silently, with blurred eyes and trembling lips, their sympathy expressed only in a lingering, convulsive clasp of hands.

A few hours later, Victor Hazard paid his seventh and, as it proved, his last visit to Mr. Rose. The signs for the moment were all the same. He lay in the dark, bound hand and foot; the noise began, the deadly pain followed; but now, for the first time, the sound defined itself; clearly, it could only be the sharp, continuous rattle of hammers plied by dexterous hands. He woke with a start, to find himself alone, holding the flask once more refilled. But the clock burned dimly; not a single star was left in it; and the noise, for once, did not cease; he had brought it back with him; it was there in the house, echoing around him, above, below, at his very feet. He called his host by name. No one answered; he was, indeed, left quite alone. He found the door, and went out into the work-shop. There stood the drawing-board with the tools lying upon it; another object, too, that caught his eyes, attracting him—a shining strip of silver, upon which had been engraved two dates, a name. He started, turned faint, and clutched the table. The name was Yarrow.

He waited there for some time in a kind of stupor, fearing to move, lest at a step he should fall insensible. Meanwhile, the noise went on. He could not endure it. He must get out into the air. The street was very near, the staircase short; he knew his way perfectly. With a painful effort, he dragged himself slowly down, supported, as he went, by the partition-wall. Ah! The noise grew louder, coming from the shop, of course. What were they doing there? He had never seen the place; it had been black and silent always. What journeymen were busy in it now, at such an hour, hammering, hammering, as though they would wake the dead? Here was the street-door; the handle turned, the fresh air revived him. Through the barred shutters at his side there peeped a ray of light. Where light was, he could see. He gave one look, only one. The shop was an undertaker's. The men were driving nails into a coffin.

He recoiled, shuddering. Something hurt his hand. It was only his precious flask, clinched a shade too tightly. He flung it from him now, with all his might. He heard the glass strike the opposite wall and shiver into fragments. Then he staggered away, muttering incoherently, losing himself in the night-fog, wandering over London; but somehow bringing himself out at his own door, beating at it; to be found there by the servants, a stained and draggled heap upon the threshold. To be told long afterward, that, at this very moment, the mighty presses of Fleet Street, as they rose and fell in harsh, metallic rhythm, to note the price of corn, the last division of the House, all affairs of all men, great and small alike, were stamping out with iron feet the life and death of Yarrow.

That morning Victor Hazard woke delirious, in a raging fever. He rallied, sunk, became gradually weaker, and never left his room again. Doctors consulted over his case, called it hard names, and shook their heads, impotent as Belshazzar's soothsayers. Through it all, his old friend, Dick Purkitt, was constant at his bedside. And now, at last, Victor returned Dick's friendship, confided in him, even to that unfinished romance of early life, the broken round of a ladder leading to the clouds. But one secret he still kept back; he never spoke of Mr. Rose; never so much as hinted at the Tincture of Success.

One day Dick found him lying there with a sealed package in his hand, looking at it doubtfully, turning it about with thin, nervous fingers.

"What is that?" Dick asked.

Victor held it up, showing the address of a certain Miss Ashburnham in New York. Underneath he had written: "After my death to be delivered."

"Ah!" said Dick, "now I understand."

"Understand? What?"

Then he was told that often in his delirium he had worried about some letters, undoubtedly these, that were sometimes to be burned, sometimes sent off by the next post.

"Yes," said Victor, "her letters. I have always kept them so. Burn the package, Dick. I added a line of my own, long ago; to receive it now might give her pain."

"Let her have it," Dick replied. "She deserves to suffer, but she won't. You can't hurt her as she hurt you. Send it it along."

"No; we will burn them."

And they were burned, unopened.

It had now become apparent that Victor could not live through the week. Three days later he showed Dick another letter, just received, from Miss Ashburnham.

It was a long letter, and its real significance lay all between the lines. She had followed his work, had always admired it. She knew he was ill, but not seriously, she hoped and believed. He must surely be destined to a long and happy life. Then, referring to the past, she confessed that she had been much to blame. Would he not forget the wrong she had done him? Would he not send her a line to say she was forgiven?

Without a written word of love, the letter invited a declaration in every syllable. "She thinks it worth while, now, blast her!" Dick remarked to himself. Like most bachelors of forty-five, he had his own private views of woman's gentle nature; but he waited to see what would come of it, exerting no undue influence. Victor called for a pen, that only scrawled illegibly, and slipped from his hand.

"Let me write," said Dick.

Victor shook his head.

"No; I will not answer it. I have outgrown all that. Even if I lived, I could never love her—never any woman. Burn it, Dick, as we burned the others."

He looked idly at the flame, while Purkitt stirred it with fiendish satisfaction; then he dozed away. Dick sat by, and watched him. An hour after, he woke.

"Dick," he asked, in a hoarse, labored whisper, "how long have I been at it?"

"What do you mean, Victor? At what?"

"Success," he answered, feebly—"success, I mean."

"Not quite three years, old man."

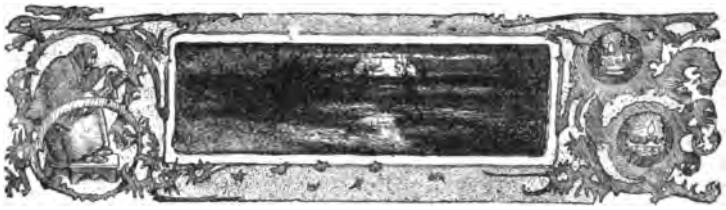
"All that? Nearer, Dick, nearer; I can't speak up. Tell me, is it real—will it last—will my work live?"

"Surely, dear boy, surely. It is great. On my soul, I believe so," said Dick, struggling to keep down the tears.

A smile stole over Victor's face, and he slept for a while longer, peacefully. Then he woke for the last time, starting up in bed, wandering.

"Dick!" he cried, tugging at his shirt, as though something stifled him. "Dick! I put my heart into it. See!"

He fell back, with the shirt torn open, revealing seven star-shaped scars upon his breast, above the heart already stilled. Dick saw and wondered at them. He never knew that they were the seven stars of Man's Destiny, the mystic symbols of the Rosicrucian brotherhood, and that through them, drop by drop, the first ingredient in the Tincture of Success had been drained away.



ATYS.

By Edith M. Thomas.

Sweet are the sheltered, nestling vales and plains the toil of man has crowned;
I love them all, but more I love the lands that know not tilth nor bound—
Waste hills, the lordless hills eterne, and winds of heaven on heavenward ground!
Friendly the broad, embracing arms of Sylvan's oak at mid-day hot,
The chestnut-groves with dropping mast, the fruited orchard's lawny plot;
But these too long delay my feet; I leave them, and regret them not:
I heed the Mighty Mother's call, far up the shaggy mountain-side;
With her let me abide,
And listen to divine
Deep breathings from the mystic trees of fadeless, reminiscent pine.

Great Rhea goes with soft-foot steeds; their eyes are quenchless, sparkling flame;
The hot wilds bore and bred them fierce, yet do they pace subdued and tame;
No lash, no rein, controls their strength; she curbs them calling them by name.
Great Rhea goes as she was wont (yet now by mortal eyes unseen),
A crown of turrets on her head, her gaze unfathomed, searching-keen.
Her gloomy heralds hasten on, to rouse the forest high and green;
But when she gains the summit dark, no more they urge the shrilling strife
Of cymbal and of fife;
She hushes them by signs—
Hark! Atys sighing in his sleep, amid the melancholy pines!

He slumbers in some fragrant cell, smooth-rocked between the earth and sky.
Delicious Summer danced and sung, Winter with griding tread swept by;
These could not rouse him, yet a dream has power to make him start and sigh!
Remembers he how heaven could woo when heaven an earthly love would gain,
How goddess' smiles were golden days and goddess' tears were mists and rain,
When Rhea, with large-gifting hands, would share with him her wide domain?
Nay! he but sees Pessinus's flower, by stolen paths through kindly glooms;
For him her fine lip blooms,
Her eye with love-light shines—
Hark! Atys singing in his sleep, amid the dim, melodious pines!

He, dreaming, sings the maiden's praise—ah, sorrow! soon he sings no more!
The goddess to the bridal came; in each dread hand a scourge she bore;
She struck with fear the marriage-guests, and smote his brain with madness sore.
His tender love he spurned, he fled; up rough, untrodden steeps he fled;
The mountain-berry was his food, the thinning turf his nightly bed;
And airily he wove of leaves a crown for his unpitied head.
The searcher craftily he shunned; yet were his footprints crimson-traced
Along the bitter waste
Of flints and thorny spines—
Hark! Atys moaning in his sleep, amid the many-wintered pines!

The rough-girt, unimpassioned trees their softening hearts did then unveil,
And close the frenzied wanderer round; thenceforward never did they fail,
Responsive to his trancèd thought, to breathe the mournful, moving tale.
Therefore, whene'er we mortals come among these chanters sombre-tressed,
Our mastered spirits flow with theirs, and are by surging moods oppressed:
We hope, exult—we madden, brood—and now are sorrowfully blest;
No murmur from his cumbered heart but wakes in ours a fellow-strain;
Our own most secret pain
The solemn wood divines—
Hark! Atys sobbing in his sleep, amid the piteous, rocking pines!

The Mighty Mother bows her down; she answers him, deep sob for sob;
She lays her hand upon his heart; she feels, she hails, its strengthening throb!
But from his lips what words are these, that thus her cheek of color rob?
She turns her face, withdraws her hand; the seals of sleep she will not break.
Undying youth, immortal dream, for love a fortressed mansion make;
Were slumber loosed, the dream remains; then, wherefore should she bid him wake?
O Mighty Mother, come away, since not to thee, in power arrayed,
But to the Phrygian maid,
His soul, released, inclines—
Leave Atys murmuring in his sleep, amid the old, dark-memoried pines!

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RAILWAY ACCIDENTS, by W. S. CHAPLAIN, Professor of Engineering and Dean of the Lawrence Scientific School of Harvard University, will be the subject of the first of a group of specially important articles upon Railways—their construction, administration, etc.—the authors and separate titles being announced in later numbers. These articles will be richly illustrated.

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MISCELLANEOUS ILLUSTRATED ARTICLES of special importance will be those on the Campaign of Waterloo, by **JOHN C. ROPES**; on "The Man at Arms," by **EDWIN HOWLAND BLASHFIELD**; two papers by **EDWARD L. WILSON,** illustrating results of recent Egyptian research; a further article by **WILLIAM F. APTHORP,** on a subject connected with his recent contribution on Wagner, and many others of equal interest.

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ESSAYS in the broader fields of Political Science will be published from time to time during the year, including a brief paper in an early number upon "Municipal Finance," and, later, other similar studies.

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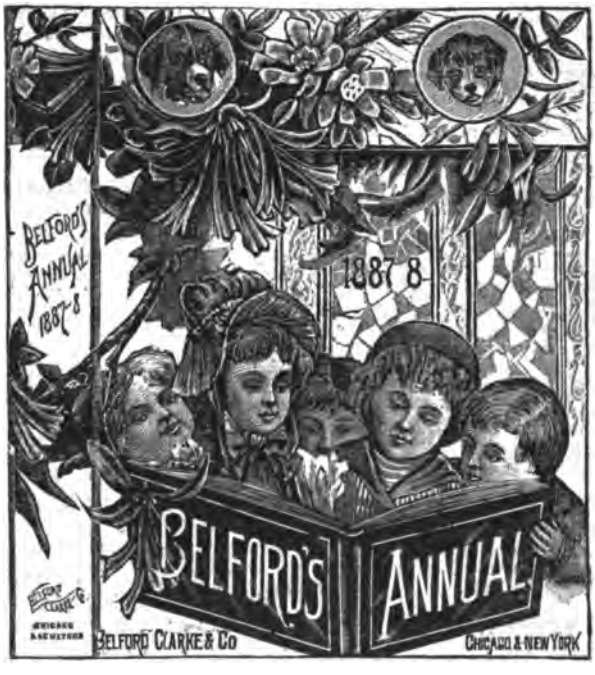

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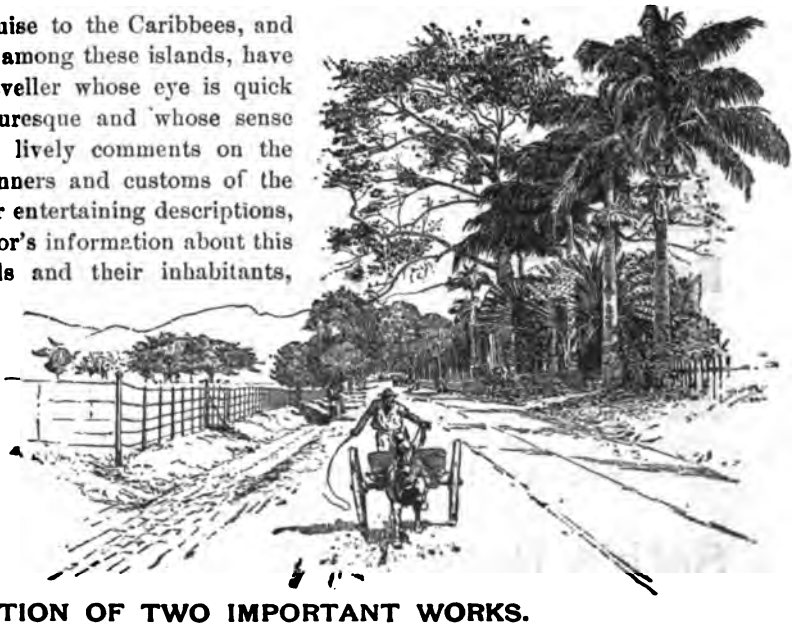

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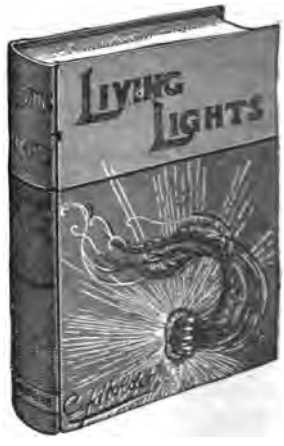

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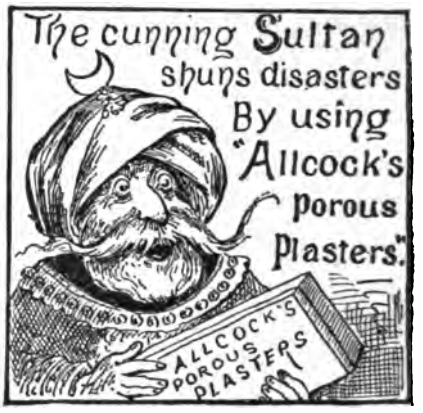

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Buy it, with the *privilege of returning* it unbroken at any time within 30 days, C. O. D., for full price paid, if not *absolutely satisfactory* in every respect.

WE FURNISH THE FINEST GRADES OF LINEN PAPER AND TYPEWRITER SUPPLIES OF EVERY KIND.

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IN·THESE·DEGENERATE·DAYS When the Chemists appointed by the Government to examine into the extent of "FOOD ADULTERATION" report: —

Out of 20 samples of Ground Cloves examined, only *two* were pure.
Out of 8 samples of Ground Pepper examined, only *one* was pure.
Out of 10 samples of Mustard examined, *none* were pure.

(SEE REPORT ON SPICES AND CONDIMENTS.)

IT·BEHOOVES·EVERY·HOUSEKEEPER To exercise the greatest care in the selection of her SPICES and CONDIMENTS. *In order to overcome the difficulty which at present exists*, with regard to SECURING **REALLY PURE** MUSTARD AND SPICES, Messrs.

MARKELL BROS. • BALTIMORE, MD.

Proprietors of the *Poca Steam Mustard and Spice Mills* (established 1812), have prepared—expressly for the wants of the fine retail trade—a brand of Spices manufactured from the best materials and known as the "PURITY BRAND."

Our newly-designed **"Purity Spice Boxes"** contain a quarter-pound each of our *"Union Brand"* (absolutely pure) *Mustard* and our *"Purity Brand" ground Allspice, Cinnamon, Cloves, Ginger and Pepper*, in handsomely-decorated dredge top square cans, the absolute purity of the contents being guaranteed by the signatures of the firm on each can—thus *"Markell Bros."* Sent by express, prepaid, to any address, upon receipt of $2.00. Address, MARKELL BROS., Baltimore, Md.

A magnificent 6x14 inch panel **Photo-Engraving** of the figure hereon, without advertising matter, after Servoux's famous painting (in the Corcoran Art Gallery, Washington,) of *"The Vestal Tuccia,"* sent free with each Purity Spice Box. Duplicates furnished at $1.00 each. Address:

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BALTIMORE, MD.

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Our Guarantee Seal is on every package, and this guarantee covers not only the purity of the Glycerine, but also its Vegetable origin.

VEGETABLE GLYCERINE.

The ordinary glycerines of commerce are produced from ANIMAL FATS, such as lard, tallow, and often grease, which is even more objectionable. The knowledge of this offensive fact prevents many persons from enjoying the benefits of glycerine.

PROCTER & GAMBLE'S VEGETABLE GLYCERINE is produced from SWEET VEGETABLE OIL, and is of such extreme purity as will satisfy the most fastidious.

It is bland to the taste, soothing to the mucous membrane, and healing to irritated surfaces of whatever kind.

VEGETABLE GLYCERINE, whether for internal or external use, should be diluted with an equal bulk of water. It is put up in glass stopper toilet bottles, at 75c. and $1.25.

If your druggist does not keep our VEGETABLE GLYCERINE, we will deliver it to your address, express prepaid, upon receipt of price.

PROCTER & GAMBLE, CINCINNATI, OHIO.

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It is undoubtedly true that more children have been successfully reared by the use of Ridge's Food than by the use of all the other foods combined.

Do not experiment with your child, but take the food that has stood the test of time.

These are Solid Facts:

(BUT ARE FRESH EVERY MONTH.)

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RIDGE'S FOOD meets the general want better than other foods; because it approximates more nearly to natural human milk than cow's milk or other artificial foods; its chemical test is fully sustained by practical observation, and when a change of food is made during diarrhœa—either acute or chronic—RIDGE'S is especially useful, although it is not contra-indicated by a natural state of the bowels.

L. C. JEWELL, M. D.

We have been using RIDGE'S FOOD for our children for some time, in preference to all other kinds we have tried, and have no hesitation in recommending it to any wishing a reliable article.

MRS. W. J. YATES,
(Wife of the Pastor of the M. E. Church, Plymouth, Mass.)
January, 1885.

June 20, 1884.

I have used DR. RIDGE'S FOOD for nearly a year, and propose continuing the use of it through this summer at least. My baby is 15 months old, and her perfect health bears ample testimony for the food.

MRS. LITTLEFIELD,
12 East 23d St., N. Y. City.

FALL RIVER, MASS.
Langley St., Jan. 15, 1887.

Have used your excellent food with great advantage. I would be greatly obliged to receive one of your pamphlets, entitled "Healthful Hints," as it would undoubtedly be useful to me and others who have been greatly benefited by your food.

Please address

JOHN BUCKLEY.
12 Campbell's Block,
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Send to Woolrich & Co., Palmer, Mass. for pamphlet entitled "Healthful Hints." Sent FREE to any address.

Mention Scribner's.

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THE ONLY GENUINE

ALWAYS READY FOR USE.

Does not set quickly like the old style Glue; has four times the strength. **No Heating.**

These Glues are used in the Smithsonian Institute at Washington for all its works of mounting specimens, by the Government Arsenals and Department Buildings, by the Pullman Palace Car Co., Mason & Hamlin Organ and Piano Co., and by thousands of first-class manufacturers and mechanics throughout the world, for all kinds of fine work.

Pronounced **STRONGEST ADHESIVE KNOWN.** Sold in tin cans for mechanics and amateurs, and in bottles for family use.

The total quantity sold between Jan. 1880, and 1887, in all parts of the world amounted to over **Forty-Seven Million** bottles.

Don't be cajoled into buying the various Liquid Glues which are being put on the market; some with high sounding names: others imitating our trade-marks and name as near as they dare; their only cry is: "Just as good as LePage's." It is the best recommendation that the **RUSSIA CEMENT CO.** could have of the merits of their glues. Labels of our CANS are black and yellow; BOTTLES, red, yellow, green, and black, with a line of blue.

We have just commenced manufacturing our NEW PATENT CAN—which has the following advantages: The top can be turned on or off readily by the fingers—each can has brush fastened to the inside of cover, and a wiper to take off superfluous glue. This arrangement enables the amateur artisan to carry a small can in the pocket ready for immediate use, without danger of soiling from brush or can. The NEW PATENT CAN is in 3 sizes:—Half-pint, gill, and half-gill—Regular Cans, pint, quart, 2-quart, and gallon. Bottles, two sizes, as heretofore: 1 oz. and 2 oz.

Be sure and get the GENUINE LePAGE'S,

MADE ONLY BY THE

RUSSIA CEMENT CO., Gloucester, Mass.

YOU CAN'T AFFORD
TO LET
YOUR CUSTOMERS GO TO ANOTHER STORE FOR WHAT THEY WANT
EVERYBODY WANTS THE GENUINE ARTICLE
NO SHORT MEASURE
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MADE BY THE RUSSIA CEMENT CO
THE STRONGEST GLUE IN THE WORLD.
TWO GOLD MEDALS
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FOR SALE EVERYWHERE
DON'T
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WITHOUT LE PAGE'S LIQUID GLUE
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IT IS UNEQUALLED
TRY IT.

Sample by mail 20 cents (stamps). Mention this Journal.

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The only Typewriter awarded a Gold Medal at New Orleans Exposition.

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Speed, Perfect Alignment, Uniform Impression, Changeable Type, Durability, etc.

Unprecedented Success. Already over 4,000 in use. Every machine guaranteed.

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$38 GOLD WATCH

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THIS IS THE BEST, CHEAPEST, MOST CONVENIENT

And only Co-operative System of selling watches. The watches are American Lever Stem Winders, containing every essential to accuracy and durability, and have, in addition, numerous patented improvements found in no other watch. They are absolutely the only **Dust and Damp-proof Movements** made in the World, and are jeweled throughout with **GENUINE RUBIES.** The **Patent Stem Wind and Set** is the strongest and simplest made. **They are fully equal for appearance, accuracy, durability and service, to any $75 Watch.** Our Co-operative Club System brings them within the reach of every one. We want an active, responsible representative in **every city and town.** Heavy profits guaranteed on limited investment. Write for full particulars

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Owing to the present great depression in **Wool and Woollen Goods**, together with the tight money market, we have been able to buy **For Cash**, at a great discount, some lines of woollens that hitherto

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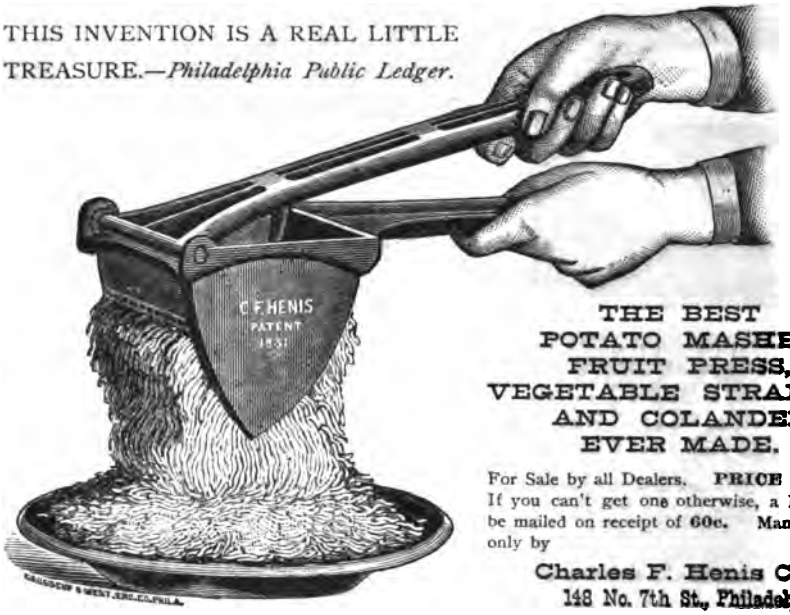

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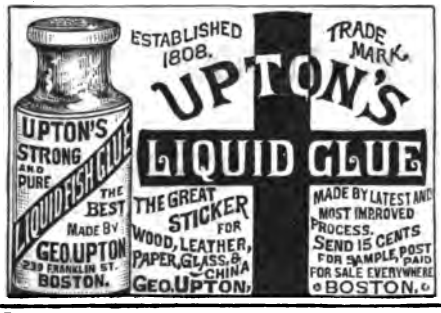

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THE GREAT STICKER FOR WOOD, LEATHER, PAPER, GLASS & CHINA

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INVALID ROLLING CHAIR.
(Reclining.)

A Priceless Boon to those who are unable to walk. The LARGEST FACTORY and BEST GRADES in the world. Send for Circular to

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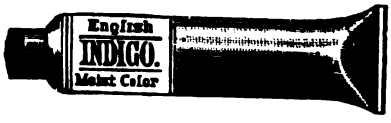

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Dictionary Holder, Book Rest, Lamp Stand, and Invalids' Table combined. Send stamp for catalogue, 6th Edition. Factory at

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At the INTERNATIONAL MEDICAL CONGRESS, lately held in Washington, D. C., the Majority of the Three Thousand Delegates Tested our

RESTORATIVE

WINE OF COCA,

And were unanimous in pronouncing it the most palatable and high-class preparation of Coca they had yet examined.

READ THE FOLLOWING:

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Having tested and made repeated examinations of the Wine of Coca manufactured by Messrs. THURBER, WHYLAND & Co., I hereby certify that this preparation is most excellent as a restorative in all cases of general debility of the nervous system, especially in disorders arising from excessive intellectual strain, or other causes producing mental weakness. I also consider this Wine invaluable for the purpose of renewing lost vitality in constitutions enfeebled by prolonged illness, particularly in cases of convalescence from malignant fevers.

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They also pronounce our COCANIZED

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The most palatable, best disguised, and attractive preparation of Beef, Wine, and Iron they have ever seen, and were loud in their praises of it. Physicians cheerfully furnished with samples.

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No. 76.

Fitted with Duplex Burner.

Diameter of base, 18 inches
Height extended, 6 feet.
Closed, 3 feet.

This Lamp is controlled in its extension by our **New Patent Slide**, which, while obviating the use of the screw to hold the extension from slipping, makes the adjustment so simple that the whole movement can be controlled by one hand.

The umbrella is of Linen, with Lace and Silk Fringe.

Price of Lamp, with Plain Fount,..... $25.00
Price of Lamp, with Repoussé Fount... 30.00
Price of Umbrella, including Holder.... 5.50

A large assortment of Umbrella Shades, varying in prices from one dollar upwards.

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Next door to Adams House. Mention SCRIBNER'S.

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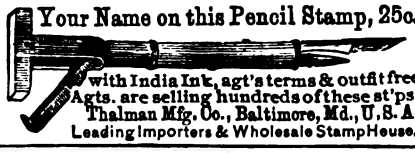

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Needs at this time no dissertation upon its value as a building material to insure its favorable consideration by

ARCHITECTS AND BUILDERS

We desire, however, to briefly call attention to a few of the many good qualities which

RECOMMEND ITS USE

It is at the same time lighter, stronger, more durable, and, even when richly ornamented,

CHEAPER THAN STONE

It is especially adapted for use in large buildings as being the only building material known which is

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A large supply of stock work, applicable for use in various buildings, is kept constantly on hand

READY FOR SHIPMENT

We also manufacture every variety of architectural details from special designs, and shall be pleased to furnish

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Our New Illustrated Catalogue mailed to any address.

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OLD CHINESE, JAPANESE AND COREAN PORCELAIN, BRONZES AND CLOISONNE IVORY CARVINGS,
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S. W. Cor. 20th St. and Washington Ave.,
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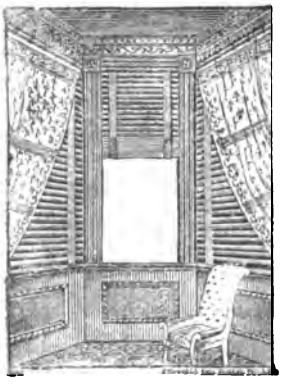

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Of the finest quality with the best imported tapes, cords and fixtures complete, at reasonable prices.

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White Pine, Bass or White Wood, Varnished, .	18c.	20c. per sq. ft.
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Oriental Woven Slat Shades, at		6c. " "

Wire Window Screens and Doors.

If wanting these goods you will save money by sending to us for an estimate, giving a list of sash sizes, and stating what is wanted. We guarantee our goods first-class in every particular, and solicit correspondence. Please mention this publication.

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IN COURSES,

as selected.

Each Course can be of a different decoration.

Send 50c. for a finely illustrated price list.

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In delicately carved designs.

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Cash Capital,	$500,000 00
Reserve for Re-Insurance and all other claims,	1,248,984 44
Surplus over all Liabilities,	552,874 22
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BETWEEN

Chicago, Louisville, Indianapolis & Cincinnati

The connecting link between the Summer Cities of the Northwest and Winter Resorts of FLORIDA. Send for a "Guide."

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Surplus.....100,000.
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Offers its **6 Per Cent.** Debenture Bonds of **$500, $1,000** and **$5,000,** running ten years, to **Trustees, Guardians, and Individual Investors.** Secured by First Mortgages on Real Estate worth three times the amount of the loan, and held by the **Mercantile Trust Company of New York,** Trustee. Secured also by the entire paid-up capital of $1,000,000.

It also offers **GUARANTEED SIX PER CENT.** first mortgages on Kansas City business property and improved farms in KANSAS and MISSOURI.

Call at office, or write for full particulars to

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Policy provides an estate for your dependents after your death, free from the claims of creditors.

An ordinary endowment policy provides for death, and also for one's advancing years, but at a heavy outlay.

THE MANHATTAN'S NEW PLAN

Offers both advantages combined in one, and at a very much reduced cost.

This new policy is superior to ordinary Life Insurance, because you need not "die to win."

Superior to ordinary endowment insurance, because much less expensive.

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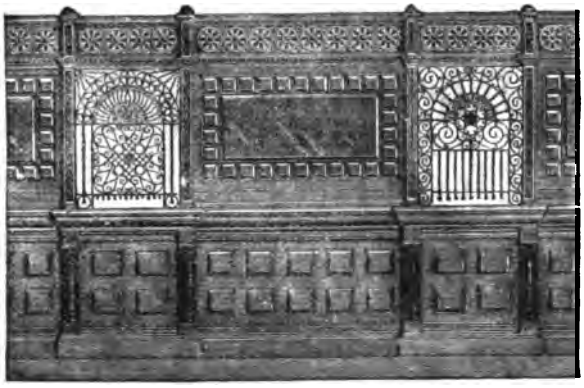

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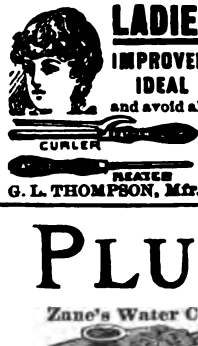

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No preparation and only a common pen needed. Established 50 Years. Superior and popular for decorative work on linen. Rec'd Centennial Medal & Diploma. Sold everywhere.

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— Send for Samples. —

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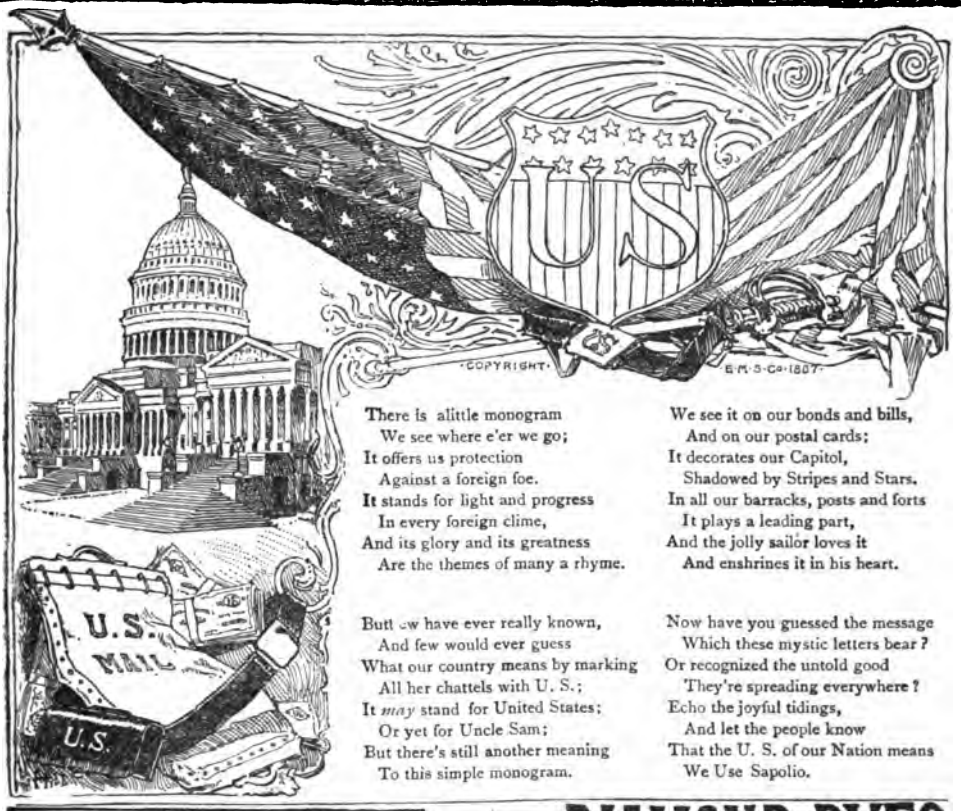

There is alittle monogram
We see where e'er we go;
It offers us protection
Against a foreign foe.
It stands for light and progress
In every foreign clime,
And its glory and its greatness
Are the themes of many a rhyme.

We see it on our bonds and bills,
And on our postal cards;
It decorates our Capitol,
Shadowed by Stripes and Stars.
In all our barracks, posts and forts
It plays a leading part,
And the jolly sailor loves it
And enshrines it in his heart.

Butt ew have ever really known,
And few would ever guess
What our country means by marking
All her chattels with U. S.;
It *may* stand for United States;
Or yet for Uncle Sam;
But there's still another meaning
To this simple monogram.

Now have you guessed the message
Which these mystic letters bear?
Or recognized the untold good
They're spreading everywhere?
Echo the joyful tidings,
And let the people know
That the U. S. of our Nation means
We Use Sapolio.

DURKEE'S

GAUNTLET BRAND

WARRANTED PERFECTLY PURE
TRADE MARK
GAUNTLET
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SOLD ONLY IN FULL WEIGHT SEALED PACKAGES.

Guaranteed absolutely pure, and warranted to excel all others in strength, richness, flavor and cleanliness.

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UNEQUALLED FOR EXCELLENCE

Without a rival as a dressing for all Salads, and as a sauce for Cold Meats, etc. It is prepared with extreme care; all its ingredients are of the *purest* and *best;* and will keep good for years.

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COLOR EVERYTHING.

Unequalled for Silk, Wool, Cotton and all Fabrics and Fancy Goods. Brilliant, Durable and Economical. Any one can use them.

32 COLORS—10 CENTS EACH.

Remember, these are the only Pure, Harmless and Unadulterated Dyes.

Beware of other Dyes, because often Poisonous, Adulterated, Weak and Worthless.

We warrant these Dyes to color more goods, package for package, than any other Dyes ever made, and to give more brilliant and durable colors. Sample Card free.

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For gilding Fancy Baskets, Frames, Lamps, Chandeliers, and for all kinds of ornamental work. Equal to any of the high priced kinds and only 10 cents a package. Also Artists' Black for Ebonizing.

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The Automatic Shading Pen.

Makes a Shaded Mark of Two Colors at a Single Stroke. Sample set of three sizes by mail, $1.00. Circular and sample writing FREE.

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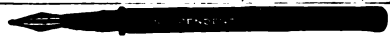

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Send for Circular and Price-List.

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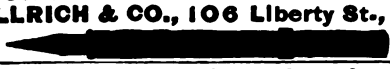

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PRICE ONE DOLLAR,

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Are the best that are made. They are the smoothest running, most elastic, and Best Business Pen in the World. *The use of poor material in writing is false economy.* These Pens are in Gross Boxes, $1.00—or Quarter Gross Boxes, 40 cents.

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COMBINATION OFFER.

Send us $1.25 and we will mail a **Compendium and Quarter Gross of pens.**

N. B.—Agents wanted in every town, to whom liberal commissions will be given. Write for Agents' terms.

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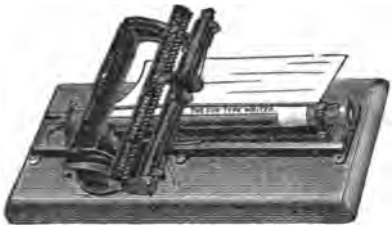
Until you have Seen and Tested

THE SUN TYPE-WRITER.



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If you think it is too cheap to be good, order one to be sent C.O.D. with privilege of examination, so that, in case it does not prove satisfactory, you can return it by merely paying express charges both ways.

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IS MEASURED BY ITS USEFULNESS.

To all who write (and everybody writes) a good pen must be useful.

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IDEAL FOUNTAIN PEN

"Is the most perfect instrument of its kind."—CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW, Pres't N.Y.C.& H.R.R.R.

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It is made in several styles and sizes.

Buy it for a Christmas present to yourself or some friend. It is sure to please, and will be kept and used for years.

Send for an illustrated price-list at once, and get what you want early. AGENTS WANTED.

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Machines Guaranteed. Send for Circular. **GEO. BECKER & CO., 30 Great Jones St., N. Y.**

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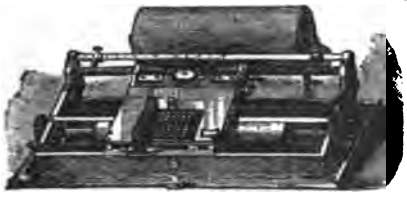
PRICE, $40.00.



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Interchangeable types, in all languages, $1.00 per font. Business houses desiring a type-writer, will find this a practical machine, adapted to every want. Also a favorite with clergymen and literary men.

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Hygienic and Artistic Dress for Women and Children.

FALL AND WINTER

Jersey-fitting Undergarments in Silk, Wool, Merino, White and Scarlet, in stock and made to order. Jersey-fitting Suits in the Imported Jaeger Yarn.

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Orders by mail a specialty.
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CUSTOM MADE PANTS $3.

Vests to Match for $2.25,
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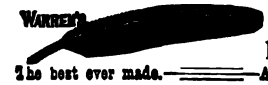
FULL SUITS AT POPULAR PRICES.

Where do you order your pants? I order of the BAY STATE PANTS Co., Boston, at only $3 a pair, Custom Made. Try them by sending 6 cents for Samples, rules for measurement and other particulars, showing how this is done.

BAY STATE PANTS CO., 80 Hawley Street, Boston, Mass.



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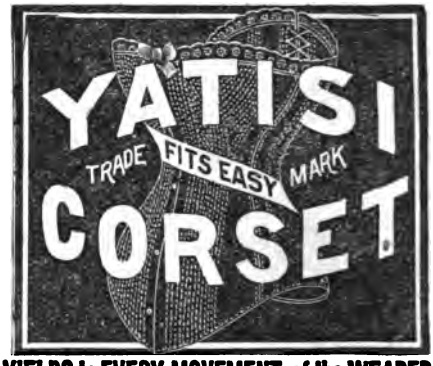
Boned with Featherbone.

The best ever made. Ask your Dealer for them.

WANTED Ladies and Misses to do Crochet Work at Home, City or Country, Steady Work. WESTERN LACE MFG. CO., 213 STATE ST., CHICAGO, ILL.



YIELDS to EVERY MOVEMENT of the WEARER.
Owing to the diagonal ELASTICITY of the cloth (which our patents cover exclusively) the Corset requires no breaking in.
FITS PERFECTLY THE FIRST TIME WORN.
Money returned by seller after 10 days wear, if not found the most PERFECT-FITTING, HEALTHFUL and COMFORTABLE Corset ever worn. See that Yatisi stamp is on inside of Corset. Sold by all first-class dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, $1.25 and upwards.
GROTTY BROS., CHICAGO, ILL.

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Original Power-Loom Manufacturers of

Wilton and Brussels CARPETS.

The Carpets made by this Company have received the highest award wherever exhibited, including Gold Medals at the Paris Exposition, 1878, and at the Centennial, 1876.

Their deserved reputation for excellence of fabric, richness and durability of color, novelty and beauty of design, has led to frequent infringements, and inferior goods have often been palmed off in their stead. For the protection of the public, the Company has adopted as a trade-mark the word **"BIGELOW,"** which will be woven (at every repeat of the pattern) in white capitals into the back of the fabric.

Customers will therefore have merely to examine the back of a carpet to be certain that they are getting the genuine Bigelow Wiltons or Body Brussels.

These Goods can be obtained from all First-Class Dealers.

See that the words *"Velutina Wear Guaranteed"* are stamped on the selvage.

VELUTINA

POINTS.
- Exact imitation of Lyons Silk Velvet.
- It is not a Velveteen, but supersedes any Velveteen ever made.
- A new Velvet Pile Fabric never seen in America.

TRADE MARK

"Linene"

COLLARS AND CUFFS.

THESE Collars are made of cloth and are perfectly correct in style, and they are the most COMFORTABLE collars to wear, being finished so carefully that they never irritate the neck.

The CONVENIENCE of being able to reverse them in an EMERGENCY is highly appreciated by all who travel for business or pleasure, and the ECONOMY of wearing these collars is now beyond question.

If you have not tried them, send 6 cents and your size and we will send you a collar and a pair of cuffs and our ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE showing all the different styles.

Collars are now made for LADIES' wear, and every Lady who has not seen them is requested to send 6 cents for a sample collar and pair of cuffs. ☞ Always give the size of the collar required.

REVERSIBLE COLLAR CO

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H.L.B.

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(REGULAR PRICE, $5.00.)

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In black and white, working size, admirably adapted for Oil and Water-Color Painting, Tapestry Painting, China Painting, Church and Home Embroidery, Wood Carving, Brass Hammering, and other Art Work.

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Richly illustrated, and crowded with interesting and valuable articles, with abundant hints for **Home Decoration.**

NOW is the time to send, together with this advertisement, Four Dollars for 1888, and receive also

3 Months FREE!!

Including three particularly fine colored plates, namely: a magnificent study of "**GRAPES**," by A. J. H. Way; a charming "**LANDSCAPE**," with windmill and figures, by W. H. Hilliard, and a richly colored study of "**PANSIES**," by M. Lamb.

N.B. This advertisement (and Four Dollars for 1888) sent during January will entitle you to the NOVEMBER and DECEMBER numbers FREE; sent during February they will entitle you to the DECEMBER number FREE. Address

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P.S.—Five different Specimen Numbers with Five Beautiful Colored Plates will be sent on receipt of this (SCRIBNER'S) paragraph and One Dollar (regular price, $1.75). Address as above.

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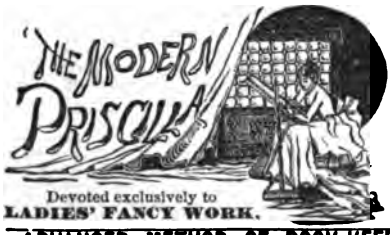

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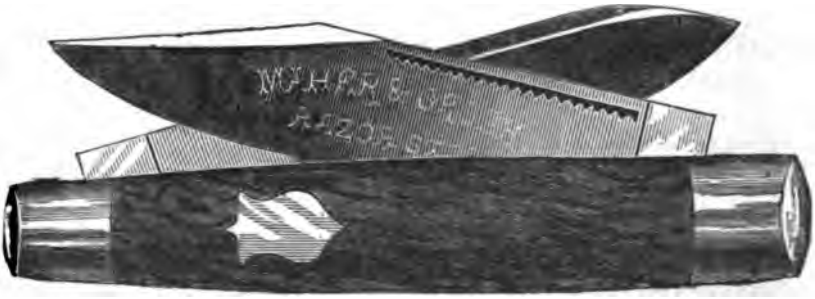

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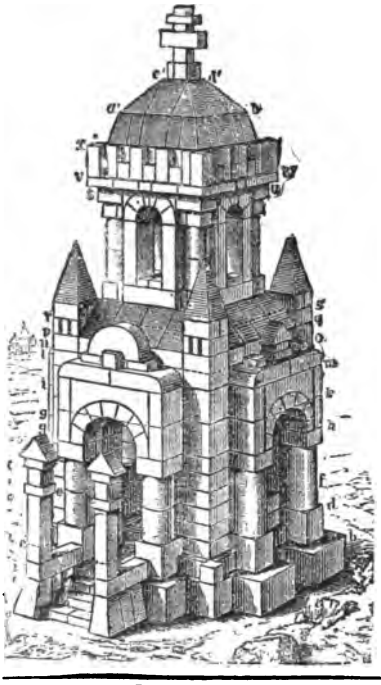

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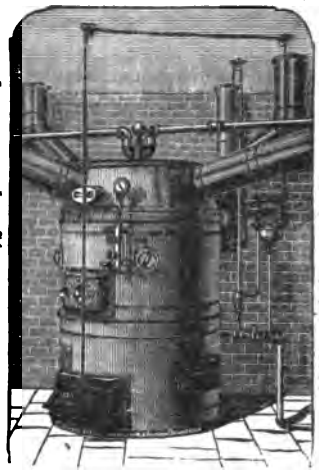

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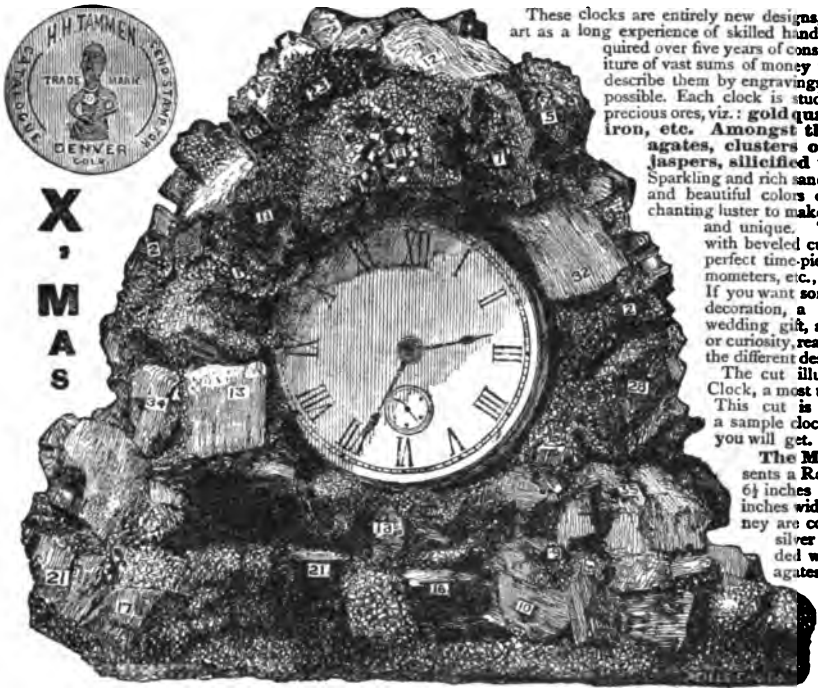

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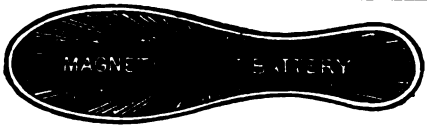

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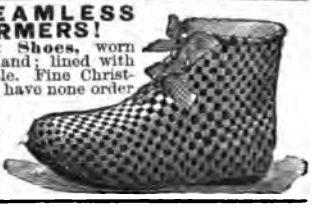

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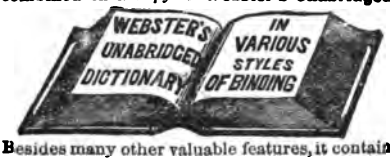

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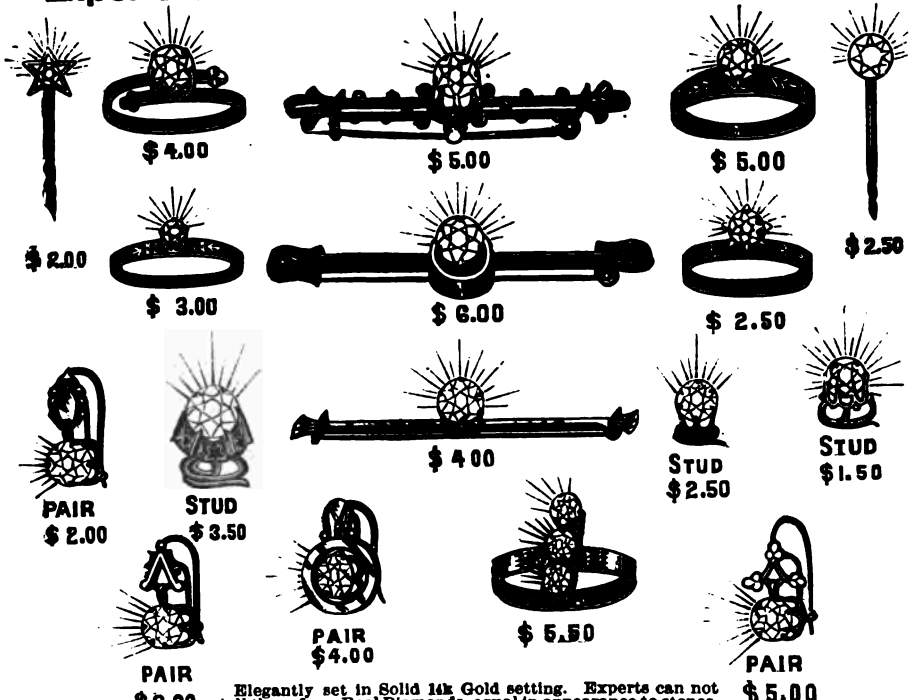

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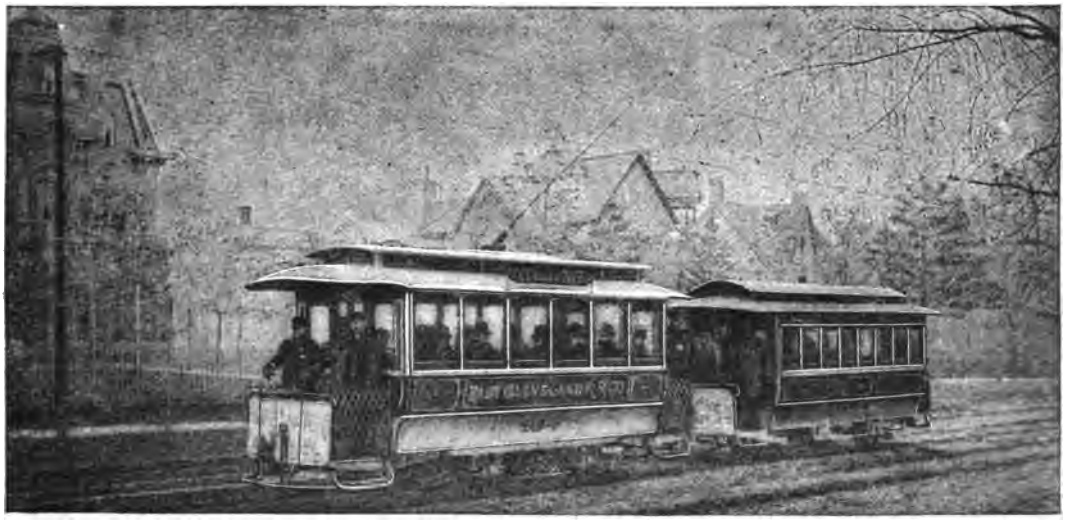

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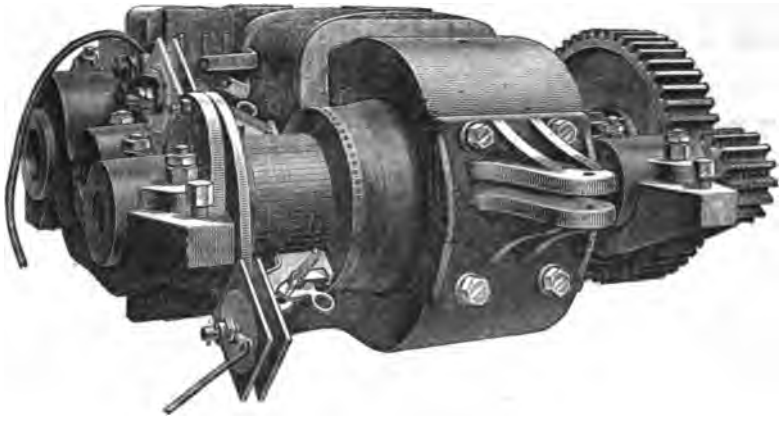

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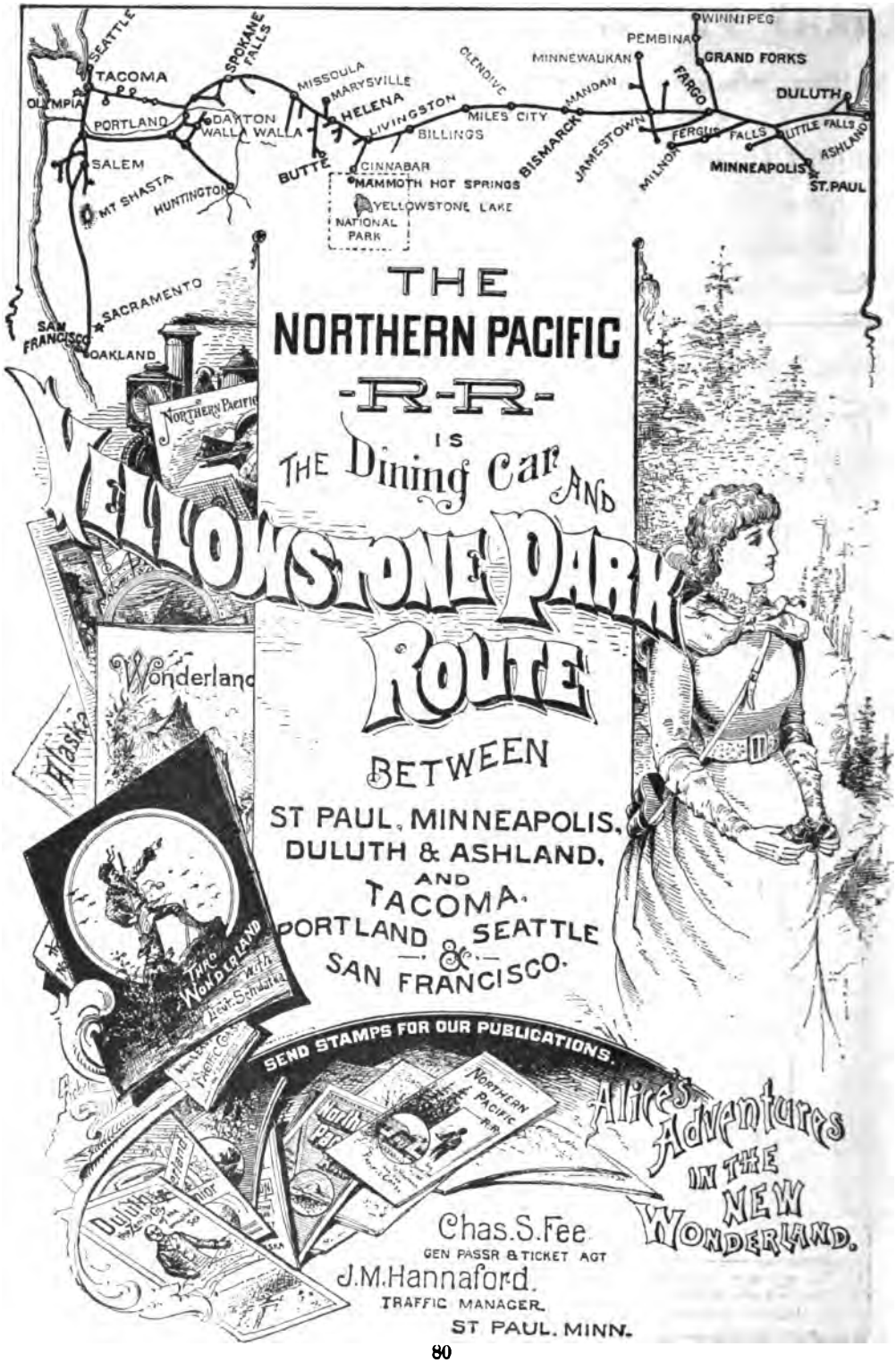
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